

# SIR HENRY'S PET

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Grail



FETISH WORLD BOOKS

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# Chapter One

Liza, completely naked, was strapped against a panel of padded black vinyl that was tilted slightly back from vertical. Heavy rubber straps, fed through slots in the back of the panel, encircled her neck, upper arms, wrists, her chest just under her breasts, her stomach, thighs, knees and ankles. Her feet rested in stirrups, which took most of her weight. Her teeth were clamped about a rubber-covered metal hoop whose prongs were slotted into the panel close to the sides of her head so that her cheeks pressed against them. Except for wriggling her fingers and toes and rolling her eyes about, she was almost completely immobilised.

But Liza did not fight any of these restraints. She had gone beyond such a futile show of resistance what seemed like a very long time ago. They were simply part of her everyday life and their presence was by now almost comforting. She even accepted the steady stinging pain of the sets of crocodile clips that were pinched about her nipples and inner labia as normal. Electric flex trailed from the sprung bases of the clips and curved around behind the vinyl panel. She was where *He* wished her to be: that was all that mattered.

Liza was not alone. A man she had been told to call "Pickering" sat facing her.

He was somewhere in his late fifties, greying, smartly dressed and softly spoken, radiating an air of interest and understanding. A note book rested on his lap while his other hand hovered over a small electric control pad mounted on one arm of his comfortable leather chair. This was positioned between two full-length mirrors that were angled slightly to reflect the image of her body back into her eyes, so that she could see what he was seeing.

Liza had a heart-shaped, slightly girlish face, with deep blue eyes and rounded cheeks that also softened the line of her neck under her chin. Her hair was brown and shoulder-length hair but was currently combed and tied severely back into a ponytail to expose her neck, about which was locked a rubber-line steel collar, which did not belong to the restraints of the couch. Her nose was slightly flared and fleshy at its end and tip-tilted. She had a neat mouth with shapely lips, which were currently stretched about the bar clamped between her teeth. Her expression in repose was normally lively and playful.

Her natural complexion was pale, but she now wore a light all over golden tan that showed no signs of swim suit shadows. She had a compact build that accentuated the weight of her full D-cup breasts, which were tipped by prominent pink nipples, pierced by silver rings. Her hips were womanly and the muscles of her buttocks were sheathed by soft chubby flesh. Her smooth shaven deep-cleft vulva pouted; its soft lips pierced by more silver rings. Her legs were shapely and well toned. She was very proud of them...

Pickering pressed a button on the chair control pad.

Liza jerked convulsively against her many straps, biting hard on the rubber sheathed bar between her teeth, while a yelp of pain escaped about it. Stabbing needles of electric fire had been driven deep into her nipples and labia. Yet even as her eyes filled with hot tears, her nipples throbbed even harder in response, while her pussy grew hotter and wetter. A cloudy white dribble of fluid trickled out of its depths and down between her buttocks onto the vinyl padding.

‘Now I want you to tell me your story from the very beginning,’ Pickering said in kindly tones, as if he had not just infected such intimate pain upon her. ‘Leave nothing out, however personal or embarrassing it may seem. If I think you’re not being entirely truthful with me, then I will encourage you to think again...’

‘Yes, Mr Pickering,’ Liza said quickly, speaking about the bar between her teeth. ‘I’ll tell you everything...’

But it seemed so long ago and far away now. In a way, she supposed she had been living in another world, which she had then been torn out of it by fate. But she did her best.

‘It was late at night...well, early the next morning, really. I’d been out celebrating my birthday with my friends Pru and Joss and Zak. Zac was driving us home. Maybe he’d had too much to drink... actually, we all had. I know it was stupid. I was stupid then. Anyway, that was why he was on the back lanes, so there was less chance of being stopped by the police. You see, he’d sort of borrowed the car we were in from a friend without asking. Still, it should have been all right. There shouldn’t have been anyone on that road at that time of night. But there was...’

\* \* \*

The rusty red Fiat Punto grazed the side of the larger oncoming car with a screech of metal, skidded and bounced widely and then came to rest with his nose down in a ditch. Its engine cut out, leaving a single unbroken headlamp shining into a tangle of weeds.

For a moment, there was stunned silence in the car, then Pru sobbed and Joss cursed and Zak shouted: ‘Everybody get out... run, run!’

The others scrambled to obey, Pru unclipping her belt and pushing forward Zac’s driving chair as he left it so she could follow him, while Joss tumbled out of the passenger seat. But Liza was slower to respond. The impact had shaken her up so that she could not think. Her head was pounding and her stomach was churning. Even as the others were vanishing into the night, she was still fumbling clumsily with the buckle of her seat belt. Finally, she got herself loose and pushed at the passenger seat in front of her and half fell out of the car into the ditch.

She tried to get to her feet only to hunch over again as she was violently sick.

She was still on the hands and knees, groaning and retching, when a strong hand took hold of a fistful of her hair. Dizzy, dazed, and totally confused, she was quite unable to resist as she stumbled after the owner of the hand as he dragged her into the brilliant twin fans of light issuing from the headlights of the other car. By their glare, she could see a burly man in a chauffeur's uniform was holding a torch and examining the side of the car, which she now saw was a silver Rolls Royce.

'She's still roadworthy, Sir, but it's going to need a proper workshop job to make it good, I'm afraid,' he reported. 'Some of these gashes in the bodywork are deep...'

'Not your fault, Riley,' the man who had hold of her said. 'Check out the other car, please. Make sure it's safe and see if any of those blighters who ran off like rabbits are still lurking around...'

Obediently Riley jogged off towards the stricken Fiat.

The man twisted Liza around so that she faced him and sniffed and then wrinkled his nose disapproval. 'Drunk! I might have known!'

He slapped her cheeks briskly, as if bring her to her senses, until she whimpered and focussed her bleary eyes upon him. He was perhaps somewhere in his late forties: well dressed, slightly greying but lean, with a neat moustache. For an old man he was not bad looking...

He slapped her again. 'Now, what's your name?' he demanded.

Liza tried to pull free of his grasp but she was still feeling groggy and only succeeded in tearing her hair. 'Oww! Don't you dare hit me like that again you fucking old sod or else I'll ... awww!'

He had slapped her again only much harder, making her cheeks burn and her head ring.

‘You will never use foul language in my presence again, do you understand? Now I repeat: what is your name?’

Shocked by his words and blinking back fresh tears, Liza snivelled indistinctly. ‘Uh... Liza Jones.’

He looked her up and down with fresh interest and curious intensity. ‘Really? Eliza... that’s an interesting name...’

Had he mistaken her “Uh...” for an “E”? ‘No... no, just Liza!’ she choked.

But he didn’t seem to take any notice. ‘Well, Eliza, what are you going to do about the damage to my car? You were going too fast and on the wrong side of the road. Were you driving? Are you insured?’

‘No... no, it wasn’t me, it was...’ but she couldn’t give him Zac’s name. You didn’t drop a friend in it.

‘So, you’re going to take sole responsibility for the damage? Are you old enough?’

She felt panic begin to overwhelm her. ‘No... yes... I mean... it’s my eighteenth birthday today.’

He smiled. ‘Really. Well, I think it’s going to be a memorable one...’

At that moment Riley emerged out of the night. ‘The car will need to be towed away, Sir. Looks like the front axle’s bust. There’s no sign of the others. Think they’ve legged it.’ He held up a bag. ‘I found this on the ground.’

‘That’s mine!’ Liza said feebly.

The man holding her hair looked back at Liza. ‘So, Eliza, you are all alone and your friends have abandoned you. Can you afford to pay for the repairs to my car?’



A fresh knot of fear began to twist itself in her stomach. Mutely she shook her head.

‘What about your parents, then?’

‘There’s... there’s just my mum... we live on the Madderslea Estate in Snelford. She hasn’t got any money!’

‘Then you’ll have to pay.’

‘I can’t! I haven’t got anything!’

‘Then I’ll have to turn you over to the police.’

Sick fear was filling her now. That would ruin her chances of getting work, or maybe even signing on. ‘No, please, you can’t.’

‘Then we’ll have to think of some other way for you to compensate me.’ He looked her up and down again. ‘Drunk and abusive as you are, you’re not quite without assets. Suppose I say that if you strip off for me right now, I won’t tell the police you were involved in the accident?’

She gaped at him disbelief. ‘What?’

‘You heard me, Eliza. You strip off for me so I can have a proper look at you, and I won’t tell the police you were here. That’s a simple enough bargain, isn’t it?’

‘You must be fucking mad... awww!’

He had slapped her cheek again, very hard. She sobbed and squirmed, but she still couldn’t break free of his grasp.

‘You’ve only yourself to blame. I warned you against using bad language, didn’t I?’

‘You... you can’t make me do anything like that...’ she choked.

‘I’m not making you do anything, I’m simply making an offer. It’s up to you whether you take it up or not. It may not be fair, but that is the way things are. I am Sir Henry Harrison, and I am both rich and influential. You are plain Eliza Jones, and, by your own admission, you are neither. If I wished to, I could ruin your life or your mother’s. Now you will strip or you will suffer the consequences...’

He let go of her hair and pushed her a few steps into the crossbeams of the Rolls-Royce’s headlights.

‘If she tries to run, you can catch her, can’t you Riley?’ Sir Henry said.

‘The state she’s in? No problem Sir.’ Riley said, confidently.

Liza stood there in the light swaying and feeling sick and numb, hardly able to believe what was happening.

‘She seems to need help undressing, Riley. Perhaps if you were to assist with some of the buttons...’

Riley took a step forward. Liza whimpered and fumbled with her dress.

So, she stripped on that lonely back lane in the glare of a Rolls Royce’s headlights, kicking off her shoes, peeling off her dress, rolling down her tights and wriggling out of her underwear. And as every piece came off, Riley silently gathered it up again. In a minute, she was totally naked and trembling violently, although not from the mild early summer air.

‘Place your hands together behind your neck and turn about slowly so I can have a proper look at you,’ Sir Henry commanded.

Numbly she obeyed. He walked around her looking up and down with a strange almost professional interest. To her shame, she felt her nipples pricking up under his gaze.

‘A pretty face and excellent breasts,’ he said half to himself. ‘Nice fleshy haunches... your legs could do with some work, but they show promise. Your manner and diction are in need of a complete overhaul, of course, but I think you’ll do...’

He took hold of her hair again and she did not resist. This could not be happening to her...

‘Open up the boot, Riley. I think we may have found a girl for the yoke after all...’

Sir Henry led Liza round the back of the Rolls where Riley was opening up the boot. Its door split in two; the upper half hinging upwards while the lower half folded down flat, jutting out over the rear bumper. Its internal lights came on automatically revealing folded blankets and a lot of bungee cords hooked to recessed rings in the boot interior. Protruding from a pouch hung on the side of the interior was what looked like the paddle of the table tennis bat, but with an unusually long handle. Resting on the carpeted floor was a curiously shaped aluminium strut with a row of open rubber-lined clamps fastened to it, the middle one being bigger than the ones on the end. It seemed to have an assortment of hooks, clips and rings on rubber cords fitted to it.

Sir Henry picked the device up so Liza could see it properly. ‘It should have been filled by now but the girl I was interviewing was not suitable. Perhaps I was fated to find you instead. Now turn around and hold up your hands so I can put it on you...’

Only then did she realize what it was for. But before cold fear could break the dazed spell of her compliance, Riley took hold of her forearms and twisted her round to face him with her hands level with her head and elbows tucked down to her sides.

Sir Henry pressed the row of open clamps up against the back of her neck and wrists and they snapped shut about them. She was yoked! Riley pulled a spongy rubber ball strung on a rubber cord up from the front of the device and pushed it into her mouth as it

opened, stifling her scream. Sir Henry took hold of the handle at the back of the strut and pushed her forwards over the projecting back lid of the boot. He and Riley took up some of the boot's array of bungee cords and hooked them onto rings set on the ends of the yoke arm. The tension pulled her upper body down so that her breasts mashed against the boot floor carpet, while her bare bottom jutted out invitingly.

She shrieked into her gag ball and twisted and strained and kicked wildly, but she could not pull herself free.

Leisurely, Sir Henry took the tennis bat like device out of its pouch and swished it through the air. 'Now you will stay still...' he told her.

Swish, smack! The rubber paddle blade struck her right buttock hard enough to make her flesh ripple and send shockwaves through her body. She screamed into her gag ball, and jerked against the rubber cords holding her down, but only succeeding in rasping her bare breasts across the boot floor carpet. Swish, smack! The paddle struck her left buttock with the same effect. She jerked and screamed again, her tears falling onto the folded blankets in the back of the boot.

From almost a minute, a steady hail of blows beat down on her buttocks until she could feel them burning in the night air. Then Sir Henry rested his arm and stroked her hot bottom with his fingertips.

'You have another choice, Eliza,' he told her. 'I can either paddle your pretty bottom until you faint, which is quite a pleasant prospect its own right, or else...' he slipped his fingers between her thighs and teased the furrow of her cleft, which was inexplicably hot and wet '... you beg me to couple with you.'

By now, Liza was sick and dizzy and could hardly think. All she did know was that she wanted the pain to go away. What did it matter how? She was all alone and in his power. He could take her

anyway. With a sob she nodded and dipped her back and spread her trembling legs a little more and offered her pussy to him.

‘That was very nicely done,’ said Henry said warmly.

She felt him take hold of her hips and then felt the silky bulb of his stiff penis rubbing through her slot until it found the mouth of vagina. It slid forward until it met resistance...

‘Oh... you’re a virgin!’ Sir Henry exclaimed, sounding surprised for the first time.

Liza whimpered. She’d been saving it up for Zac. That was how they were going to finish the night. But he had run off and left her for this old man to screw...

‘How very delightful,’ Henry declared. ‘This was fated...’ and he thrust hard into her.

Liza screamed as her maidenhead was ruptured and torn aside, letting his hard shaft slide up into her passageway. This was not how it should have been...

He pumped away with assured power and experience up inside her, introducing her to the strange, terrifying and yet thrilling sensation of having other living thing within her most intimate parts, demanding its pleasure. And, although it seemed impossible, pleasure was what she was feeling: a kind of mad, desperate pleasure that was her only relief from total despair.

She felt his hot sperm spurting inside her with wonder and revulsion, and then her lower belly clenched up. A shock wave of raw sexual delight tore through her and exploded deep in her brain, while a jet of her own juices squirted out about his pumping shaft...

A timeless interval passed. She realized her newly opened and aching vagina was empty. Then, distantly, Liza heard Sir Henry

speaking as he patted the back of her head. 'I think you'll do, Eliza very well,' he said.

And just for a moment, before revulsion cut through the blissful haze filling her mind, she felt a surge of relief that he approved of her.

Sir Henry spoke to Riley. 'Now I think you'd better get on the phone and report that we've have an accident...'

\* \* \*

Fifteen minutes later, Liza lay face down on the blankets inside the closed boot of the Rolls-Royce. She was still yoked and gagged. A cloth hood had been pulled over her head, and her legs were doubled up behind her so that her heels were pressed into her sore buttocks, held in place by more bungee cords. So, Henry's sperm was seeping out from her sore and aching cleft and soaking into a couple of wadded paper handkerchiefs that Riley had thoughtfully stuffed up inside her.

'You've damaged the side of my car, girl, so I'm not having you messing up the inside as well...' he told her gruffly.

She heard the muffled sound of a police car drawing up close by and then an officer talking sympathetically to Sir Henry.

'Yes, there were three or four of them in the other car,' Sir Henry said. 'At least one was a woman but we can't be sure about the rest. It was all over so quickly, you understand, there was no chance to get any detailed descriptions. Then we wasted some time hoping they'd come back so we could sort all this out in a civilised fashion. But when it was clear they weren't, we called you...'

'Of course, Sir. Very upsetting for you. Are you all right to get home?'

‘Oh yes, my car is still fully mobile. And I don’t live that far away from here. Wyvenhoe Hall, you know...’

## Chapter Two

Liza stirred and blinked open her sore eyes and found herself staring up into the canopy of an old-fashioned four-poster wooden bed. It was in a big room with three doors leading off it and a high ceiling covered with fancy plaster patterns. Daylight was shining in through a tall window between long, heavy, parted curtains, tied back with cords. Oil paintings in gilt frames hung on the walls. This single room was about the size of her mother's whole flat...

For a few terrifying seconds, Liza could not remember where this was or how she had got here. Then it all came back to her...

Still hooded and gagged and with the yoke still clamped about her neck and wrists, she had been taken out of the boot of the Rolls and led across crunchy gravel and up some steps and into some unseen house. There were lots of stairs to climb and the feel of thick carpet under her bare feet. Then she had been laid on the bed, with some kind of towelling pad under her bottom. Sir Henry secured the yoke to fastenings at the top of the bed, and then pulled her legs wide and snapped cuffs about her ankles. Only then did he remove her hood.

She saw Sir Henry smiling down at her while he rubbed and patted the spanking paddle over her breasts. She whimpered, even as she felt her nipples standing up.

'Now it's the turn of your pretty titties for a little paddling. Let's say half a dozen on each. And when I'm done with them, I expect you to offer me your cunny again...'

His old-fashioned words almost made it seem like a game.

Swish, smack! The paddle began to beat down her breasts, flattening them against her chest and driving her nipples deep into



their pillowy softness. Then they gathered together and bounced back again. Liza shrieked and bit on her gag, her eyes filling with tears. It hurt and it was no game! How could he treat her like this?

When her tits were both burning and blazing pink, she had sobbed and lifted her hips, offering him her sore and bloody gash so he could screw her again. And he had stripped of his clothes, revealing greying chest hairs but a surprisingly wiry and lean body. He mounted her and rammed his cock up into her again and rode her relentlessly until she also came again. It shocked and confused her but she couldn't help it! She had fallen asleep with him still lying on top of her...

Now, in the cold light of morning, here she was chained to the big bed with her tits still simmering, her pussy aching and a soiled towelling pad under her bottom, soaked with her blood and juices and his sperm. She felt so miserable and filthy!

Liza realized there was sound of running water coming from a door leading off the bedroom. Was that him? As her head cleared, she felt anger and resentment growing inside her. He had kidnapped her and screwed her and imprisoned her. It didn't matter that she been in the car that had hit his, or that he was a "Sir" and rich. He'd taken advantage of her fear and confusion to get her to start playing his sick games. It was simply wrong and criminal and she'd tell the police, and...

Sir Henry emerged from the side room. He was now dressed in an expensive pale green shirt with its collar open and sleeves rolled up, green corduroy trousers and matching – and probably very expensive – casual shoes.

He strode over to the bed and smiled warmly down at her and stroked her hair. 'Awake at last, Eliza? Good. First we'll get you cleaned up, and then we can have breakfast...'

There was no trace of doubt or shame over what he had done on his face or in his words. He carried himself as he had the

previous night with perfect self-assurance. He was still even knowingly using her name wrongly, as if his was the correct version. Despite herself, Liza felt her anger and hate wavering...

She saw he had something in his hand. It was a half metre long rod sheathed in black rubber insulation with a chunky handle and a shiny twin-pronged metal tip.

‘This is a cattle prod used to control animals by giving them electric shocks,’ he explained. ‘I’ve found it useful to help keep my girl pets in line...’

Girl pets! How many of them? Was that what he thought she was? Oh God, he was mad! She had to get out of this nightmare... eek!

Sir Henry had jabbed the forked tip of the prod into her left breast, indented her soft flesh. A crackling electric spark arced between its points, stabbing its sharp clear pain into her like a hammer blow. He pulled it out of her left breast and then stabbed it into her right one with another terrible flash and crackle and lance of pain. Then he stroked it down her body until the prongs were pressed into the lips of her sore, wet pussy.

Liza’s eyes bulged in horror and she shook her head frantically, trying to beg around her gag: no please don’t do that!

Sir Henry smiled. ‘That’s just to warn you what you will suffer if you don’t do what you’re told when I free you from your yoke. You will do what you’re told, Eliza, won’t you?’

And to her shame, Liza nodded frantically.

‘And when I allow you to speak, you will be polite and call me “Sir”, won’t you?’

Once again she nodded. For the moment, her thoughts of defiance had been thoroughly crushed.

Sir Henry unsnapped the latches of the yoke, pulled her gag out and then freed her ankles. 'Go through to the bathroom,' he commanded.

Stiffly, groaning in pain from her sore vagina, Liza scrambled off the bed and made her way through to the bathroom; with Sir Henry following close behind.

The bathroom walls were covered with fancy patterned tiles and old-fashioned exposed copper pipes. There was a bath with a semi-enclosed shower at one end, a wash basin, a toilet with a wooden seat and a big metal cistern above it and a long chain pull handle, and a bidet.

'Sit on the toilet with your legs wide. I want to see a healthy bowel movement. Get rid of that cheap drink that's polluting your system...'

Only then did she realize how full her bladder was.

With her cheeks burning, she obeyed, emptying herself out of pee and crap in front of him.

He did not seem at all uncomfortable, but he noted her embarrassment. 'It is normal for pets to relieve themselves in their master's presence. Get used to being watched and be grateful that you have a body worth showing off, Eliza. Remember, that's all that stopped me from reporting you to the police. Now, use the bidet to clean yourself off...'

He had to show her how to adjust the taps to send jets of water up into her groin to wash it clean. A refreshing cold stream of water gurgled deep into her pussy, running pink as it flushed out the remains of her hymen and his sperm. She shuddered as it took a little of the soreness away with it.

When she was clean but while she was still squatting over the bidet, he stopped her from rising. He ran his fingers through the wet

curls of her pubic hair.

‘You have a nice deep furrow, Eliza. It shouldn’t be hidden from my eyes.’ He opened up the cabinet above the wash basin and took out nail scissors, a razor and shaving foam. ‘Shave it off...’

Biting her lip, Liza spread her legs and snipped the longest curls of hair from her pussy and then soaped and carefully shaved the stubble away.

Sir Henry inspected the result with approval, making her shudder again as he fingered her now naked pussy. He showed her a tub of depilatory cream on the shelf where the shaving things were kept. ‘You will use that and the razor as necessary to keep yourself perfectly smooth, do understand?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ Liza said miserably.

‘Now you will have a shower and wash your hair...’

There was a glass shelf of soaps and shampoos by the bath. She used them on herself eagerly, trying to wash away the shame she felt as well as the dirt on her knees from the ditch. As she did so, he studied her hands sliding across her wet slippery body with approval. Her now naked pussy felt strange under her fingers...

There was a large white fluffy towel on a heated rack to dry herself off with. When that was done, she only had her damp hair to manage. The wash basin cabinet also contained an electric hairdryer that could be plugged-in beside it and she used this to dry her hair. She looked at her face in the cabinet mirror as she worked. She half expected to see some sign of the nightmare she had gone through on her face, but apart from a slight hollowness in her eyes, she didn’t look that different to yesterday.

Then she had been a virgin, now she wasn’t. Then she had been free, now she was... what?

When she was finished, Liza at least felt clean and halfway human. But she still trembled in shame as Sir Henry inspected her, even as her nipples pricked up at its touch.

‘Good,’ he declared at last. ‘You have scrubbed up very nicely, Eliza. Now to put you in your harness for the day...’

