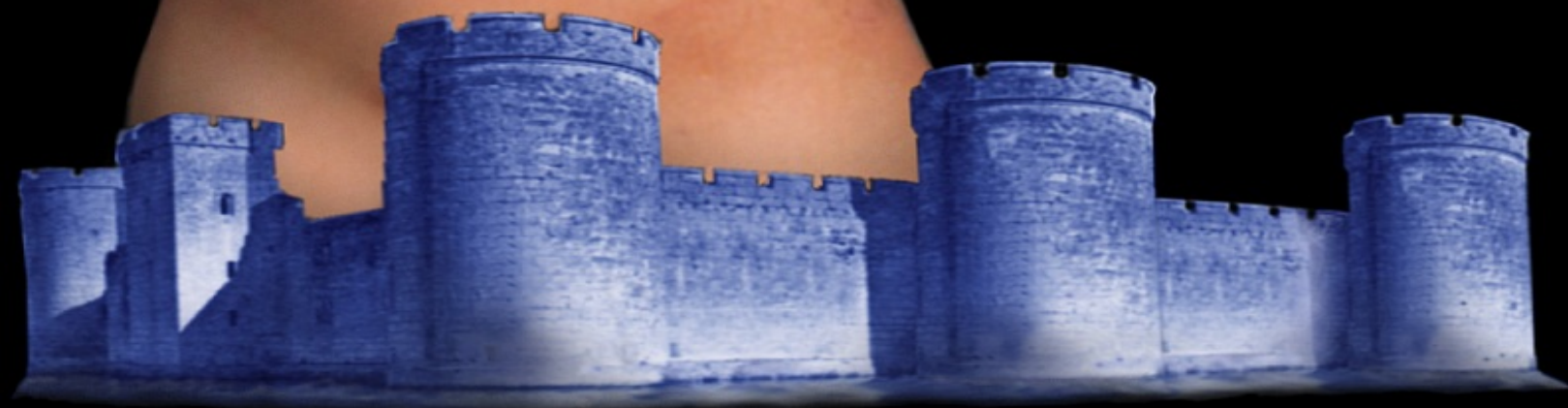


CASTLE — OF — SLAVES

Simon
GRAIL



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1: The Punishment for Trespassing

Emily read the sign on the heavy spike-topped five-bar gate hung across the footpath. It was not very welcoming.

WARNING:

THIS PATH CROSSES

THE DUNSCOMBE ESTATE

WHICH IS PRIVATE LAND.

TOLLS MAY BE EXACTED.

CONTINUE AT YOUR OWN RISK.

This was followed by a block of small print, which began: *Absolutely no littering will be permitted. No smoking. No picking of wild flowers...* At the bottom it read in larger type: *By order of Alaric Marchmount, Baron of Dunscombe.*

The walker's guide she had been following: *History on Foot*, also had a note that the continuation of the footpath across the estate was only permitted by the Baron's indulgence. However to go around would have added miles to her journey.

There was a tiny wooden hut just inside the gate where a keeper might shelter but it was currently empty. There was also a heavy padlock and chain hung about the gatepost but it was not locked through the gate frame itself. She tried the latch and the gate swung open easily. Maybe she'd be lucky and could use the path for free...

Emily stepped through, closed the gate carefully behind her, hitched up her pack again and strode onward.

The path beyond was one of those winding lanes running between high banks of red earth which were quite common in the west county of England. According to whichever story you believed, either they were secret and mysterious smugglers' ways or, more prosaically, they had been raised by local farmers in the distant past to protect their fields from the attentions of deer which at the time had been protected royal game animals in this part of the country. It was apparent that today it was the Baron who was trying to keep his land safe from encroachment. A line of trees ran along the tops of the banks with a five strand wire fence strung between them. At regular intervals there were: PRIVATE LAND: TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED notices facing into the lane.

Still it was all part of history and that was Emily's current interest. She was reading history at university and was taking a couple of weeks out during her summer vacation to combine a thrifty walking holiday with some practical research towards her final degree dissertation, which currently had the loose working title of *Social Structures in late Middle Age English Society*. Of course it would have been nice if she had a suitable companion, preferably something hunky of the opposite sex, but on this warm summer day she decided there were worse ways of spending her time.

Then she rounded a bend in the path and came across a second tollgate hung with an identical warning notice, suggesting that the private path continued on beyond it. Why would anybody have a tollgate halfway along the path? One at each end was usually considered sufficient.

As she approached she saw that unlike the first gate this one was chained shut and manned.

A lean, hard-faced man dressed in a green shooting jacket and cap and carrying a shotgun stepped out of the little hut beside the gate. He had a camera slung about his neck. As she approached the gate he held up a warning hand. 'You'll have to pay the toll before you can continue any further, Miss,' he said.

It looked like she was not going get through the free after all.

Emily fished about in the change pocket of her jeans. 'How much?'

she asked.

‘The price it shown on the board...’ the man said, pointing at a line of the small print halfway down. He added: ‘You really should have read it at the main gate...’

Emily had to bend close to the sign to read it. It said: *‘Unescorted women may be required to pose for a nude photograph as a toll for using this pathway.’*

‘What!’ Emily exclaimed, goggling at the incredible words. ‘Is this a joke?’

‘It’s not a joke, Miss,’ the man said with a stony face. ‘The toll is a nude photograph. Sir Alaric likes to keep an intimate record of all young women who use the path. It’s a hobby of his and since he owns this land and he can set any toll he wishes for people crossing it.’

‘You’re actually saying he asks for naked photographs of “unescorted women”? And what are “unescorted women” anyway?’

‘An unmarried woman or women travelling without male company. They’re most likely to pay the toll...’

Emily felt a shiver up her spine but she tried to sound flippant: ‘Hasn’t he ever heard of cash?’

‘Sir Alaric has plenty of money, Miss. But he believes attractive women are far rarer and more precious.’ He held up this camera. ‘You can do it here and now. It won’t take five minutes...’

Emily blinked but the man seemed totally sincere about his outrageous request. ‘Well I’m not stripping off for any Baron’s sick hobby,’ she said with feeling.

‘Then you’re not going any further, Miss,’ the man said firmly.

‘All right, then I won’t!’ Emily said stiffly. She turned on her heel and strode back along the path the way she had come.

She had never heard of anything like this before. Of course the rich and titled were meant the eccentric, but this was too much. Did he seriously expect some women would strip off just for the privilege of taking a shortcut through his land? Actually nowadays maybe a few exhibitionists might if they thought it was enough of a joke, but she wasn't one of them...

The first gate came into view again. But this time there was a man in the little hut beside it and the chain was now padlocked across it.

He stepped out as she approached. He was dressed identically to the first man right down to his shotgun and the camera slung about his neck.

He held up a hand. 'You'll have to pay a toll, Miss.'

'Let me guess, you want me to strip off for a nude photograph?' Emily said sarcastically.

'That's right, Miss...'

'But I only came through this way the five minutes ago! I'm going back the way I came.'

'It doesn't matter which way you're going, Miss. You've been using Sir Alaric's private foot path and you've got to pay the toll he has set.' He looked her trim figure up and down with approval. 'It's won't take you five minutes and you don't look as though you'd have anything to be ashamed of...'

'This is ridiculous! It can't be legal! Unlock that gate and let me out of here!'

He stood firmly between her and the gate, raising his gun slightly. 'Not until you've paid the toll, Miss.'

Even if she could have got round him climbing over the gate with its row of spikes along the top would have been hazardous. She was trapped on the path.

‘You’re holding me here against my will!’ she said. ‘I’m calling the police...’ She took out her phone and turned it on. But there was no signal.

‘Mobile phones don’t work very well around here, Miss,’ the man said helpfully. ‘Poor reception in this area. And I’m not holding you against your will. I’m simply asking you to pay the legal toll for using this private footpath. It’s not as though you can’t afford it. All you have to do is take your clothes off and pose for a minute... ‘

‘You’re mad!’

‘No, Miss,’ he continued politely but implacably, ‘I’m just doing my job...’

‘To hell with you then!’

Emily moved back from the gate around the curve of the path until she was out of sight of both gatekeepers and then looked about her desperately. If she couldn’t go forward or back she’d have to go sideways. The banks were steep but they were climbable thanks to tree roots jutting out of them. And the fence at the top was not barbed wire. Once above ground level she might also get a signal for a phone. And then she’d tell the police what was going on here. It could not be legal and trapping her on the path was certainly criminal. Possibly the gate keepers, whoever they were, were doing it a private joke just to see if anybody would fall for it. Well she didn’t think it was very funny...

She scrambled her way up the most likely looking bank, using the dangling tree roots like mountaineering ropes, until she reached the top. Beyond the fence was a stretch of fallow field, some belts of trees and then the low hill on which Dunscombe Castle stood. That had been somewhere she would have liked to visit, but the guidebook said it was not open to the public. She had wondered if she could make a request for a private viewing but now she just wanted to see the back of the place.

She ducked through the fence and stood upright.

‘Stop right there!’ boomed a commanding voice.

Emily twisted about and saw man advancing towards her. A little way behind him stood a land rover.

He was dressed in a tweed jacket, trousers and cap. He also carried a shotgun, but unlike the gatekeepers he was pointing it directly at her. As he advanced closer she saw he was in his late thirties or early forties, with broad shoulders, a strong Roman nose, heavy brows and a square jaw. There were things hanging from the sides of his belt half concealed by his jacket: a length of chain and what might have been a riding crop.

By now Emily was in no mood to be shouted at. ‘And who the hell are you?’

‘I am Alaric Marchmount and you are trespassing on my private land,’ he said. ‘Explain yourself!’

‘I had to climb out of that footpath of yours,’ Emily replied, struggling not to appear intimidated by his gun. ‘The gatekeepers said the toll was taking nude pictures of me.’

‘That’s quite correct, I set it myself. What of it?’

He was looming above her now and she realized he was head and shoulders taller than she was. Piercing flinty grey eyes transfixed her. It was hard to return their gaze but she made herself to stand her ground.

“‘What of it’? Don’t you realize it’s an insulting, chauvinistic and sexist thing to ask?’

‘No. It indicates the value I put on female flesh. Some women have bodies that deserve celebrating and I enjoy keeping a record of them. It’s a perfectly reasonable price for the privilege of using my footpath.’ The gun barrel was still pointing at her. ‘And now you will pay it or face the consequences...’

Emily gulped, dragging her eyes away from the menacing barrel. But this was 21st-century England, not some lawless wilderness, she reminded herself. ‘You may talk tough, but I know you won’t shoot me in cold blood

just for not paying your sick toll. Now I'm going to find the quickest way off your land...'

And she turned her back and strode away.

Emily heard the gun go off with a frightening bang and she felt the shot strike the backs of her legs, stabbing through her jeans as though she was being stung by a dozen wasps. She shrieked more in shock at the actuality of it than in pain and stumbled and fell to the ground. In horror she twisted about to see the backs of her legs were feathered with fluffy red tufts which were tails of a dozen small sharp darts that had embedded themselves in her calves and thighs. Even as she reached out a trembling hand to pull them out of her flesh she felt the life leaving her legs as a terrible cold numbness spread through them.

'Stun shot,' Marchmount said, striding up to her as he ejected the spent cartridge and reloaded his gun. 'The dartlets are filled with a local anaesthetic. They'll recover perfectly well but for the next twenty minutes there will be no running away from me, young lady.'

'You insane bloody bastard!' Emily shrieked at him, clutching at her numbed legs in horror. 'You actually shot me!' She flopped onto her side scrabbling for her phone, desperately hoping there would be a signal now. 'I'm going to get the police onto you...'

He reached out one big hand and tore the phone easily from her grasp. 'You are not going to call anybody. You are the one in breach of the law. Now I will have that toll.'

'What?' Emily groaned. 'Give me back my phone!'

'It is confiscated. I do not permit uninvited visitors to use them on my land. Now you will pay what you owe me. We will consider the matter of your trespass later.'

'And you can go fuck yourself!' Emily sobbed, struggling to sit upright and pull the darts from her legs.

Marchmount bent and slapped her twice across the cheeks, once with the flat of his hand and then the back. His hand was big, hard and strong and the blows made her head ring. She clutched at her burning cheeks, dizzy not so much with the pain of the slaps as the fact that they had been delivered so deliberately and without hesitation.

‘You will not insult me again or you will suffer the consequences,’ he warned her. ‘Now you will remove your clothes, or else I will numb the rest of your body and remove them myself. Being shot at this range will be quite painful before the anaesthetic takes effect.’ He levelled the shotgun at her once more. ‘Which is it to be?’

Emily looked into his hard eyes and realized that he meant it. He really would shoot her again and strip the clothes off her while she lay numb and helpless. He was insane! But here, on his land, he was the master. She looked about wildly but there was no one else in sight. The only people within earshot might be the gatekeepers, and they would hardly aid her against their employer.

‘You have ten seconds to start undressing,’ Marchmount said.

She had no choice...

Biting her lip Emily shrugged off her backpack and then peeled her jersey up over her head. Getting her boots and trousers off her numbed legs was the most awkward part. She had to bend them with her hands to reach the laces and before she could pull her trousers off she had to pluck the darts from her legs. Fortunately it did not hurt because of the numbness they had imparted. They had left little bruised puncture marks in her flesh. Squirming about with shameful awkwardness she finally wriggled her panties down off her legs and then lay sprawled trembling on the grass, half resting on her elbows before Marchmount, totally naked.

With his boot tip he casually prodded her limp legs wider, exposing her groin. She stifled a whimper of fear and disgust as he looked her over without any sign of doubt or embarrassment, only intense fascination.

Emily’s skin was fair where it had not been lightly tanned by her

recent days outdoors walking. She had shoulder length wavy dark hair combed back from a high forehead. Her face was bright and open, with hazel eyes, dark thin peaked brows and, normally when it was not pinched in fear as it was now, a wide smile. The bridge of her nose was slightly scooped. Her full rounded breasts stood out from a slender chest. They were capped by brown nipples that swelled from buttons to plump cones when excited. Her waist was tight and her navel a narrow slot. This emphasised the flare of her hips into full fleshy thighs and smooth, deep cleft buttocks. A thin strip of fine wispy pubic hair ran down to the apex of her tight cleft from which the tongue of her inner labia protruded easily.

Marchmount nodded. 'Yes, I thought you would have a good body. Now I'll make proper use of it...'

He picked up her pack and stuffed her discarded clothes and boots into its side pockets. Then he unhooked the coiled chain from his belt. Emily now saw it had a leather handle on one end and a loop on the other. Before she could stop him he had dropped the loop over her head and pulled it tight about her neck. It was a dog's choke chain leash!

'You'll come with me,' he told her, gathering up her pack.

'I can't walk!' Emily gasped.

'Then crawl!'

And he set off back towards the land rover, holding the handle of her leash in one hand and her pack and his gun in the other, dragging her across the ground behind him by her chain, her numbed legs trailing uselessly after her.

Emily shrieked and choked as the loop tightened painfully about her neck and desperately began to crawl after him on her hands and elbows, clawing herself along through the rough grass, its stalks brushing over her bare breasts and scraping down her belly. There was nothing else she could do when he was treating her as if she was a rag doll. Oh God, he was strong... like some medieval throwback to a more brutish age! A throwback with a gun, a castle estate and total power over her!

They reached the Land Rover and Marchmount casually tossed her pack into the passenger seat along with his gun. Then he dragged Emily on round to the back of the vehicle. Only now did she see that there something connected to its tow bar.