The “harness” was hanging on coat hanger behind the bathroom door all ready for her. She gulped at the sight, feeling her stomach knotting up in fresh fear, but she did not resist him as he put her into it.

First was a deep collar made of rubber-lined steel which he locked about her neck. From the front hung a metal dog tag with the words: *ELIZA: Property of Sir H*, stamped on it.

In the few hours she had been in his power, he had actually had a dog tag made especially for her! But why was he playing games with her name?

‘That is your pet name,’ he said. ‘While you belong to me, you will answer to it, you understand?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ she said wretchedly.

A black rubber bone hung on elastic cords from the front of the collar. He pulled it up and pushed it into her mouth where the tension on the cords held it in place like a gag.

‘That will remind you when I wish you to remain silent,’ he told her. ‘There will also be times when you’ll find it a comfort to bite on,’ he added.

Liza shuddered.

Fingerless black rubber mittens, padded across the palms, went over her hands. Long pads of the same material were strapped about her shins, with cups on their ends that went around her knees

and toes. Elastic cords with spring clips on their ends trailed from the ankles of the shin-pads. Sir Henry made her go down on her hands and knees and spread her thighs so he could stretch these out between her legs and clip them to her inner labia, making her wince.

‘You will stay on all fours like a good pet until I give you permission to stand again,’ he told her, clipping a leash to the ring on the back of her collar.

He led her back out of the bathroom into the bedroom with her shuffling across the floor after him and her heavy breasts bouncing and bobbing beneath her.

He sat at a small table in the window and hooked the end of her leash over the arm of the chair. There was a rubber matt set out beside the table. He pointed to it and she knelt on it.

‘Sit with your back straight and knees apart, with your hands resting on your thighs,’ he instructed her, and she obeyed. ‘That’s how you will always sit when you’re beside my chair.’ He patted her head. ‘There’s a good girl. See it isn’t so hard after all is it?’

She whimpered.

There was a bell push on the table which he pressed. ‘Now we shall have breakfast. I expect you’re hungry after last night. I doubt that you ate properly while you were celebrating...’

Only then did Liza realize that she was incredibly hungry.

A couple of minutes later, one of the other doors opened and a maid in a black uniform came in carrying a laden breakfast tray.

Liza cringed at her sudden appearance, horrified at what she must look like in her eyes: naked and collared and hobbled with a rubber bone in her mouth! But the woman hardly glanced at while she set the tray down on the table in front of Sir Henry.

‘Breakfast for you and a pet, Sir,’ she said.

‘Thank you, Molly. This is Eliza. Not the girl I planned, but I think she’ll make a good substitute. She’ll be staying with us for a while...’

Only then did Molly look at Liza properly with frank interest but no trace of surprise.

‘She’s very pretty, Sir. She’s got lovely big boobies...’

‘Yes, she has, hasn’t she,’ Sir Henry agreed.

Molly left, with Eliza still gaping at her in disbelief

Sir Henry took covers off dishes. One covered a stainless-steel dog bowl that he set down on the floor in front of Liza. It had a breakfast of bacon and eggs on toast chopped up into small pieces.

‘While you are my pet, you will eat your regular meals like a dog would,’ he told her, pulling the rubber bone out of her mouth.

As she hesitated, gazing at meal in horror, he touched the handle of the cattle prod.

Liza took a deep breath and hunched over and dipped her head and buried her face in the bowl and began to gobble it down. How could he treat her like this, she thought silently, while her cheeks burned with fresh shame? But she was very hungry...

When she had finished there was a second course of porridge sweetened with honey. That was messier to eat but she got it down. When she was done, Sir Henry wiped her face off with a real white linen serviette. Then he studied her thoughtfully as she knelt naked and trembling beside him.

This was the time she should speak up, Liza thought. She should tell him that he couldn’t keep her like this, that in a few hours she would be missed and the police would be looking for her. He’d had his sick fun, he’d played his twisted little game, even taken her

virginity, but now he had to let her go. He could not seriously imagine keeping as his... his sex slave pet! But in his magnificent bedroom, with the weight of his collar about her neck, under his masterful gaze, with the terrible cattle prod under his hand, she could not quite find the courage.

‘I belong to a rather select club of like-minded men and women whose hobby it is to break in and train suitable young women,’ he said at last. ‘Any woman can be crudely dominated and made to serve by the application of fear, pain and brute force, of course, but that is totally repellent. Those of us who employ subtler methods know that suitable women, such as yourself, can be turned into perfectly obedient and willing pets.’ She shivered and he chuckled. ‘Of course, the near coincidence of your name and mine also attracted me.’

Liza gazed at him blankly, feeling stupid.

‘Oh dear, you have never heard of Pygmalion... or My Fair Lady?’

Liza shook her head. ‘No Sir,’ she admitted.

‘Well, that’s something else to attend to during your training. Once you have reached a suitable standard of deportment, I will introduce you to some of my fellow pet enthusiasts.’

She couldn’t let him go on talking about training her as a sex slave! She must say something – but without using bad language! ‘Please... Sir... you can’t do this to me... I’ll be missed... you... you let me go right now... and I won’t tell anybody about you fuc... scr... having me!’

She screwed up her eyes, half expecting a jab from the cattle prod. Instead Sir Henry laughed. ‘I won’t let you go not because of your threats but because you won’t be missed. I was just going to take care of that...’



And he took her phone from his pocket. Of course, it had been in her bag that his man Riley had recovered from the crash. He turned it on and scrolled through the screens.

‘I can see your mother’s number and those of many others that I assume are your friends and acquaintances. You will tell me who you were with last night and then you’re going to compose suitable e-mails that I will send to them to reassure them that you are perfectly fine but they won’t be seeing you around for a while.’

And now he reached out with the cattle prod and rubbed its prongs across her nipples that tingled and stood up in fear, and then he lifted her chin so she had to look him square in the eye.

‘You’re in no position to bargain or make threats, Eliza. The sad truth is that what you want doesn’t matter, but what I want does. I have power and means and you have nothing...’ He glanced at the phone again. ‘I see no numbers relating to work or further education. What qualifications do you have?’

He had laughed at her threats and now he was making her feel small again. ‘I... I didn’t get much out of school, Sir,’ she admitted. ‘I’m not... academic. I was going to sign on. Try to get shop work or a salon or something. But the money is cra... not good...’

Oh God, now he’d got her confessing everything to him!

‘Is that what you want?’ he asked.

‘No... Sir...but what else can I do? Maybe modelling...’ she looked down at her big, glossy trembling breasts ‘... only, I know I don’t look right for the proper catwalk stuff...’

‘But you do look right for what I have in mind.’

‘As... your sex pet, Sir?’

‘Why not? Are you frightened of never leaving your estate, never having a decent job, never getting away from friends who take you for drunken rides in stolen cars, and ending up worn out by the time you’re forty...’

She never thought words could hurt her so much. ‘Yes, Sir...’ she said the tiny voice.

‘Well I think I can promise you something more interesting than that. The world does not owe you a living, and you’ll never get something for nothing, but perhaps before you throw the rest of your life away, I can turn you into something special. You may not enjoy every minute, but you won’t be bored! Now, what should we tell your mother...?’

The text to her mum read: *I’m fine. Zac had car trouble. Staying with smarter friends for a few days.* The copied texts to Zac, Pru and Joss read: *WTFk! U all ran off and left me! I8U! My turn now!*

‘That should keep them happy for a few days,’ Sir Henry said. ‘We shall send them further mails as and when necessary to keep them reassured.’

He put away her phone and took up the end of her leash. Then he pushed the rubber bone back between her teeth. ‘Now, I’m going to show you round my house and garden and you can meet the rest of my staff...’

\* \* \*

The next hour was a surreal nightmare for Liza.

Sir Henry led her about the huge house just like a dog, while she shuffled frantically after him on her hands and knees. Everything she saw made her feel small, unworthy or acutely embarrassed: often all three at the same time. There were endless corridors and walls covered with paintings or wood panels. There were huge vases and sculptures and cases with antiques in them. Everything was rich

and beautifully made and perfectly arranged. But even worse were the people.

Sir Henry led her in and out of rooms, finding members of staff to which he would introduce her proudly.

There was Dandridge the Butler, who was middle-aged, portly and dignified. There was Tim the lad who apparently took care of “the boots and scuttles” who was young and ginger and eager. Mrs Flinch the housekeeper was fortyish, lean and severe, while Mrs Partridge was plump and amiable. And all of them accepted her without question or apparent surprise as Sir Henry’s new “pet”. Was this what being rich allowed you to do?

He led her through a set of French Windows into back gardens the size of a small park. There were statues and flowerbeds, hedges and sunken gardens and lawns like snooker tables. For the first time Liza saw the house from outside. She did not know enough about architecture to tell what style it was, just that it was incredibly grand and imposing and made her feel even smaller.

She had shivered when she had first been led out into the open air; frightened that passers-by might see her. But she was still thinking like somebody from her home estate. This was not public land. Sir Henry owned everything she could see, and it was surrounded by a big high wall that kept the real world out and his secrets in. He could do anything he wanted to with her in here...

As he led her through the gardens, they came upon a lean, weatherworn man riding on a big motor mower. Once again she was introduced. This was Mr Hickory, the gardener. He looked at her with crusty approval.

‘Good udders on her, Sir,’ he pronounced. ‘If I might say, they’re better than the last one...’

How many pets had Sir Henry owned before her?

Back in the house again, Sir Henry led her through to his study, dominated by a large, imposing, green leather covered desk. There was an old duvet folded up beside it.

‘You can bed down here when I’m working,’ he told her casually.

Just like a dog would.

Another door led through to a library, its seemingly endless shelves packed with neat rows of leather bound books. A pretty, willowy, academic looking woman wearing large spectacles was working at a desk in one corner.

‘This is Eliza, Miss Meacham. My new pet,’ Sir Henry said.

Miss Meacham looked at her with curious shy intensity. ‘She’s very pretty, Sir Henry. Very... full breasted.’

‘I’m sure you and Miss Meacham will be the very good friends,’ Sir Henry said to Eliza with a chuckle, slapping her on her rump.

He led Liza into an alcove and pulled at one of the books on a shelf. There was a click and the whole bank of shelves hinged outwards like a door. Sir Henry flipped a switch and lights came on, illuminating the head of a flight of narrow stairs leading downwards.

He led her downwards, she following awkwardly on all fours and trying not to fall. At the bottom, Sir Henry flipped another switch and more lights came, on revealing a large cool cellar with a stone-flagged floor, whitewashed walls and heavy brick piers supporting a black beamed ceiling. Some of the pillars had walls of bars fitted between them to make cages. Hanging on racks were sets of straps and lashes and coiled hoses and chains, while in corners loomed several strange devices.

‘This is my training dungeon,’ Sir Henry said proudly. ‘You’ll be spending a lot of time down here. It’s where you’ll learn to be a perfect slave pet. You’ll resist and cry quite a lot at first, of course,

which is perfectly natural. But eventually you'll learn to embrace submission, punishment and captivity and love your bonds...'

Liza whimpered and jerked against her leash and tried to stand up to run away, which only yanked the spring clamps tighter about her inner pussy lips.

Ignoring her show of fear, Sir Henry hung the loop handle of her leash over a convenient hook bolted to one of the pillars. Then he rolled a device out into the open centre of the cellar, where a section of flagstone floor had been covered with more modern black rubber tiles.

It was an arch of tubular metal rather like an overlarge doorframe, set on a low solid wheeled base. Suspended by sets of chains within the arch was a thing formed out of heavy steel strip, about the width of a hand, which had been carefully bent and shaped into the life-sized outline of a human body, with its arms stretched down to its sides and its legs spread wide. The ends of the steel strip were folded over under the empty "feet" of the hollow form, leaving the inside legs and groin open. Several sets of rubber straps and curved metal bars had been threaded through rings welded onto the front and back edges of the outline strip, so that they enclosed its interior. One set of bars were in place closing off the back of the frame, while the front ones were still slid back and open.

'I call it my gingerbread girl frame,' Sir Henry said. 'It will introduce you to the experience of inescapable pain and total immobility and helplessness, which in time you will learn to love...'

Liza snivelled and shook the head feebly. This could not be happening to her...

Sir Henry unclipped clamps from her pussy and then removed her rubber gloves and shin protectors, so that she could stand again. Numbed and shivering, she let him lead her over to the gingerbread frame. He made her stand on the level insides of the strap ends at the feet of the frame, supporting her weight as she slid inside the

frame and rested against the cocoon of bars behind her. Briskly he slid the other bars across her body, tightening and adjusting them so that they pressed against her flesh. Then he pulled the sets of rubber straps tight, holding her firmly in place. In a couple of minutes she was secured.

Straps were now bound across her forehead, neck, stomach, her upper arms and wrists, her thighs and ankles, while the metal bars pressed against her chest and shoulders from behind, above and below her breasts, her elbows, hips and the small of her back above the cleft of her buttocks. Between the tension of the straps and the pressure of the bars, she was totally immobilised. As a finishing touch, Sir Henry screwed clamps with rubber pads on their ends against the sides of her temples, holding her head upright and rigidly facing forward.

Sir Henry walked around the frame, admiring her from different angles, while she swivelled her eyes desperately in an attempt to follow him.

‘You look very lovely, Eliza,’ he told her sincerely.

He stood on the low platform on which the supporting frame was mounted and adjusted its suspending chains. A pair of them were hooked to rings on the shoulders of the frame while a second set, hung outside these, were attached to its “hips” by swivel joints. He unhooked the upper set of chains and then pushed at the frame, which tumbled forwards and then back about its hips mounts, making Liza yelp in fear.

Sir Henry laughed and swung her back up right and hooked the shoulder chains back in place again. Then he got off the frame base and went over to one of the racks of punishment devices. He selected an odd-looking cane from the array on offer. It had thick handle and a shaft with rows of small holes down its sides. Hung on spring clips on the sides of the rack were several transparent phials of clear liquid. He took one up and plugged it into the hollow handle of the cane and screwed it in place.

He held the cane up in front of Liza so she could see the clear fluid now seeping through the rows of perforations down its sides. Between the holes were rows of tiny stiff, sharp plastic bristles. 'It's an extract of the irritant stinging nettles use. The bristles will puncture your skin just deep enough for the extract to flow in without making it bleed. It will sting and burn and raise "welts" just like a hard lashing, which will linger for several hours but not leave any permanent damage.'

By now, Eliza was snivelling and crying and trying to plead for mercy around the rubber bone in her mouth. But Sir Henry ignored her. He took up position and laid the cane against her breasts and then drew back his arm and swung it hard.

Hiss, crack! The cane cut into the undersides of her big breasts, making them jump and bounce and shiver. The gingerbread frame jerked rattled its chains as Liza screamed and bit on her gag while her eyes filled with tears. Then after the physical shock and pain of the blow, she felt the nettle extract burning into her.

Hiss, crack! Sir Henry swung the stinging cane square across her nipples, driving them deep into the soft flesh of her breasts. Then he beat the cane downwards across her breasts' upper slopes, flattening them against her chest so they could spring back again.

He paused for a moment to admire the three blazing stripes he had laid across her trembling mammaries, stroking the hot ridges of skin with his finger tips. 'Beautiful,' he said.

Then he moved round her dangling body and beat her pale fleshy bottom exposed between the frame bars, laying seven blazing welts across it. He took his time to be artistic, laying down three parallel stripes framing her posterior, lifting her fleshy cheeks with the final lowest one, and then cutting two shorter diagonally slashes between the top and bottom stripes and across the middle of each buttock cheek. When he was finished, her bottom was a blaze of pink and welted scarlet.

By the time he came back stand in front of her, Liza's tears were dripping down her cheeks onto the upper slopes of her breasts adding their salt to her stinging wounds. Her doubly swollen nipples were hard and stinging with every pulse of blood. He slashed the cane across her belly marking it as well. Then he took advantage of the open inside of the frame to beat her exposed thighs. Her screams, muffled though they were by the rubber bone gag, echoed back from the walls of the cellar, while the slight jerks and twists her bonds allowed still set the gingerbread frame swaying and bouncing from its chains. Her whole body felt as if it was on fire...

Sir Henry paused again to admire her ravaged body, and then carefully flicked the stinging cane up into the furrow of her sex, smacking and pricking her inner labia and the hood of her clitoris, and injecting them with the stinging venom.

That was the final straw. With a scream and a sob, Liza lost control of her bladder and a stream of hot pee spurted between her burning lips onto the base of the frame. Her puffy red tear-filled eyes closed and if it had not been for the clamps holding her head up, she would have dropped it on to her chest as she came close to fainting from pain, shame and utter misery.

Sir Henry picked up a plastic bottle of mineral water that was set beside the punishment rack, and squirted some into her face, making her splutter and open her eyes again.

'I will beat your cunny again, unless you offer me some other distraction,' he told her. 'I've used your vagina twice and greatly enjoyed it, but I was wondering about other passageways you could suggest, which are also still virgin...'

'Please b... bugger me... Sir... use my bottom, Sir... please, please have me up my bum... please!' Liza choked about her gag bar. She did not care how pathetic she sounded. At that moment she would have begged for anything rather than endure more of the terrible stinging cane.



Sir Henry flipped the gingerbread frame forward until she was lying facedown parallel with the ground and her blazing buttocks were facing upwards, her groin open and accessible through the inviting “V” of her strapped and spread legs. Then he uncoiled one of the hoses hung on a nearby pillar. In fact, it was a pair of hoses taped together: one of garden hose size and the other a transparent one with a larger bore. Both were plugged into the handle of what looked like a modified garden hose spray gun. It had a second short length of hose attached to its nozzle with a clear plastic cup about its base.

He pushed the short hose up through the pucker of Liza’s clenching anus and deep into her rectum and squeezed the trigger. An unseen pump began to hum. Cold water rushed in to her, flushing out her wastes, which were then sucked back down the second hose.

When she was empty, the nozzle was pulled out of her. Sir Henry’s finger, bearing a blob of grease, was pushed into her anus and lubricated her. Then he stood between her sore simmering thighs, took hold of her hips and rammed his cock up into her bottom. She felt the tight ring of her anus being stretched by its head and then closing slightly almost with relief as it ran down the sides of its shaft, as the head opened up the hot passageway of her rectum. Then he was completely embedded within her, and she had lost her second virginity.

‘I want to feel you squeezing tightly on my manhood,’ Sir Henry told her, giving her sore, welted bottom a slap.

She yelped and squeezed her anal ring tight about him.

The gingerbread frame swayed from its chains as he began to pump into her and she gasped and bit on her rubber bone. Her hot, welted breasts dangled freely beneath her, bobbing and swaying and simmering as he jerked into her. Her dazed mind was filled with the question: was this better than being beaten with the stinging cane? Oh, yes, yes yes...

And then he was spouting his sperm up inside her bottom. For a moment, Liza felt as if she had been soiled inside, then her loins responded with a thrill that coursed up through her body and left her dizzy and confused. Had she cum again? Was there such a thing as an anal orgasm?

With a sigh of satisfaction, Sir Henry pulled his shaft out of her. Then he flipped her frame back upright once more and came round to stand in front of her.

‘Now I’m going to leave you alone for a while to consider your situation and what you have learned so far today. When I come back, I expect you, without prompting, to offer one more thing to me...’

He went back towards the stairs, a switch clicked and Liza was plunged into darkness.

\* \* \*

Liza never knew how long he left her. Soon it felt like days, although by then it was probably no more than a couple of hours. She had never been in total darkness before. In her experience, growing up in a town, there was always light coming from somewhere, even in the middle of the night. This was absolute blackness and it was terrifying.

She listened for any sounds coming from the house above, but the building was so massively constructed that she could hardly hear anything. In this heightened state, the slightest whisper seemed to magnify itself, only to be distorted by her imagination. For a while she became convinced that there were rats in the cellar which were going to attack her, and imagined their little teeth nibbling on her hot aching pussy and sore nipples.

Then for an unknown period she simply cried to herself, softly and helplessly, feeling all the confused emotions tangling up inside and then pouring out of her.

But more than anything, as time passed, Liza became intensely aware of her own naked and abused body as it hung helpless within the gingerbread frame. She felt Sir Henry's sperm seeping out of her aching bottom and trickling down inside her thighs, the stinging, simmering welts that covered her breasts and bottom and thighs, the tears and dribble drying on her cheeks and the upper slopes of her hot breasts, the hardness of her swollen nipples, and finally the throbbing tingle in her pussy.

She had never felt anything like it before. It was a terrifying revelation: to be so aware and so helpless at the same time. She had never felt so frightened and miserable in her life!

Inevitably, her thoughts kept coming back to Sir Henry. He was the man who had taken her virginity... twice now! His was the only cock that had ever been inside her. It should have been Zac's... but Zac had run away and left her to be caught by this monster! He was bastard, a pervert, a twisted shit and an evil old man...

And then she felt a spasm of guilty fear at her own thoughts. No, no, Sir Henry hated bad language. She mustn't think such things about him or she would be punished.

But he couldn't read her thoughts. Could he? Was she going out of her mind down here? How long had it been? Hours, days? Had he forgotten about her? Please, Sir Henry, I didn't mean those things... please don't leave me... Sir Henry? You've left me! You fucking sick, twisted, pervert... no, no, I didn't mean that... I enjoyed you bugging me... you can do it again if you want... I'll do anything... just don't use that nettle cane again... anything...

Then she heard footsteps on the stairs and the cellar light came on, making her screw up her eyes up against its brilliance. When she opened them again, Sir Henry was standing in front of her.

'Now, Eliza, what have you got to say to me?'

‘P... please Sir Henry... let me suck you off, please. I want your cock in my mouth... I’ll make you cum... and swallow it all down... I’ll be a good girl... I promise...’

She hated her pathetic, snivelling words but she couldn’t face another nettle cane beating.

‘That’s what I wanted to hear,’ he said, and smiled, and she felt a brief traitorous glow of pleasure within her.

He unfastened the shoulder chains and flipped the frame until it hung upside down, so that her loose hair tumbled down and brushed the floor while her heavy breasts flopped, stretching her cane welts in new and painful ways. He refastened the chains to the rings on the undersides of the frame feet, holding it in place. Then he moved to one of the frame posts from which the gingerbread frame hung and pressed a button on a small pad mounted in it. With a hiss of concealed pistons, the frame posts expanded, rising up and carrying her with them until her head was at waist height.

Sir Henry stood in front of her, opening his flies and freeing his stiffening cock. Then he pulled her gag bone out. She licked her dry lips and opened her mouth wide and let him ram his cock into her.

She almost choked, and then she began to suck and tongue purely instinctively. She might have done this with Zac. In their intimate moments he had talked about it. But then he had talked about a lot of things, like how successful he was going to be next year... Then he had run away, leaving her to be captured by this rich evil, insane man who wanted to turn her into his pet... uhhhh!

Sir Henry bent his head between her spread thighs and gently kissed the naked lips of her pussy and she gasped and shuddered. Zac had had his hand down there once inside her knickers, but she had never been kissed there before. Just when she realized how much she hated him, he did something so gentle...

His hot sperm spurted into her mouth and she was shocked by the taste of it but she swallowed it down. Then she felt her own loin's spasm as she sprayed out her own juices past his probing tongue and into his face. And so they came together...

For a few minutes he held onto her, savouring the feel of her inverted body, while she held the softening shaft of his cock in her mouth, dizzy from her own orgasm but too terrified let it go.

Then he spoke. 'With great pleasure, I have now had each of your virgin holes. Whoever else has you in the future, I will always have been the first and only man to have done that. I hope you will never forget it.'

She wouldn't, Liza thought miserably.

# Chapter Three

Sir Henry led her back up the stairs and out through the secret door into the library once again. Miss Meacham watched her shuffle along all fours with her criss-cross welted bottom on display with intense, fascinated eyes, but she did appear surprised, or feel it necessary to make any comment. How many other sex pets had she seen in such a state, Liza wondered? What a twisted place this was!

Liza saw the library clock. It was half past five. She had been in the cellar-dungeon for six hours: most of them spent alone crying in the dark.

Sir Henry took her up to his bedroom so that she could shower again and clean herself up on the bidet. She winced as she touched the nettle cane welts all over her body and saw what she looked like in the mirror. It hurt to sit on the toilet and Sir Henry watched intently as she washed, appraising her sore bottom with the nettle-cane crosses he had imprinted upon it on her buttock cheeks and the slashes he had cut across her breasts with evident satisfaction.

‘I assume that was your first proper beating, Eliza,’ he said.

Did she think that just because she had no father and lived on the Madderslea that she had been beaten all the time? ‘Yes, Sir,’ she said coldly

‘What did you think of it?’

How could she answer such a question? Honestly of course. ‘I hated it, Sir.’

‘Do you think it intensified your sexual pleasure?’

Barely suppressed pride and anger insisted that she should say: Of course not you sick sadist! But she had cum, and her mind had

been so messed up that she was not sure why. So instead, she answered carefully and truthfully. 'I... don't know, Sir. I've never felt or done anything like any of that before.'

'Well, you'll have plenty more chances to find out,' he said.

Liza shuddered. She could believe that!

\* \* \*

He took her for a short walk in the gardens before dinner, with her shuffling along on all fours at his heels. They passed the big garage where Riley was cleaning a Bentley. There was no sign of the Rolls. Had it already been taken off for repairs?

Riley smirked at her welted body. 'That's right Sir, don't you spare the rod with that one...'

She would get no sympathy out of the household staff for Sir Henry's treatment of her. She felt her hatred and resentment rising up inside her again, even as her sore nipples throbbed.

Sir Henry checked his watch. 'Time to get you ready for dinner,' he told her. 'I like to take one meal a week with my staff. That may seem rather modern and of course, one should not get too familiar with servants, but some of them have been with me so long that they're almost like family. And it'll give me a chance to present you to all of them properly...'

\* \* \*

Dinner was taken in staff dining room, which was almost as big as her mother's flat.

There was a long table with Sir Henry seated at one end with the staff down the sides. They were the people she had met that morning, including Riley, plus another cleaning maid: a black girl called Joy, and a kitchen helper named Tina. Apparently all of them

lived somewhere in the house, except for Hickory who had a tiny cottage at the far end of the grounds. It was almost like a scene from some period story about the English upper-class set in the last century... except for her.

She stood at the other end of the table from Sir Henry.

Her feet rested on a small square of wood planking with castors underneath it. A fence post with its side's sanded smooth was bolted to the rear of the plank square. A dozen broad leather straps bound her tightly against the post with her arms pulled back and pressed against its side faces. A metal actuator rod ran up the back of the post and connected to a set of hinged rods that extended forward on either side of her cheeks. These were linked to a pair of crescent-shaped spring clamps that were pinched tight about her lips. The lower end of the actuator rod was connected to a lever and foot pedal set on the side of the plank base.

Tina, the kitchen assistant, was seated nearest to Liza and had a bowl beside her plate which had the evening meal in ready-chopped form. Every minute or so she scooped up a spoonful of this, stood up and pressed on the foot pedal. The levers pulled Liza's lips open and Tina pushed a spoonful into her mouth. Clumsily Liza chewed it and swallowed it down with the clamps about her lips clicking together. Then, in total misery, she awaited the next spoonful.

She was acutely aware of all their eyes upon her, studying every detail of her welted and beaten body. Tim the Boots and Scuttles lad (and how incredibly old-fashioned that sounded!) was staring at her in red-cheeked, self-conscious delight. What made it even worse was that he could not have been much older than her. Did they know how Sir Henry had marked her? They must. And yet they were behaving as though this was perfectly normal. How many previous "pets" had stood strapped naked to a post before them like this being spoon-fed and humiliated?



Of course, Sir Henry could have a meal with his staff without worrying about “getting too familiar,” because they could all look down on her, while knowing she belonged to him. She was the lowest thing in the house and yet she was its master’s pet. He was actually just showing off his power and superiority to all his staff.

‘I think she’s going to make a rather special pet,’ said Henry said. ‘So, I’d like you all to give her your fullest attention when the appropriate time comes.’

‘Of course, Sir,’ said Dandridge, speaking for the rest. ‘We shall be delighted...’

Liza blinked. What did that mean?

\* \* \*

It was almost a relief to be taken back up to Sir Henry’s bedroom, even though she knew what was coming. At least it would only be Sir Henry and her. She would not have all those other eyes on her making her feel so dirty and cheap.

Entering the room, she saw that there as now a big blanket-lined wicker dog basket at the foot of his bed, with a hinged dome-shaped metal mesh lid over it. Was that meant for her?

He made her kneel on his bed with her head down and bottom-up over a fresh rubber backed towelling mat to protect the sheets. Then he pulled out chains and cuffs from recesses underneath it. Oh God, the whole bed was a bondage device! But it looked so old! Did that simply mean that his family had been doing things like this to women for a long time?

He pulled her arms out wide and chained them down, and then spread her ankles and cuffed them as well. Another chain went over the bed and across the backs of her knees and pulled them further forward underneath her, so that her bottom stuck up and out more.

Leaving her in place, he changed into a night robe. Then he knelt on the bed behind her and stroked and squeezed her sore, cross-striped buttocks.

‘Obviously, your breasts are your most striking feature,’ he observed, ‘but I think your buttocks come a close second. They are so delightfully fleshy and mobile...’ He slipped a hand between her thighs and cupped her pussy. ‘They have the same depth and malleability as your cunny lips. They simply beg to be spanked...’

Liza whimpered and a bit on her rubber gag-bone and screwed up her eyes.

‘Yes, do not try to deny it,’ Sir Henry said. ‘This is what your body was made for! But, as your posterior has already been well tended to today, if you ask me nicely, I will only use my hand on you and not a strap or a lash.’

He had trapped her into begging again! ‘P... please Sir,’ she choked around her gag bone ‘...please will you spank me...’

And so, Sir Henry smacked her bottom until it glowed and her pussy was swollen. Then he knelt behind her and rammed his cock up into her for the last time that day.

Liza had thought she would have to sleep with him again, but after he had had her, she was put in the dog-basket at the foot of the bed and the cage lid was padlocked down over her. She could not decide if that was better or worse. Apparently, when she was not serving as a sex slave, she would live like a pet.

She couldn’t imagine how she could spend a night curled up inside such a thing, but she was so emotionally and physically exhausted that she fell asleep in five minutes. She slept solidly until half past seven the next morning, but some of her dreams were terrifying.

# Chapter Four

The next morning, to Liza's relief, she found that the welts from the nettle cane were gone, leaving only a few faint blotches and pink streaks behind. At least it had not been as bad as it had looked, and certainly not as bad as it had felt! Then she realized there was a terrifying downside: if she recovered that completely it meant that he could put her through that hell again any time he wanted to, knowing she would recover again inside twenty-four hours.

But the morning did not start with a beating.

After eating breakfast kneeling beside his chair, Sir Henry took her into the library. Another desk and chair had been set up opposite the one Miss Meacham used. Liza felt her stomach knotting up as she looked at it. The chair had a dildo jutting up out of its seat, while there were cuffs and chains bolted to the desk, which had an open laptop on it. This was connected to a combined microphone and headphone set and another electronic box connected to the mains supply that rested under the desk.

'I make sure that all my pets are able to speak clearly and fluently, when they are permitted,' Sir Henry explained. 'I may have literally pulled you out of a ditch, but I don't want you to sound as if you were born there! This system will improve your vocabulary and accent.'

What was wrong with the way she spoke, Liza wondered? She wasn't stupid. So she hadn't had some expensive private education like him. She couldn't change that. But apparently she was going to have to...

'I will leave you in Miss Meacham's care for now,' Sir Henry said, handing her leash over to the other woman, and then his cattle prod. 'You will obey her commands as you would mine. If she gives

me a bad report about your efforts, you will be punished...' And he left the library.

Nervously, Liza smiled at Miss Meacham.

She returned her smile with a cool stare, and prodded Liza's nipples with the cattle prod, making her shudder. 'You're not the first pet Sir Henry has entrusted to my care,' she said crisply and clearly. 'So far I have got them all up to a decent standard of literacy and enunciation. I hope you will not spoil that record...'

Of course, she didn't speak as beautifully as that, Liza realized.

Miss Meacham led her over to the new desk chair. 'Sit on it so it goes up into your pussy,' she commanded.

Biting her lip, Liza sat down so that the dildo slid up inside her vagina, making her stifle a groan. It had metal studs around its shaft. Miss Meacham went behind her and a strap was pulled around the back of the chair above about her waist, holding her in place. As Miss Meacham moved her hands away again, they brushed almost accidentally over Liza's breasts.

Miss Meacham bent down beside the chair and pulled Liza's heels pulled back against the front legs of the chair and bound more straps about her ankles. Once again, her hands seem to brush over Liza's thighs as she stood up again. Liza's hands were placed on the desk and the cuffs were snapped about her wrists, allowing her just enough freedom of movement to reach the keyboard of the laptop.

Miss Meacham fitted the headphones set onto her and then opened up a programme on the computer. A page of text appeared with different sections highlighted.

She rested her hands on Liza's bare shoulders as she explained. 'You will listen to a recorded voice reading a section of the text, and then you will repeat it, trying your best to pronounce the words as you heard them. The system will analyse your words and

detect variations from the ideal speech pattern. If you are not sufficiently accurate it will punish you, like this...'

She pressed the F1 key on the computer and Liza yelped and jerked in her chair as the dildo in her pussy gave her a sharp shock.

'After you have read a page, the system will test your understanding of certain words you have read, offering multiple choice answers. If you have not been intelligent enough to work out their meanings, then you will be punished, like this...' And she pressed the key and the dildo zapped her vagina again.

'Will you be a good girl and try your hardest?' she asked, as Liza blinked the tears from her eyes after this second shock.

'Yes, Miss Meacham, I'll try my hardest,' Liza promised.

'Good,' Miss Meacham said, smiling and stroking Liza's chin.

Oh God, she's gay and she likes me and I'm stark naked and strapped to a chair, Liza thought.

Miss Meacham pressed the key to activate the program and then returned to her desk.

The first block of text flashed and a recorded voice spoke. *"It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife..."*

For two hours, Liza listened and read and answered questions and yelped and whimpered as she was punished for not speaking clearly enough or for being stupid or slow. Her vagina ached and tingled and to her embarrassment dribbled over the seat of the chair while her nipples stood up hard. She was aware all the time of Miss Meacham's eyes flicking up from her work across the room to stare at her.

When the programme finally ended, Liza sagged over the keyboard. That had been exhausting! Like being back at school in a nightmare.

Miss Meacham studied the readout of the results, leaning over Liza shoulder while she was still strapped impaled and chained to the desk and chair. One hand drifted down over the upper slopes of Liza's breasts as she studied the results. 'Actually, you didn't do too badly for your first session. There is plenty of room for improvement, but I will tell Sir Henry that you tried your best...'

Liza felt a pitiful surge of gratitude towards her, and briefly she even forgave her wondering hands.

\* \* \*

That afternoon, Sir Henry took Liza down in to the cellar dungeon again. At least she was allowed to walk upright this time, which made descending the stairs easier, although her wrists were now cuffed behind her back.

Liza was shivering with fear, trying not to think of what fresh ordeal had planned for her. But when he pulled out an electric treadmill that could have come from some expensive health club, she thought it would not be so bad.

'I said your legs needed work done on them and we shall start today,' he told her.

Well, she supposed she could run on a treadmill without too much trouble. At least it was not like being beaten or screwed. Then Sir Henry started opening up the accessories that had been fitted to the machine, and she began to bite uneasily on her rubber bone gag.

Bungee cords with spring clip ends dangled from the control panel mounted on the front of the device. A gibbet-like aluminium frame extended above it, from which a chain and hook dangled over

the middle of the rubber track beneath. A Y-shaped bracket unfolded from the back of the machine, with a sprung telescopic rod on it which angled back up along the running track. On the tip of this rod was a short rubber plug with a mushroom-like head and an upward curving rubber finger underneath it.

Sir Henry stood her on the machine's running track. The dangling chain from the gibbet above her hooked to the back of her collar. The two bungee cords fastened to the control panel were clipped to her nipples. The strong telescopic rod was thrust up between her buttocks. The rubber plug forced her anus open making her whimper, and then it popped inside her. She groaned with relief as her anal ring contracted gratefully about its slender stalk. The curving rubber finger mounted beneath the plug slid between her legs and its tip pressed up into her naked cleft, just touching her clitoris. She now saw it was covered with fine rubber prongs.

He un-cuffed her wrists from behind her back only to put weighted fingerless and thumbless mittens over her hands which completely enclosed her fingers.

'These will exercise your shoulder and arm muscles at the same time,' he told her.

And of course, while wearing them, she could not alter the machines controls, or undo her nipple clips, Liza realized. She was clipped, chained and impaled to the machine. There would be no escaping whatever exercise Sir Henry had planned for her.

He set the controls and then started the machine. The belt began to turn, carrying Liza backwards, impaling herself even more deeply on the anal rod, while the chain hooked to her collar tugged it up against her chin and the bungee cords clipped her nipples grew painfully taut, stretching them out in front of her. With a whimper, Liza had to start jogging to hold her position and reduce the pain on her nipples.

Sir Henry watched the heavy fluid bounce and sway of her breasts and the shivering of her buttocks every time her feet struck the moving belt with evident enjoyment. As she bounced up and down with each stride, the sprung rod plugged into her bottom pivoted, causing the rubber finger between her legs to flex up and down, rubbing into her cleft and teasing her clitoris. After just a minute of this, it was getting wet and hot.

‘You will run an hour down here like this every day,’ Sir Henry told her. ‘While you’re doing it, you may orgasm as often as you like. You should get used to doing it on the move...’

Liza snivelled. ‘Yes, Sir... thank you, Sir,’ she panted around her gag.

‘Now your elocution and vocabulary are being improved by Miss Meacham, and your legs will be improved down here. When you’re not serving me personally, your sexual and submissive education will be furthered by my staff. They have worked out a rota between them. I’m hosting a part tomorrow which will take up their full attention, but over the next week, as a reward for their efforts, they will all have their turn with you...’

How could he keep doing this to her, Liza thought with horror. ‘No, Sir. Please, not them as well! Just you... I’ll be very good... I promise...’ Oh God, he’d got her grovelling to serve him alone!

‘If you are to become somebody’s exclusive slave, then you must first you learn to accept their commands without question and obey them to the letter,’ Sir Henry said sternly, his face clouding. ‘You disappoint me, Eliza. Apparently, you still need to accept your new circumstances and obligations fully, and to recognise when to be grateful. I will have to make an adjustment to your training schedule...’

And he left her pounding away on the treadmill, wondering what new sick torment he was preparing for her. How could he imagine she would be grateful at the thought of being screwed and abused



by his staff? And why did she actually feel a tinge of guilt at having disappointed him?

Five minutes later, Liza had her first orgasm on the run.

Filled with agonized thoughts of what might be to come, it caught her by surprise. The fierce shock of it made her stumble; yanking painfully on her nipples, while the juices dribbled out around the rubber clit finger and down her thighs. Splatters fell onto the endless belt of the track. The machine did not stop turning for a moment so she had to keep pounding away even with her head dizzy with raw delight. Soon she was running over the splashes of her own orgasm as they spread around the belt.

They were not the first...

# Chapter Five

The next morning, Liza knelt trembling on a corner of Sir Henry's big green leather topped desk, facing inwards towards him as he was seated behind it in his matching green leather swivel chair.

Her thighs were spread, exposing her shaven pussy to him, her arms were strapped behind her back, her chest was pushed forward, thrusting out her breasts, and her head was held high. A green-leather strap, matching the desk top exactly, was bound over her mouth. It had a rubber plug on its inside that filled her mouth.

Liza knelt so still with her back straight, because Sir Henry had positioned her exactly and then he had drawn out from some tube recessed vertically into the top of the desk a shiny steel rod with a shiny ball on its tip about the size of a table tennis ball, which he pushed up into her rectum. The ball was attached by some kind of internal spring to the rod so it rocked about inside her back passage if she moved. When it did, it gave her a painful electric shock. It only took a few of these to teach her to keep absolutely still.

To add to her humiliation, there was a shiny metal device slung on a loop of fine cord between her nipples, to which the ends of the loop were attached by little metal ring clips. It was a round whirligig that must have had some motor hidden inside it to keep it in motion. It spun one way and then the other in the valley between her globes, gently twisting the loop of cord about itself so that it wound in and tightened, and then reversing and letting it unwind again. Each cycle it tugged her nipples inwards, pinching the clips ever more tightly about them, and then let them go. In response to this relentless stimulation they were standing up like hat pegs.

A second toy as cruel in its way as the first was positioned between her spread thighs under her groin. It was a spinning cross which turned like the blades of a windmill, first one way and then the

other. On the tips of its blades were freely turning spur wheels: tiny versions of things cowboys wore on their boots. They scraped across the crinkled lips of her inner labia and the little pink bud of her clitoris, digging into them with needle sharp tips. The tiny pricks did not penetrate her skin, but they stung and tormented and teased her most sensitive flesh. Instinctively she tried to pull away from them which only gave her a shock up the rear as the silver ball shifted within her. So she had to keep rigidly in place while her pussy was dripping onto the desk with helpless false excitement and anticipation.

At first Liza silently seethed with rage at Sir Henry: hating him for humiliating her like. Then after a while she struggled to suppress her unwilling arousal. Then finally she was reduced to wishing he would do something to her; anything, to her to get it over with!

But he simply left her there while he worked, apparently oblivious to her. The desk was big enough for him still to have plenty of working space even with her occupying one corner. A few times Miss Meacham came in from the library to hand Sir Henry some letters to sign, or take notes and she ignored her as well, except for a few sly sideways glances. Dandridge came in once to see Sir Henry, as did the housekeeper Mrs Flinch. Both of them ignored her as well. It was as if she was some living ornament or human executive toy, waiting for her owner to play with her....

Finally, when his work of the morning was apparently done, Sir Henry sat back in his chair and turned to face her at last. His expression was grave.

‘I have some guests coming this evening for a small house party, which was planned some time ago,’ he told her. ‘They share my interest in keeping and training slave girl pets. I had planned to take the opportunity to introduce to them the girl I expected to have obtained on the night I met you as my new pet project, and make her perform for them. But fate intervened as you know, and here you are instead. Although you are unprepared and untrained, I had thought you might have enough natural quality to be worthy of an

introduction to my fellow enthusiasts, whose opinions on you and your future training would have been of value to me.'

Liza gulped. He had been planning to show her off to a bunch of his fellow perverts just like the sex toy she was now!

Sir Henry continued. 'However, although I can see your potential as a pet, I think, in your current state, your responses would be inadequate and your natural passion is still too inhibited for me to introduce you to my guests. In short, I regret to say, that you would only be a disappointment to them.'

Somehow, he was making her feel as if she was at fault, as if she was not good enough, as if she had let him down by not being masochistic enough!

'Nevertheless,' he continued, 'I can see a way where you will benefit from meeting one of them in a restricted environment, where you would not be required to do anything except respond to basic stimulation. Therefore, tonight I will hold a small raffle for your use. A single winner will have the opportunity to amuse him, or herself, with you down in my dungeon for an hour. I hope it will further your education...'

Liza whimpered and shook her head in horror. But it was far too late...

\* \* \*

That night, Liza waited in an agony of anticipation in the cellar dungeon for whoever would draw her name in the raffle. There was nothing she could do but wait. Once again she was utterly helpless.

She was suspended from a heavy wire cable that ran through a pulley block bolted to one of the massive ceiling beams. The other end of the cable was wound onto a drum powered by electric winch.

She hung face down with her arms strapped up behind her back and her legs doubled over, so that her heels pressed against the soft curves of her buttocks. There were thick leather straps bound about her forehead, her chest above her breasts, her chest below her breasts her waist, and, both together: her lower legs and thighs where they pressed against each other. A dozen hooks hanging from a metre-long metal bar were hooked through these straps, holding her level, with her twisted head up and her thighs parted. The wire cable from the ceiling pulley was shackled to a big ring welded to the middle of this bar.

Liza groaned and dribbled helplessly as she swayed slowly in mid air. Rubber coated metal hooks on the ends of rubber cords stretched around the back of her neck were dug into the sides her mouth, pulling her lips back and forcing her teeth apart. Similar hooks fastened to short lengths of rubber cord were attached to the insides of the straps bound about her thighs. The hooks were dug into the mouth of her pussy, pulling her labia wide so that her private flesh valley gaped wide. To her acute shame and confusion, she will also dripping from that end of her body.

About the only part of a body that were unrestrained were her breasts, which hung heavily down from her chest. Instead, they felt frighteningly vulnerable and exposed. Soon she was sure they were going to suffer. As she turned slowly from the ceiling pulley, she saw the rack of punishment devices Sir Henry had put out for the lucky winner of the raffle. He had assured her that there was nothing there that would leave permanent marks on her. They still looked pretty terrifying...

The floor directly beneath her was the section of flagstones covered by the black rubber tiles, on which sheets of newspaper had also been laid. Already they were stained by her saliva and juices. She had a horrible feeling it was going to get a lot more soiled very soon....

And then there came the sound that she had dreaded, that set her heart thudding: footsteps on the cellar stairs descending...

An expensively-dressed man, perhaps in his mid-thirties with a stylish beard and large tinted glasses, came into her line of sight. He had a drink in one hand. He sipped from it as he walked around her dangling naked body, looking her over.

‘So, you’re Henry’s new find,’ he said. ‘Not bad, not bad...’ he reached out and cupped her breasts. ‘Lovely big tits... I bet they’re fun to play with.’ He probed between her spread thighs ‘... nice deep pussy crack and a lovely arse...’ He caught hold of her chin and lifted her head up a little higher, so that she saw her reflection in his glasses. ‘He said you needed a bit more breaking in before you could perform properly. Is that right...?’

Liza snivelled and whimpered.

‘I’ll take that as a “yes.” Now, what should I do with you?’

He put down his drink, took off his jacket and hung it over a hook on one of the pillars, and then rolled up his shirtsleeves. He examined the rack of accessories and then, unexpectedly, took a plastic bottle of water from it. ‘I expect you’re thirsty.’