It was a light tubular metal A-frame, supported on the ends of its splayed base by a pair of bike wheels. The cross bar linking the sides of the frame a little above its middle was padded with foam rubber strip and a number of bungee cords hung from the sides of the frame. The apex of the frame was raised on a vertical post slotted onto the tow bar mount so that it stood almost head high, which meant that the frame itself was angled at about forty-five degrees.

Before Emily could comprehend what he intended, Marchmount caught hold of her under her arms and heaved her up onto the frame so that the padded bar pressed into the small of her back. Catching hold of her wrists he pulled her arms up over her head and then wrapped one of the bungee cords about them, tying them to the apex of the frame.

‘No... what are you doing?’ Emily cried in growing alarm as her wrists were crossed and bound over her head. ‘Stop that... you can’t... not like this you insane shit!’

He took no notice and wrapped the dangling choke chain about her neck and tucked the end under her collar, holding her head down. Then he pulled more bungee cords across her body, both above and below her breasts and across her middle. Then he lifted her limp legs and laid them along the tops of the diverging legs of the frame and wrapped cords about her thighs, knees and ankles. When he was done she was bound to the frame in the shape of an inverted “Y” with her legs gaping wide in terrible invitation. He looked down on her with satisfaction.

‘That’s much better,’ he said. ‘You are an extremely attractive specimen of girl flesh and a body like yours should not be concealed but proudly displayed...’ He unhooked what she had taken to be a riding crop from his belt. She now saw it was a thick bamboo cane with a platted leather handle and long strip of black rubber on its end, the tail of which was sliced into yet finer strips. ‘But your mouth is wayward and needs curbing. I said

you would suffer if you insulted me again, and I always keep my word...’

Standing between her bound numb legs he swung the crop strap across her breasts. It struck with a sharp crack, the rubber cutting square down across her nipples, driving them deep into her resilient globes. Her breasts flattened under the force of the impact and then rebounded with a heavy fluid motion. Her nipples, now burning with pain, sprung back up again, as if begging for more.

Emily’s shriek of distress was swallowed up by the rolling field as hot tears sprang from her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

Marchmount ignored them as he ignored her scream. Methodically he swung the crop strap across her breasts, striking from right to left and back again, tanning their sides and upper slopes and heavy undercurves. Under his blows they danced and jiggled and bounced and trembled even as they turned from pink to crimson. And then he lowered the strap and swiped it across her smooth stomach, making her navel pinch inwards desperately. Another shift of aim and stance and he swiped the rubber strap up between her splayed legs so that it smacked into the plump pout of her sex mouth. Emily screamed as it is cut deep into her soft wet cleft, the thongs of its finely divided end tearing between her delicate labia and up across her shamefully swollen clitoris.

Marchmount stayed his hand from moment. ‘Are you ready to apologise or do I need to beat you further?’

Emily had never imagined her will could be broken so easily. Later she might rally again but at this moment she was shocked and dazed and overwhelmed by her punishment and his total self-assurance. Her breasts and stomach and pussy felt as if they were on fire, and she could not muster the strength or courage to resist it.

‘Yes... yes,’ she snivelled, ‘I’m sorry I called you names...’

‘From now on you will call me “Sir”, do you understand?’

‘Yes, Sir...’ she said feebly.

‘Now beg for your mouth to be closed.’

‘P... please, Sir... c... close my mouth, Sir...’

He pulled another bungee cord over her upraised upper arms and between her teeth, cutting into the corners of her mouth and forming a crude gag. He bound it twice about her before hooking it tight.

‘You will speak again only when I permit you,’ he said, stroking her blushing, tear-streaked cheek.

Even through her fear and pain, she was suddenly painfully aware of his closeness and her utter helplessness.

His hand slid down from her mouth over her neck and he clasped her hot trembling breasts in his big hands and cupped and squeezed them, and then drew on them, stretching her beaten nipples into painful peaks and letting them snap back into place. He slapped her breasts from both sides, watching them jiggle and rebound pneumatically from each other. Unwillingly her sore nipples began to swell and harden.

Marchmount ran his hands across her belly and rubbed his big fingers through the cleft of her stinging tender sex mouth. No... no! Emily gurgled and chewed on the bungee cords cutting through her mouth and her eyes widened in desperate protest as he examined the intimate folds of her love mouth and the moist warmth exuding from it, which to her shame his touch seemed to redouble. One finger slid up into the month of her vagina, testing its elasticity and ease of penetration.

‘You’re no virgin I see...’ he commented.

She saw a bulge growing in the front of his trousers and tried to shake her head in protest. But she was totally helpless and completely exposed to anything he cared to do with her. She was his captive, his prisoner, and he seemed to be without any morals or compassion.

‘Now, as compensation for evading my toll, I shall make use of you as nature intended...’

He opened his flies, freeing a huge swelling penis that jutted out at an alarmingly high angle. He stepped between her spread legs and Emily realized that the frame held her hips at exactly the right height for his purpose. He took hold of her buttocks to brace himself and without preamble thrust the head of his shaft up between her sex lips.

Emily sobbed and squirmed as his big cock shaft filled her to the hilt, making her lower belly bulge as her sheath accommodated its frightening dimensions. Her eyes locked helplessly on Marchmount's as his gimlet gaze seemed to penetrate her mind as easily as his penis was her vagina, crashing any feeble thoughts of resistance still lingering within her. Her struggle ceased and she lay back helplessly in her elastic bonds as he began to thrust steadily and relentlessly back and forth, making her bounce slightly on the frame as it flexed under her. There was no concern for her feelings or comfort. He was using her body solely for his own pleasure at his own pace.

It was shocking, insulting, primitive and vile... and yet also terribly, frighteningly exciting. He had total power over her and so of course he was taking what he wanted.

By now her nipples were standing up like thimbles and her pussy was dribbling with lubricating juices. It was as if he was forcing her to respond to him whether she wished to or not.

He took one hand off her hips to slap her simmering breasts again; apparently amused by the way they heaved and rebounded from his blow.

That was so cruel and yet her breasts throbbed and tingled and grew even hotter, while her nipples, now a deep pink, felt as if they would burst! She hated and despised him and yet she was reacting to his handling of her, his domination and invasion of her, as if caught up in some wild animal-like rut. She was being overwhelmed by a display of raw masculinity. It was like nothing she had ever felt before. He was like no one she had ever met before...

With a grunt Marchmount came inside her and she felt his hot powerful jet of semen filling her sheath. Then with a muffled wail a sudden sharp explosive climax overtook her, spraying her juices over his terrible

shaft. Briefly she was carried away by the raw thrill of it and forgot how it had been put upon her. She had come because a vigorous and powerful cock had been buried deep inside her, which at that moment was all that mattered...

For a minute he stood between her legs still lodged within her, apparently savouring his domination over her and the hot wet embrace of her sheath, while she lay shivering and dazed on the frame. She ached from his pounding and her own shame at being unable to resist it. She had even cum as if she had enjoyed herself! What had he done to her?

Finally Marchmount pulled his softening shaft out of her sopping cleft and walked round to her head. He took a handful of her hair where it dangled beneath the frame and used it to wipe his penis clean, while she struggled not to be sick.

‘Now you’re going to be tried for trespass before the local magistrate,’ he told her. Perhaps he saw the brief flicker of hope in her eyes at the thought of making contact with someone in authority, because he added with a smile: ‘And I am the local magistrate and my court is in Dunscombe Castle...’

He climbed into the Land Rover. The engine started and the vehicle set off across the field, trailing Emily on her swaying, bouncing frame helplessly after it, with her bare breasts bobbing and Marchmount’s juices and her sperm dribbling down onto the grass from between her spread legs.

2: The Castle of Captive Women

Emily still could not quite believe how her life had been turned upside down in the last half-hour. She felt sick and dazed and wanted to curl up in a mental ball and hide until it melted away like a bad dream. But the jolting of the frame did not allow her that luxury. It insisted on reminding her that this was all too terribly real...

The Land Rover passed through a field gate out onto a narrow lane which wound its way past more fields and belts of trees and then curved round and climbed up the wooded sides of Castle Hill. Bound to the frame trailing behind it, even as she rolled her eyes about wildly trying to see where she was being taken, Emily cringed at the thought of her naked body being on display to anybody they passed. This was all private estate and at least she was not being exposed to the gaze of the public, but nevertheless what would his staff or family think of Marchmount bringing back a naked woman tied to the back of his Land Rover? He must be mad!

On the other hand, why else would he have this frame ready together with a shotgun loaded with stun shot? Had he done something like this before?

She saw the grassy banks of earthen defensive scarps topped by steep walls to one side of them and then the Land Rover made a sharp turn onto a flagged strip of roadway that passed over a bridge spanning a dry moat. Gate towers and a portcullis passed over her head and then they went through a set of heavy iron bound and studded wooden doors onto a gravel drive that crossed a grassy yard contained within the towers and curtain walls of the castle with trees around its perimeter.

And amongst the trees she thought she saw a flicker of bare flesh and she had the brief bizarre impression of three naked women encased in some kind of harness riding devices that looked not unlike children's hobbyhorses. She only saw them for a second before they passed out of her line of sight, leaving her doubting the evidence of her own eyes. Was she the one who was

going mad?

As the Land Rover looped around the drive she saw ahead a tall square grey stone building with towers at each corner, a crenulated roof and many narrow windows. They passed through a second smaller double gateway, which closed automatically behind them, and they emerged into a closed courtyard overlooked by larger interior windows and stone balconies.

And this time there was no doubt about what she saw.

In one corner of the courtyard there was a small pit of sand in which were placed a stout upright wooden post, a wooden cross and a large hollow wooden wheel. Chained inside it like an exercising hamster was a naked harnessed woman jogging steadily to keep herself upright. As Emily goggled at her rolling buttocks and bouncing breasts disbelief was overcome by a deep, gnawing horror. Marchmount did not simply want to photograph naked women; he kept them captive in his castle!

Marchmount parked the vehicle under a lean-to awning sheltering several other vehicles, including some very expensive cars, and came round to Emily carrying her backpack. He began untying her from the frame. As the bungee cords were loosed from her legs Emily realized she could feel sensations in them once more. The effects of the stun shot were wearing off.

Before he pulled the cord out of her mouth he said: 'Remember you do not speak until I give you permission.'

He pulled the cord out of her mouth, then took hold of her by her leash once more and jerked her up onto her rubbery legs.

The instinct to preserve what modesty she had left was stronger than her desire to escape on her still shaky legs. Blushing Emily hunched her shoulders and tried to cover her breasts and pubes with her hands, which only made her feel more exposed and helpless. As she glanced back at the naked woman in the wheel, Marchmount strode across the yard to the imposing doorway on the right of the entrance arch at the top of a shallow flight of steps. This led through a reception hall into a large room with a fine oak beamed ceiling.

Tapestries and oil paintings hung on the walls between stone mullioned and leaded windows set in deep embrasures. At the nearer end of the room was a big heavy table with several chairs arranged about it. It was on this table that Marchmount set down her backpack. A wall next to it was taken up by a stack of shelves with rows of what looked like red and black ledgers and record books with faded spines on them, a green metal safe and a printer. At the far end of the room was a low raised stone dais with a big carved and painted wooden shield bearing a coat of arms hung on the wall behind it, framing a high chair set in the middle of the dais in throne-like fashion. It was of dark carved oak and was clearly very old, but it had a modern pivoting extension arm fitted on one side which carried a house phone and laptop. It was mounted on a solid wooden disk. For some reason the space beneath the chair's heavy legs was enclosed by metal grille panels.

Next to the chair was an upright metal cage of black iron bars about the size of a telephone box with complicated internal fittings.

‘This is the Baron’s Audience Chamber, where the masters of Dunscombe have held audience with petitioners and settled disputes,’ Marchmount told her. ‘It is the court where they have passed judgement over the tenants and workers for nearly six hundred years. And today it’s your turn...’

He led her down the room to the dais. As he did Emily she saw a movement underneath the high chair and her eyes widened in fresh horror. There was a naked girl trapped beneath the chair, imprisoned by the grilles between its legs as if they were cage!

She was doubled over on her knees with her arms stretched out and backwards with her wrists cuffed to the cage sides. Her head was hung low but Emily saw her pale face looking out at her and the light glinting off her eyes. She had some kind of metal strap bound across her mouth.

What was this place?

Marchmount saw the direction of the gaze and led her over to the chair, tugging her leash chain downward so that Emily ducked and could see how the girl was secured within her strange prison.

Her knees were spread wide and ankles were also cuffed to the side panels of the cage. She wore a metal collar about her neck which was hooked to the top of the cage holding her in position. Her head was enclosed by what looked like a modern version of a scold's bridle: two interlocked bands of metal, one of which ran across her mouth and round her cheeks to the back of the neck, and the other over her crown where it divided about her nose and closed again in a hoop under her chin. There were held together at the back of her neck by a small padlock, next to the ring which was hooked to the top of the cage. Her full breasts hanging heavy from her chest rested on a pair of spike-topped pads which were supported by vertical rods set in slots in the cage base.

‘This is how it works,’ Marchmount said proudly.

He turned the big chair by hand and it rotated smoothly on its swivelling disk base. As it did so the rods pumped alternately up and down driven by some cam mechanism beneath the cage floor, stabbing the spiked pads up into the girl's breasts, pummelling them cruelly as it set them rippling and heaving. She whimpered in pain. When the chair had rotated through half a turn Emily could see the girl's pale bare buttocks pressing against the back panel of the cage. Another rod extended up at an angle from the cage base with a big ribbed rubber dildo on its end which penetrated her smooth shaven sex mouth, stretching it wide. Her pussy lips were wet and there were stains on the cage floor beneath it.

Marchmount spun the chair back around again and Emily saw the dildo making her pink wet labia ripple as it was spun about by gears beneath the cage floor, churning it cruelly within her wet vagina. The girl gave another muffled moan, although Emily was not sure if it was in pain or pleasure.

‘She is one of my tithe servants,’ Marchmount explained. ‘One is kept under that chair, which was used by the first baron of this castle, at all times, day and night. She signifies the ancient compact between my family and our tenants and villagers.’

As if that was sufficient explanation for such shocking treatment of living human being, he pulled Emily away from the chair towards the cage.

Emily could not take her eyes off the girl, too shocked to react even as Marchmount opened the door of the cage. He hooked the end of her leash to its far wall and pushed her inside.

The cage was hung with chains and rubber lined cuffs and coil-sprung plastic covered electric cables with big metal clamps on their ends resembling the cables and clamps in car jump-starter kits. There were some metal rods with bulbous ends rising up from the cage floor out of a rubber covered dome the size of a cooking bowl and a kind of heavy helmet hanging downwards from its roof. Its floor was a shallow plastic tray like in a shower stall.

‘I call this the Cage of Truth,’ Marchmount said. ‘Nobody leaves it until they’ve told me everything I want to know. I once kept a woman in here for three days. A stubborn creature but she broke in the end after she got tired of standing in her own wastes...’

Oh God he really was a monster!

Panic and a sense of claustrophobia suddenly overwhelmed Emily and she tried to push her way past him, only to be jerked back by her leash.

‘Let me get out of here!’ she cried desperately.

Marchmount slapped her into silence again and while she was still dizzy he caught hold of her wrists and pulled them up and outwards and snapped the cuffs dangling from the middle of the upper corners of the cage. The rubber linings of the cuffs pressed tightly against her skin so she could not slip her hands out of them.

Marchmount bent down and pulled her legs wide and cuffed her ankles to another set of cuffs fitted to the bottom corners of the cage, so that she stood spread-eagled between them squirming helplessly. Then he lowered the device from the centre of the cage roof down over her head. It was no helmet but a fork made of heavy iron brackets hanging down in an inverted “Y” on either side of her ears. It had sockets and screw fittings on its tips that pressed inward-facing rubber-lined iron plungers against her temples like the jaws of a vice as Marchmount wound them tight, trapping her head between them. Hung between these fittings were adjustable chains that supported a

rubber bar. Marchmount pushed this between Emily's teeth like a horse's bit. Then he tightened the chains on each side to hold it in place.

'You can speak around it but you'll need something to bite on when I question you to save your teeth and tongue...' he warned her ominously.

The mount of the restraining fork clamped to her head was spring-loaded, so that she could twist head a little from side to side but it made it go back again, keeping her head up and her eyes looking straight in front of her at the big chair and the helpless girl beneath it.

He bent down to the pair of rods set in the base of the cage. They had screw fittings which he extended upwards. On their ends were metal probes connected to wires that looped loosely round the rods. He slid these up into her anus and still sticky vagina, making her squeal in shame and fear as they penetrated her and he screwed them tight so that she stood impaled upon them, frighteningly conscious of their hard unyielding presence inside her. Now any movement of her hips churned and ground them within her.

From the cage sides he unhooked the coiled electric cables with the fearsome spring clamps on their ends. Emily's eyes widened in horror she realized what he was going to do with them. She snivelled and tried to shake her head, but of course it was far too late now.

'I've always thought that women's nipples lend themselves so naturally to this process,' he said. 'You see yours are rising just at the thought of it...'

And it was true. To Emily shame and despite her terror, her nipples were swelling at the thought of the metal teeth about to bite into them.

Marchmount squeezed her breasts and pinched her nipples out and clipped the clamps to them. She winced in pain as they dug their teeth into her teats, trailing their coiled wires to the cage sides.

Then Marchmount unhooked the lower set of electric clamps. These he closed about her sore labia from each side, clamping her inner and outer lips together. Emily whimpered as they bit into her already tenderised flesh

and opened up the wet pink inner valley of her pussy, exposing every detail of its interior from her vaginal passage to her swollen clitoris and the small mouth of her urethra.

Marchmount closed and bolted the cage door. Now she was impaled and clamped and gagged and drawn out wide, all within a cage which only exposed her naked body further even as it added to her sense of helpless confinement. She could only watch Marchmount out of the corner of her eyes as he emptied her pack onto the big table, spreading out its contents, including the clothes she had been wearing which he put aside in a small pile. He gathered up her phone and purse and took them back with him to the highchair. He examined them for a moment, taking out her credit cards and punching the buttons of her phone, and then swivelled the chair round to face Emily. The tithe girl bound in the cage beneath it moaned as her breasts were jabbed and the dildo churned in her pussy mouth.

Marchmount tapped a few keys on the laptop and said: 'I'm going to ask you some questions about yourself and your possessions and you will answer promptly and completely. First you will give me the code to unlock your phone memory and the pin numbers of your credit and debit cards.'

What did he want them for? Had this suddenly become theft? Despite her burning shame instinct made her shake her head as far as the clamps on her temples allowed while indistinctly she said: 'no... I won't... that's none of your business...eeeeek!'

Marchmount had pressed a button on the laptop and Emily screamed and then bit on to her rubber bit as her nipples seemed to burn as a thousand hot needles were driven through them by hot electric hammers.

And then the current shifted to her labia and she gurgled and shrieked afresh as they were zapped in turn. After a few agonised seconds of this they were left tingling and throbbing while the rods up her rectum and vagina came alive, stabbing her with a fresh volley of electric needles, making her chained body shiver; vibrating and convulsing violently even as her sphincter and sheath clamped desperately about them in helpless reflex.

Then as a kind of finale everything came alive at once. Her nipples

and labia and her front and back passages were relentlessly filled with stinging stabbing pain that pulsed and burned within her so she imagined she could hear it crackling through her body even as her ears rang with her own screams that echoed back from the stone walls. It was too much. Her self-control was totally overwhelmed and a fitful jet of pee erupted from the clamped-wide lips of her vulva and squirted across the cage floor.

The current cut-off leaving her shaking violently and dribbling about the bit in her mouth and dripping pee between her legs. Echoes of pain coursed and reverberated through her. She could imagine her pussy and breasts smouldering while her rectum and vagina ached as if they had been kicked. She had wet herself in front of him and fresh shame burned in her cheeks. And yet somewhere deep down inside she had felt a confusing dark thrill of acute and intimate awareness as the water had spurted out of her convulsing, clenching sex mouth, which only added to her misery.

‘I’ll ask you once more,’ Marchmount said. ‘And you will answer fully or else I will increase the current intensity another notch and leave it running twice as long. Give me the pass code to your phone and the pin numbers for your cards...’

And sobbing pathetically Emily told him. And when he asked who knew she was on her trek through the West Country she told him that as well. She told him the names of her parents and her closest friends and everybody she might contact while she was away and what route she planned to take and how long she planned to be away. When she faltered a few times a small jolt of current through her nipples spurred her on again. And every detail he noted down methodically on his top.

When he was satisfied he picked up the house phone and punched a number. ‘Broomfield? I have a trespasser here who is going to need a ghost...’ He studied Emily once again and then said: ‘Bring Lucy Parminter and wig Three C...’

While he waited Marchmount downloaded the notes he had taken from Emily’s responses to the printer which produced several sheets of hardcopy. Meanwhile Emily sagged exhausted and wretched in her cage wishing she was dead.

It was scarcely five minute later when a portly distinguished middle aged man wearing a black tailcoat, wing collar, white shirt, waistcoat and bowtie entered the room. The only thing that distinguished him from the stereotypical image of a perfect English butler was the discrete black electric cattle prod that hung from his belt...and of course the fact that he was leading behind him on a chain leash a naked girl of about Emily's height and build but with short blond hair.

She had a heavy rubber-lined steel collar about her neck and a broad belt of matching design around her waist. Short chains were connected to rings on the sides of this belt which linked them to rubber and steel cuffs about her wrists. Her head was locked into another of the metal bridles. On her feet were black flat shoes and white socks, which contrasted strangely with her nudity. Her pubis was clean shaven.

Oh God, another poor slave girl, Emily thought, even if she blushed at the thought of more strange eyes seeing her chained, impaled and caged.

But they did not even glance at her. The butler came up to Marchmount and bowed slightly while the naked girl trailing at his heels went down on her knees and lowered her head submissively. 'I have brought Lucy as instructed, Sir,' he announced in solemn plummy tones. He held up a transparent bag he had been carrying which contained a bundle brunette hair. 'Also wig three C.'

'Thank you, Broomfield. See how well she can impersonate our trespasser...'

Broomfield took Lucy over to Emily's cage.

Up close Emily noticed a further detail about her metal bridle. It had swivel joints in its cheek sections, secured by spring locks, and it was divided horizontally in two across the mouth band. In the very middle of this join was a small round hole.

With a key hung on a chain looped about his waistcoat Broomfield unlocked the bridle from Lucy's head. She had to open her mouth to allow him to pull it free and Emily saw that on the inside of the metal band crossing

her lips was a flattened rubber plug that had been filling her mouth. It was also divided in two parts, one connected to each half of the mouth strap, which were clamped about Lucy's tongue, holding it still and ensuring she remained totally silent.

Why go to such lengths? Then she realized that if the mouth strap halves were pulled apart while the rest of the bridle was still in place about her head, then Lucy's jaws would be opened wide at the same time, so that anything could be pushed between them... Oh God.

Broomfield opened the cage and pulled the gag bit from Emily's lips. The two naked women faced each other, Emily looking at Lucy in confusion and bewilderment, her cheeks burning with shame, while Lucy appeared not at all ashamed but unnaturally poised, studying Emily intently. As she did so her plump red nipples began to stand up.

Marchmount came over and stood behind Lucy. He held up a phone and focused its lens on Emily, as if ready to record her responses.

Broomfield tugged on the cable clamped to Emily's left nipple, making her whimper. 'Tell us about yourself, girl. Speak normally until I tell you to stop...'

How could she possibly speak normally in front of him to another naked chained woman with metal rods up her vagina and backside and clips on her nipples and labia! It was all madness! He tugged on her clamped nipple again but much harder. Silence was not an option. Desperately Emily blurted out: 'I... I'm Emily Gardner and... and I come from Brighton in Sussex and I'm studying history at...'

She babbled on for perhaps two minutes while Marchmount recorded her speech. Then Broomfield stopped her and said to Lucy: 'Your turn, girl.'

Lucy said: 'I'm Emily Gardner and I come from Brighton in Sussex...'

It wasn't a perfect imitation of her voice but it was very close.

‘That will do,’ Marchmount said. ‘She can improve with practice...’

‘P... please, Sir, what’s going on?’ Emily begged.

‘For the next two weeks Lucy will take your place. She’ll follow the route you were taking and communicate with your friends as appropriate. You see she’s a very obedient tithe girl from Dunscombe village who knows how to obey orders, aren’t you, Lucy?’ And he casually cupped her bare right breast in his hand and squeezed.

‘Yes, Sir Alaric,’ she replied with a shy smile of servile delight.

‘Kiss Emily,’ Marchmount said, and immediately Lucy stepped forward into the cage and kissed her passionately on the lips. Emily felt Lucy’s bare breasts pressing against her clamped nipples, making her wince as the clamps were twisted aside, and her naked pouting pubes pressed against her own sticky wet clamped pussy, wincing even more as those intimate clamps were ground against her, twisting and stretching her labia.

‘Now bite her clitoris which I see is standing up so proudly...’ Marchmount commanded.

Without hesitation Lucy knelt down in front of Emily’s spread legs in the cooling pool of her spilt urine, pressed her face into the wet gash of her sex and nipped her swollen clitoris between her white teeth. Emily shrieked at the sudden sharp intimate pain which made her eyes prick with tears.

‘Well done,’ Marchmount said, putting the rubber bit back between Emily’s lips. ‘Unharness Lucy and have her put on those clothes at the end of the table...’

Broomfield drew Lucy back out of the cage by her leash and then unlocked her collar, cuffs, chains and belt. For the first time Emily saw her bottom properly and realized it was crossed by scarlet cane marks. ‘Be a good girl and do like the Master tells you,’ he said.

‘Yes, Mr Broomfield,’ Lucy replied brightly.

Emily might have expected a normal slave (which was what she surely had to be) to try to escape when she was freed from her chains, but she immediately went to the table, removed her own shoes and socks and began dressing in Emily's clothes. As she did so Broomfield took the wig out of its bag and solemnly combed it out. Emily realized it was very similar in tint and length to her own hair. When Lucy was dressed in her clothes, Broomfield fitted the wig onto her. Now from a distance or from behind, she could easily pass as Emily.

Marchmount walked around Lucy nodding in approval while Broomfield methodically replaced the items in Emily's backpack.

'Very good,' Marchmount declared at last. He handed Lucy Emily's phone and purse and the sheet of notes he had taken, including her pins and passwords. Then he gave her the phone he had used record Emily's voice. 'Study her old texts so you know how to respond appropriately and keep her friends and family updated about her progress. Use her bank cards at least once a day. I'll contact you when it's time to return.'

Lucy bobbed her head meekly. 'Yes, Sir Alaric,' she said. 'I'll be just like her, Sir.'

'Then begin now...'

Shouldering her pack, Lucy walked out briskly, accompanied by Broomfield. Marchmount turned and smiled at Emily as she stood chained and impaled inside her cage.

'Now, as far as your family and friends concerned, you are still walking about the West Country doing your research for your history dissertation, which means that for the next two weeks you can serve your sentence for trespassing on my land here at the Castle without any distractions.'

Cold fear gripped Emily's heart as she thought of Lucy and the woman in the treadmill and those under the trees riding wooden horses. He really kept slaves and he wanted her to be one of them as punishment! For a moment she felt sick with despair, and then she rallied feebly and croaked

about her bit: ‘A two week sentence, Sir? But I haven’t had any trial yet. I must have a fair trial.’

Was there still a chance she could talk her way out of this nightmare?

‘That is a formality I shall now take care of.’ Marchmont took his seat again on the big chair and faced her sternly. ‘Emily Gardner, you are charged with the crime of evading a toll charge and trespass committed today on these grounds one hour ago. How do you plead?’

‘Not guilty, Sir.’

‘But I saw you myself climbing through the fence onto my land ignoring the notices telling you this was private property. You had not been invited in. What was that if it was not trespass?’

‘But I only did that because I had to get off the pathway, Sir...’

‘Only, as you yourself admitted, to avoid paying the toll.’

‘Because it was an unfair and unreasonable toll, Sir!’

‘If you thought that, why did you take the path in the first place?’

‘Well... I didn’t see the toll on the notice, Sir. Not until your man pointed out to me ‘

‘So your predicament was down to own carelessness?’

‘It doesn’t matter, it was still unreasonable, Sir!’

‘But it does matter. It was my private path and my toll to set. I gave every user fair warning by putting it on the notices in black and white. How could it be unreasonable?’

‘Because... because it was insulting and degrading to women, Sir!’

‘But could you have paid the toll if necessary? Could you have taken your clothes off and posed for a photograph if you chose to?’

‘Well... yes I suppose so, but...’

‘So I was not asking for anything you could not have done. It was not an *impossible* toll, beyond your ability to pay.’

‘Well... no, but...’

‘So how is that unreasonable? It was all down to own choice when you were unwilling to accept the consequences of your own carelessness. And what about leaving the path? That was your own choice as well. Nobody made you, even though you saw the notices warning of penalties for doing so.’

‘I suppose I did, but...’

‘Admit it. You took a risk, you broke the law and now you must face the consequences!’

Emily bit on the rubber bar between her teeth in fear and frustration. Somehow he was twisting everything around to make it seem as if it was all her own fault. But there was still one line of reasoning she could try. Maybe it would work on him; a man so fond of the letter of the law, who clearly valued tradition and who prided himself on keeping his word.

‘You talk about the law, Sir, but the law also says we have human rights in this country. You might be entitled to fine me for trespassing but you can’t make a slave of me! The locals might play along with your weird games because of some misplaced sense of loyalty and obedience to your family, but I’m not from round here and I’m only subject to the laws of this country. If you do this you will be the one breaking the law. Now why don’t you let me go and I won’t report you for beating and screwing me out in the field!’

But instead of being moved by her argument as she had hoped, Marchmount smiled in satisfaction. ‘I so glad you said that about the law of the land, because you see I can make a slave of you, and do so perfectly legally...’

He went over to the green safe in the corner of the chamber from which he removed a large padded document folder. He brought this back to her cage, opened it up and held in front of the bars for her to see.

‘You are studying history so you should appreciate this...’

Carefully preserved in a clear plastic wallet was a yellowing brittle parchment sealed with red wax and ribbons and decorated with scrolls and flourishes and bearing a royal signature. In its faded way it was quite magnificent... and frightening.

‘As you can see the Dunscombe estate is excluded from the human rights act because of its ancient charter from Henry the Seventh, who an ancestor of mine once did a great favour, granting a waiver in perpetuity from all domestic laws and the right to raise taxes and levies as it’s owner saw fit. This charter has never been challenged or rescinded. Which means, in these few square miles of England which includes the castle estate, Dunscombe village and the hamlets of Norton Cross and Turveyford, that all such common and national laws apply only at my discretion. And that includes the strapping and riddling trespassing women if I so desire. You said you are subject to the laws of the land, well here on my land my word is the law!’