Without waiting for her to reply, he pushed the end of the bottle between her gaping lips and cupped his hands over her mouth and squeezed it, so that she was forced to gulp it down.

Half the bottle went down her throat before she coughed and spluttered was almost sick and he pulled the bottle away. The mass of cold water felt heavy in her stomach.

He grinned at her flushed and fearful face and took hold of the bar from which she was suspended and gave it shove, spinning her round rapidly. She began to feel dizzy and sick. Then he stopped her again, so that her breasts bounced and swayed.

Now he was holding a springy black rod with a chunky handle on one end and a plate sized black rubber blade on the other,

glittering with an array of metal studs. He rubbed it across her face, smiling at her look of horror.

‘Now you’re going to beg me to screw you or get those tits flattened,’ he told her.

She gaped at him in disbelief, shaking her head feebly.

‘You need to beg faster than that, girl! Too late...’

He swung the paddle up underneath her, flattening her breasts. The paddle sparked and crackled, stabbing her with electric needles. She screamed through her wedged open mouth. He beat her breasts alternately a dozen times. Then he changed his stance and swung the blade from left to right, forehand and backhand, smacking into the sides of her big breasts and making them bounce off each other. They stung and simmered from the physical blows and the invisible stabbing electric needles that seemed to be driving right through them, while her tormented nipples stood out perversely hard.

After what seemed like an eternity, he stopped beating her and took hold of her hair.

‘Now, what about that screw?’

Choking, distorted, pathetic words spouted from her wedged mouth. ‘Yeth, thir... Pleath thcrew me, thir... thuck me... thir... hard thirr... pleath!’

‘Well, since you ask me so nicely...’

He spun her round until her gaping thighs faced him and freed his cock and rammed it up into her unwilling pussy. Taking hold of the straps that bound her, he began to pull her back against him while thrusting hard with his hips.

Liza winced and snivelled as her still tight and inexperienced vagina was cruelly stretched by his shaft. Desperately she squeezed

on his thrusting cock, trying to please him. Anything was better than another beating...

His thrusts began to squelch. Her pussy was swollen and running with juices and an inexplicable hot liquid lust was filling her loins. He gasped and laughed and came, spurting up inside her. Another man's spunk inside her! The sheer dirtiness of that feeling pushed her over the edge, and she came; spraying her juices out over his cock.

He rested against her in the warm V of her thighs for a minute, while his sperm and her juices dripped from her hot gash onto the newspaper underneath her. Then he laughed.

'It seems that Henry's got himself a proper little slut. I bet you say you hate it, but secretly you like a bit of rough handling, don't you? Lucky him. And not bad for a beginner screw, but I think you need to try harder...'

He stepped back, pulling out of her dripping pussy, and spun her round again, faster and faster, beating her with the electric paddle as she turned. He smacked it into her face and breasts and thighs and bottom with crackles and sparks. The dribble from her ravaged pussy splattered and sprayed everywhere. She felt sick and dizzy and confused by the echoing sound of the paddle smacking against her skin and the stinging stabs and jolts of pain from every direction.

Suddenly it all became too much and she lost control. Hot pee spurted from her cleft in spiral as she spun and fell over the newspapers beneath her. It went on like an upside-down fountain for almost a minute as her overfilled bladder emptied and her cheeks burned. The man laughed at her humiliation and let her spin slowly to a halt.

When her shameful outpouring finally diminished to a few drips and the newspapers were stained and steaming, he carefully picked one up by its dry corners and crunched it together. Then he rubbed



it over her hot stinging breasts, making them sting harder. Then he took hold of her hair and rubbed it into her face.

As she snuffled and choked and spluttered in disgust at the smell and touch of her own pee, he said. 'That's what you are: a dirty little scrap put here for us to play with. And that's all you'll ever be...'

He dropped the soiled newspaper, went to the winch controls and lowered her down until she lay on the floor on the other sheets of soiled wet newspapers, flattening her hot stinging breasts against them. Then he picked up his coat and left her, climbing the stairs back to his friends.

Liza sagged loosely in her bonds, helplessly pressing herself further onto the newspapers soaked with her pee, feeling filthy and dizzy with exhaustion and misery.

Would he boast about what he'd done to her? Would they laugh and envy him? Or would he say that she had been a disappointment? No, no she mustn't think like that!

She just wanted it all to end: to have it all turn out to be just a terrible nightmare...

\* \* \*

Liza woke with a start to the sound of the winch motor that was lifting her up off the cold damp newspapers, scraps of which stuck to her breasts and belly and thighs. It stopped when she was at eye level. Sir Henry took hold of her hair and slapped her cheeks to get her attention. He pulled the hooks out of her mouth, and her aching jaws and stretched lips closed painfully slowly.

'It seems that you are more relaxed with your state of bondage than you have given me to think,' he said wryly.

She had fallen asleep after being screwed and beaten and degraded while tied up and lying on piss wet newspapers! How could

she have done that?

‘Now you know what it feels like to be used indifferently by a stranger for sexual pleasure,’ he continued. ‘What he thought of you was not important. He is not the most perceptive of my acquaintances and perhaps a little crude. I may not invite him again. However, as you have found, like any responsive healthy slave girl with the proper attitude, you can learn to take pleasure even from rough treatment. But it is not the most fulfilling experience if it is applied by the wrong person. Do you want just any man to have you like that again?’

She shook her head vigorously. ‘No, Sir...’ she rasped through her sore dry throat. What else could she say?

‘My staff, on the other hand, will take a personal interest when they use you. While serving them, I hope you will learn to recognise and appreciate the difference between the two experiences.’

‘Yes, Sir,’ she groaned miserably. Like the difference between a rock and a hard place... the frying pan and the fire...

# Chapter Six

The next morning, Liza spent her two hours in the library with the punishment dildo up her pussy while Miss Meacham coyly eyed and fondled her, and then another hour running on the dungeon treadmill, where she had another orgasm. By lunchtime she was already mentally and physically exhausted. But now she had a fresh ordeal to face.

That afternoon, Sir Henry handed her over into the care of Mrs Flinch the housekeeper. 'Now you be strict with her, Mrs Flinch,' Sir Henry said.

'Certainly I will, Sir,' the housekeeper promised, taking up the handle of Liza's leash.

She led her past the kitchen and up the back stairs to her bedroom. It was neat and tidy and dominated by a brass framed bed. Liza gulped as she saw it already had straps hung from its footboard.

Mrs Flinch bent Liza over the rails and drew a strap over the small of her back, holding her down. She saw there was an old-fashioned iron weight on the bed under her. It had elastic cords and clips threaded through its handle. Mrs Flinch clipped them onto Liza's nipples, which were still tender from the clips of the treadmill.

'There girl, you we won't give me trouble now, will you? Not with your pretty nipples held down...'

Liza shook her head.

Then she spread Liza's legs and strapped her ankles to the front feet of the bed. Another set of straps went around Liza's thighs, holding them pressed against the bars.

Once she was completely secured, the older woman spent several minutes stroking patting Liza's legs and bottom, and sliding a hand between her thighs. Liza shuddered. Another lesbian, but a bolder one than Miss Meacham. What was this going to be like?

Mrs Flinch sat on the bed and cupped and squeezed Liza's heavy captive breasts, squeezing and pinching them and watching the expressions of dismay flitting across Liza's face, as she bit upon her gag bone. 'We always have fun playing with the master's latest pets and helping break them in,' she told Liza. 'Very fair man, Sir Henry is. We all get our turn. But I think you might be a special one for him. Maybe it's your name, maybe it's the way he came across you by chance... or perhaps it's your lovely big titties...' and she slapped them cheerfully, making them bounce from side to side, yanking on their tethered nipples.

Even as she winced, for a brief moment, Liza felt a sudden absurd surge of pride at her words. Did Sir Henry really think she was special as well? No, no... don't even think that it's a compliment, not after the way he had treated her!

From her bedside cabinet, Mrs Flinch took a tube of lubricating jelly, a length of bamboo cane with a flat strip of black rubber on its end and a huge red sausage like rubber device. Liza goggled at in horror as she realized it was a double ended strap-on dildo. Mrs Flinch undid and dropped her skirt, revealing she wore nothing underneath it. He still had quite good legs. A fluffy plume of pubic hair crowned the apex of her thighs. She carefully greased both ends of the dildo, and then pushed one end of it up inside her and strapped it in place. It jutted out from between her thighs, bobbing and weaving in front of her.

She picked up the spanking cane and moved around Liza's bent and strapped body, stroking the blade over her. Liza shuddered.

'I'm going to give your lovely bottom and big boobies a good smacking and then I'm going to push this big shaft up you just like a man would,' she told her.

And she did just that.

Liza screamed about her gag as the paddle smacked crisply against her tethered breasts, the double curves of her upturned bottom and between her thighs into the soft cleft pout of her pussy. And with every smack and every jerk, Mrs Flinch's normally stern keen eyes filled with delight.

'It's such fun to beat such a responsive body,' she said happily.

And then she dropped the paddle and forced the jellylike shaft up into Liza's pussy until it was completely plugged and lunged with her hips, grinding against her glowing buttocks, pumping into her again and again.

The thrusts made Liza rock back and forth, the clips tugging on her sore breasts as they swayed and heaved. Liza gasped and thought she was going to be sick. She was being screwed by another woman! She didn't mind people being gay, but she knew she wasn't. Doing this to her was cruel and bad and wrong... and... ahhhhh!

\* \* \*

Some time later, as Mrs Flinch lay across Liza's back, with the double dildo still joining their pussies, the older woman whispered in Liza's ear.

'You're so sweet and juicy, lovely Eliza. Sir Henry is so lucky to have you as his pet!'

\* \* \*

That night, Sir Henry did have her again in his big old-fashioned bed, which was revealing more of its sadistic secrets.

A heavy wooden yoke was suspended by wire ropes from the canopy frame. Liza knelt on the bed on a rubber sheet facing its

head end with her upper body bent forward and the two halves of the yoke clamped about her neck and wrists, supporting her weight. A rubber cord stretched across the front of the yoke panel cut into her mouth and bared her teeth and stretched her lips back in a ghastly grin. Fold-down struts from the sides of the yoke were fastened to cuffs buckled about her ankles, holding her legs apart.

If that was not terrifying and humiliating enough, the yoke was fitted with a set of pulleys on either side of her head, through which fine chains ran down to crocodile clips that were fastened her nipples. Sir Henry had hold of the handles on the other ends of the chains. A single tug could stretch her nipples like elastic.

And it got still worse.

A large mirror that had so far been hanging invisibly out of sight behind the big headboard had been lifted up on hinged sliding rails and pulled down in front of the headboard and positioned so that she could see herself and Sir Henry in it as he used her.

Sir Henry knelt on the bed between her spread knees, alternately ramming his hard penis up into her greased bottom and then her aching pussy.

She saw his own face filled with delight as he used her, while her face was screwed up in misery and despair. Her heavy breasts wobbled and bounced about underneath her as she thrust inside her. Every few thrusts he would tug on the chain handles, yanking her nipples forward and upwards and trying to pull her big breasts along with them.

She screamed and sobbed.

‘Work harder, Eliza! Don’t just dangle there! I want to feel you pushing back onto me,’ he commanded.

Wretchedly, Liza rocked her body backwards, the yoke swinging from its chains, pushing her hips harder into him.

He gasped with delight and after a few more thrusts, he spouted inside her pussy.

He rested for a couple of minutes, then pulled his shaft, still stiff out of her clinging sex mouth and transferred it to her aching greased bottom hole and began to ride her again.

How could an old man keep this up for so long, Liza thought in despair?

Sir Henry only rested after his third ejaculation, when he had also brought her to an unwilling orgasm that had left her dizzy and feeling dirty. As he lay across her back with his cock still inside her, resting on her sweaty body as it dangled from its chains and cupping her hot breasts, he spoke to her.

‘This will be your new routine until further notice, Eliza. Each morning you will study and exercise, each afternoon you will serve my staff and each night you will serve me.’ She shuddered, which of course he felt. ‘That prospect may shock you, but if you learn to accept what you are, then you can learn to enjoy it...’

I could never do that, she thought. But she didn’t dare say so aloud. Instead, she mumbled around the rubber cord in her mouth. ‘Yes Sir... if you say so, Sir...’

\* \* \*

The next afternoon, Liza was pulling a roller up and down one of the Hall’s immaculate lawns.

Her arms were pulled back behind her and her wrists had been strapped to its handle. Mr Hickory was walking beside her with a bamboo in his hand that he was swishing across her bottom and sweaty breasts when she needed encouragement.

‘When you finish this, girl, I’ll take you into the cool and give you a drink,’ he promised.

By the time she had finished, Liza was literally dripping with sweat and feeling dizzy and her legs would hardly support her. Hickory chuckled and unstrapped her from the roller. He tied her wrists together behind her back and took hold of her by the hair and led her bent over along the garden paths and about a hedge that shielded his compost heaps, greenhouse, cold frames and potting shed from general view.

Inside the potting shed it was at least cool, even if it did smell of compost.

Apart from the array of tools hung about the walls, there was a rough wooden table with a stack of different sized plastic plant pots along the back of it. There was also a plastic bottle of mineral water which he opened up and fed her. She gulped it down gratefully.

‘Now,’ he said, cupping and squeezing her sweaty hot breasts thoughtfully. ‘If I had to replant these fine bulbs, I wonder what size pot I’d use...?’

He bent her over the bench so that her breasts dangled over it and began fitting plant pots over her breasts, finding her size. She squirmed and whimpered in alarm but she knew there was no escape from his strange game. Finally, he forced her fleshy globes into a pair of green pots. Then he stood her up again and laughed to see them jutting out in front of her, with the pink tips of her nipples pushing out through the drainage holes in the bottom of the pots.

Then he bent her forward again over the table so that her potted breasts rested upon it, being squeezed deeper into their tight containers, and smacked her bottom with his hard rough strong hand. ‘Let’s see you spread those legs properly, girl,’ he told her.

She bit down on her gag bone and obeyed.

The bamboo swished through the air and cut into her bottom. It was not a heavy cut but it was still painful. She yelped and felt tears pricking her eyes, but she held still. Half a dozen more flicks



peppered buttocks, making them shiver and lifting the heavy under curves of her soft flesh.

‘You like that don’t you?’

She snivelled and shook her head.

‘Then why is your pussy dripping, girl?’

He rammed a hard finger up into her vagina and twisted it about and pulled it out wet with their juices and held under her nose as damning evidence.

What was the matter with her? She couldn’t stand being in this state. It was as if her body was betraying her. She had to be put out of her misery...

‘Please Mr Hickory, please screw me,’ she begged.

As the gardener’s hard shaft pounded away inside her, Liza sobbed and came again and wished she could die.

\* \* \*

The Hall had a large wine cellar, quite separate from the cellar dungeon. In it were racks of dusty bottles, no doubt extremely expensive, together with wooden barrels of different sizes. One of the larger empty barrels had been laid on its side, supported by scalloped wooden blocks. An array of buckled straps and bungee cords had been bolted to its rims. These had been bound in a web across Liza’s body as she lay with her back against the curve of the barrel. Her legs were stretched wide with her ankles bound and her feet resting on the blocks that supported the barrel, while her arms had been stretched out over her head and bent back at her shoulders and pulled down against the other side of the barrel.

Dandridge the Butler admired her helpless body, cupping and squeezing and slapping her heavy breasts and fingering her shaven

cleft.

‘A nice fleshy one,’ he commented, almost as if she was not there. ‘I like women with some meat on their bones. It gives you something to get hold of. And it makes a most pleasing sound when it’s beaten...’

He took off his coat and hung it carefully over a clothes hanger hooked to a convenient pillar. Then he rolled up his shirtsleeves and took up a lash that hung next to the hanger. He stroked its thongs over Liza’s bare body, making her shiver in fear

‘Just soft rubber, girl. It’ll sting but it won’t leave any permanent marks on you. That’s Sir Henry’s prerogative...’

He swung back his arm and the lash swish through the air and smacked against her breasts. As her heavy globes flattened and bounced under the impact, Liza screamed and sobbed and bit on her gag bone. The lash continued to swish and crack, setting her skin on fire as it worked its way down her body and then up between her straining spread thighs. The rubber thongs ripped through her soft pussy gash and across her clitoris. The intimate shock overcame her bladder control and she peed over the cool stone flagged floor.

As her cheeks burned in shame, she was sudden filled with terrifying fear that wetting herself was becoming her automatic response to intimate pain.

‘Don’t feel too bad about that, girl,’ Dandridge said amiably. ‘All Sir Henry’s pets wet themselves at some time or other. It’s part of the breaking in. I think it looks rather pretty...’

By the time that Dandridge rested his arm, the whole front of her body was shocking pink and she had been reduced to a sobbing wreck. He lifted her chin so that he could look into her tear-filled eyes. ‘Now, you can either have another lashing on your backside, or...’

She knew what was expected of her by now. 'P... please Mr Dandridge... please screw me, Sir... please... I want you to have me...'

He smiled and unbuttoned his flies. A stiff cock popped out underneath his waist-coated belly. He clasped hold of her simmering breasts and rammed his shaft up into her, grinding her body against the barrel, which creaked as he screwed her.

He was big and hard and he bruised her insides. She clenched tightly about him to get over with as quickly as possible, and she almost sobbed with relief as she felt the hot spurts of his sperm inside her.

After he had pulled out of her, he took from a small rack of assorted slave pet accessories behind the barrel a flushing and suction hose like Sir Henry had used on her next door. He plugged its long flexible nozzle into her aching pussy and flushed and sucked it clean, making her shiver. Then he carefully hung the hose up again.

'I'm leaving you here for young Tim to have go with you,' he told her. 'He's still a bit uncertain around Sir Henry's pets. I've given him some advice about being more masterful. Make sure you give him a good time...'

And he put on his coat and mounted the stairs back up to the ground floor, leaving Liza alone again with her aching pussy.

He expected her to go out of her way to keep Tim happy? The boy who did the boots and scuttles? This whole house was insane, Liza thought, snivelling miserably. It was so old fashioned and yet twisted at the same time. They acted as if it was perfectly normal for the Butler to give the odd job boy advice on how to dominate and screw a naked woman their boss had imprisoned in their cellar!

How long before she believed it as well?

\* \* \*

At least an hour must have passed before there were footsteps on the stairs and young Tim came down.

He gazed at her naked bound body in wonder and fascination, resuming where he had left off at the end of the staff dinner when she had been tied to a post at the end of the table. Her cheeks burned under his intense gaze while her stomach began to knot at the sight of the bulge growing the front of his trousers. It was a tossup which of them was more nervous.

Tim stood in front of and hesitantly he cupped and squeezed her hot breasts and examined her frightened face. Then he ran his hands down between her legs and felt the most swollen cleft of her pussy. She groaned and shivered.

'Mr Dandridge said I've got to be firm with you,' he said defiantly. 'Give her a good hard lashing and she will beg you for it, that's what he said. Is that right?'

Liza gulped, feeling the humiliation piling upon her. 'Yes... I'll beg,' she said around her gag bone. 'In fact, you don't have to beat me, I beg you to screw me right now...' she gulped again '... I promise I'll give you a good time...'

'But Mr Dandridge said it's good fun to beat pets. And it means they try harder. He said he'd left your backside fresh for me to use. He said I might even want to have you up your bumhole. Pets squeal when you have them up the rear because it's so much tighter and it hurts... them, not the man who's having them, I mean. Is that right?'

Liza tried not to be sick. He was asking her advice as Sir Henry's pet, and she had been a virgin less than a week ago! 'Yes it hurts that way, but you'll enjoy it.' Then she had a flash of inspiration. 'As long as you use plenty of lubricating jelly. There's some down on the rack, isn't there? Then you can get in really deep where I'm hottest.'

‘I will if you promise to be really good.’

‘Yes, I promise, Tim.’

He pinched and twisted her nipples until she yelped. ‘Sir! You call me Sir!’

‘Yes, Sir, I’m sorry, Sir,’ Liza snivelled.

Eagerly, Tim untied her from the barrel. Meekly, in accordance with the terrible bargain she had just made, Liza allowed him to turn her round and push her face forward across it and refastened the straps and cords again. She felt the hard rod of his cock brushing across her bottom as he handled her. By now it was like a tent pole. He picked up the enema gun and pushed it up into her bottom and flushed it out, giggling as she squirmed and moaned. Then he used the jelly to lubricate her anus.

For a moment she hoped he’d forgotten about the beating, but then he picked up a spanking paddle. ‘You can smack her until she’s rosy, but don’t break her skin, Mr Dandridge says.’

‘Yes, only Sir Henry can leave marks on me, Sir,’ Liza agreed, trying to make it sound like the law. ‘But if you use that, it’ll still hurt and I’ll cry and squeal and scream all you like.’ She gulped. ‘And then I’ll try so hard to please you... eeek!’

Tim could not wait any longer. He swung the paddle hard into her bottom, flattening her fleshy hemispheres and making them jump. The force ground her hips against the wooden curve of the barrel while shockwaves rippled through her flesh.

He only managed half a dozen blows before he dropped the paddle and tore down his trousers and took hold of her shoulders and rammed his straining young cock between her blazing buttocks cheeks, forced open her anal ring and then slid up into her greased rectum.

Tim pounded away inside Liza frantically for barely a half a minute, while she winced as his hips rasped across her hot simmering buttocks and her hot breasts flattened against the curve of the barrel. Then he gasped as he came. Spurt after hot spurt of semen filled her rectum. Then he slumped happily across her back.

Dizzily, Liza thought: she had now been screwed from top to bottom, literally by the master of the Hall and its most junior member. There were just a few others left who still had to take their turn with her...

\* \* \*

Mrs Partridge held Liza bent over her knee in the kitchen while she used her strong cook's right hand to play with her. She probed the wet depths of her pussy for a few seconds and then spanked her bottom soundly half dozen times, before going back to fondling her.

Liza yelped and bit on her gag bone as tears fell from her eyes. Her arms were bound up behind her back and her wrists were linked by a strap to the back of her collar. Mrs Partridge held onto this strap to keep her bent down and under control while she went about her methodical sadism.

'A nice fresh bit of girl flesh, you are,' she commented, running her hand over her hot bottom, pinching and squeezing her. Then she drove her stiff fingers into Liza's pussy again and twisted then round and brought them out wet and sticky.

'And nice and moist inside, like a self-basting bird. Oh, look at the stain your pussy juices are making on my apron! But then I always say that a girl's got to be dripping to be properly enjoyable.' She rested her hand on Liza's hot bottom as if the spanking was over, and Liza sagged in relief. 'Now, how do you take stuffing...?'

There was a china jar on the kitchen table beside her which had two dozen wooden cookery spoons in it. Mrs Partridge selected one

of the spoons, rubbed its handle on an open pat of butter beside the jar, and then pushed it handle first up into Liza's anus.

Liza whimpered and bit on her gag as the wooden rod slid up inside her.

Mrs Partridge took up another spoon, rubbed its bowl end across the butter, and pushed this up into Liza's pussy.

Liza whimpered as her passage was stretched by the width of the spoon.

A third spoon went handle end first up into her rectum.

A fourth spoon, bowl end first, was forced into her pussy.

The fifth went up her bottom, a sixth went into her stretched vagina, a seventh up her bottom...

By now Liza was squirming in pain and alarm, fearing the wooden shafts were going to tear open.

'No... please stop!' she shrieked about her gag bone. 'I can't take any more... let me do something else for you... anything...'

Mrs Partridge lifted her off her knees and set down on the floor in front of her, with the twin bundles of wooden spoons jutting grotesquely from her stuffed orifices. She pulled Liza's gag bone out and then she spread her own legs and pulled her apron and skirt up to her waist. She wore nothing underneath them. Between her plump thighs was a thick mat of curly brown pubic hair, cut through in the middle by a wet pink gash.

Without a word, Liza shuffled forward and dipped her head and began to lap and suck at it, while the cook contentedly patted her head.

\* \* \*

‘You don’t ever put a scratch on Sir Henry’s car again, get it girl?’ Riley said as he rubbed the long-handled flow-through carwash brush vigorously over Liza’s body, drenching her from head to toe in cold water. He was wearing blue coveralls while she was of course naked except for her collar.

Liza spluttered and squealed and nodded frantically.

A series of heavy metal rings had been screwed into the outside wall of the end of the garage, which faced away from the main house and was partly concealed by some rhododendrons. Liza hung from a web of bungee cords hooked to the rings. They pulled her arms up and out and forced her legs to twist up and wide at the hips, so that the backs of her thighs were pressed up against the brickwork. Bungee cords were wrapped about the backs of her knees so that her legs hung bent. More cords wrapped about her ankles pulled her lower legs down towards the bottom set of rings.

The stiff brush bristles dug into her breasts and belly and inner thighs and alarmingly deep up into her folds of her exposed cleft. They scoured and rasped across her skin with every painful twist and thrust that Riley made. She felt as if she was being sandpapered. When he rubbed it across her face, she twisted her head away and bit on her gag bone and screwed up her eyes and choked and spluttered as the flow of water washed over her. Her desperate jerks and squirms made the brickwork grate across her back and sore bottom.

A final hard thrust into her groin jabbed the bristles into her clitoris and she lost control and, once again, wet herself. Riley laughed at her humiliation and put the brush down, while Liza hung coughing and dripping and miserable against the wall.

After a week of such treatment, she knew what was coming next, of course.

Riley opened the button flies of his coveralls to reveal he was wearing nothing beneath them. His hard cock sprung out free and



erect. He took hold of her heaving wet breasts and pinched and twisted her shrivelled cold nipples and then yanked on them as he thrust up into her gaping pussy.

Unlike Tim, he did not hurry. He savoured his mastery over her, pumping in with measured thrusts, grinding her buttocks against the brickwork and laughing at the little choking sobs and moans she made. And the terrible thing was his thrusting cock warmed her insides and she responded, growing hot and wet and squeezing desperately upon him until she came again even as he filled with his sperm.

‘You’re a hot one all right,’ he said huskily in her ear. ‘Sir Henry’s lucky to have found you. With a juicy pussy like yours wrapped about me, I can almost excuse the crash...’

He left her hanging there dripping as he cleaned himself up. Dizzily she wondered if he was going to have her again. Then there came a surprise.

‘All right, girls, it’s your turn now...’ Riley called out.

Joy, Tina and Molly appeared. They were not dressed in their usual modest maids’ outfits and pinnies, but instead wore light plastic mackintoshes with bare legs under them and rubber boots on their feet.

They laughed at the sight of Liza hanging against the wall looking so bedraggled.

They stroked and patted her and squeezed her breasts and pinched her nipples. Slim fingers slid up into her cleft and they laughed as they came away soiled. They held the fingers up under each other’s noses to sniff and laughed again. Then they rubbed them into Liza’s face.

‘Who’s been a dirty girl, then... Mister Riley had his fun with you... giving you good scrubbing, has he?’ they asked mockingly.

Then they pulled off their macs, revealing that they were naked underneath except for colourful strap on dildo's bobbing between their thighs.

And so, one after another and accompanied much laughter, each of them rubbed their pretty bare bodies up against hers as they pushed their dildos deep up inside her and screwed her hard. They might be just housemaids, but they were still better than her...

\* \* \*

It was the next afternoon, and Liza was kneeling on all fours the cool green leather top of the big desk in Sir Henry's big study while he ran his hands over her, like a dog in a show being examined. She shuddered at his intimate touch. But then she was his pet, so she supposed it was only natural: at least natural for Wyvenhoe Hall

'You've been with us for a week and a day, Eliza, and I think you're coming on very nicely,' Sir Henry declared.

Liza gaped at him foolishly. Eight days? No, surely it had been far longer than that. But there was the calendar on his desk. It had been just eight days since the night of the crash: eight crazy, twisted, days filled with intense pain, humiliation and occasional shocking pleasure highs. And yet she had not gone mad. Perhaps she was stronger than she thought. Or weaker...? If one man had raped her, then she would have run to the police. But if an entire rich household from master to maids did it as if it was normal, there was no proper response. Her sense of right and wrong had been confused.

'How do you think you are doing?' Sir Henry continued.

Liza blinked in disbelief at the question. 'What does it matter what I think, Sir?'

'It matters a lot what you think, Liza,' Sir Henry said. 'I want you to be a contented happy pet. Are you happy?'

Did he really want the truth? 'No, Sir. I'm not happy.'

'But then are you *unhappy*?'

'Of course I'm...' And then she trailed off.

She had tasted privilege and perversion up close and it had changed her deep down. Of course, she wanted to escape the pain and humiliation, but at the same time she knew that she could not return to what she had been. That person no longer existed. Now she was something that didn't belong anywhere. 'I don't know what I am, Sir,' she admitted.

'Then we'll keep going as we are until you've decided one way or the other,' he declared. 'Now it's time for another exercise. Get down...'

As she scrambled off the desk, Liza realized that there was one member of staff who had not yet had her. Was that who she was going to serve this afternoon?

Taking up her leash, Sir Henry led her through to the library. But there was no sign of Miss Meacham in her usual place.

Sir Henry opened the concealed bookcase door and led Liza down the stairs into the cellar-dungeon.

And there was Miss Meacham: imprisoned inside the gingerbread girl frame.

She was quite naked except for her glasses and a crucifix that hung about her neck, which made a strange contrast. Liza gulped as she realized that she was very pretty, with a slender golden body and neat high breasts and apple cheeked buttocks and a pussy with a little tuft of golden curls at its apex.

Resting on boards laid across the base of the gingerbread girl frame so that it passed between Miss Meacham's slender, strapped

and spread legs, was a narrow wooden bench on wheels, with straps hung about its sides. Underneath it was some kind of electric motor and gearbox. A power cable snaked away to a wall socket. A black rubber dildo rose at an angle from the middle of its padded top.

Sir Henry led Liza on inspection of his naked and bound secretary. Her head was clamped as Liza's had been, so she could only face forward. Her eyes swivelled round as she heard them approach and flicked between Sir Henry and Liza. She had the rubber sheathed metal hoop in her mouth which she was biting on, showing her white teeth.

Liza saw fear in her eyes, and yet also a strange kind of desperate need, which confused her.

'Miss Meacham, as you may have already realized, is a lesbian,' said Henry explained. 'But due to a rather narrow upbringing by strict parents and even stricter priests, she continues to feel acute guilt about expressing her natural desires and cannot bring herself to consummate her feelings in the normal way. So, we found a compromise where I force her to have lesbian sex with my pets and she can struggle as much she likes and tell herself that she did her best to resist...'

'Please, Sir Henry, don't make me do this,' Miss Meacham begged on cue, speaking around her gag bar.

'She sounds desperate, doesn't she?' Sir Henry said. 'But note that her nipples are standing up so hard they look as if they might burst, and that she is dribbling juices from her cunny...'

Liza realized she could smell her arousal.

'I assure you that she will enjoy everything you do together.' He pulled the gag bone out of Liza's mouth. 'Now lie down...'

Liza lay down on the padded top of the bench and Sir Henry strapped her to it, impaling her rectum on the dildo as he did so.

Then he tilted a panel of the bench top up behind her head and neck, lifting it at an angle. Then he rolled it forward between Miss Meacham's legs so that Liza's face pressed up into her groin. A drip of the secretary's excitement fell onto her lips.

From a slot in the bench between Liza's thighs just under her groin, Sir Henry pulled out a Y-shaped length of bungee cord with a pair of clips on the ends of its branching arms. As the cord extended, an array of large beads and rubber-pronged stars strung like beads on a necklace ground through the cleft of her pussy and she felt the bristle of rubber prongs tease her clitoris. He stretched the bungee cord out and threaded its ends through the shoulders of the gingerbread frame and then down over Miss Meacham's chest until he could clip them to her throbbing nipples. The tension on the cord cut deep into Liza's pussy, while it pulled Miss Meacham's neat little breasts up her chest. She whimpered and bit on her gag bar.

'She feels better if her illicit pleasure is spiced with pain,' Sir Henry explained to Liza. 'Now, use your tongue on her. You'll find she will come very easily. She's been bottling this need up for some time...'

Sir Henry pressed a button on the side of the bench and the motor under it began to hum. Liza felt some piston begin to move behind the tilted board on which her head rested. Up and down it went, grinding Liza's face into Miss Meacham's soft cleft, so that her lips parted about Liza's nose and slithered over her cheeks. At the same time, another motor began to tug on the beaded cord that connected her pussy to Miss Meacham's nipples. It was stretched out and released so that it rasped the length of beads and prongs through her pussy while also dragging on Miss Meacham's nipples; pulling them and her neat breasts up and down.

Liza clenched her anal ring tight about the dildo on which was impaled, even as she felt the promise of twisted pleasure stealing over her.

‘You may both orgasm as many times as you like,’ Sir Henry said. ‘I’ll be back in an hour or two to see how you’re getting on...’

And he left them to it.

The string of beads and prongs rasped up and down through her pussy, relentlessly teasing her clitoris, so that she began to grow hot and sticky. At the same time the powerful scent of Miss Meacham’s pussy filled Liza’s nostrils as her face was pressed deep up into it, while its juices ran down the cheeks. It was there to be pleased and the woman was clearly gagging for it and she knew was expected of her, but she had to ask...

‘Look, it’s just me and you here now,’ she said, her voice muffled by the pussy lips slobbering over it. ‘You don’t have to beg for this, but just tell me if what Sir Henry said about you was true?’

There was a long pause, and then. ‘Ahhhh... it’s true,’ Miss Meacham groaned in a tiny voice. ‘I... I try to fight it but I can’t. And I’m s... sorry for enjoying touching you like that in the library.’

She sounded so miserable and wracked with guilt that Liza realized that she had found somebody who right now was suffering even more than she was. ‘It’s all right,’ she said, trying to reassure her. ‘Don’t worry about it... what’s your first name?’

‘Jane.’

‘Don’t worry, Jane... I don’t mind...’

What a thing to say, she thought to herself. Of course I mind, I hate it, I just mean it’s not your fault... Then she realized that she was getting uncomfortably hot and excited. Her nipples were swollen, while the beads and prongs teasing her clit were slithering up and down as if they’ve been greased. Jane really was very pretty... and she felt sorry for her... and there was nobody else to watch them... and what did it matter after all the other twisted things she’d be made to do?

So, Liza gave been to the inevitable and pushed her tongue deep into Jane's cleft.

\* \* \*

By the time Sir Henry returned, Liza had come three times and Jane five. By then Liza felt dizzy, almost drunk from the aroma of Jane's pungent juices that she swallowed and inhaled. When Sir Henry freed them from the bench and frame, she staggered about while Jane could hardly walk.

'You see, I told you she would enjoy it,' Sir Henry said. 'People are more complicated than you imagine. Soon you'll find that you don't even know yourself...'

# Chapter Seven

The next morning, Liza was once again in Sir Henry study. This time she was bent across one end of his desk while he fitted something into her groin. It was double pronged and had clamps that pinched about her labia. A plug with a mushroom head and a slender stalk filled her rectum, while a longer fatter shaft filled her vagina. There was some narrow bridge joining the two of them between her thighs. He had not told what it did yet. He could put something intimate up inside her like this and not tell what it was... and she let him!

When he was done, Sir Henry unlooked her collar, leaving her neck feeling strangely bare, and then said. 'Get up and stand straight.'

Liza obeyed, glancing down anxiously. Except for a slight swelling of her shaven pussy and the glitter of the clamps on her labia, nothing much showed externally. But she was acutely conscious of its presence inside her.

Sir Henry had what looked like a mobile phone in his hands. 'This is a remote-control unit for the device inside you. It will allow me to take you outside in public while still keeping you under my control. You will not wear a collar and you will appear completely free and unrestrained, but secretly I can reward you with pleasure or warn you with pain. Like this...'

He pressed a button on the device and Liza yelped and hunched over, clawing at her bottom, as the thing inside her had stabbed her rectum with electric needles. Then he pressed another button, and she felt a pleasing buzz inside her vagina next to the root of her clitoris. Trembling, she stood up straight again.

'You will automatically be punished if you attempt to remove the device yourself, or if you move more than ten yards from me. It will



also allow me to locate you wherever you go. Do you understand?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ Liza said.

‘Will you be good pet while we’re out?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ Liza promised.

‘Now go to the library, kiss Miss Meacham, and bring back the parcel she has for you...’

Feeling strange to move about unescorted and apparently unrestrained, except for the device inside her, Liza trotted through the door into the library. She kissed a surprised Jane on the lips (‘Sir Henry’s orders!’ she said quickly) and then pick up the parcel on her desk with her name on it and brought it back to Sir Henry.

The parcel contained fresh underwear, a pair of close-toed sandals, a modest loose white blouse and a light powder blue jacket and matching trousers. They were all of better quality than any clothes she had ever owned before.

‘You would look strange going out at this time of day in the clothes I found you in,’ Sir Henry explained. ‘Go on, put them on...’

Liza obeyed with trembling hands. It felt strange to have fabric next to her skin again after the time she had spent naked. Once she was dressed, you couldn’t see any of that. Nobody would know looking at what she had suffered. It was only the pressure and weight of the controller inside her to remind her she was still a prisoner.

‘Now you look casually respectable and yet businesslike,’ Sir Henry said.

‘Please Sir, where are we going?’ Liza asked.

‘First, we’re going to your home to visit your mother so you can collect a few personal items...’

‘Home... my mother!’ Liza exclaimed.

‘Yes. She’s expecting us. I made appointment to see her as your new employer...’

\* \* \*

This time Liza rode in the back seat and not the boot of the repaired Rolls-Royce. This luxury only highlighted the drabness of the Madderslea Estate, with its narrow concrete streets and cramped houses and mean little three storey red brick blocks of council flats. She almost felt ashamed on its behalf. Riley remained with the Rolls, which was of course attracting attention from passers-by, while she and Sir Henry went up to her flat.

She had no idea what Sir Henry had said to her mother when he arranged the visit, but she seemed overawed by him. ‘I was beginning to wonder what you were doing, Liza,’ she said, hugging and kissing her. ‘I thought you were going to look for a job. Then Sir Henry called and explained everything. Oh, new clothes! Don’t you look smart...’

As her mother brought out the best tea and china, Liza saw and smelt the signs of recent cleaning in the little flat. Her mother had even put on her own best dress. She still looked worn and grey though. Fortunately, Sir Henry was all smiles and charm.

‘I’m still not sure how you met Liza,’ her mother asked him uncertainly.

‘Oh, we just bumped into each other,’ he said lightly. ‘She looked unhappy and I found out she’d recently been let down by some friends. She admitted she hadn’t got any work and I thought: I can do something with this girl. And she had the sense to put herself into my hands...’

Liza found herself blushing at this twisted version of the truth and bit her lip. Sir Henry’s hand was in his pocket and she felt the

reassuring buzz of the control device in her pussy.

‘But what does Liza actually do for you, Sir Henry?’ her mother persisted politely. ‘I know she hasn’t got many qualifications...’

‘Oh, she’s a sort of personal assistant/dogsbody/Girl Friday/slave,’ Sir Henry said with a chuckle which made light of his words. ‘It wasn’t easy for her at first, learning the ropes and so on, but I think she’s settling in and showing how flexible she can be. My staff have been giving her advice and training on the job...’

Liza bit her lip again while still holding her bright smile. Was he taunting her with those double meanings? Of course, her mother would not understand them.

‘The most important thing is that she wanted to be sure you were taken care of while she is working for me, Mrs Jones,’ Sir Henry continued earnestly. ‘So she asked that I send you £500 from her salary every month. Just tell me how you want it paid...’

Her mother looked surprised and then proud and pleased and took hold of Liza’s hand and squeezed it. ‘You good, kind girl,’ she said, several times. And Liza felt warmed by her delight, even as she realized that Sir Henry had just bought her continued silence and submission and slavery for less than £20 a day.

\* \* \*

An hour later, Liza sat next to Sir Henry in the Rolls again. In the boot were a couple of bags of personal things that she had taken from the flat more for show than anything else, as she was sure she would get little chance to make use of them back in the Hall.

‘Your mother is a very charming and hospitable woman,’ he said. ‘It was so nice to leave her happy, wasn’t it?’

‘Yes, Sir.’ she agreed miserably.

£500 a month, she thought! Nothing to Sir Henry but a small fortune to her mother, and he knew it. And Liza knew she was going to work for that money as his pet. But there was no turning back now. She had a sudden attack of guilt and self pity and regret. If only more people had cared about her, if only she had a regular job lined up or prospects of any kind, then he could not just take away from real life the way he had. But all she had was a good body and he had just bought the use of it from her innocent mother for as long she wanted...

She came out of her gloom to see that they were not heading back to the Hall. They were driving towards London

‘Please, Sir, where are we going?’ she asked.

‘To a select emporium I know in Kingston. I want to fit you out with some specialized accessories...’

\* \* \*

An hour’s drive took them to a nondescript but neat street with a few small neat shops along it. They got out of the Rolls and Sir Henry led her to a doorway sandwiched between a small fashion store and a mobile phone shop.

There was a small brass plate on the door that read: ***PPPE. Visitors by appointment only.***

Sir Henry pressed the intercom call button. ‘Sir Henry Harrison and pet. We are expected...’

The door opened remotely and they went through into a small hall at the bottom of a flight of stairs. At the top was another heavy door with a more explicit sign: *Pete’s Pussy Piercing Emporium.*

Liza felt her stomach begin to tie itself up in knots.

‘Don’t be put off by the light-hearted name,’ Sir Henry assured her. ‘He works to the very highest standards. But while you’re inside, be a good pet and don’t speak...’

The room beyond was small but brightly lit and scrupulously clean. Many small intricate things glittered on glass racks and shelves. Half hidden behind a screen was what looked like a gynaecological examination chair. Peter was a big man with a mane of dark hair tied back in a ponytail and delicately scrubbed hands. He greeted Sir Henry warmly, and then looked at Liza with professional eyes. ‘So, this is your new pet, Sir H. Very nice. What you want? The full set?’

‘I think so, Pete. Get undressed, Eliza, so Pete can see what he has to work on...’

She bit her lip and stripped off her new clothes until she was naked, trembling at the stranger’s eyes upon her.

‘Bend over and spread your legs,’ Sir Henry commanded.

She obeyed again.

Pete did not seem surprised when Sir Henry entered an electronic key code on his handset to unlock the clamps of the control device plugged into her groin, and pull it out. He even offered paper towels from a dispenser to wipe the shafts clean as they came sucking squelching out of her and provided a stainless-steel bowl to sit it in.

He looked Liza over with professional interest, tweaking her nipples, pinching her labia and even examining her face and opening her mouth.

‘Yes, nice quality flesh,’ he said when he was done. ‘Plenty to work with. The usual stainless-steel starter set, Sir H?’

‘That will do fine.’

‘If she’d just like to take a seat...’

He did not talk directly to her, Liza realized, as though he was not expecting her to answer. Everything he said was addressed to Sir Henry. Just as if she was at the vets and he was her owner...

Around the screen there was a gynaecological chair, with extras she had never seen on one before, such as clamps and straps and things on adjustable brackets.

At the sight of it, Liza began to tremble violently. She had thought about getting a piercing at some time, something small in a nostril or her navel. But not like this! He could not do this to her without her consent. But, of course he could. He had just bought her cooperation...

‘Tell your pet not to worry, Sir H,’ Pete said cheerfully. ‘With the bio-plastic sheathes I use to line the fistulas, there’s hardly any bleeding and they heal up really quickly.’

‘Get in the chair, Eliza,’ Sir Henry said gently but firmly. ‘It’s perfectly normal. I’ve done this to all my pets. There’s nothing that makes a girl feel more like a piece of property than having real metal locked into her flesh, so she becomes part of her own restraints...’

Feeling as if she was in a dream, Liza climbed in the chair and Pete pulled the straps over her arms and legs and chest and stomach. Clamps held her head still. Sets of plastic sheathed metal hoops were slid into the sides of her mouth about her teeth and twisted apart, opening her mouth wide. Now she could not protest even if she had the courage...

Sir Henry stood at the foot of the chair. ‘I’ll be here,’ he told her. ‘I won’t leave you...’

He said it as if that should comfort her. Then she realized that it did. Leaving her now would have been even crueller than what he was already having done to her...

A hollow clamp on a shiny hinged metal arm was swung across her mouth and closed about her tongue. More clamps on adjustable arms were positioned over her breasts and labia, pinching her nipples and flesh petals between their little jaws. One even closed about the fleshy hood of her clitoris. The tension on the clamps pulled the petals of her pussy wide, opening up its hot pink wet depths. She felt so exposed and helpless! A plastic funnel with a hose plugged into its base was positioned on another adjustable bracket between her legs. Oh God, he was well prepared...

Pete pulled over a glass table on wheels with several metal bowls in it. He pulled on latex gloves. He had a swab of disinfectant of some kind that he rubbed into her nose and clamped tongue and nipples and labia. By now, the pressure of the clamps was making her flesh go numb. Was that good? Would it hurt less? Then he picked up something that looked like a pair of pliers but with a fine curved spike on the inside of one jaw that interlocked with a hollow tube on the other. He used a tiny dispenser to roll a fine plastic sheath over the spike, like a tiny condom.

‘Tell your pet not to worry, Sir H,’ Pete said cheerfully, ‘it prevents infection and it’ll help her heal more quickly...’

He bent over her head...

Oh God, oh God, she thought in despair...

Click, snap! A spring was cocked and discharged, snapping the jaws of the device together. Liza screamed in pain from the depths of her clamped mouth as it punched through the fleshy bridge between her nostrils. The jaws pulled open again leaving something pliant partially plugging the fresh new tunnel through her flesh

Pete rolled another sheath over the spike. Click, Snap! It punched through the middle of her tongue in a stab of pain and she tasted blood. She screamed again, but of course, he took no notice. As the piercing device opened, again she felt it leave a little sheath within her that helped seal the wound. Through her tears she saw Sir

Henry smiling benignly down at her. She was suffering because he wanted to suffer...