Emily gulped as she stared at the terrible document, feeling the weight of history descending upon her.

‘Have you anything else to say?’ he asked.

Emily shook her head.

‘Then for the crime of trespassing on my estate I sentence you to two weeks exposure, hard labour and despoliation,’ Marchmount declared. ‘That is a traditional punishment for females on my land. It means you will be kept naked, you will be worked hard in whatever capacity I require and you may be sexually used as I see fit by myself or anybody I give you to.’

Emily felt sick and dizzy. If she had not been chained within the cage she would have fallen over. This could not be happening to her. Feebly she protested: ‘T... that’s too much, Sir... its unfair just for trespassing...’

‘It is the penalty I choose to set and now you must accept it.’ Marchmount took his seat again above the chained slave girl in her cramped cage: the symbol of his mastery over all female flesh in his domain. ‘For the next two weeks you have no rights over your body. I will determine what pain or pleasure you experience, as I will now demonstrate... ‘

He tapped the keys on his laptop again.

To Emily’s horror and surprise the shock rods still lodged inside her began to vibrate and pump up and down, while at the same time the electric cables clamped to her nipples and labia began to deliver pulsing low level shocks, enough to make her jerk and shudder. And this time they did not stop. After a minute she began to moan and squirm and clench her sheath and sphincter helplessly about the pumping rods, trying to contain them but only increasing their friction within her, blushing and snivelling as she did so.

‘Give them too much freedom and women become spoilt and indulgent,’ Marchmount said as he watched her writhing within the cage. ‘I have found they respond best to pain and pleasure administered with a firm hand, even if they make a show of resistance at first. Given only one possible course to take they adapt rapidly and even enthusiastically. It become’s easier when they accept that is all perfectly legal. It seems to remove some of their sense of shame and embarrassment. You won’t leave that cage until you also face the truth of your situation and let yourself climax for my amusement.’

Emily could feel her nipples straining against the cruel clamps that bit into their sides even as her unwillingly hot and engorged pussy dripped with juices. She was losing all her self-control. Her body no longer belonged to her...

‘You will orgasm because I will it,’ Marchmount said remorselessly, ‘as you will also do when anybody makes use of you. In the same way you will cry and moan when you are whipped or sweat and strain when you are made to labour. You will do all these things because you have no choice anymore! For the next two weeks you belong to me; you are my vassal, slave and servant under the law and you will obey me in all things. Do you understand?’

‘Y... yes, Sir!’ Emily choked out wretchedly about her gag bit as she dribbled and slobbered down her cheeks, gasping and jerking as needles of electric fire jabbed into her throbbing nipples and her swollen tingling pussy lips, riding the terrible plunging rods which were skewering her body’s most intimate passageways.

‘Then you will climax now because I order you to!’

He pressed another button and the plunging rods gave her a sudden jolt of sweet and terrible electric torment which seemed to light up her loins from within.

Emily could not longer fight it any longer. Marchmount’s will was too strong for her. He even had the law on his side. So she gave into the inevitable and shrieked hopelessly as she came, letting the orgasm briefly blot out her fear and shame.

It was the only kind of escape she would know for the next two weeks...

3: A Dessert of Girl Flesh

Broomfield's office was on the other side of the tower gateway from the Barons' Chamber. He led Emily over to it by her leash after Marchmount had freed her from the terrible Cage of Truth. Her pussy and inner thighs were sticky with the discharge from her orgasm and she followed after him meekly with dragging steps, making no attempt to resist. She was soiled and exhausted by her ordeal and still confused and ashamed by the way she had surrendered to pain and stimulation.

In the corner of the courtyard she saw that slave girl who had been running on the treadmill was now tightly bound to the heavy vertical post by many chains. What was she being punished for? Or was she simply on display? It reminded her of what was still to come. This place was a living nightmare...

By reflex Emily's hands began to steal over her pussy and breasts, trying to cover herself, but Broomfield slapped them away. 'No slave ever covers herself up in Dunscombe, girl!' he declared in his mellifluous but commanding tones. 'When you are not restrained you will keep your hands clasped behind your neck. Do so!'

Miserably Emily obeyed, desperately aware of how the posture lifted and showed off her breasts.

'You are not gagged so you will answer me by saying: "Yes, Mr Broomfield" to show you understand.'

'Y... yes, Mr Broomfield,' Emily stammered.

They came to a set of double doors with a shallow brick ramp in front of them. 'This is the Slave Hall,' Broomfield told her as he opened one of the half doors. 'This is where you will be housed during your stay, when you are not required to serve elsewhere in the Castle.'

It was a room as large as the Baron's Chamber, but furnished very differently.

Hung about the walls were racks of chains, collars and straps. There was also a stack of shelves taken up by several rows of dummy heads with wigs set upon them. Down one side of the room was a tiled shower wall and squat toilet pans. In the middle of the room in two free standing back-to-back rows of six on each side, were two dozen shallow wooden coffin sized boxes with raised barred lids, all supported by timber frames so that they were tilted back at forty-five degree angles, with their bases resting on the floor. An array of flexible plastic tubes and pipes of different colours and dimensions was plugged into the sides of the boxes. Beside each one was a small rack from which hung pieces of metal and leather harness and pairs of high heeled shoes.

All but two of these coffin cages were empty. One in the far corner had a naked woman lying in it who looked as though she was asleep. Her body was held down firmly by several sets of cuffs and straps. The other closer to the main door had its lid raised and another naked woman lying in it, awake this time, being attended to by a young man.

He had blonde curling hair and was dressed in black trousers, highly polished black shoes, a white shirt with its sleeves rolled up and a neatly pinned down black tie. He also had a cattle prod hanging from his belt. He looked up as Broomfield led Emily in, his well scrubbed face registering approval at her naked form and showing not the slightest trace of surprise. Emily was wracked by another cringing shudder as she realized he was a couple of years younger than she was. Would her humiliations never end?

‘Yes, Mr Broomfield?’ the young man asked.

‘Finish what you doing first, Trevor,’ Broomfield told him.

‘Yes, Mr Broomfield.’

As they got closer Emily saw what he was doing. He was plugging the ends of the tubes which entered the sides of the shallow box and emerged in its interior, into the naked woman's body, which was already strapped

down firmly against a lining of what appeared to be vinyl-covered rubber matting. A narrow tube went into a rubber plug filling her mouth, a slightly thicker one was connected to a clear plastic cup that was somehow fastened to her vulva, and the largest one of all went up between her legs and was plugged into her rectum. She seemed to take his intimate handling with a look of weary resignation as he connected the tubes to the major orifices of her body.

When he was done she said in a muffled voice about the plug filling her mouth: 'Thank you, Master Trevor.'

Trevor closed and locked the cage lid across her body, sealing her inside although she was still clearly visible through the open bar mesh. Then he turned expectantly to Broomfield.

'This is Emily,' Broomfield explained, lifting her leash so she had to hold her head up and he could have a good look at her. 'She's only here temporarily, more's the pity. Caught trespassing by Sir Alaric in person this morning and sentenced to two weeks servitude. Lucy is ghosting her, so she can have her box.' He handed Trevor her leash. 'Trevor here is one of my trainee slave handlers,' he told Emily. 'He'll clean you up while I find the right harness for you.'

'Does she need extra breaking in, Mr Broomfield?' Trevor asked, his eyes shining as he looked Emily over.

'I think so. She's still got some fight in her and two weeks isn't long to bring her to heel.'

'I'll see to her, Mr Broomfield,' he promised. Grinning broadly, Trevor led Emily across to the squat toilet pans. Beside them was a padded wooden trestle and next to that, connected to a wall tap and drain beneath it, was a peculiar triple-cored rubber hose. 'Squat down and empty yourself out front and rear,' he commanded

Emily imagined she had exhausted her capacity to feel embarrassed, but she felt a new blush rising to her cheeks. She could not use the lavatory with this young man holding onto her by a leash!

As she hesitated he unhooked his cattle prod and jabbed it into her breasts with a practised flick. She yelped as it cracked and flashed

‘Do as I tell you, Emily,’ he said, ‘or you get the next one up your pussy.’

He might be hardly more than the boy, but it seemed he knew how to handle slave girls.

Miserably Emily squatted down, splayed her legs and screwed up her eyes and made herself to empty herself. As she did so Trevor looked down at her without the slightest sign of embarrassment, observing the waste spurting and plopping from her with an almost clinical eye.

‘Mister Broomfield says girls have got to be kept regular to stay healthy, so I’ll see you do a proper shit at least once a day,’ he told her.

When she was done he pressed a handle on the wall behind the pan and jets of water from around its rim sprayed her bottom clean. Then he pulled the trestle over the pan and had Emily bend over it with her bottom up. The legs of the trestle had handles that she was told to grip tightly and then spread her legs wide.

‘If you move before I tell you get a jolt from my prod right up your backside,’ he warned her.

He uncoiled the triple hose and used its flexible nozzle to flush her rectum clean. Emily gritted her teeth as he pried apart her labia and buttocks to insert the tube and then gasped as she was flushed clean. It delivered an enema of warm water and soap through its long flexible nozzle which bubbled out of her backside and was flushed away down the pan. Its last function was to deliver a squirt of some lubricating jelly into her rectum.

When he was done he patted her bottom and then tested the tightness of her anus with his finger. ‘There, that looks nice. But it still needs some loosening up...’

Before Emily realized what he was doing he had parted his flies and

freed his stiff young pink cock. Taking hold of her hips he rammed it brutally into her freshly greased anus.

She sobbed in shock and surprise as he penetrated her freshly washed passageway and began to pump into her, making the trestle creak. She squirmed in shame and despair but she was too terrified to try to resist. All she could do was grip the trestle handles as tight as she could to brace herself as she felt her sphincter automatically squeezing about the shaft of boy flesh that was violating her so vigorously. Could anybody who wanted to have her now she was a Castle slave? Even the staff? Was this what Broomfield had meant by “loosening up”?

Trevor was not inside her rectum long enough for Emily to get much pleasure out of his rodding out of her backside. He came inside her quickly and lustily as only a young man could. Then he pulled out of her, moved round to the other side of the trestle and used her hair to wipe his shaft clean.

‘You’ve got lovely tight hot asshole, Emily,’ he informed as he did so, presumably meant as a compliment.

Then he used the enema hose to clean her out and re-grease her. When he was done for the second time he asked: ‘What do you say to me?’

Miserably Emily replied as the girl in the coffin cage had: ‘T... thank you, Master Trevor.’

Next he led her to the showers. There were of course no screens or curtains to give her any privacy. But by now she felt so dirty, literally and figuratively, that she was grateful for the chance to clean herself off, and she used the soap and brushes provided vigorously. There was even shampoo and a brush and comb for her hair. Trevor watched all this patiently, encouraging her to do a thorough job and leave no part, however intimate, unwashed.

She had never showered with an audience before, far less a young man who had sodomised her only minutes earlier. Although she felt sick she could not stop her nipples from standing up in a display of dark awareness at her total helplessness and exposure.

When she was clean but still dripping, Trevor moved her along to what appeared to be a very open cage formed of tubular pipes and angled vents. This proved to be an automatic drying machine which blasted hot air over her as she stood within it. In two minutes she was quite dry.

Clean and fresh, both inside and out, and trailing the scent of soap after her, Trevor led Emily back to Broomfield who was standing by one of the coffin cages. Its rack of harness and other accessories was now full.

‘While you’re in Sir Alaric’s service you will be properly harnessed at all times,’ Broomfield told her, as he took hold of her leash and Trevor returned to other duties.

Broomfield fitted a rubber and steel collar about her neck which clicked shut ominously. Its lining prevented it from cutting into her skin, but it still felt frighteningly solid and heavy. Matching cuffs were fitted to her wrists, which were then connected by short chains to the sides of a matching belt padlocked to her waist. Then he put a metal bridle over her head, identical to the one Lucy Parminter had worn. That was the most frightening fitting of all. She felt it pressing against her skin, encasing her face and head in a basket of metal. The split rubber plug filled her mouth and clamped firmly about her tongue. She could not speak at all. But she now realized that the small hole in the mouth band passed right through the plug so she could perhaps drink through a straw with it in place.

Experimentally Broomfield twisted the swivel joints over her cheeks, opening up the halves of the band across her mouth. Her jaws were pulled wide apart, freeing her tongue but exposing the depths of her mouth and throat to whatever anybody cared to insert it.

‘I’d better test its working properly,’ Broomfield said casually, but with a broad grin spreading across his chubby face.

She felt her stomach twisting in dreadful anticipation.

He pushed Emily down onto her knees in front of him and then opened his own flies.

With sick despair Emily saw his fat shaft spring out at her. Then he took hold of her bridle-encased head and guided it down her helpless throat.

He used her with the same careless single-mindedness that Trevor had. She was simply an orifice to give pleasure, not to receive it. All she could do was try not to choke, sucking breath around the thrusts of the shaft down her gullet. Helplessly she wrapped her tongue about his cock as he used her, trying to cushion the power of his thrusts, which no doubt only added to his pleasure. She redoubled her efforts. The sooner he came the sooner he would pull his penis out of her mouth!

After just a couple of minutes he spurted his seed down her throat with a grunt of satisfaction and she gulped it down and tried not to be sick.

He looked down at her. 'Now lick me clean,' he commanded.

Miserably Emily used her tongue to lap up to the lingering dregs of his ejaculate from his fat penis shaft.

When he was satisfied, Broomfield pulled his softening cock out of her and buttoned up. He removed the bridle and hung it up on her rack, then took down a pair of black leather shoes and white socks.

'Through the day girls wear white socks and shoes about the castle,' he explained as he fitted them onto her. 'At night, if they're entertaining, they wear black stockings and high heels. Sir Alaric is a bit of a traditionalist...'

Of course he would be, Emily thought.

Satisfied she was properly kitted out, Broomfield had her lie back in the shallow coffin box and strapped her into place, buckling straps over her ankles and thighs and waist and across her collar and upper arms. He shortened the chains on her belt so they pulled her arms up over her body and crossed her wrists over her stomach.

She could hardly move at all, but the padding under her and the tilt of the cage made her posture bearable. She supposed she might even be able to sleep like this. Of course she would have no choice.

Broomfield then plugged a ball gag into her mouth through which the cage's water tube was threaded. 'There's a valve in the end. If you suck hard you can get a drink,' he told her.

He then pushed the larger double hose with its clear plastic cup against her pussy to drain her urine. It had an internal rubber plug with a long stalk and flared head which slid up her vagina and expanded to hold it in place. The rim of the cup was softly padded making a watertight seal about her mound. She shivered as Broomfield pressed it to her pussy flesh and tested it was secure, his fingers working dexterously. How many times had he done this before? The final tube went up into her rectum. She felt its sprung head expanded past her sphincter to hold it in place.

When he was finished he looked at her expectantly.

'Thank you, Master Broomfield,' she said in a muffled voice about her mouth plug.

He closed the barred cage lid over her and locked place. She felt trapped and doubly helpless, strapped down and also shut in. And yet also she felt strangely secure.

Broomfield leaned over her for a few final words.

'If you need to empty yourself there are sensors in the tubes that will wash you clean afterwards. This way we don't have to keep taking girls from the cages to use the toilets. Now you get some rest until dinner. Sir Alaric will want you fresh so he can show you off to his guests...'

Her stomach flipped at the thought, but there was something she had to know.

'Please, Mr Broomfield,' Emily begged. 'Tell me... how can you do this to me?'