And so, Pete worked his way down her body, punching neat holes through her nipples and then, filling her with exquisite agony as he used a larger set of pliers with a deeper piercing needle, through the thick lips of her outer labia.

The pain of her plump flesh being pierced was too much and she lost control of her bladder. Her pee splashed into the funnel between her legs and trickled away inside a container under the chair.

Pete stood back as she wet herself. 'Most of them do that,' he commented.

'I think it's good for them,' Sir Henry said. 'This should be a memorable occasion...'

Then Pete pierced the more delicate petals of her inner labia and the hood of the clitoris. She would have wet herself again, but by now she was empty.

While she lay drained and trembling in her straps, Pete took fresh items out of another of the metal bowls. Rings of different sizes were clipped into her nose, nipples and the hood of her clitoris.

Pete paused. 'Do you want to be left alone with her for a minute, Sir H?'

'Thank you, Pete,' he said.

Pete folded the pee funnel out of the way and then left them alone. Sir Henry smiled down at Liza as he opened his flies. 'Just a little ritual to seal this moment...'

She realized she was in the perfect position to be screwed: lying on her back naked at waist height strapped down with her legs open



wide. She was still dizzy and stinging with pain from all her new wounds with her tongue still clamped. Perhaps that excited him. His penis felt very hard as it penetrated her pussy: a master screwing his newly ringed slave pet taking full advantage of her helplessness. Was that how it should be? Perhaps it excited her as well because she came as he did. She could not help herself. He had said it should be memorable. She would never forget it...

Pete returned and wiped her pussy clean, while Sir Henry recovered the control device he had taken out of her earlier. He removed its external clamps and then pushed it back up into her vagina and rectum. Pete pulled her stinging lips together over its base and slid a pair of matching stainless-steel padlocks through the left and right pairs of her labia and snapped it about the rings in the base of the device.

Now it was padlocked inside her body.

Pete took the last item from his bowl of accessories, which was a small hollow latticework steel ball which unscrewed into two halves. Pete freed her numbed and stinging tongue from its clamp and then screwed the two halves of the ball about it, so that was sandwiched between them. He used a tiny key to lock it.

Gingerly Liza closed her mouth about it and realized that although it almost filled the space between her teeth, she could breathe around it. But it would not be apparent to anybody else who did not know was there. She tried to speak but it immobilised her tongue and all she could do was make indistinct grunts and groans. Just like an animal...

Pete handed Sir Henry a set of keys. 'There we are, Sir H. All neatly done and very pretty they look in her as well. Some girls just lend themselves to piercing...'

Sir Henry smiled down at her. 'Yes, I think she might be the perfect pet.'

Now he held the keys to both her pussy and her voice.

# Chapter Eight

A week later, Liza's piercings had healed enough for them to be put to serious use. To test them out, Sir Henry led her about the Hall by a new style of leash.

A light metal bar was hung between her nipple rings which itself had a larger ring attached to its middle. The chain of his leash was threaded through this ring and down the front of the body to her pussy. On the end of the leash-chain was a length of spring and on the end of this was a pair of snap hooks, one large and one small. The larger one gathered together and clipped through her labial rings while the small one fastened to the ring in the hood of the clitoris.

A jerk on the leash tugged on her nipple bar, pulling it forward as the links rattled up through its middle ring, tensioned by the spring on its end, which then tugged on her multiply ringed pussy.

As Sir Henry yanked again experimentally, noting how far her nipples and pussy lips were stretched, Liza made indistinct yelping noises.

Her tongue was tethered to the bottom of her mouth by a short elastic rubber stalk that passed through it and into the base of a harder rubber ring. This was held in place by side bars that passed between her teeth and were capped by rubber washers that pressed against the insides of her cheeks. The bars of the rubber ring pushed her jaws apart so that her lips gaped in a fixed "O", either of surprise or invitation.

Almost the least of her new fittings was the pair of short light chains that hung from her nose ring in loops across her cheeks in the Indian style to fresh rings that had been fitted to her already pierced ears. She thought they looked quite pretty...

But taken together it was totally humiliating and shameful, and yet Liza could feel her ringed nipples standing up hard and the lips of her pussy pulsating with blood and swelling and dribbling. She was now so aware of all those rings in her most intimate places that her body could not help responding to them.

In this manner, Sir Henry took her around the house and grounds, showing her off to his staff who admired her new rings. And she followed in terrified obedience in his footsteps, fearing that she would accidentally stumble and tear the rings of any one of her piercings out of her flesh. She realized that with every step it made her even more attentive to Sir Henry. She would go wherever he led...

That ended up as the shade of a cedar tree at the bottom of the garden. He pushed her down onto her knees and undid his flies and freed his stiff cock. Taking hold of her cheek rings to control her, he pushed it into her gaping mouth. The slightest tug on her cheek rings made her began bobbing and dipping her head in a desperate desire to please. The ring between her teeth holding her mouth wide meant that she could not resist penetration, and the tiny elastic tether of her tongue gave it just enough freedom to pleasure him as he pumped his shaft down her throat.

After she had swallowed down his hot sperm and licked him clean, he wiped his cock dry on her hair. Then he tilted her head back and studied her expression.

‘Yes, I think you’re ready. Tomorrow I’m going to have some more pet fanciers coming to visit. Not a big party this time, just four of my oldest friends. And I’ll show you off to them.’

Liza felt her newly ringed nipples throbbing even harder at the terrifying thought of being “shown off”.

‘Of course I expect you to be on your best behaviour,’ Sir Henry added.

Mutely Liza nodded. What other choice did she have?

\* \* \*

As the next day was fine and warm, Sir Henry entertained his friends in the garden's large airy summerhouse, which was fitted with its own ice machine and chilled drinks dispenser.

Each man came with his own leashed and naked girl slave pet. Sir Henry addressed them only by their first names. There was Charles with his pet Daisy, Monty with pet Moira, Raj with his pet Tammy and Algy with his pet Bella. The men were all different in appearance then yet all alike in that they were casually but expensively dressed, mature and totally self assured of their mastery over fit, well groomed pretty women, who crouched attentively beside their chairs like well-trained dogs.

Liza struggled to maintain her composure. Fresh shame burned in the cheeks as four new pairs of male eyes examined her naked body with interest, and involuntarily she felt herself responding. Her rings were keeping her intimate body parts in a permanent state of semi-arousal and it took very little extra to make them swell and harden and drip. And then there was a problem with their pets...

The women were all beautiful in their individual ways and wore expensive cuffs and collars, some she was sure studded with real diamonds, and Liza found herself feeling ridiculously inferior and inadequate compared to them. Of course, Liza herself had new fittings on her rings. Small silver bells dangled from her nose, nipples and clitoris. Now it was not just their weight that reminded her of her new piercings, but the silvery jingles she made as she moved.

Liza tried to look equally alert and poised as she crouched beside Sir Henry's chair while the men chatted over their heads. But the other women had a certain kind of languid ease in a way they lay there; she supposed due to the fact that they were far more experienced pets than she was. For a brief moment, she actually found herself envying them. Then she hated herself for that feeling.

They were all sex slaves together: all rich men's pets! How could she feel inferior or envy them? They should all be pitying each other. And yet the four women did not look particularly pitiable. They looked sleek and content. Could it be an act, or had they truly become total submissive sex slaves?

After much small talk and catching up with each other's affairs, the guests' attention turned to Liza.

'So, how's your new pet coming along, Henry?' Monty asked.

'Very well indeed,' Sir Henry said. 'Of course, she was just a scrap I pulled out of a ditch...' And he went on to tell the story of the car crash and how he had made her strip and had screwed her in the middle of the night, which had the others chuckling even as they envied his taking of her virginity. They also understood immediately why he had renamed her "Eliza." Liza cringed inwardly at the way he described her. He made her sound so cheap and common; drunk, sick and abusive in her trashy party clothes. Then she realized that, compared to these men's lifestyles, that was just what she was.

'But I could tell then that she had possibilities,' Sir Henry continued. 'She had a soiled kind of innocence and repressed sensuality. With the right training and discipline I knew I could make something of her.'

'Of course you could, *Mister Higgins*,' Charles said.

'Show us, then,' Algy said.

The summerhouse had a small cupboard of pet accessories from which Sir Henry selected a ball and threw it across the lawn for Liza at fetch. She did this several times, bounding across the grass on all fours with her breasts bouncing and her ring-bells jingling, picking up in her mouth and then bringing it back and kneeling and dropping it into Sir Henry's open palm, to receive a pat on the head as a reward.

She was behaving just like his dog, she thought, which made her feel dizzy and hot and wet.

‘All right, so she can fetch nicely,’ said Raj. ‘But how obedient if she really? How does she respond to pain?’

In answer, Sir Henry took out another item from the accessory cupboard and Liza shivered at the sight of it. It was another nettle cane. ‘Eliza, rest your breasts on the table, fold your hands behind your back and do not move...’ he commanded.

Liza shuddered, feeling sick with fear, but she obeyed; kneeling beside the table and sitting on her heels and leaning forward and letting her big breasts flop down on it like fat pink pancakes. The other men shifted away from her, letting Sir Henry position himself.

Swish, crack!

Liza screamed as the nettle cane came down hard across the upper slopes of her breasts. The impact flattened them against the table top and then they sprang back up again with searing red lines across them stinging with nettle venom.

Tears fell from Liza’s eyes down her cheeks and onto the upper slopes of her breasts, but she did not pull away.

Swish, crack! Sir Henry laid down half a dozen parallel lines across the upper slopes of her breasts, which glowed and welted as the nettle extract did its job. The last blow beat down on the ringed tips of her nipples and added sharp pain to their throbbing swollen hardness.

By that time, Liza was bawling and trembling violently. It felt as if her breasts were on fire! But her hands were still folded behind her back and she had not pulled her tortured mammaries away from under the cane.

Sir Henry stopped and patted her on the head. 'Good girl,' he told her.

And for a terrible wonderful moment, her pain did not matter. 'Th... thank you, Sir,' she choked out.

'Are your breasts hot, Eliza?' he asked her.

'Y... yes Sir,'

'Would you like some ice on them?'

'Y... yes... Please Sir.'

He scooped up a handful of ice from the ice bucket and rubbed it over the tops of her breasts, which were by now a vivid scarlet and cut across by the welted ridges of the nettle canes cruel blows. She shuddered and moaned with relief. That felt so good...

'Sit up straight, Eliza, and shown my guests your breasts properly,' Sir Henry instructed. 'If you'd like to feel them they are quite magnificent. And even hotter than they are normally...'

And each man took his turn cupping and squeezing her sore simmering breasts, making her whimper. Strangers' hands were pawing her all over. But she held herself still and did not pull away. If he wanted to humiliate her, then so be it. She felt her sore nipples standing up even harder and pressing into their palms...

When they had all felt her breasts appreciatively, Sir Henry scooped up more ice. 'Now turn around, face down and bottom-up and pull yourself open,' he commanded.

Liza obeyed, so that her face and hot breasts were pressed to the cedar wood floor of the summerhouse while she presented her bottom to Sir Henry. Reaching round behind her and pulling her labial rings open, so that her pussy gaped wide.



Sir Henry pushed lump after lump of ice up into her vagina until it was stuffed full and she was shuddering from the cold filled her insides that contrasted with her burning breasts. It felt like she had been screwed by an ice dildo! Then he took out a padlock and slid it through her rings and locked it in place.

‘Th... thank you sir,’ she groaned.

‘You see,’ Sir Henry said proudly to his friends, ‘she is perfectly obedient.’

‘What’s she like with other women?’ Monty asked.

‘If you’d like to lend me your girls, she’ll show you...’

Their four pets were commanded to lie on their backs on the grass just outside the summerhouse with their legs pulled up and thighs spread, displaying a row of perfectly smooth and shapely pussy clefts glittering with gold and silver rings. The scrupulously clean and tight puckered dots of their anuses beneath them made them look like exclamation marks stamped into flesh.

‘Use your tongue on each of them until they orgasm,’ Sir Henry instructed Liza.

And so, Liza knelt on the grass between Bella’s legs, who was the first girl in the row. She dipped her head so that her hot breasts pressed against the cool grass and took hold of Bella’s smooth thighs and rubbed her face into her groin, which was subtly perfumed. Bella shivered and moaned and lifted her hips slightly. Liza began to lick and suck and nibble at the hot wet cleft of flesh that opened before her. Her nose ring began to jingle in the depths of Bella’s pussy.

As she worked on her, the ice stuffed in her padlocked vagina began to melt and dribbled down the insides of her thighs and dripped onto the grass.

\* \* \*

It must have taken Liza almost twenty minutes to bring every girl off. By the time she was done, her lips and tongue were numb and her jaw ached. Her face was covered with sticky girlish juices that the pets had sprayed over her when they came. As she finished there was a polite round of applause from the watching men in the summerhouse, and she felt a moment of foolish pride.

Dizzy and panting slightly, with her shiny face flushed, she knelt once again at Sir Henry side. He patted her head. 'Good girl,' he said, 'well done...' and he gave her a drink of iced fruit juice.

'We can see she's good with other pets, but what's she like with other men?' Charles asked.

'Are you volunteering yourselves for the experiment?' Sir Henry asked.

His guests grinned and nodded.

\* \* \*

So they sat at their chairs with their cocks out while she knelt between their feet and sucked them off one by one. Her nose and nipple rings jingled as she dipped her head, almost pecking at them like a bird.

Don't think about it, just do what you're told, Liza told herself as she took another hard shaft into her mouth. Be a good pet. Don't feel guilty. Don't feel ashamed. Sir Henry wants me to do this. The better I please them, the better he'll be pleased with me. Pleasing them is pleasing him...

A fountain of hot sperm blossomed in her mouth. Trying not to be sick, she swallowed it down like a good pet and licked its owner clean. Then she moved onto the next one.

As she finished serving each man, his own pet hastily took her place between his feet and licked him clean and dry for a second time. Liza saw their sideways glances as they attended their masters and was surprised to see the flash of a warning in them directed at her. *This cock belongs in me...* they said.

\* \* \*

By the time the last shaft had spouted, Liza's neck ached and her tongue was numb and she was sick of the taste of sperm that burned in the back of her throat. Sir Henry patted her head again and gave her another drink, for which she was pitifully grateful. Then he pointed in front of his chair. Obediently she curled up at his feet, which he lifted and rested on her back. Now she was his living footstool. The last of the ice padlocked into her pussy dribbled out over her thighs, while her hot caned breasts still stung and burned. But she had done everything he had commanded. She had been a good pet...

'You may have found a little gem here, Henry,' Raj conceded. 'Once you get all the rough edges polished off her, of course. What's the next stage in her education?'

'I was thinking I might take her to Glyndale's next week.'

Who or what was "Glyndale's" Liza wondered, with a shiver of anticipation?

# Chapter Nine

Liza would never know exactly where Glyndale's was, except that it was about an hour's drive from the Hall. They took many side roads to get there and the tinted glass in the windows in the rear of the Rolls made reading signposts at night difficult.

Finally, they turned into the mouth of a drive closed by a pair of tall iron gates that only opened once the unseen person monitoring the gates' security cameras confirmed Sir Henry's identity and that he had a reservation. Then they drove up a winding drive and onto a broad sweep of gravel before the front of a large country house that had obviously been converted into some kind of business.

'This is probably the most exclusive private restaurant and hotel in the south of England,' Sir Henry told her earnestly as Riley parked the Rolls next to a couple of dozen other extremely expensive cars. 'Every guest you see here tonight will either be a master, a mistress or slave. They are used to the best service and the most relaxed atmosphere. Everybody is at their ease and every slave is on their best behaviour. I would not like you to disappoint me.'

'No, Sir, I won't Sir,' Liza promised, shivering with fear, embarrassment and strange excitement.

'You will eat neatly. Remember what I told you about the order you use cutlery. And when you speak, I don't want to hear any of those common vowels. Remember your lessons.'

'I will, Sir.'

He took up her leash, which was a fine black chain clipped to her nose ring, and helped her out of the car.

She was dressed for the occasion. A shimmering black sequinned dress with matching high-heeled shoes clung to her body. It had cutaways for her breasts and groin and bottom, framing and accentuating her pale flesh. Her collar and steel ring set had been changed for one in glossy black. She had black cuffs locked to her wrists which were chained, through slits in the sides of her gown, to black garters, which in turn were chained on the inside to her labial rings, so that they would not slide down. Jane Meacham had arranged her hair in an elegant, swept-up pile on top of her head.

Except for the chains and rings and exposed flesh, she could have been some Hollywood film star from the last century, she thought.

As Sir Henry led her towards the awning over the front entrance, Liza followed him with her head high, struggling to contain her dizzy anticipation. For a moment she forgot she was a slave pet. It all her life she could never have imagined coming to such a place. And now she was here...

Her ringed nipples were standing up like thimbles and felt as if they would burst, recalling her to reality. Then she thought she would faint from shame. How many strangers would there be looking at her inside? Then she saw another well-dressed man and woman approaching the entrance just ahead of them. The woman held a leash at the end of which was a lovely slave wearing even less than Liza.

She had a mane of straight blonde hair hanging down her back plaited into a perfect pigtail. A chain hung from its very end which plunged down between her slim naked buttocks and hooked into her anus. She held the middle of a loop of gold chain in her mouth, the ends of hung down to fasten to her ringed nipples. Another pair of chains hung down from those rings over her stomach to a set of three rings pierced through her pink pussy lips. Under them, the ends of the chain came together in small golden padlock.

She was not the only slave pet here, Liza told herself. If she was with Sir Henry, then this was normal...

Inside there was a glittering foyer and an immaculate maitre d' who noted Sir Henry's name and confirmed his table and offered drinks to himself and his pet. They sat in easy chairs and drink. As her wrists were still cuffed to her garters she could not hold a glass, so they hung a little wire frame around her neck to hold it and she drank through a long straw.

The blonde girl was kneeling on a cushion at the feet of her master and mistress, also drinking out of a straw. At another chair, another pet rested between her master's feet. She had a kind of golden muzzle over her nose and mouth.

This is all perfectly normal, Liza told herself once again. She saw Sir Henry smiling at her excited schoolgirl expression of delight and she smiled foolishly back. She was his pet; his property, and yet she was also important enough to be shown off. Did that make sense? Perhaps it was all a dream so she might as well enjoy it...

They were escorted into the restaurant proper, which is ready half filled with well-dressed men and women and virtually naked slaves, to their table for two. Like all the others, it was partially concealed from those around it by latticework screens, giving it a kind of semi-privacy. It was here that the illusion of being in an exclusive restaurant broke down again.

The chair was fitted with hooks and chains. There was a tall narrow metal dome with a handle on top on the middle of the chair, like a strangely shaped food cover, which the waiter lifted off smartly. Underneath it was an anal rod and vaginal dildo, shiny with fresh oil, jutting upwards from out of the seat through perfectly stitched holes in the middle of thick white napkin. Her eyes widened in surprise and she looked at Sir Henry, who nodded slightly as he unclipped his leash from her nose ring. It was a test of her composure as a perfect pet.

Taking a deep breath, Liza sat herself down upon them as if it was most natural thing in the world, sighing gently as she was plugged. She felt the cool linen under her bottom. It was there to catch her juices, she realized. I'm sitting on a pussy napkin, she told herself! Well of course, all the best restaurants provide them.

In the same manner, the waiter calmly hooked her collar rings to the high back of the chair, with enough slack to allow her to move a little. More chains were looped around from the sides of the chair and hooked to her nipple rings. Her wrists were un-cuffed from her garters and chained to the arms of the chair, with enough slack to allow her to eat.

A proper napkin was laid in her lap over her naked, ringed and plugged pussy, and then a leather-bound menu was presented to Sir Henry. He ordered for both of them, of course, naming things she had never heard of before. He also ordered fresh drinks, which arrived swiftly. She had her hands free now and was able to drink normally.

He toasted her. 'I hope you enjoy your dinner, Eliza.'

'I'm sure I will, Sir,' she said in her best-spoken voice.

It was then that she became aware of noises from other tables.

Slave girls, some seated with their masters and others squatting down beside them on cushions, were beginning to sigh and moan happily. The screens made it hard to see exactly why.

Then she felt a little electric jolt of pain in her nipples. She looked round to see Sir Henry had his hand over a small control box on his side of the table that she had not noticed before. He touched another button and she felt the purr of the vibrator in her pussy.

'It is to enhance your pleasure and mine,' he said. 'I want this meal to be a memorable one...'

Liza gasped as the anal rod gave her a brief shock.

‘It also a test of your composure,’ he continued. ‘While we eat I will stimulate you until you climax in a passionate but ladylike fashion. You will do it decorously, as if in a rapture over the food and the company. Not too loud and certainly without any bad language...’

She was not here as his equal, she reminded herself: she was still his slave and plaything. She was going to ride the vibrator until she came when he chose. He was showing off his power to all the other rich people in the room, as they were to each other. For a second she felt a flash of disgust and hate at how she was being used. It was so cruel! Then the vibrator buzzed inside her again and she shuddered with helpless delight. Unfortunately, she couldn’t help responding to a little cruelty.

‘Yes, Sir. I’ll try Sir...’ Liza said meekly.

The first course arrived. Carefully she picked up the right set of cutlery and began to eat. She was not sure what it all was but it tasted wonderful.

Sir Henry watched her eat with one hand hovering over the control box, timing little jolts of pain in her nipples or bottom to highlight the spiciness or sharpness of a particular mouthful. Then he sent a warming buzz through her pussy when she tasted something sweeter or simply something strange that she had never tasted before. A new experience was good, he was telling her. Enjoy it. She was being educated through her pussy!

The second course arrived with a whole new range of flavours, which Sir Henry accentuated for her. Her nipples and tingled and her anus clenched and her clit throbbed against its ring while her pussy dribbled freely. She could feel the napkin under her bottom soaking up her juices. It was getting uncomfortable...

Would they soak right through it and stain the chair seat underneath? She did not want to do any damage. Could you get a



fresh one? How did you do that? Politely and properly through her master, of course...

‘Please, Sir, could you ask them to bring a fresh pussy serviette for me?’

Sir Henry smiled. ‘Of course, Eliza,’ he said, and signalled to a waiter.

He was pleased with how she had behaved. Perhaps a wet pussy napkin was a compliment to his stimulation and her juiciness. She had been a good pet...

A fresh napkin was brought. Her collar chains were unfastened so she could stand, pulling the rods out of her anus and rectum. The sodden napkin was removed and fresh one put in its place. The waiter cleaned the shafts that had been inside her, and then delicately wiped her wet bottom with a cloth before she was sat down again, impaling herself once more. She felt the cool, crisp fresh linen under her bottom. It felt so nice...

And so the strangest meal she had ever eaten continued.

After a while, all the sensations began to merge into one: the strange taste and aroma of the food, her growing arousal and heat, the excited scent of other slave girls, the perverse thrill of her exposure, and the image of Sir Henry across the table from her, smiling and asking what she thought of each dish. She was getting dizzy and not just from the wine. It was all cruel and terrible and amazing and wonderful...

Finally, they reached the sweet course.

It was some amazing concoction of spun sugar and fruit and chocolate and cream that looked more like the work of art and seemed almost too good to eat. She took a mouthful and the taste sensation burst on her tongue.

Sir Henry pressed a control button and the vibrator came alive inside her, accentuated by sharp little jolts in her throbbing nipples.

This was the moment!

She had dined like a good pet and now she must cum like one...

She thrust her chained hands down into her lap and cupped her pussy as it burst. She churned her hips about the impaling rods, squeezing hard upon them. She clenched her teeth so she would not be too loud and jerked her head forward so that her collar chains clinked as they held her back. Something between a sigh and a groan escaped her lips, carrying all her pent-up passion with it. She stared into Sir Henry's face while her pussy sprayed its juices out over her napkin. Then everything went misty and dim as she was transported to paradise.

When her vision cleared again, Sir Henry was beaming at her.

'I'm so glad to see that you enjoyed your meal, Eliza,' he said.

\* \* \*

A little while later, when Sir Henry led Liza by her leash out of the restaurant, instead of turning towards the main entrance, he led her towards the stairs.

'I booked us a room,' he told her. 'This is a hotel as well and we're staying here overnight as a treat. Watching you dine has given me quite an appetite...'

Her aching pussy tingled again.

\* \* \*

Of course, the big heavy framed bed in the luxury suite came fitted with a variety of inbuilt restraints.

Sir Henry bound Liza to it spread-eagled on her back, first with cuffs and then with a finer web of elastic cords. He hooked them to her piercing rings, pulling her breasts up and out and stretching her pussy wide. He screwed a solid ball gag about her tongue, silencing her totally. She had enjoyed plenty of freedom to use her mouth that evening, but now he was taking control of it again.

The bedside cabinet and held the selection of punishment devices. He chose an electric lash with red rubber thongs with tiny silver contacts on their ends that stung and crackled as he stood over her and lashed the front of her body. Shot through with pain, Liza was helplessly set bouncing and jerking and offering her gaping, dribbling, pussy to him.

He fell upon her and rammed his hard manhood deep up into her hot clenching interior.

\* \* \*

Afterwards, Sir Henry lay on her hot sweaty body and stroked her flushed cheeks and toyed with her swollen nipples.

‘Good girl,’ he told her. ‘You did very well for your first time as my pet in public. I’m proud of you...’

He was proud of her! She knew it was wrong; that she had got a little drunk and she had been dazzled by the amazing food and the dark, twisted excitement of the experience, and she would feel different in the morning. But for a few dizzy moments, those words made her feel so happy.

Sir Henry continued to muse. ‘In fact, I think you might be ready to go to Ponygirl Ascot...’

# Chapter Ten

Of course, it was not the real Ascot races. Where it was exactly Liza could not tell, except that it was about two hours drive from the Hall. Once again, the tinted back windows of the car and the side roads they took made directions hard to follow. She began to get the impression that people who shared Sir Henry's interests liked to keep their special meeting places a secret, even from their own pets.

It didn't matter where the place was: it served its purpose.

Liza got out of the car to see what looked like a small, secluded racecourse ringed by trees on three sides, with its small stand and permanent buildings increased by many tents and marquees. Once again there were a lot of expensive cars in the car park, some of which she might have seen at Glyndale's the previous week. But in addition, there were dozens of small horseboxes. Was that how they transported ponygirls to the races?

Liza shivered. Could all these people really be here to watch women being raced like horses? She thought of the diners at Glyndale's, casually leading their pets to their tables and making them orgasm while they ate. Of course, they would enjoy seeing such a spectacle! Especially when it gave them another chance to dress up...

A man in a morning suit and top hat strode past, leading a pet collared and chained in silver whose body glittered with glass gems. It might not be the real Ascot, but it had its dress code. If you owned a pretty woman, this was another chance to show her off in public. There couldn't be that many opportunities, so when they came they did it in style.

And once again, Liza had been specially prepared for the occasion.

She wore a red plumed headband and a red choker collar. Red high heels were locked about her ankles. A rod plugged into her anus made a right-angled turn vertically up through her bottom cleavage to support a fantail of red feathers that bobbed above her buttocks. A chain from the front of her collar linked to a spreader bar that held her elbows bent and wrists lifted up in front of her, as if she was pawing the air. Her hands were encased in red rubber pony hoof gloves. A matching red rubber bit gag was pinned through her tongue. A red padlock hung through her now red set of labial rings. A pair of chains hung from her red ringed nipples which joined together to form a leash with a red leather handle that Sir Henry held.

He of course was immaculately dressed in a black morning suit, grey pinned cravat and grey top hat, with a pair of binoculars in grey case slung across his shoulders. Once again she would be his perfect pet companion: obedient and elegant and always by his side. He was leading her by the nipples, of course, so she had no choice.

Liza felt shame, exposure and outrage battling silently within her as she trotted obediently after him. Then they merged with the gathering crowd of perfect suits and expensive dresses and blatantly exposed flesh and she felt a little better. You're not the only one, she told herself. For today in this place, this is normal...

After a minute they reached the parade ring. And there they were, being led around a small grass ring by stable lads: half a dozen actual ponygirls!

Their bodies were tightly harnessed, with their lower arms bound together in leather sleeves behind their backs, and they had bridles over their heads and bits in their mouths. Their breasts were contained, although not concealed, by webs of finer straps, presumably to stop them bouncing around too much when they were running. Plugged into their bottoms by plug and angled rods similar to the one she wore, were tails of real hair. They all wore tightly laced ankle boots which seemed to have horseshoe shaped soles.

Liza looked at her own decorative hoof gloves and shivered. It seemed that men would do anything to turn women into animals. It was so degrading... and yet the ponygirls all looked so fit!

Their glossy hair was all tightly combed back and gathered in real ponytails, while their bodies were bronzed and sleek, with tight waists. Their legs were all shapely yet highly toned and muscular and every one of them looked to be in perfect physical condition.

The ponygirls came in a range of skin colours, from pale cream to deep brown, but their identical harnesses and bridles tended to make them look anonymous. Apparently, to ensure clear identification, they all had individual numbers stencilled on their bare chests, hips and across the upper slopes of their buttocks.

The girls walked with a strange nervous pride, almost looking frisky like their equine counterparts. Liza realized that they must be used to being paraded like this and stared at, but they were also eager to get out onto the track. They wanted to race...

As they were paraded around the ring, Liza saw that a hundred pairs of eyes were studying them, which was of course quite natural. Then she noticed that some of the onlookers were writing in notebooks. Were they being studied for their qualities of strength and stamina first, and only secondarily because they were attractive naked women? Then she realized that not far from the ring was a clutch of bookies stalls with their boards up displaying the odds, just as they would be on a traditional racecourse. Of course, they were taking bets.

Sir Henry had seen her look of surprise. 'What did you expect, Eliza? Girl flesh or pony flesh: if it races, then it can be bet upon.'

After studying the form, Sir Henry went across to the bookies and laid a bet. Then they made their way to the stands to watch the race. There were even big screens to relay events on the far side of the track.

The ponygirls were marched out onto the track to be harnessed to their racing carriages. These were lightweight constructions of tubular metal, with two wide splayed bike wheels on the ends of a transverse bowed frame. On the middle of this frame was a bike saddle. From under this, a single long shaft, supporting a footrest along the way, ran forward to a hook that fastened onto a ring on the back of a ponygirl's belt. Reins were clipped to their cheek rings.

Their jockeys appeared, looking perfectly conventional in their racing colours. But instead of riding crops, they carried long-handled whips. They took their seats and picked up the reins, flicking them across the girls' shoulders, and started trotting up and down the track behind the starting line, warming them up. Whips flicked, licking across the swells of strong rolling buttocks.

The public address just came on, listing the runners and riders. The ponygirls had names like: Morningstar, Jilly-cum-Lively, Sangster's Girl, Bonnie Myrtle... They could almost have been actual horses.

They were lined up behind the starting line, their nipples stiff and trembling in anticipation. The starter called them to order, and then they were off...

It was then that Liza felt herself caught up with a strange group frenzy that gradually overwhelmed the crowd. It began with intense concentration as they watched on the screen close-ups from a camera travelling beside the track showing the ponygirls pounding along with their breasts heaving in their webbing and their wonderful strong legs pumping and saliva dribbling past their gag bits. Thrilling jolts of excitement intruded upon this concentration as they saw the jockeys using their whips on the girls' bare buttocks, leaving little red stripes in their wake. It grew as the girls pounded round in front of the stands on their first circuit, sweating and panting, when the field was spreading out and people started cheering their favourites on. It grew to frantic levels as they came around the last bend and they could see the girls grasping for breath around their bits while the sweat dripped off their bouncing nipples and lathered in between

their legs. Then as the leaders crossed the finishing line with only a breast between them, wild jubilation broke out, not simply from those who bet on the winners, but everybody watching the spectacle of captive naked women being pushed to the limits of their endurance for their entertainment and amusement.

And Liza was biting on her bit in excitement and then shouting and cheering about it along with the rest of them, jiggling with helpless exhilaration; squeezing her thighs together about her pussy padlock and setting her big breasts bouncing. She could hear the crack of the jockey's whips on the ponygirls' bottoms and she knew it was utterly inhuman and degrading. Yet it was also totally fascinating and impossible not to watch. Every slave pet around her seemed to be caught up in the same frenzy, and yet deep down that must also be thinking the same thing: that could be me out there...

\* \* \*

A little later, Liza found out that pets like her, even if they weren't being paraded round the ring or run along the racetrack, were also put on display in a specialised and humiliating manner unique to the race course. She had just about become used to trotting about Sir Henry's heels in her strange pony girl outfit and trying not to cringe as so many eyes locked briefly onto her big breasts, when she realized that she needed to use the loo.

There was a pause in the race programme around lunchtime, so Sir Henry led her to the pet toilet tent in one corner of the field.

It was made of transparent plastic.

Liza gulped and shuddered at the sight, but she knew better than to protest.

Sir Henry removed her pussy padlock and plug-in tail and clipped her collar to one of a number of chain leashes that hung from an overhead rail at the entrance at one end of the tent. The chain hung from a sliding clip that slid along the rail. She followed it into



the tent, which was attended by a young lad with a hose. The rail curved around in front of a toilet pit that had been dug in the grass. Half a dozen spurs led off the main rail to toilet seats hung on poles over the pit itself. Outside, Sir Henry walked down the side of the tent watching her. She came to the first empty seat and sat on it. For a moment she was locked up with nerves. She could not go with all those eyes upon her! And then she told herself it was perfectly natural to watch pets relieving themselves out in the open, and at least nobody would have to use a poop bag after her. Then she was able to go.

When she was finished, the lad with a hose came forward and squirted it into her groin, washing her clean. When he was done, she followed the channel along the tent and came out the other end, where Sir Henry took charge of her again.

‘Now we shall eat, he told her.

In a dining tent, she knelt beside his table and he fed her from his plate.

Then they went back to watch more ponygirl races...

\* \* \*

At the end of the day, Henry was very pleased with himself that he had won more than he had laid out in bets. As they were travelling back home, he asked. ‘So, Eliza, did you enjoy your day at the races?’

‘I didn’t think I would at first, Sir, but in the end I did,’ she said truthfully. ‘I couldn’t help it. It was very exciting. I still worry about the ponygirls, but they did look very fit, and seemed to be a lot happier than I imagined.’

‘It is kind of you to show concern for them, but I promise you they are perfectly content. Remember, they are all prize ponygirls.

They are valued and important to their owners and so they are well cared for, even pampered. Every woman wants that...'

'But is that enough to make up for being kept like an animal and run on the track in front of hundreds of people and having bets put on you, Sir?' Liza asked.

'Only a pony girl could tell you the answer to that,' Sir Henry said. 'They're not just any pets. They are carefully selected and trained girls. They like being worked hard and then performing in front of an audience. Don't deny that you got excited watching them. I saw how much your pretty breasts were bouncing. You couldn't keep still from excitement.'

'I don't deny it, Sir,' Liza said, blushing helplessly.

'But did you also see the discharge bubbling in their clefts? They enjoyed pulling their carts and being whipped along to do their very best. They often climax during a race from the friction of their labia rubbing together and the rasping of their nipples against their harness. In their slavery, they have the freedom to express their most basic needs and desires.'

That didn't make any sense, Liza thought. How could you be free and a slave at the same time?

# Chapter Eleven

‘Now open your eyes,’ Sir Henry said.

Liza did so and gasped.

A small pony cart sat on the back terrace of the Hall.

It was not a racing carriage such as she had seen at the Ponygirl Ascot, but a dainty white thing made of lightweight aluminium with twin shafts. A spidery seat was slung between two large but narrow spoked wheels. Standing up out of a pocket on one side of the seat was a long handled white whip. It had the word “Eliza” painted on the back of the seat rest.

‘This will replace your sessions on the treadmill,’ Sir Henry continued, ‘which I am pleased to say have improved the tone of your legs no end. I would not get this for you until you were strong enough to pull it.’

Liza gaped at it: shocked and delighted and terrified all at same time. What an amazing and obscene gift. And he was going to use it to make a ponygirl of her, at least within the gardens of the Hall, and there was nothing she could do to stop him. She was his pet slave. What did she expect? But there was something she had to know...

‘This isn’t something your old pets used, is it, Sir?’

‘No, I bought this especially for you. It’s your own pony carriage.’

Hers alone, Liza thought dizzily. She was special to him...

‘So, when the weather is good, you can exercise and get fresh air at the same time,’ Sir Henry continued. ‘It will be much more fun. Now let’s get the harness onto you...’

It was a white leather harness with white rubber hooves for her feet, and, of course, a matching bridle. Liza stood there unresisting as Sir Henry buckled the harness onto her. She trembled as she felt the straps pulling tight about her, confining her, containing her. Even the bridle seemed to confine the flesh of her face. Four sprung white straps were arranged in a cross over her breasts, with a white leather ring about her nipples, so that they would dampen their natural heave and bounce. A small clip linked this ring to the metal ones piercing her nipples. A pliant white leather sleeve confined her arms in the small of her back. A white rubber bit went between her teeth. He slid the ends of the reins through her cheek rings and then clipped them to her nipple rings.

‘Bend over...’

He plugged the white ponytail into her bottom and settled its sprung curved wire mount between her buttocks so that its end hung clear of them.

Then he positioned her between the shafts of the cart which hooked onto rings dangling from the sides of her harness belt. Then he climbed into the seat and took up the reins in one hand and the whip in the other. For a moment, he idly ran its tip over her buttocks, making her shiver.

‘I always think this is one of the finest sights my little hobby allows me,’ he said. ‘The proud yet subtle curves of the twin hemispheres of the pert posterior of a slave girl, trembling to obey my command. How responsive they are! What service they can give and what delights they conceal in their depths. At all times they are ready to be belaboured and plundered!’

He saw all that in her bottom, Liza thought in wonder?

The whip flicked across her haunches and the reins slapped on her shoulders. ‘Giddy up, Eliza...’ Sir Henry called out happily.

She leaned forward and the pony cart began to roll. For a minute, Sir Henry steered her in loops and figures of eight around the terrace so she could get the feel of being a ponygirl and how to respond to the reins tugging on her nipples and the kiss of the whip on her bottom. She saw some of the staff watching her discreetly through the windows. Tim gave her a thumbs-up.

She was on show, like the ponygirls in the parade ring.

Her breasts bounced within their confining straps, while, she was now acutely aware, the chubby cheeks of her buttocks shivered with each stride. She imagined Sir Henry's gaze resting happily upon them.

A brief, unexpected, surge of pride flickered within her. At least she could pull him along after her. Not so many weeks ago, she would not have been strong enough to do this. Life in the Hall had changed her in so many ways...

Then he drove her down a ramp onto the garden paths. The whip kissed her buttocks a little harder and she clamped her teeth about her bit and strained to pick up speed and they cantered off between the trees.

\* \* \*

And that became her morning routine after her elocution lessons in the library.

She pulled Sir Henry round the garden paths as his own exclusive ponygirl, with him flicking her bottom that he loved so much with his whip until she was lathered in sweat and totally exhausted. Then he found the plinth of some stone ornament or low wall, unhooked her from the cart, bent her over it, pulled out her ponytail and happily sodomised her hot greased anus.

As he ground her against the stone or brickwork, she thought dizzily: was this how he valued her? Was this her freedom or a

degrading crime?

And then her brain exploded as a starburst of orgasmic release seared through her and she fainted from a mixture exhaustion and helpless delight, with his cock still buried in her rear.

\* \* \*

Liza's afternoon schedule changed as well. To her great relief there were no more sessions with the staff. Instead, Sir Henry took her to the Hall's main dining room. The big table had been pulled aside, leaving the middle of the floor open, and a sound system had been set up in one corner.

He put cuffs on her ankles with a long hobble chain between them which was suspended in middle by an elastic cord the end of which he plugged into her bottom. The tension on the cord kept the hobble chain clear of the ground. He strung a short light chain through her clit and labial rings so that it held a steel ball in place nestled in the mouth of her cleft. Then he gave her light dancing pumps to slip on her feet.

'Do you know how to dance, Eliza? I don't mean wild, uncoordinated jerking about or acrobatics involving handsprings and spinning about on your head. I mean, co-ordinated, rhythmical, graceful dancing with a partner, performed in time to a recognisable tune?'

'No, Sir,' she admitted.

'Then I shall teach you the basics.' He started the music. 'This is a waltz called the Blue Danube, written by Johann Strauss...'

An orchestra started playing grandly in what Liza simply thought of as an old-fashioned style. Sir Henry took hold of her.

'You lift your arm like that... I hold your hand... and your waist here... your arm goes around me... and you place your feet like

that... and then we move in time together like this...'

They moved around the room in a big circle while turning about each other.

She stumbled and stood on his toes, but he corrected her with good humour. Imagining how she could be punished if she got it wrong too many times, she concentrated on every step. After a few turns about the room she began to get the feel of it.

Her legs were still ached from pulling the pony cart but at least this was gentler exercise. It was the sort of thing you saw in old films and was something she thought only old people did for real, or maybe for television dance contests.

Her bare breasts rubbed against his chest and her ringed nipples stood up hard. She had never danced like this before. It was very different to pulling his pony cart and also similar and surprisingly intimate in a strange way. He was still in charge of her, steering her about the room. He was holding her bare waist. A pet couldn't help getting aroused. Her movements while she was pressed close up against him were rubbing her ring-chained pussy lips together and pressing the ball slung between them up against her clitoris, exciting her. The insides of her thighs were getting wet. She was actually beginning to drip onto the floor. Nervously, she looked up into his eyes and he smiled back.

'That is your reward for the learning to dance properly, Eliza,' he told her. 'You don't have a bad sense of rhythm, although it has been scandalously underused. With more practice, I think you will be good enough...'

Good enough for what?

\* \* \*

That night, when she was showered and greased and ready for his bed, she had an inspiration.

Before he had a chance to chain her to the bed, she went face down on it on her hands and knees and pushed her bottom invitingly up into the air and wiggled it slowly.

‘Can you play the Blue Danube while you have me, Sir? And penetrate me in time?’

Sir Henry laughed at the challenge and did so, kneeling between her spread knees and grasping hold of her bottom cheeks that he admired so much, and parting then and ramming his hard cock vigorously up into her hot rectum. And she pushed back against him in time to the music, letting its rhythm guide her. And so Sir Henry came inside her to a tune written a century and a half earlier about a flowing river.

After he was completely drained, Liza gently pulled herself off him and meekly turned about and carefully licked his shaft clean. He hadn’t told her to do it or used any force. She had just done it herself. She knew how submissive it seemed, which of course was what he had been training her to be, but this time it just came automatically.

It was shocking.

‘Good girl,’ he said, patting her head and holding her tight.

And his words made her feel warm inside.

\* \* \*

Then came the afternoon, after more than a week’s dancing practice, when Liza climaxed while she was in Sir Henry’s arms. The shock of it made her legs go wobbly, while she thought in horror: I’ve just squirted my juices out over his trousers!

But instead of scolding her, Sir Henry held her upright and kissed her forehead.



‘Eliza, now you shall go to the ball...’

# Chapter Twelve

The Grand Summer Slave Ball was held in another country house whose name Liza would never know. By the day it actually arrived, she was too excited to care - in between being sick with worry.

She would be on show as his personal slave as never before. She would have to deport herself perfectly. The thought of letting him down was inconceivable: but the reward was huge...

She would be allowed to dance with Sir Henry in public - or at least in front of a lot of other strangers who also kept slaves, which was the nearest thing it could be. She would not be just his pet on a leash, or simply sitting across the table from him while they ate, or even his pony girl. She would actually be dancing with him: a girl from a council estate dancing with a real "Sir", with their arms around each other and everything, to proper music, almost like a real couple... even if she would be half naked.

The Rolls parked alongside the by now increasingly familiar array of expensive cars, and Sir Henry, with the handle of her nose chain leash in one hand, helped her out. Before her, across the sweep of gravel, was a house lit by floodlights from outside and its windows glowing with light from within. It was even bigger than Wyvenhoe Hall, although she was sure it was not as homely.

There were big mirrors in gilt frames in the entrance Hall and Liza saw herself and Sir Henry reflected in them.

He, like the other men, wore a black dinner jacket with tails and a stiff-collared white shirt with studs and tails, while she glittered in silver and white.

She had a silver filigree tiara in her piled-up hair, and a high slave collar that flared under her chin to keep the head up made in

the same style. A silver filigree muzzle hooked to her nose ring on either side of her leash clip covered her mouth. The muzzle had an inner tongue that went between her teeth and clipped to the stud in her own pierced tongue, discreetly gagging her. White high heels with silver padlocks were locked to her ankles.

Long fingerless and thumbless white satin gloves covered her arms, matching the white satin basque corset, which pinched in her waist and supported silver filigree cups over her breasts. Diamond drops hung from her nipple rings. A silver filigree floral plume enfolded her bare pussy, locked into its rings at the same time as pulling it wide, leaving her pink moist secret valley gaping for all to see. A diamond drop hung delicately from her clit ring.

A dozen other lovely slave girls and pets, equally finely but minimally attired, were passing through the hallway with her. But she still felt the eyes of many dinner jacketed men fastening upon her, which left her dizzy with excitement. This was what going to the ball meant.

It was like stepping back in time to a more graceful age, but with more bare flesh.

Ballroom was huge and brightly lit, with glittering chandeliers and tall windows that opened out onto terraces and gardens. At one end, white-clothed tables were laden with bottles and glasses of champagne and glittering platters, bowls and salvers of delicate finger food, which was apparently the only sort of thing you ate at such occasions. Small tables and chairs lined the walls of the room, leaving the centre open. And there was a collection of the strangest things.

They were waist-high conical frames of light tubular metal ribs and hoops, with their flared ends resting on half a dozen castors. A wedge-like slot occupying a quarter of the circumference was cut into the sides of each frame. Their narrow top of ends ended in broad belts. From the backs of these belts, opposite the wedges in

the lower sections, rose a single vertical rib with another segment of rib as a crossbar. They had clips and hooks on their ends.

Liza stared at them. She realized they looked rather like those weird bamboo frames women in the past wore under their skirts to make them bell-out. But what were those little frames on top meant to do? Then she realized what the things were for and her nipples stood up.