'I do it because I am Dunscombe's Steward of Slaves, as was my father before me and his father before that,' he said, with a tinge of pride his voice. 'I am responsible for their presentation and training and I assign their

designed duties about the Castle. They serve under our cook, head gardener and housekeeper, and of course provide personal service and entertainment for the family and their guests when required. They have to be cared for and looked after and that is my duty.'

'I mean can you treat me like a slave, or any of those other women? It's wrong!'

'It's all perfectly lawful here, girl. The Marchmount's have this charter...'

'Sir Alaric showed it to me. But you must know it's still morally wrong, Mr Broomfield!'

'It's like this, girl: for over five hundred years the Marchmount family have supported Dunscombe and Turveyford and Norton Cross through good times and bad. And in return we support the castle and estate. We help harvest girls for them drawn here from all over the country by those lay lines and history or pilgrim way maps. Sir Alaric trains some of them as permanent slaves and sells them on, and we get a percentage of his profits.'

'Sells them where, Mr Broomfield?' Emily asked, appalled.

Broomfield chuckled. 'You're very naive. There are plenty of rich folk about the country who keep slaves in a quiet way even in these days. A Dunscombe Castle trained slave is much sought after and fetches a good price,' he said with pride. 'Some of those girls who end up here don't have families and friends like you. Nobody misses them...' Emily shuddered. Broomfield continued: 'The villages also supply a tithe of young women to serve as shift slaves here, like Lucy Parminter.'

'She really was a girl from your own village?' Emily said aghast. 'But Sir Alaric keeps her naked in chains. How can you let him do that one of your own, Mr Broomfield?'

Broomfield shrugged. 'It's the way it's been for hundreds of years. All local girls between 18 and 21 serve up here before they can marry. In a way they're already Sir Alaric's: the Marchmount's have droit de seigneur

rights in all the villages.’ Emily felt sick but he continued on: ‘Besides, after serving in the Castle it’s nice to have them properly trained and obedient knowing their place. A well-trained and broken-in castle woman makes a very agreeable and obedient wife.’

That sounded so incredibly medieval! ‘And the women from the villages put up with this, Mr Broomfield?’

‘Yes, because they know it works. It’s the way we’re used to doing things.’

‘But it’s so wrong!’

‘Its tradition, and that’s good enough for us! Now get some rest. You’ll need to be fresh for later...’

And Emily knew there was no use arguing any further when “tradition” had been invoked. She was a slave because that was how it had always been done, and that was more binding than iron chains.

Miserably she began sucking on her feeder tube and gulping down water to wash the taste of sperm from her mouth...

* * *

Emily woke with a start. Oh God, she had actually slept in her coffin cage!

Trevor was hanging a plastic bag of liquidised food from the bars of the cage lid above her head. The light through the windows was pale and gold suggesting it was getting towards evening. He pulled the socket of her drinking tube out of the middle of her mouth plug and slid in its place the larger tube hanging from the bag through which she could suck the food down. It was unidentifiably spicy and not unpleasant. She gulped it down hungrily.

As she did so Trevor moved on to tend to other girls in their cages. She realized that about half of them were now occupied. She glimpsed a second white-shirted and well scrubbed young man cleaning a naked woman

off under the shower. Another of Broomfield's young helpers, she supposed. What a job for a young lad...

When she was done Trevor put the bridle over her head, shortened her wrist chains to pull her arms up close to her waist belt. Unstrapping her ankles he removed her socks and shoes and replaced them with black stockings and high heels. The stocking tops were held in place about her upper thighs by clinging, pliant thin black rubber garters. Then he freed her completely from her cage, clipped a leash to her collar and led her to the ablution wall.

The shelf that had supplied combs and brushes when she had showered earlier also held a selection of perfumes, lipstick and make-up. Her lips were currently sealed away of course but he applied blusher and eyeliner with surprising and unexpected skill, finishing off with dabs of perfume in the classic places. Emily supposed he had plenty of practice.

Then he had her bend over the trestle and flushed her bottom out again with the hose and applied fresh petroleum jelly to her rectum.

'Now we've got to get you ready for presenting to Sir Alaric and his dinner guests,' he said as he led her to a large side door. 'With you being new we want to make it a bit special...'

The room next door was packed with such an array of strange devices of every shape and size that Emily could not take them all in at once. But they all had one thing in common: they were all designed for the restraint, humiliation, punishment and display of naked women...

* * *

The white rendered stone dining room of Dunscombe Castle contained a magnificent fireplace, exposed black oak beams, gilt-framed oil portraits hung on the walls of men and women in period dress and a dining table laid for a dozen guests, glittering with silverware and crystal. Seated at the head of the table was Alaric and opposite him at the other end was an elegant dark-blond woman who Emily took to be his wife. Between them were their guests. The men were all dressed in dinner jackets and women in clinging

evening dresses, with bare shoulders and plunging necklines, revealing their figures. While some of the men were greying, paunchy and clearly in their fifties and sixties, the women were much younger. All were attractive and immaculately made up and wore expensive bracelets and necklaces about their necks and wrists which sparkled and glittered. Some of this jewellery seemed unusually heavy...

All this Emily took in as she was wheeled into the dining room in terrible style, preceded by Broomfield at his most imposing announcing: 'The new girl Emily, Sir Alaric...'

Emily was spread-eagled between a pair of upright two metre long timber spars. Her wrist cuffs were clipped to rings at their top ends and cuffs fitted to her ankles over her stockings were similarly fastened to their lower ends. Her waist belt side chains were hooked to rings screwed to the middle of each spar. The spars were hung on swivel joints at their midsections which were supported on their outsides by a pair of shorts stout posts which were bolted to the top of a low wheeled trolley. This trolley was towed by a naked slave girl on her hands and knees.

She had a long chain threaded through the front ring of her collar, which was clipped to cuffs buckled about her legs just above her knees. The chain was just long enough for her to remain doubled over on her hands and knees and move one shuffling step at a time, but too short for her to stand upright. She had no choice but to remain on all fours, with her bare breasts jiggling and swaying beneath her. To add to her indignity she was coupled to Emily's frame by a chain hooked to a large ring plugged into her rectum. Every shuffling step made her bottom bulge with the strain, although the plug within her had been expanded so it was too big to expel, and Emily could hear her groaning behind her bridle gag.

Emily was hardly more comfortable in her frame and her own rectum had also been put to an unnatural use.

A vertical rod with a dildo on the end rose up from the middle of the trolley base and skewered her backside. Apart from being desperately humiliating and darkly stimulating, the dildo rod did help steady her and keep her upright as the freely pivoting spars between which she was chained

swung about slightly as she was dragged along, since her chains held her feet clear of the trolley base. One final humiliation had been heaped upon her in the shape of a pair of rubber cords slung from the upper ends of the spars down to her nipples to which they were clipped by sprung crocodile clips. The tension stretched her swollen throbbing nipples and lifted and spread her breasts painfully. Emily fought back the tears as she rolled along, biting hard on the base of her mouth plug which clamped her tongue into immobility.

As she had been instructed, the girl pulling the frame shuffled slowly round the table so all the diners could get a good look at Emily. She felt their eyes on her and fought down her sickness even as fresh shame burned in her cheeks. Several of the men expressed their appreciation of her body and complimented Alaric on his good fortune.

‘Unfortunately I’ve only got her for a couple of weeks,’ he explained, ‘so I thought I’d better make the most of her...’

But in turn as she circled the table Emily’s eyes were transfixed by the terrible centrepiece it bore, which even outdid her own shameful display.

Taking up the middle of the table were two pairs of naked inverted female haunches with their bare legs stretched out straight and level on either side of them. A panel had been taken out of the centre of the table and into it two slave girls had been pushed headfirst and back to back until their hips were pressing against the table top and their upper bodies were hidden beneath it. Then their legs had been stretched out along the line of the table, pressed tightly together and fastened to it by elegant silver clamps about their ankles and the backs of their knees. This meant that the valleys of their groins rose in twin mounds in the centre of the table, with the cheeks of their buttocks flattened against each other between them. This left exposed the clefts of their naked sex mouths facing outward, unnaturally stretched by the tension on their thighs, and the gaping pits of their rectums which pointed up at the ceiling.

And into these orifices, as a final insult, had been carefully arranged a delicate display of flowers. Whether they were captured slaves like herself or the girls from the village did not matter. It was a sickening symbol of Alaric’s total power over his captive female flesh. And Emily could not take

her eyes off it and felt her nipples swell and her pussy begin to dribble...

When she made to complete circuit of the table Emily's frame was positioned to one side and a little back from Alaric's chair. Her towing girl was unhitched and led out.

Broomfield announced solemnly: 'Gentlemen and ladies, dinner will now be served...'

Emily watched from her frame as naked serving girls came in with a heated trolley of covered tureens and bowls and began serving the first course out to the guests.

But she noticed as they ate that although the men talked loudly and freely between each other, their wives/girlfriends/companions only exchanged quick whispered comments. They smiled brightly and responded quickly when, infrequently, they were spoken to by the men, but otherwise for the most part kept their eyes lowered and concentrated on eating decorously.

Emily hung on her frame for nearly an hour, aching and simmering in pain and guilty arousal until the last course was finished. At least, she thought it was the last course...

Alaric called the table to order. 'I think it's time for the ladies to have their desert and then withdraw,' he announced, to a murmur of approval from the men.

Broomfield took up a silver cream jug on a platter together with a napkin. He moved round behind Emily and pulled the rod out of her rectum and folded it down flat onto the top of the trolley. Her body now swayed freely between the pivots on which she was chained hung. He took hold of her by the hair and flipped her entirely over until she hung head down and her splayed legs pointed up at the ceiling.

Then, carefully parting her labia, he poured a couple of tablespoons of thick cold cream into her vagina, making her shudder. Then he swung her halfway back so that she was hanging flat from her cuffs and chains. She

could feel the cream warming within her and beginning to seep between her pussy lips.

Alaric said to a portly greying man halfway down the table: 'Horace, perhaps Sarah should go first...'

Horace grinned and said to a pretty busty blond woman in a red dress opposite him: 'Off you go, Sarah. I'll be right behind you...'

For some reason this made the others chuckle.

Sarah bobbed her head meekly: 'Yes, Husband,' she said with surprising formality. She got up and came over to Emily.

Standing between her splayed legs Sarah bent herself over so that her bottom stuck out provocatively, clasped hold of Emily's chained waist strap to brace itself and began to lap and suck at the cream oozing from her pussy cleft.

Emily groaned and bit on her mouth plug as she felt her tongue probing into her most intimate parts. But the humiliation had only just begun for both of them.

Horace came round from the table, pulling open his flies as he did so. Standing behind his wife he hitched up her dress to expose her bare buttocks. She was not wearing any underwear.

He rammed his cock into her vulva and began screwing her vigorously from behind even as he watched his wife lapping and sucking cream from Emily's pussy.

'You can do better than that,' he growled, slapping Sarah hard on her bare bottom.

Desperately the young woman dug her face deeper into Emily's cleft.

Oh God this was revolting, Emily thought dizzily. They treat their wives just as badly as they do their slaves!

Fortunately it did not take long. Horace grunted as he came inside his wife's pussy and pulled out of her. The other guests laughed and applauded. Immediately Sarah stopped lapping at Emily's cream-laced cleft, stood up and brushed her dress down.

As the pair returned the table, with the girl blushing noticeably, Broomfield stepped forward again and flipped Emily back onto her head. Carefully he wiped her sticky pussy mouth with the napkin and then refilled her vagina.

'You and Lydia can go next, Geoffrey,' Alaric said.

The next couple got up from the table and came over to Emily's naked, suspended, spread-eagled and cream dripping body...

Alaric was a good host and let all his guests go first, so that by the time it was his turn, Emily was in a frenzy of frustrated lust. Five sets of female lips and tongues had been busy in her flowing pussy and despite her revulsion she was hovering on the brink of orgasm.

Alaric said to the woman seated opposite him: 'Your turn, Zinnia...'

She got up from her chair and came over to Emily. She appeared to be about thirty and had lightly bronzed skin, sensuous lips and deep brown eyes, and gave an impression of elegance and sophistication. Emily saw her licking her lips with hungry desire as she stared at Emily's gaping cream filled cleft, yet also there seemed to be a shadow of resignation behind her eyes.

She hitched up her own skirt, rolling it up to her waist, and bent between Emily's legs, taking hold of her belt and pressing her nose and mouth into her pussy, spreading her own legs wide like a mare waiting to be mounted. Craning her neck, Emily saw that although she was wearing no panties, she had a metal strap about her waist and a metal mesh band plunging between her smooth perfect buttocks.

She was wearing a chastity belt!

Alaric came over holding a small key in his hand. He unlocked the groin strap of the belt and pulled it out from between his wife's legs. Then he opened his own flies, took hold of her hips and rammed his stiff cock up into her pussy. She gasped as he penetrated her and then began to lap and suck desperately at Emily's creamy labia and seeping vagina.

Emily sobbed and groaned and bit on her gag as she pushed her hips into Zinnia's face. Her carnal need had overcome her revulsion and she had to come or burst. Her juices were flavouring the cream seeping from her pussy with a unique tang, and Zinnia seemed to be lapping it up with delight, thrusting her tongue deep inside her and even tickling her swollen clitoris.

Oh yes, yes...

But even as Emily felt the orgasm rising within her she despaired. It seemed that all the women in Dunscombe Castle were enslaved in some way or other and were subject to cruel humiliations, even the wives of Alaric's elegant dinner guests. Even his own wife! And if that was the case, what hope was there for her?

4: In Her Master's Bedroom

After their soundly screwed wives had retired, still mopping the cream they had lapped from Emily's pussy off their faces, the men remained in the dining room sitting at the table chatting, drinking port and brandy and a couple of them smoking cigars in the traditional, if dated, manner of wealthy men of leisure. The remains of the meal had been cleared away by muzzled naked slave girls, leaving only the decanters and glasses on the table and of course it's obscene central display.

A pair of naked female haunches and bare legs seemed to grow out of the table top, with their torsos hidden beneath it. They were pressed buttocks to buttocks with their shaven sex clefts facing outwards and their legs stretched out sideways along the table as if in an agonisingly extreme display of the splits, where they were clamped together and pressed down against the table top. A carefully chosen selection of flowers had been inserted into their gaping vulvas and the well mouths of their rectums, creating a perverted mockery of a table centrepiece.

Emily wondered if she would ever properly see the faces of the two girls hung head down and back to back through the hole in the centre of the big table. How had they endured the evening dangling upside-down beneath it? With fewer people around the table and being pulled a little way back from it she could now see there was a cage underneath the table that contained their inverted upper bodies as they hung within it. Their heads were of course enclosed in the standard Castle metal bridles such as she wore and their arms were chained to their sides. The cage was pressed so tightly about them, presumably so that they did not impede the legroom of the diners, that their breasts mashed up against it and their nipples protruded through the mesh. But in the shadows under the table and through the cage bars and their bridles, she could not make out the expressions on their faces.

Emily observed them as she hung suspended within her wheeled frame dripping cream and orgasmic juices from her sticky vulva. Like the table display girls she had been reduced to an item of decorative living flesh,

there to be admired at the guests' leisure.

She still felt acute shame at being displayed naked and soiled with the impaling bar once more up her bottom to hold her upright, but it gave her time to recover her composure, at least as much as possible, and to try to make sense of what had happened.