Sir Henry led her to one of the dinner tables and gave her a drink and, briefly pulling aside her muzzle, fed her some of the little titbits with its own hands. She smiled at him in delight, feeling her loins tingling.

When everybody who was expected had arrived, the ballroom was filled with perhaps a hundred slaves and pets with a masters and mistresses. A distinguished looking well-dressed grey-haired man strode out of the middle of the floor. 'Welcome to the forty-third Grand Slave Ball,' he said. 'The first dance will be an Open Spanker for pets and slaves only. Masters and Mistresses: please put your pets in their skirts...'

The company led their girls to the cluster of skirts. Liza shivered as Sir Henry fitted her into one.

The belt buckled tightly about her waist over her basque. There was a rubber hook on a heavy spring hanging from the back of it that slid up into her anus, pulling her groin upwards. She realized that the frame at the back of the skirt had a gap between its hoops and ribs, framing her bare buttocks.

A clip on the belt post that now ran up her spine hooked the back of her collar, holding her head up.

'Hold your arms out,' he commanded her.

Clips on the ends of the crossbar hooked into loops sewn into her gloves, holding her arms outstretched with her hands at about

waist height.

A pair of things like stirrups on springs hung within the frame of her dress on each side of the wedge cut into it. Sir Henry slid them over her feet so they were locked against her heels. The tension pulled her legs apart and upwards, making her feel light on her feet. In fact, she could take them off the ground and the castors on the rim of the skirt frame still supported her.

Sir Henry gave the frame a twist and she spun around smoothly, with her toes barely touching the ground. Liza laughed in delight, even as she realized how helpless she now was. She could be pushed and pulled around by anyone.

When all the girls were locked into their skirts, they positioned them in a ring all facing inwards so that their outstretched hands touched. Sprung snap hooks on the ends of the crossbars were stretched across between their ends and interlocked. Now there was array of a hundred near naked girls all facing inwards with their exposed buttocks framed by their skirts facing outward.

Their masters and mistresses formed a ring just outside theirs. Twisting her head over her shoulder, Liza saw that they that they all now held spanking paddles.

Liza looked across the circle of pretty, expectant, fearful faces and trembling breasts and hard nipples. She could smell their excitement beginning to rise...

'The first rotation will be clockwise with reverses every minute,' the grey man said. 'Watch the hand for your cue...'

A projector concealed in the chandelier directly above them came on and illuminated the empty floor in the middle of their ring in the shape of a clock face. A single red hand stood at midnight.

Music began playing and the clock hand began to turn.

Immediately the ring of women began to turn clockwise, carrying Liza along with them. Their skirts glided over the floor, half carrying their weight and propelled by little skipping steps of their feet.

As they danced past the men ringing the room, they swung their paddles into the gaps in their frame skirts and smacked their bottoms. Soft flesh indented and rippled and a hundred women yelped in pain together, but they continued their circling dance.

Blinking back the tears in her eyes, Liza glided sideways in time with the music. Swish, smack! another man's spanking paddle beat against her bottom. Her anal ring contracted tightly about the hook inside it and she yelped and her feet skittered within her supporting frame, but it held her upright. Another few steps dancing sideways... swish, smack... her bottom was really getting hot now... Where was Sir Henry? When was it going to be his turn to spank her bottom? Would she know the difference? Her misty eyes were filled with the ring of bare bouncing breasts, of which hers were just one set. Whoever could have imagined such a sight?

The clock hand reached midnight again, and then the dancing circle of slave girls reversed...

\* \* \*

'The next dance will be a Penetration Waltz for master and slave only,' the grey-haired man announced.

Liza's bottom was burning and her cheeks were flushed and there were tears in her eyes, but she felt impossibly exhilarated. Doing it to music together with all those other women had been amazing!

The masters unfastened the ring of sweaty, panting slaves from each other. Then they adjusted the crossbars of the frames supporting their backs, twisting them at angles so that one arm was held raised and the other was extended forward lower down. Then they were turned around to face their respective masters.

Liza gasped as did several other girls.

All the men facing them had their flies open wide so that their ball sacks hung freely and their erect penises stood up hard.

*A Penetration Waltz...*

Smiling at the expression on her face, Sir Henry stepped into the open slot in her supporting skirt and took hold of her braced and gloved hands that were held ready for him. He slipped his penis into her eager wet cleft that was held apart especially for him. She groaned as he penetrated her.

Groans and gasps and sighs of pleasure and issued from a hundred mouths as pets and slave girls were impaled by their master's. Liza smelt a wash of female arousal filling the air.

The music started and the waltz began. She let him guide her around the room, barely touching the floor with her toes. There was no need for crude thrusting. Every step gently worked his manhood back and forth inside her. She realized that she was dripping on the floor and that she was not alone. They were all dancing over splatters of slavish excitement that shone on the polished boards. It was magical... unreal...

She held him tight inside her and danced on air as she came...

\* \* \*

Sometime in the early hours, the Rolls whispered through the dark country lanes, carrying them back home from the ball.

In the back Liza, rested her head on Sir Henry shoulder. Her well spanked bottom burned while her aching pussy dribbled onto the towelling pad Riley had thoughtfully placed on the seat. The tinted glass panel dividing the rear passenger seats from the driver was up, and she felt cosy in Sir Henry's arms in their own little world.

She was dizzy from exhaustion and delight and shock and surprise, several orgasms and a few glasses of champagne. She wanted to sleep, but there was something important she had to say first. He had taken her muzzle off. Before it was replaced, she had to speak...

'That was the most wonderful night of my life, Sir,' she whispered. 'Thank you so, so much!'

'I'm pleased you enjoyed yourself, Liza,' he said, idly fondling her breasts in their silver filigree cages.

'Was I all right, Sir? I didn't disappoint you?'

'You were a delight, Liza. As far as I was concerned, you were the Belle of the Ball.'

She had the strangest feeling that she had just reached the top of some invisible hill. It had been a hard climb, but now she could begin the easier descent down the far side the way ahead was clear. The words came out of her with equal ease. 'I don't ever want to disappoint you, Sir. Whatever you do, I want you to be pleased with me.' She didn't plan what came next, but they followed on perfectly naturally. 'You can whip me and shock me and screw me as hard as you like, if it pleases you. I want to suffer for you...'

Had she really said all that? Did she mean it? Yes, she did. It was all she had to offer. Offer for what? *Him* of course; so that every night would be like this one, so that he knew that she loved him...

She gave a little start. Did she really love him? But everything had suddenly become clear for her. Yes she did...

Sir Henry looked at her thoughtfully in the flickering light thrown back from the headlights as they reflected off hedgerows and trees, tilting her head up so he could look deep into her eyes. 'Do you mean that, Eliza? Do you want to really suffer for me?'



She felt sick with fear and joy. 'Yes, yes I do, Sir... as long as you want me, Sir.'

'I was thinking, as you have been such a good pet, that I would let you live in your own home again. You won't lose anything. The monthly payments will continue to your mother...'

The suggestion filled her with horror. 'No, please don't send me away, Sir! I want to stay with you, in the Hall!'

'As my pet?'

'Yes, Sir!'

'And you want to suffer to prove it?'

'Yes, Sir!'

'Even if it's really painful?' And he took hold of her ringed clit and dug his thumbnail into the nub of her super-sensitive flesh.

She yelped in pain and her eyes filled with tears, but she kept them upon his. 'E... even if I faint with p... pain, Sir. If it p... pleases you. Because... because I love you!'

There! She had said it aloud, for better or worse. She was not sure how he would take it. Would it seem like an insult to someone like him, coming from a common girl like her? She trembled in fearful anticipation. Would he be angry?

Sir Henry looked deeply thoughtful for a minute. 'Tomorrow I will send you to see somebody whose opinion I value on matters concerning girl pets. And you will tell him everything that has happened to you...'

# Chapter Thirteen

Liza lay back against the padded vinyl board to which she was strapped naked.

‘And that’s why I’m here now, Mr Pickering,’ she concluded.

As ordered, she had told this man everything: every dark intimate perverse secret of her time with Sir Henry. She had nothing left to hide, physically or emotionally. Sir Henry must trust him completely.

Pickering looked at her thoughtfully. ‘And when did your fear and resentment of Sir Henry, which was perfectly natural in the circumstances, turn into what you say is love?’ he asked.

Liza hesitated. Pickering pressed buttons on the control pad on the arm of his chair, and she yelped as a shock stabbed through her pussy and nipples at the same time.

‘I didn’t know it was happening at first,’ she said quickly, blinking away tears. ‘It was gradual... unconscious. Then I realized that he was not just making me a slave pet, which he could do easily. He also cared about me. He saw something beyond the stupid drunk girl with big boobs that he pulled out of the ditch. Once he got me in the Hall and started paying my mum out of my “salary”, he could have them and all the rest any time he wanted. But he really wanted me to make something better of myself. He tried to educate me, when he didn’t really need to do. Making me read from those old books and speak properly. It was hard at first, but after a while I began to enjoy it.’

‘Did it work?’

‘Yes. I’ve learnt a lot. I’m better spoken as I was. I’ve learnt things I never knew. He took me to places I never imagined existed! I’m better than the old me all round. I feel more alive now... and I love him for doing that... eeeek!’

He had zapped both her nipples and pussy this time.

‘I think that your use of the word “love” means nothing,’ he countered. ‘It is an overused word nowadays. You’re just saying it but you don’t really mean it deep down. It’s the sort of emotion a silly young girl might feel for a rich older man who has dominated her.’

‘No, it isn’t... awww!’

‘Yes, it is. And you’re going along with it because you think you can get more money out of him. You’re just a cheap slut on the make. Admit it and I’ll stop shocking you.’

His words horrified her. ‘No, no, I really love him!’

He got up and looked at her nose to nose. Then he slapped her breasts, using both hands together from the outside so that they smacked against each other and then bounced apart again.

‘Look at what he’s brought you to,’ he said as she whimpered, pointing at her reflections in the mirrors. ‘He’s made you a sex slave that he can give to strangers to abuse. How could you love a man like that?’

Liza sobbed. ‘Because he’s special! He was the first man ever to have me – by every hole I’ve got. And that made me special to him.’

‘Only because he told you it meant something.’

‘It did!’

‘Admit it: he’s a cruel sadist. He’s given you to me and hasn’t even told you why and now I’m torturing you!’

‘If that’s what he wants!’ she retorted, and then screamed again.

Pickering had pushed his stiff thumb and forefinger into her pussy slot and pinched and twisted her soft flesh.

‘I can do this all day, Eliza. Make it easy on yourself. He doesn’t have to know you were after his money. I’ll just say that you realize you made a silly mistake and you’re sorry now...’

‘No, I do love him,’ she sobbed. ‘I want to be his pet forever...’

Pickering went back to his chair and pressed the control buttons and wave after wave of shocks seared through her nipples and pussy like hammer blows. She bit on her gag bar and screamed and screamed. A familiar stream of agonised pee erupted from her pussy and spurted so far across the floor that it splattered across his trouser legs. And then everything went black...

\* \* \*

When Liza recovered her senses, the couch had been tilted flat once more. The sections under her legs had been pulled wide apart, opening up her groin. The terrible electric clips were no longer pinching on her nips and pussy. A man’s cock was pumping away inside her...

‘Sir... Sir,’ she choked out feebly.

‘No, it’s still me,’ said Pickering. ‘Your session is over, Eliza. There will be no more questions or shocks. Sir Henry said you would pay me for my time...’

She relaxed, opening her thighs little wider to him. If Sir Henry had said it then it was all right. If she was doing what he wanted, that was all that mattered...

Ohhhh...

So that was what true slavish freedom really meant: freedom from worry. If you loved and trusted somebody enough, you just had to obey them. She learned something new every day...

Pickering came inside her and she felt the automatic thrill from being used as her master wished, and her vagina clenched tight about him and she was rewarded for her service. After a minute enjoying the contractions of her pussy, he pulled out of her and tidied himself up. Then he undid her straps. 'Get dressed, Eliza. Sir Henry will be here to pick you up shortly. You will wait in the reception room, while I speak to him in here...'

\* \* \*

'Pickering's report on you was very pleasing,' Sir Henry said as the Rolls carried them home. 'It confirmed what I thought already, but I had to be sure. I'm sorry I put you through it, but it was necessary. You understand?'

Liza was sitting beside him mounted on a rubber impaler, squirming happily.

It was a small rubber mat with a large dildo rising out of its middle that was currently plugging her vagina. Around the base of the dildo were rings cast in the rubber to which her pussy rings were padlocked. Her dress was pulled up about her waist, which because of the tinted windows of the Rolls nobody could have seen from outside. Sir Henry's hand was resting in her crotch. It was the only way to travel...

Now, at his words, she found her nipples were trying to push out of the front of her dress. In some way she had pleased him. That was all that mattered...

'Yes, Sir. Of course, you have to be careful. I'm sure pets you've had in the past have said that kind of thing to you...'

‘They have said many things, but not quite the way you did,’ Sir Henry said. ‘By the way, whatever happens next between us, his was the last penis I will ever allow to be put up inside you. One way or another, I will be the only man to use you from now on. That padlock on your pretty pussy will only open to me in the future.’

Liza felt dizzy with delight. She would be exclusively his! That was all she wanted...

‘Ohhh... thank you sir...’

‘Now, last night you spoke of love and wanting to suffer for me. If you still feel like that, then I have something in mind... something special I have been saving for the right girl... if she is brave and determined enough. I could show it to you as soon as we get back, if you wish...’

Her heart gave a leap and her vagina squeezed hard about the rubber shaft inside it. ‘Yes please, Sir!’

Sir Henry pressed the intercom button. ‘Riley, please drive faster...’

# Chapter Fourteen

Liza knelt on the floor of the cellar dungeon, stripped of her clothes once more, and dressed only in her solid utilitarian collar. She watched trembling as Sir Henry rolled out a new device from storage and arranged it in the middle of the room.

A door-sized open wooden frame, filled-in with criss-crossed rubber straps and with assorted straps, chains and hooks hung about its rim, stood up at an angle with its bottom end hinged to the side of a low flat base board. Two adjustable sprung telescopic struts extended up from the other end of the base board at the back of the frame with their upper ends screwed to the frame sides, bracing it at its current angle. There was a third shorter telescopic rod, mounted on the middle of the base board, which rose at an angle so that its head pushed up into the middle of the mesh of rubber straps. A large black rubber dildo was mounted on the end of the rod, together with some wedge-shaped device at its base. A coil of electric cable spiralled down the length of this rod and connected to a transformer unit set on the base board, which Sir Henry now connected to the mains. A smaller cable from this device looped up to a button mounted on side of the tilted frame.

Liza stared at the device, feeling her stomach knotting up in anticipation while her nipples stood up hard and her aching pussy began to tingle once again. There must be more to it than met the eye. Why was it so special?

Sir Henry smiled at her obvious perplexity. 'It's a nice rack and good for giving a girl a sound lashing. They bounce very prettily against rubber straps, as if they're coming back for more. Having a dildo in their bottom adds to the intensity of the sensation. And then, when they're ready to please, it is pleasant to couple with them in that position, reclined as required. The dildo inside their rear passage makes them feel even tighter than normal. But that button

controls another device that I've never used on any girl before. Until now...'

'Please Sir, use it on me!' Liza begged.

'I haven't even told you what it does yet. A thrashing is just the warming up... '

'I don't care, Sir. As long as you want to use it.'

'It will be very cruel...'

'Not as cruel as not doing it to me, Sir. I want this...'

'Have a look at the base of the dildo...'

Liza scrambled forward and examined the wedge-shaped device, which faced forward along the dildo shaft. It was made of some kind of black ceramic, with two raised patterns of dull grey wire on each face, perhaps two centimetres high, each forming a capital "H". Then she looked at the electric wire connected to it and the transformer unit and felt her stomach knot in wonder and fear.

'You see what it does?' Sir Henry asked.

'Yes, Sir,' Liza said breathlessly.

'It's an electric branding iron. If I press the button while your rectum is impaled on the dildo, it will brand my initials on the inside curves of the fleshiest parts of your lovely buttock cheeks. Brands won't fade like a nettle caning. They'll be there forever.'

Liza gulped. She would be branded like an animal! She would have his mark on her for ever! How wonderful!

'Well, Eliza?'

For an answer, Eliza came round to the front of the rack frame, stood on it and laid back, spreading herself wide against the web of



rubber straps, so that she could feel the tip of the dildo rubbing into her bottom cleft. Then she looked at Sir Henry expectantly, waiting for him to strap her down.

‘Please give me a good lashing and then screw me, Sir. And while you’re inside me, please brand my bottom with your initials, Sir,’ she said, quite calmly and clearly.

Sir Henry bound her wrists and ankles firmly to the frame, with bungee cords hooked to the rings of her collar to hold her head straight. A rubber strap went across her mouth between her teeth to give her something to bite on. Then he adjusted the dildo rod, sliding the shaft up into her rectum so that the branding wedge pressed deep into her buttock cleft. She groaned as it filled her. Locked to the base of the dildo, it would be positioned perfectly...

Sir Henry went to a rack of punishment tools.

‘Now, what shall I beat you with...?’

He held up the nettle cane for her approval. Her nipples tingled and she nodded: that was just right. It would hurt so much...

Sir Henry stripped off his clothes. He was hard again and he looked magnificent. How had she ever imagined that a few grey hairs made a man look old?

He took up position, laying the cane across the trembling undersides of her breasts.

‘I’m going to beat you until your front is raw,’ he told her. ‘And then I’m going to penetrate your pretty cunny passage. And when you’re ready to orgasm, at the height of your pleasure, I’ll press the button. The elements will heat very quickly. It will be over in seconds...’

He swung the cane hard, making her breasts bounce. She screamed and bit on her gag strap.

The cane hissed and swished and smacked against her flesh, leaving stinging red slashes across it. Her nipples throbbed and burned and her stomach clenched as the cane beat upon it.

With every recoil from the cane she bounced against the rubber straps, driving the dildo deeper into her rectum, which was squeezing tight about it with every blow that fell. But however much she thrashed about, the branding wedge remained tightly pressed against the in-rolling curves of her buttocks. It was there, waiting for the right moment...

He slashed the nettle cane up between her thighs, decorating it with half a dozen searing welts. He caned her soft swollen pussy, which seemed to explode with pain. A humiliating but entirely proper stream of hot pee spurted out of her to show how total her surrender was. It thrilled her as it passed out of her swollen sex mouth. Yes, it was right that she wet herself, just like a beaten pet...

Sir Henry dropped the cane and lay against her and took hold of the rubber webbing to brace himself and rammed his cock hard up into her pussy. His naked flesh ground against her stinging welts. His weight stretched the rack straps further, impaling the dildo deeper inside her rear. The pressure of it within her pressed against her vagina which was filled with his shaft. She thought he was going to be torn apart between rubber and cock! Instead, a massive orgasm burst within her.

As she came, jerking her hips fiercely up against him so that he filled her body, he pressed the button.

Liza felt searing heat meet the raw delight in one perfect moment of ecstasy. And then, as she had promised, she fainted.

\* \* \*

Liza recovered to find Sir Henry was still inside her, with his body pressing against her stinging front, gently slapping her cheeks to bring her round

This time, literally, her bottom burned. She was still dizzy, hardly able to believe it. He'd done it! She was branded!

'Now you are mine for ever...' he told her.

'Th...thank you Sir... thank you so much Sir...' she choked out feebly about her gag. 'Please Sir... I want to see it, Sir... a mirror...'

'Of course.'

He pulled out of her clinging pussy, which did not want to let him go at first. When he came free it began to drip over the rubber straps beneath it. He went to the shadowy storage area, and came back with a full-length tilting mirror that he positioned in front of the frame. He pulled the dildo and branding device out of her rear. Then he freed her legs and pulled them up, bending her knees and twisting her hips outwards. He hooked fresh straps about the backs of her knees to hold her legs in place splayed wide, so that she could see up into her groin in the mirror.

There were two delicate red seared H's burned into her flesh hidden deep in the cleft of her buttocks on either side of her still distended anus. She caught her breath at the sight of them. Nobody else would see them, but every time he took her from behind, he could part her cheeks and see that her bottom hole, and all of her, belonged to him.

It was perfect!

He smiled and kissed her gently. 'Thank you, Eliza. I won't ever let you go now.'

She cried with tears of joy, and he let her until she was drained. He understood...

Sir Henry gazed fondly at her well beaten body stretched out on the rack and Liza lay there in her straps perfectly content to let him look at her for as long as he wished, savouring the steady throb and

sting of her brand, knowing that she had pleased him and that she would be his for ever. There was nothing left to say. No, there was one more thing she could do...

‘Please, Sir, a person can change their name, can’t they, officially I mean? So, it’s legal?’

‘Yes. It’s called Deed Poll.’

‘Then, I’d like to change my name to “Eliza”, Sir.’

He smiled. ‘I would like that very much. Curiously enough, I was also thinking about changing your name. I have always thought that there is very small difference between a well-trained, obedient and loving girl pet, and a well-trained, obedient and loving wife. You are already the first. With a little more education and practice, I’m sure you could be the second...’

And now he had in his hands, although she had not seen him pick it up, a small black jewel box, which he opened to show a sparkling diamond engagement ring.

‘What do you think, Eliza?’

She thought she would faint again. She couldn’t believe what he was saying. Marry him?

‘You didn’t think I sent you to Pickering just consult him about your suitability as a pet? That was beyond doubt. I was consulting him about your suitability as my wife...’

He went down on one knee before her, but only to unclip the ring through the delicate fleshy hood of clitoris and replace it with the engagement ring, which sparkled at the apex of her hot wet gaping cleft.

‘That’s where it belongs really on a girl like you. Think of it as a pledge for now. I’ll get another for public show when we’re ready to

make the announcement... unless you don't want it?'

She struggled to find her tongue. 'No, no Sir... I want it!'

'You did say you loved me, didn't you? And you kept saying it no matter how many times Pickering shocked you...'

'Yes, yes... and I do, Sir, but... I'm not good enough for you to marry...'

'I know for certain that you are. Who knows you better; literally inside and out? You gave yourself to me totally without any expectations of reward, but I have chosen to give you the most I can offer in return. You are lovely and bright and lively, and you have the courage to try to improve yourself. Pickering confirmed it. He said he was sure what you felt for me was genuine, and he envied me having you. So, you will be my wife and you will have the public respect due to you. In private, of course, you will still be my devoted little slave pet whose bottom I will regularly spank...'

It was perfect. Beyond her wildest dreams.

'Now, Mrs Eliza Harrison-to-be,' Sir Henry asked. 'What have you got to say for yourself?'

'I say... please, Sir, can you have me up my bottom hole like a kind husband-to-be, because it's feeling very empty right now and it needs filling. You'll find it between your initials...'

Sir Henry smiled and took her in his arms and kissed her and lay against her, flattening her hot sore breasts against his chest and pressing her engagement ring into her clitoris, and drove the hard shaft of his manhood deep up into her clinging hot rectum, as his initials burned on her bottom cheeks... for ever.

**THE END**

# Table of Contents

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)