Her own degradation was terrible enough, but Emily could not believe how they treated their wives. They had screwed them in front of the others while the women had been bent over licking her cream-filled vagina out as a bizarre sexual dessert. The women had done what they had been told to do obediently but hardly enthusiastically. Only as their passions had been roused licking Emily out while their husbands were ramming into them from the rear had they looked as if they would get any pleasure out of it. But unfortunately that had been short lived. When their husbands had come that was the end of their involvement for both Emily and them. It had all been a little show for their husbands' amusement and that of their friends. She and their wives were simply there to be used.

The fact that none of the women had been wearing underwear made it clear it had been planned in advance. They were always going to be made to bend over in front of the other men and lift their skirts to show their perfect bare bottoms before their husbands screwed them. They had looked impossibly attractive and well groomed in their stinky dresses, but it had all been to impress others. She suspected they were trophy wives, nothing more, there for show and pleasure but not true companionship.

What had that to say about Sir Alaric's standards and the company he kept? Even if they were merely relationships of convenience, how could they treat their wives or partners like that? And how could the women put up with it?

Were they the type of people Broomfield had mentioned as owning slaves of their own; the type Sir Alaric trained and sold Castle slaves to? Were those women who had lapped the cream from her pussy slaves pretending to be wives, or wives playing the part of slaves?

Perhaps they were little better off than she was. At least her

enslavement was obvious. And because she had been the star of the show, she had been tongued by the six of them in quick succession and so had been able to reach an orgasm herself and so take some slight pleasure from the whole obscene perverted dinner party.

Actually had been a pretty amazing orgasm, which was now making her feel slightly guilty. It had been so intense that she had actually squirted out a spray of her juices mixed with cream all over the face of Zinnia Marchmont, Sir Alaric's lovely and elegant wife, as she had tongued her with desperate passion

Oh yes, what was she to make of Zinnia? The only woman in the company who had not simply been naked under her slinky evening dress, but had been wearing a chastity belt, which all the guests had seen dividing the hemispheres of her perfect backside and which Alaric had unlocked before he screwed her while her face, on his command, was buried in Emily's cream filled sex mouth.

How sick was that! How could she possibly put up with such treatment? Or had she secretly enjoyed licking out the pussy of a naked slave girl while her husband had taken her from behind: and all before a tableful the dinner guests! Was it down to "tradition" again, which seemed to be the justification for Alaric's enslavement of innocent women he trapped, like Emily, and also girls from the local villages. Or was it a price Zinnia paid for being the wife of a wealthy and powerful man: the Baron of Dunscombe Castle?

Perhaps underneath it all she was as perverted as her husband. That was a terrifying and depressing thought.

It was after midnight when the men finally left for their beds. Emily had a faint hope that she might be returned to the slave quarters. She was actually looking forward to the thought of being washed by Trevor the young assistant slave handler. He would use his special enema hose to flush the cream from her vagina and then she could sleep strapped within her strange coffin-like bed cage with its barred lid. It must have at least two inches of foam rubber

padding under it to serve a mattress. By contrast with what she had endured suspended within her display frame over the last few hours, that seemed like a vision of luxury.

But it was not to be.

Sir Alaric unfastened Emily from her frame. He re-clipped her wrist cuffs to the short chains on the sides of her belt and then led her by a leash after him as they made their way along plush carpeted but stone walled corridors, hung with old paintings and decorated with suits of armour, banners and statues. Her high heels clicked on stone flags and wooden boards in between strips of thick rug and her bare bottom wiggled above the rubber-gartered tops of black stockings. They went up a huge carved wooden staircase and along a landing to a heavy black oak door. This opened into a large bedroom suite with a dressing room and bathroom leading off it.

The room was furnished with armchairs, a large cupboard, book shelves and a writing bureau, but it was dominated by a huge four poster bed complete with a canopy and high dark carved headboard and foot rail. And in the bed was Zinnia Marchmount.

She had been huddled beneath the covers when they came been but she swiftly slipped out from under them. She was now dressed in a diaphanous pink negligee which concealed nothing of her figure, especially the fact that she still had her chastity belt on beneath it: it's hard gleaming metal contrasting strangely with the filmy fabric draped across it.

Zinnia picked up a pair of slippers that had been set out by the bed and held them at the ready. Marchmount flopped down in the chair beside the bed and Zinnia knelt in front of him. She undid his black leather shoes and slid his slippers on in their place. And all this time she hardly glanced at Emily who was standing by the chair with Alaric still holding her leash. In the Castle presumably it was quite normal to bring naked slave girls back to your bedroom.

‘Did you enjoy the evening, Alaric?’ Zinnia asked meekly.

‘Yes I did,’ he replied amiably. ‘George thinks he has a new outlet for

girls over in Norfolk. That should be worth investigating.'

'That sounds very interesting,' she said. 'I hope it will work out...' She looked at Emily for the first time. 'What shall I do with this one?'

'Put her over the foot rail. I want to give her a good thrashing before we have fun with her. She still needs breaking in. Put out the red lash.'

Emily shuddered.

'Yes, Alaric. Will you want me to screw her as well?'

'I think so. Get out the number five doubleheader as well.'

'Then if you please, can you take my belt off now?'

'Stand up...'

She stood before him lifting her negligee high. Emily got a proper look at her body. She had a soft spankable bottom, scooped breasts with full red-brown nipples, a tight waist and good hips. Alaric turned the key in the lock that freed the belt and groin band of the chastity belt and the mesh cup guarding her pubic mound came away. It had been closely shaven but it was not entirely bare. Her pubic curls had been carefully trimmed to form a capital "A." A for Alaric...

Alaric handed Zinnia Emily's leash and then got up and went through the door leading to the bathroom. There came the sound of running water...

Emily blinked uncertainty at the wife of her masterful captor as they both stood in the bedroom virtually naked. This was the woman who a few hours earlier had tongued her into an orgasm and over whose face she had discharged her passion. She had never dreamed of being in such a situation. How did you behave?

Zinnia stroked her hair as she looked her face over closely. Then she said: 'Yes, I can see why he likes you. You look so innocent. Even now you look as though you can't quite believe it's real. He'll enjoy proving to you that it is. Well, just do whatever he wants and don't think about it. That's the

easiest way. And be grateful it's only for two weeks. Afterwards you can pretend none of this ever happened...'

She led Emily over to the foot of the huge bed. Up close she now saw with alarm that its heavy posts and boards had been fitted with recessed tethering rings. Zinnia tugged on the top rail of its footboard and it rose up clear of the boards beneath it, running upward in slots set into the bedposts. It had chains hanging underneath it.

Zinnia bent Emily over the raised rail, with it pressed into her lower belly and against the tops of her thighs, so that her upper body overhung the bed. A hook on a few links of chain under the middle of the rail hooked on to the front ring of her belt, holding her down. Zinnia pulled out the longer chains slung beneath the rail and looped them around Emily's upper thighs just above her stocking garters and then clipped them back to rings screwed to the underside of the rail. Then she went to the bedposts. From the foot of the bedposts she drew out chains that hooked to the cuffs still buckled about Emily stockinged ankles. She adjusted them so they pulled her legs wide with her toes tucked beneath the bed. From higher up the heavy bedposts she then drew out more chains which she ran down to Emily's collar and clipped to the ring on its back. They helped support the weight of her upper body, keeping her level with the bed but not touching it.

Now Emily was secured bent over the foot of the bed with her legs spread invitingly wide and her bottom thrust out. Zinnia went to the big cupboard in the corner of the room and brought out a pair of items which she laid on the bedspread in front of Emily. One was a red leather lash with many trailing thongs and the other was a huge black rubber double ended dildo with a strap loop in the middle.

From the bedside table Zinnia took out a tube of lubricating jelly. Then she sat on the bed with her legs spread facing Emily, exposing her soft deep pussy cleft with its pubic topiary, and began to grease the double ended dildo with it.

'Don't try to be brave,' Zinnia advised Emily. 'He likes to see women crying and he always gets what he wants. So you cry as much as you can. Scream if you want. Don't worry, whatever gets past your gag won't disturb

anybody in this house. We're all used to it. It's been like this for hundreds of years...'

She laid back and slid one end of the dildo into her vagina which had to stretch and bulge to accommodate it. She tightened the strap in the middle of the dildo about her waist so that the other half jutted up menacingly from between her thighs. She saw Emily's horrified face and said: 'Yes, it's going to hurt. That's what it's meant to do. You're an outsider so you don't understand, but that's how it's meant to be.' Suddenly she smiled. 'You came earlier when you couldn't help it, didn't you? You taste lovely mixed with cream...'

Zinnia got off the bed and came round to stand behind Emily, the big dildo bobbing grotesquely in front of her. She squeezed out a little more of the lubricating jelly and worked it up into Emily's rectum.

'You can never have too much of this in you,' she told her. 'Alaric like's having girls up their rear passages because they're so tight and it's so much more embarrassing...'

The sound of running water from the bathroom ceased. Zinnia put the tube of jelly away and then she brought round the lash and slid its handle up into Emily's pussy, making her jerk in surprise.

'You just hold that there,' Zinnia said. 'He'll like that...'

When Alaric emerged from the bathroom now clad in slippers and a purple silk robe, the lash thongs were hanging invitingly from between Emily stocking clad thighs. Zinnia knelt beside her with her knees spread so that the dildo stuffed within her jutted up prominently.

'She's all ready just as you wanted her, Alaric,' she said meekly.

'Good,' Alaric said genially, walking round Emily. He slapped and patted her bottom cheeks and fondled her hanging breasts. 'Yes, she is a fine specimen. Pity I've only got her for the two weeks.'

'Yes, she is lovely,' Zinnia agreed.

Was this all part of his game, Emily wondered? Making his wife compliment the physical qualities of his latest slave girl? That was sick. But perhaps it was traditional. What better proof of his power than humiliating his own wife?

He pulled the handle of the lash out of her pussy. It was now slick with her juices. He wiped it clean on her bottom and then trailed the leather thongs through her buttock cleavage. Then he bunched up the thongs and forced them up into her already stimulated pussy, making it bulge as he twisted and twirled it within her, scraping the leather through her most tender flesh which responded by pouring fresh juices out from its depths over the lash tail. By time he pulled it out of her it was darker and heavy than it had been.

‘This is going to hurt you a lot more now, Emily,’ he promised her. ‘But my wife’s going to make it even wetter...’ And he dragged the bunch of thongs across Zinnia’s barely covered breasts and then her face. Obediently she opened her mouth and lapped and sucked on the leather strips, adding her own saliva even as she tasted Emily’s juices.

Oh God, this was getting sick, Emily thought. But she saw Zinnia’s plump red nipples standing up like little mountain peaks pressing into the sheer translucent material of her negligee.

When Alaric was satisfied, he took up his position to one side of Emily facing Zinnia as she knelt opposite. He was going to beat her with his wife watching with open legs...

He drew back his arm and swung. The thongs, wetted with her own juices and Zinnia Marchmount’s saliva, hissed through the air and cracked across Emily’s buttocks. She shrieked as her flesh rippled from the impact. The thongs curled up into her bottom cleft and between her thighs and up into the heavy moist split peach of her vulva. A searing wave of pain and heat burned through her bottom and into her loins.

He swung again and again: swish... crack!

Emily screamed and jerked against the wooden bar of the bed rail,

making the chains about her thighs and those supporting the back of her collar jingle. But she was firmly bound in place and there was no escape. The full force of every blow seared into her body and set her flesh burning. Tears were dripping from her stinging eyes onto the bed covers beneath her and she was biting hard on the mouth plug of her gag which did not entirely stifle her screams of pain. Dribble ran about the metal band closing her lips and also stained the bedclothes.

It felt as though her bottom was on fire! Surely he was ripping the flesh off her. She must be bleeding by now... But all she could feel running down her legs was the sweat of fear and the juices from her throbbing vulva, which was clenching with each blow, squirting out fresh fluid. The thongs smacked into it splattering it about her thighs and coming away even wetter than they had been before. She was adding to her own suffering!

Suddenly Alaric dropped the lash and ripped open his gown, exposing his straining manhood. Taking hold of Emily's hips he rammed his cock between the humid in-curving slopes of her buttocks into her greased anus.

Emily shrieked as he penetrated her; half out of relief that he had stopped his beating and half in pain and dismay at the feel of his huge cock sliding up into her rectum. He was far bigger than Trevor had been and far more violent.

Alaric pounded into her, making the foot of the bed creak as he rammed her hips against the rail. The force of his thrusts set her dangling breasts swaying. It was as if he was trying to split her with his cock shaft, ripping into her without any concern for her own pleasure all comfort. His hips ground against her sore, flaming, scarlet bottom cheeks that he had beaten so assiduously, adding to her pain. It was cruel and heartless but then he was the master here: a modern feudal baron enjoying the privileges of his rank. She was bound to his bed and had his cock up her arse. His wife was kneeling meekly on the floor watching him sodomise his newest slave girl. What else did she expect?

With a gasp and a grunt he spurted his seed up into her rectum. He gave her a last few wild thrusts to empty the last drops inside her and then he rested for a minute across her sweaty haunches, savouring his conquest.

Underneath him Emily sagged in relief. Her suffering was over, at least for the moment.

But Alaric wasn't finished with her humiliation.

He pulled out of her tight rectum with a soft pop and then turned to Zinnia. 'Lick me clean,' he commanded.

And meekly Zinnia obeyed, sucking her husband's cock shaft clean of the sperm he had spilled inside the hot tight rectum of a slave girl.

He was so filthy, Emily thought, even as she felt her nipples pricking up in a ghastly kind of excitement, even though her rectum had been flushed in the slave quarters before she had been sent to the dining hall. There was something so perversely fascinating at witnessing such behaviour even as it revolted her. Perhaps she had been aroused more than she had imagined by his sodomy of her. The ache of him remained inside her and for a moment it felt as if he was within both her and Zinnia at the same time.

Alaric's softened manhood quickly stiffened once again in his wife's mouth. Incredibly he already seemed ready for more. She knew from personal experience that he had come twice that day. He must have incredible stamina. Was this some family characteristic passed down through the generations from the first Baron? It might explain why he needed so many slave girls to satisfy his desires.

But now he was going to ring the changes with a single slave and his wife.

'Now you screw her,' he told Zinnia. 'You'll enjoy it, she's very responsive...'

'Yes, Alaric,' she said, with her cheeks flushed and lips sticky with his sperm.

Obediently Zinnia got up and positioned herself behind Emily. She guided the exposed head of the dildo impaled within her into the wet the mouth of Emily's cleft and then thrust it up inside her.

Emily shrieked as the huge thing stretched her sheath to its limits and made her belly bulge unnaturally. She thought for a moment she would burst. And then Zinnia pulled it out for half its length, making her sopping sheath cling and suck upon it, and then she thrust again. She felt her instinctive resistance breaking down to surrender to this overwhelming onslaught on her body. Husband and wife one after another were too much to cope with. All she could do was respond in the same primitive brutal manner that they had taken her. Her loins were filling and her pussy was flowing with juices as they desperately tried to lubricate the rubber shaft reaming it out.

Then she heard the lash swing through the air and there was a crack of leather on flesh, but it was not her bottom that had been struck.

Alaric was lashing Zinnia's buttocks even as they clenched and thrust the dildo up Emily's pussy. She could feel the transmitted effect of the blow juddering through the dildo that connected Zinnia's pussy with hers. Oh God, how much more intimate could this get!

Zinnia gave a yelp of pain as the lash smacked across her bottom cheeks, but she kept pumping away inside Emily.

Swish, crack: Alaric beat her again and again.

Then with a sudden sob she collapsed across Emily's back, reaching underneath her and clasping her hot dangling breasts and kneading and squeezing them and pinching and pulling on her throbbing nipples. Zinnia's hot breath caressed her cheek as her lips brushed close to her ear.

'Don't fight him,' she whispered, 'he's the master of us both...'

Emily did not know if this added to her shame and degradation or provided her with some distraction from it. She was not used to women handling her intimate parts or telling her to surrender to their husbands, but it was so much better than what had gone before. And at least Zinnia was no longer thrusting the dildo into her. She had stopped just before her loins threatened to burst. She might not now be driven to an orgasm. Perversely part of her felt cheated. Perhaps she might give little squeeze on the dildo and claw back a little pleasure out of this nightmare...

Then the dildo suddenly seemed to develop a life of its own.

Alaric was now holding onto his wife's hips, standing between her splayed legs which were in turn braced between Emily's even wider spread legs. He had rammed his cock up her backside and was thrusting into it, sending the force of his shaft through the narrow membrane between Zinnia's rectum and vagina via the dildo into Emily's stretched sheath.

He was sodomising Zinnia to make her in effect continue screwing Emily. All three of them were intimately conjoined: husband, wife and slave together. Emily realized the room stank with her juices and Zinnia's and Alaric's. It was the scent of lust and desire and domination.

With a grunt of satisfaction, Alaric came up Zinnia's backside. She twitched and jerked as she was tipped over the brink and her hips spasmed with a helpless reflex of lust as she came. Emily moaned and sobbed in despair and surrender to the inevitable as in turn a huge orgasm tore through her loins and shattered her brain.

And for a fleeting moment life Emily thought life in the Castle was perfect.

That night Emily slept in the huge bed sandwiched between Alaric and Zinnia. They were both naked while she was still bridled and her arms were still cuffed to her sides. The end of her leash had been hooked to the bed head.

Both husband and wife were clinging on to her possessively.

It was as if she was an interface between them: something they both could share; indeed had both shared with frightening intimacy. She had never known anything like it before. Wild thoughts tumbled through her confused mind which would have kept her awake except that her exhaustion could not be denied. And so she drifted into a fitful slumber, which was far from restful.

At one point she woke with Alaric's shaft up her backside once more, spouting his sperm within her. He fell asleep again with it still inside her and only slowly did it soften and pull out of her sore rectum. His sperm dribbled out across her sore buttocks and stained the sheets.

Later Emily woke to find Zinnia was half on top of her, kissing her breasts and sucking on her nipples, which were painfully swollen with helpless lust. At her back Alaric was snoring softly.

Zinnia twisted her body around so that she could clasp her thigh about Emily's body and rub her pussy against Emily's chained right hand. If she wore a chastity belt all day how often was she free to do this without Alaric interfering, Emily wondered? Was she actually desperate enough to screw his latest slave in the bed next to him while he slept?

But what she wanted was clear and Emily was in no position to refuse. What did it matter now after she had been defiled in every possible way? And if it made Zinnia feel gratitude towards her then that could not hurt.

And so Emily rubbed her fingers into Zinnia's slippery pussy cleft, grinding her thumb against the hard nub of her clitoris even as she slid her fore fingers up into the wet hot pit of her vagina. She felt her sheath clenching desperately about her, sucking on her hand and wriggling and grinding with short desperate little jerks and twists.

And then Zinnia's fingers found Emily's cleft and she began to frig her in return. For a moment Emily was so confused and surprised she simply gave in to the thrill of such stimulation. That was so good... No! Surely she couldn't! Zinnia's fingers were deep inside her vagina... Not like this! Zinnia was pinching and tweaking her throbbing clitoris... Not again...

But she came and so did Zinnia, with each of them spraying their juices over the hand of the other while Alaric slumbered next to them.

She felt Zinnia shudder and give a little sigh of satisfaction. Then she drifted off again.

And so Emily's first day as a Dunscombe Castle slave ended.

5: A Willing Slave?

The next morning Emily woke to find she was alone in the big bed. There was no sign of Alaric or Zinnia and the sun was shining brightly through uncurtained windows, showing that it was at least mid-morning. She was stiff from sleeping in chains, aching from the strange postures she had been forced to adopt and sore inside and out from her violent usage by shafts of flesh and rubber and the lingering tingling of her lashing.

The intense highs of her enforced orgasms were now fading memories and she felt dirty and miserable. After everything they had done to her it was as though she had been used and discarded, like a soiled paper tissue, left out for somebody else to clean up.

That somebody else proved to be Broomfield who, five minutes later, entered the room.

An approving smile lit up his plump features as he bent over the bed and unhooked her leash from the bed head.

‘Sir Alaric was pleased with your performance last night, girl,’ he told her. ‘We’ll get you cleaned up and then you can have a rest until you’re needed later...’

He led her through the now bustling household back down to the slave quarters. As she stumbled stiffly along after him she was painfully aware of sperm and old juices oozing out from her pussy and rectum.

They passed a pretty naked black slave woman dressed only in slave chains, sandals and bridle. She was pushing a trolley laden which seemed to carry an odd selection of packs of food, cleaning materials and a coiled hosepipe. She was connected to it by a slack chain hooked to a ring protruding from between her smooth coffee brown buttocks.

The slave lowered her eyes respectfully as she passed Broomfield but

glanced with interest at Emily. What must she look like? Of course the inhabitants of the Castle must be used such things. She was the one who still felt ashamed.

She was almost grateful to see Trevor's bright eager face waiting for her in the slave hall and she let him take her through the intimate routine of excreting, flushing out, shampooing and showering and drying off without protest. The lubricating jelly he pumped into her eased the soreness of her backside and he even put some kind of soothing cream on her beaten buttocks which took the sting and blush off them. It felt so good...

'Sir Alaric likes his slaves to have smooth clear bums so the marks of the next lashing show up better,' Trevor explained.

Of course he did. How foolish had she been to even imagine it was for her comfort. But at least she felt clean again. How long would that last?

Trevor strapped her into her coffin-like sleeping cage, plugged the relief tubes into her vulva and rectum and put her into socks and flat shoes. He hung a liquidised late breakfast from the lid bars and fed its tube into her mouth plug so she could feed from it. Then he locked the lid down and left her to recover.

There were couple of other girls in sight of her, but as they all had their mouths plugged one way or another she could not speak to them. She didn't imagine they could help her escape or anything so dramatic, but the company would have been nice. All she could do now was finish her breakfast and sleep. She was still so tired! Her night in Sir Alaric's bed hardly counted as rest. It was amazing how comfortable the thin padding underneath her felt. Maybe it was being tilted at an angle that made it bearable. And it was certainly secure. All had normal responsibilities of life had been taken away from her. In a way she supposed she was... perfectly.... safe...

Emily was woken by Trevor opening the lid of her cage. The light from windows had shifted once again and it now looked as though was early

afternoon.

‘I’ve got to put you into a dog harness,’ he told her as he undid her straps. ‘Sir Alaric must like you. He wants to take you for a walk around the castle. Not every girl gets that...’

As he fitted her bridle back on, clamping her tongue once again, she thought she could have managed without that honour. Then he pulled what looked like tight padded black boxing gloves over her hands which balled her fingers up into fists within them. He strapped padded high impact plastic knee guards and long shin protectors to her legs, the lower ends of which extended down over her feet, forcing her to point her toes. How could she walk in these things? Of course she was not intended to...

He got her out of the cage and she had to drop down onto her padded fists and knees because she could not balance on her toes, which were now cupped by the ends of the shin guards. He ran short chains from her waist belt to rings set in the tops of the knee pads. Like the girls who had drawn her frame about the dinner table last night, she could now only shuffle along on all fours. However her rectum was put to a different use.

Trevor pushed a mushroom shaped rubber plug into her anus and used a hex key to twist it so that it expanded within her. It supported a black rubber covered metal ball on a slender shaft and hinged mount, like the pom-pom on the end of a clipped poodle’s tail. It was connected to a curving sprung arm that went between her legs and ended in a rubber finger bristling with prongs that rested along her cleft and rubbed against the swelling button of her clitoris

As Trevor led her about between the cages for an experimental shuffle Emily found that every step caused her weighted tail to bob back and forth and ground the teasing finger insidiously into her most sensitive organ. Already her juices were beginning to flow helplessly around it, making it slide through her swelling labia even more readily. Oh God, this was going to be a nightmare... another nightmare. Or was it all the same nightmare she had been living since she clambered over the path fence ignoring the *No Trespassing* signs yesterday morning?

Sir Alaric was waiting in the castle courtyard when Trevor brought Emily out into the bright warm afternoon sunlight. He took hold of her leash and walked about her, admiring her newly harnessed body from all angles. She trembled under his gaze feeling miserable and ashamed, thinking of the things he had done to her last night. Oh well, what was one more indignity?

Then he squatted down in front of her and his hard grey eyes bored right into hers. 'Do you want to have your mouth plug removed?' he asked unexpectedly.

Why was he asking her that? Hesitantly she nodded.

'If I take it out then you will call me and "Master" and promise to speak politely at all times. If you don't you know you will be punished...' and he patted the spanking strap hanging from his belt.

Of course she had to pay a price. Another step on the road to subservience. But it would be nice to be able to use her mouth properly. She nodded again.

He opened up the bridle and unscrewed the split rubber plugs from the inner sides of the segmented mouthpiece. Then he put the bridle back on again leaving the mouthpiece wide. The metal bands framed her bare lips and the rest of the straps still encased her head, but it was a limited sort of freedom.

'What do you say?' he prompted.

'Thank you, Master.'

'I need your mouth free because when a girl is serving as my bitch I like to play fetch with her...' He held up a red rubber bone. Emily gulped. Of course, he was not acting out of consideration for her feelings. 'Carrying it will teach you discipline and to know when to be silent.' He pushed the rubber bone between her teeth, forcing her to clamp down on it and stifling any immediate response. 'Don't drop it until I tell you or I will strap your

rear until you bleed...'

He led her through another door of the several that opened onto the courtyard into the cool interior of the Castle. And she shuffled after him with her terrible tail wagging and rubbing the prong finger at her clit while she clamped a rubber bone in her mouth. She was harness like a dog on the end of the leash playing the part of his bitch! Carrying the bone made her look and feel even more subservient and humiliated. She'd almost rather have been gagged again. Did Zinnia know he was taking her out for a walk like this? It didn't matter of course. A woman who wore a chastity belt was hardly in a position to object and after what he forced them to do last night this was trivial by comparison...

They proceeded down a long corridor. It had a strip of carpet down the middle with bare wooden boards on each side. A little way along they came across another naked slave girl on her hands and knees. She was not harnessed like a dog. She was busy polishing the wooden floorboards, but in a suitably undignified manner.

Her ankles were cuffed together and a sprung chain from them stretch upwards to a metal ring protruding from her rectum. For the bulge behind it Emily guessed that it was held in place by an expanding internal plug like she wore. This one of course ensured she remained on her hands and knees.

She had large orange dusting clothes wrapped about foam pads strapped to her hands and knees and wash using them to clean and polish the floor. The polish was provided not by a modern aerosol spray can, but by an old fashioned large open flat round tin containing soft lavender-tinted wax. She had to dab her dusters into the tin and scrape up some of the polish which she then worked in the boards. To save her using her duster-bound hands to move the tin along with her as she went, it was connected to her by an angled wooden rod taped to its side that ran up between her legs to a dildo on its end that was plugged into her vagina. As she shuffled forward she prodded the tin along just in front of her knees.

Coming up on her rear, Emily saw her plugged rectum and the soft pouting pink cleft of her vulva peeping intimately from between her naked thighs. Was she one of the village tithe girls or an outsider like herself? How

long was she here for? Was this training her to be a life slave or would she be free to return home again in a few weeks? Did it matter? Surely no woman should be treated like this. But what could she do about it? No woman should be harnessed like a dog either but that didn't stop it happening. Marchmount had total power here and he exercised it to the full.

At the end of the corridor they came to an outside door and emerged onto a stone terrace with a balustrade about it which ran along the back of the Castle. They were on the other side of the building from the open yard she had passed through the day before. Here the ground fell away from the brow of the hill and it had been transformed into a terraced garden surrounded by high curtain walls and towers. For a moment Emily forgot her bizarre situation as she was lost in admiration. It was quite beautiful. The garden was lush with trees and flowers in bloom, interspersed with pergolas, arches and pieces of statuary, while over the tops of the surrounding walls she could see the rolling countryside shimmering in a blue heat haze.

Of course it was too good to be true. As they descended to the first terrace which was a clear strip of lawn bounded by a tall hedge pierced in several places by archways, she saw what she thought were classical nude statues were not made of stone...

There was pair of them standing on low stone pedestals on the either side of one of the arches leading through to the next terrace. They were holding water pitchers on their shoulders in a classic pose. But Emily now saw they were naked women of living flesh not stone, dusted over with white powder. And the pitchers on their shoulders were chained to their wrists. They stood upright on their pedestals because there were iron rods running up between their legs and embedded in their rectums. Unobtrusive metal hoops had been clamped down over their big toes, holding their feet in position.

Even as Emily gaped at them in disgust, Marchmount held his palm out to her. She tore eyes away from the unfortunate women and dropped the bone into his hand. He unclipped the leash from her collar and then held the bone up in front of her eyes.

‘Fetch!’ he said, flinging the bone the length of the lawn. ‘Quick as you can or I’ll tan your backside...’

Taking a deep breath Emily shuffled away after the bone, going as fast as she could. She found she could shift into a kind of bounding motion, throwing both arms forward and lunging and then tucking her lower legs up under her and thrusting off against the tips of her shin guards which curled about the toes of her shoes, then extending her body to the maximum her chains permitted and reaching forward with her padded fists once more. It was a little like the way a dog ran but it was desperately ungainly and made her bare breasts bounce and heave about, to say nothing of the frantic motion it imparted to her tail, which transmitted itself to the rubber pronged finger into her cleft which rubbed her wildly.

She gasped as she bounded on, horribly aware of the trail of drips she was leaving on the grass behind her and of her bouncing shiny buttocks and her fake tail rising up between them and wagging about in a parody of excitement.

She reached the bone, picked it up with her teeth and then bounded back to Marchmount. He held his hand out and she squatted back on her haunches and lifted her torso up with her arms folded under her breasts in a mockery of a dog begging and carefully laid it in his palm once more.

He patted her head. 'Good girl,' he said. Then he flung the bone again. 'Fetch...'

Half a dozen times he threw the terrible bone and she bounded after it, steadily getting hotter under the sun until she was dripping with sweat and gasping for breath, sucking it in about the open jaws of her bridle mouth strap. It stung her eyes and dripped off her hard nipples and ran down the cleft of her buttocks. Her pubic curls were sodden with it and the juices her pussy was pumping out as the pronged finger rubbed back and forth through it. It was beginning to make her feel lightheaded.

Emily knew Marchmount was enjoying seeing her racing back and forth across the lawn after the bone simply to amuse him and torment her. Her compliance was a way of admitting his mastery over her. Perhaps it was also a way of training her into unthinking obedience. But one way or another before she collapsed, or came from overstimulation of her throbbing clitoris, she would have to distract him.

After she had dropped the bone into his palm for the sixth time she panted: ‘please, Master, may I ask you a question?’

‘As you’ve asked politely you may,’ Marchmount said graciously.

She nodded towards the living statues. ‘Those girls over there... you’re already their master. I presume you can use them for sex whenever you want. Isn’t that enough? Why do you have to show them off like that and degrade them even further?’

‘Because it’s right and proper they are displayed,’ Marchmount said. ‘They have pretty bodies which deserve to be uncovered. It also reminds them what they are and what their purpose in life now is. When they are sold on, as they will be soon, then their new owners will expect them to be totally obedient. I’m teaching them how to do so unquestioningly, as every good slave should.’

Emily shuddered at his casual talk of selling them on and concentrated on the immediate objection. ‘But it’s so cruel to expose them in front of anybody who walks by, Master.’

‘Actually this particular duty is quite easy by Castle standards and they know it. In fact it’s rather restful, almost a reward. If you were staying with us long enough you’d find that out for yourself. But I can show you something far more strenuous to put it in perspective...’

He pushed the bone between her lips and clipped her leash onto her collar again. Then he led her back through the house into the inner courtyard, under the gateway beside the Barons Chamber and out into the grassy expanse of the outer bailey, where the castle’s imposing walls and towers enclosed the space between the front of the house and the main gatehouse, where its massive studded doors closed off access to the outside world.

Emily gulped at the sight of the closed gates. Beyond them was a world of freedom and normality: the world she should be inhabiting right now. Except that at this moment Lucy Parminter was out there somewhere dressed in her clothes and using her phone and credit card and pretending to be her, all so that Marchmount could keep her here naked and collared as one

of his slaves...

Reluctantly she tore her gaze away from them as Marchmount led her across the grass. Along one side of the yard under the trees a course marked by traffic cones had been laid out, stretching from one corner of the main house around to the gatehouse. Along this course a loose string five naked slave girls were making their weary way back and forth, overseen by one of Broomfield's smart young assistant slave handlers.

They wore the usual belts and metal bridles and their feet were clad in their neat white socks and black shoes. With bent backs sweating profusely they staggered back and forth along the course.

'There is a big water tank by the gatehouse I want filled,' Marchmount explained. 'And there's a tap by the side of the house they can fill their buckets from. All they have to do is carry the water between the two until the task is done...'

For a moment it seemed as if they were re-enacting some scene from a Third World country, where women were carrying wooden yokes with buckets of water suspended from them. Except that Emily had never seen double yokes like these or water carried so painfully.

The upper yokes were wooden poles hung across their shoulders in more or less traditional fashion, except that their arms were bent outwards and their wrists were cuffed to its ends. But they did not use these to carry the buckets. Instead from the ends of the yokes pairs of bungee cords angled downwards front and back to the ends of the second lower yoke: a rod of wood which they carried painfully slung between their legs, jutting out grotesquely in front and behind them. It was pulled up harder into their groins and also supported by pairs of short chains running down to it from the side rings of their broad waist belts. From the ends of this yoke hung plastic buckets full of water.

As they got closer to the unfortunate women Emily saw that the lower set of yokes had a fitting in their middles which pressed up into their groins, anchoring it in place. It was a rubber sheath on which a pair of dildos were mounted, one of which impaled their rectums and the other their vaginas.

Of course, trust Marchmount to make this a sexual ordeal as well as a physical one, Emily thought in disgust.

The lower set of yokes bounced and swayed as the women walked, their motion amplified by the bracing bungee cords. This set the suspended buckets swaying in turn, threatening to slop the water in them over. The motion churned and rocked the yokes in their groins, pumping the dildos up into their sweating, dripping orifices, and then sucking them out again.

As they stood by the line of women, Emily saw the strain on their faces and the sweat pouring off their bodies. She could also smell the unwilling arousal the grotesque fittings of the lower set of yokes were generating. Their inner thighs were wet with their juices.

‘These are a selection of outsider women I’m training for a life of slavery and service,’ Marchmount said proudly.

Emily carefully put her rubber bone down on the grass in front of her and said bitterly: ‘This is so inhumane, Master!’

‘They have all come onto my land and into my power by one means or another. I have the legal right to do this. You saw the charter.’

‘But this is the 21st-century, Master. We’re meant to be enlightened about such things. You have the freedom to choose. You don’t have to do this.’

‘On the contrary, I’m practically obligated. I’m teaching them discipline and purpose so they can improve themselves. And if you had no close kin you would have joined them in this training program, and would perhaps be thinking differently.’

Emily could hardly believe her ears. ‘You think that a life of slavery is an improvement on living in freedom, master?’

‘You’re judging them by your privileged standards,’ Marchmount said severely. ‘From what you’ve told me you had a decent upbringing and enough wealth to support you through higher education. You have friends

and family. But not all women are so lucky. How many of them would waste their lives away descending into a vicious spiral of drink, drugs or delinquency, or else simply lead pointless non-productive lives, perhaps finding some partner who will never appreciate their quality or potential. You could say I've rescued them. They are happier now. Look how their pussies are dripping with excitement...'

'They're being forced to get aroused, Master.'

'No, they are learning to allow themselves the pleasure of becoming aroused when they are labouring to please their master.'

Emily looked at their haggard, contorted faces behind their imprisoning bridles. 'They don't look very happy, Master.'

'Not at the moment. Like you, they have been conditioning by our blinkered society to believe that their ideal state is freedom, so that they must feel shame and show resentment and resistance at being treated like this. It takes time to overcome such ingrained habits. But I know that secretly all women are excited at the thought of being mastered properly. It thrills them to take orders from strong men and do their bidding.'

Emily gritted her teeth to this outrageous assertion. 'I've never felt anything like that in my life, Master.'

He grinned down at her. 'You would say that of course. But the evidence suggests otherwise...'

He unhitched his strap cane and dragged its blade through the wet cleft of her sex which was pouting from between her thighs, pushing aside the rubber prong finger and bring the blade away stained with her juices. Even as she flinched at this he flicked the wet blade across her stiff dangling nipples.

'The juices dripping from your pussy tells another story,' he continued, 'as does the erection of your nipples, which was so noticeable when you were fetching the bone for me. Admit that you were excited playing the part of my bitch.'

Emily felt her cheeks burning in shame, and shook her head. 'I couldn't help responding, Master, that's not the same thing as true pleasure!'

'Isn't it? We shall see...'

He was interrupted by the approach of Broomfield across the lawn. He was holding a mobile phone on a silver platter. 'A call for you from the Dunscombe Arms on the secure app, Sir. Mr Dray has found a likely candidate and is about to assess her with Gilbert's help...'

Alaric picked up the phone and exchanged a few words with the person on the other end. 'Go to it then,' he said, putting the phone on speaker and holding it in front of him so he could see its screen. Emily could not see what it showed but there were some confused sounds including a woman crying out in fear or pain. Then they were stifled. Marchmount said: 'She looks perfect. Bring her up here as soon as she's secured...'

He returned the phone to Broomfield and then looked down at Emily. 'It appears that you'll get a chance to see how a less fortunate girl reacts to the life I offer here very shortly. This might be very instructive. If she's suitable I'll allow you the chance to talk to her and put your moral argument against slavery and see how she reacts...'

Twenty minutes later Emily was kneeling on a big rubber covered cushion beside Marchmount's chair in the Baron's Chamber.

A cushion made it sound more comfortable than it was. Her dog harnesses had been removed and she was back in her normal, if that was word for it, Castle harness of socks and shoes and belt, to the back of which her arms were now chained. Her mouth plug had been replaced and she was muted once again. Her terrible tail had gone and the rubber finger with it, but there was a large dildo mounted on the top of the cushion which was lodged up her sticky vagina, and she was under strict instructions to keep it there until given permission to do otherwise. Whatever she saw she could not respond to verbally or physically until Marchmount permitted.

Marchmount was seated in the big chair. Walking around the garden he had been in shirtsleeves, but now he had put on his tweed jacket and tie. Was there some strange code that required him to be smartly dressed to receive a potential slave girl, or was he trying to impress her? Emily glanced at him and then at the girl bent, strapped and impaled in the ceremonial cage beneath his imposing chair. Did they count as part of this show? The chair girl twisted her head round to look out at her and they exchanged mute glances of understanding. They were each at the mercy of their master and had no choice but to endure the fate he had assigned to them. Emily realized it was a different girl from the one she'd seen the previous day. She wondered how many hours they served in such a cramped position. When there was no one in the chamber did she get bored? Yesterday it had seemed the worst kind of degradation possible, but today it did not seem quite so terrible. It was amazing how her sense of proportion had already been altered by twenty-four hours in Dunscombe Castle.

She heard a car draw up in the courtyard where it was met by Broomfield. A minute later he entered the Chamber carrying a shabby backpack and a worn kit bag followed by two middle aged men in jeans and rolled sleeved shirts holding a struggling hooded, naked woman between them. Her wrists were tied behind her back and her ankles were hobbled by a short rope. She must have been gagged because only muffled indistinct sounds came from beneath what looked like an old pillow slip which had been taped about her neck.

From what Emily could see of her she had a lightly tanned fleshy body with heavy breasts capped by large pale brown nipples. Her buttocks were softly rounded and a thin delta of dark blonde hair partially covered her plump pouting pubic cleft. As she struggled her big breasts bounced and heaved and her buttocks shivered.

‘This is the one, Sir Alaric,’ the plumper and redder-faced of the two men said to Marchmount. ‘And a nice juicy piece of girl flesh she is...’

‘So I see, Mr Dray’ Marchmount said. ‘If you and Gilbert would put her in the cage...’

With Bromfield’s help the men manhandled the woman into the Cage

of Truth, untied her hobble, pulled her legs wide and strapped her ankles to the cage sides. Then they slid the dildos up her. She bucked and shrieked in alarm as she felt them going in but of course could not see what they were. Emily's own sheath clenched about the dildo inside her in sympathy. They untied the new girl's hands from behind her back and stretch them up to the corners the cage above them and cuffed them in place. Then Broomfield attached the heavy jaws of the electric clamps to her nipples and plump labia. The pain of the metal teeth biting into her flesh made her struggle and strain even more fiercely, but with her arms and legs secured and her torso steadied by the impaling rods, she could do nothing to prevent herself being connected to the terrible devices.

Dray pulled the pillow slip hood off her to reveal a heart-shaped face and a tousled mane of dark blonde shoulder length hair. Strips of silver repair tape pressed cotton pads over her eyes and held a foam rubber ball in her mouth, effectively gagging and blindfolding her. Between them was visible a small neat nose.

Broomfield lowered the cage head clamp over her and screwed it tight about her temples, causing her to shriek again. Timing it carefully, he ripped the tape from her mouth, pulled the ball out and thrust the rubber bar that hung from the head brace between her jaws in its place. Her mouth was red and quite pretty with a rolled-back top lip. Now her shrieks were even louder as her teeth chewed on the rubber bit. But as she found her blind struggles only increased her pain by jerking the clamps about her nipples and labia, gradually she quietened down.

Marchmount said to Gilbert and Mr Dray: 'Thank you, she looks like a very promising specimen. I'll let you know she does...'

'Right you are, Sir Alaric... Thank you, Sir Alaric...' Practically touching their forelocks, the men bobbed their way out of the chamber. Marchmount might keep women as slaves but the local men were hardly less subservient, Emily thought. Was that the power of half a millennium of feudal tradition?

'Let's see her eyes,' Marchmount said.

Broomfield pulled the tape and pads away, revealing pale thin brows and narrow, frightened dark brown eyes. Taken in all it was a pretty face, if not particularly intelligent. Broomfield closed the cage door and then glided down the hall to the big table where he began emptying her bags and sorting through their contents.

The girl blinked and looked about her red-cheeked and confused at the cage and then the room beyond. Then her gaze fixed on Marchmount as he sat impressively on his wooden throne. Her eyes widened in horror and alarm as she took in Emily squatting naked beside him and then the girl under the throne. Emily knew what she was feeling.

‘I am Alaric Marchmount, Seventeenth Baron of Dunscombe,’ Marchmount declared impressively, his manner dripping with breeding and supreme self-confidence. ‘I’m sure you have many questions about why you were brought here. I will answer them and ask you questions in return. If you try you’ll find you can speak about the bit in your mouth, but if you do you must promise you will do so politely and not threaten or insult me. It will only get you punished. You are totally in my power and you are connected to the devices designed to correct female misbehaviour...’ his hand was poised over the controls of the laptop linked to the cage. ‘Do you promise?’

Defiantly the girl glared at him and shook her head as far as the clamp about it allowed. ‘I won’t promise you anything, you sick shit!’ she choked out indistinctly. ‘You let me go or.... ehghh!’

Alaric had pressed a button on the laptop. Emily saw her eyes widened and heard her terrible muffled shriek of pain as the clamps about her breasts came alive, stabbing her big nipples with electric fire. Then they switched to the clamps about her soft shiny labia and her hips seemed to vibrate. Then the electric dildos plugging her vagina and rectum cut in, driving the terrible stinging jolts of pain right up into her loins and the depths of her body. Her white teeth were bared as they clamped in agony about her rubber bit. Then her eyes bulged still further in desperate dismay as a stream of pee spurted out of her peeled open lips and splattered over the rubberised floor of the cage.

Alaric let the current flow through her for two more cycles as she

sobbed and writhed, jerking like a pinned butterfly on her terrible electric impaling rods while her eyes bulged and filled with tears and residual spurts of urine splattered from her. When he finally turned the power off, the girl's shoulders slumped limply, dangling from her up-stretched arms, while her soft belly sagged outwards. The clamp kept her head up but her eyes were closed. Her nose was dripping and she was making little throaty whimpering sounds as saliva dribbled from the corners of her stretched mouth.

‘She has far less self-control than you did,’ Alaric commented to Emily. ‘I’ll need to handle her differently...’ Was that a compliment?

He gave the girl a moment to recover and he said again: ‘Will you promise to speak politely and not scream abuse or call for help? There is no help, by the way, so you’d only be wasting your breath. Or shall I electrify those magnificent breasts of yours again?’

Her eyes snapped open, no longer defiant but filled with fear. The shocks and her humiliating loss of control seemed to have completely broken down her resistance. Her cheeks were flushed and her face was stained with tears, while her small neat chain was trembling under her gag. This time she nodded. ‘I... I promise...’

‘You will address me as “Sir”,’ Marchmount said.

‘Y... yes, S... Sir,’ she stammered.

‘Now you’re in what I call the Cage of Truth. That means if you lie to me you get hurt again, do you understand?’

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘First, what is your name and age?’

‘My... my name is Lydia Tapper and I’m 19, Sir,’ she said in a tiny voice, speaking with a trace of an East London accent. She rolled her eyes down at her clamped nipples and pussy. ‘Please take the things off me, Sir!’

‘I will after you’ve answered my questions. Lydia...that’s a nice

name. And how did you get to be in Dunscombe, Lydia?' After asserting his power so brutally, suddenly was sounding much friendlier.

'Um... I was sort of with a man, Sir, a boyfriend, like... He had a place in St Ives. But we had a bust up and I was heading back to London only I ran out of money. I hitched a bit and got here. I was in the pub in the village asking if there was any work I could do for a meal. They seem very nice and asked about me and if I was going back home to anybody. I said no. Then this man spilt his beer all over me. But the landlord and his wife were real kind and said I could shower at the back and they'd wash my clothes for me. But when I was in the shower the landlord and the man who spilled the beer came in. The dirty old sods were filming me! Then they grabbed me and tied me up and put a hood over my head... and then...'

'Yes, we know what happened then,' Marchmount said. 'And do you really have no home to go to or anyone who'll miss you?' he asked gently.

He was good, Emily thought as she moaned about her gag, willing the girl to pretend she had somebody who would miss her even if she didn't. But she seemed too shocked by what had happened to her, or was perhaps too naive, to lie.

'N... no, Sir... not really. I had no Dad and my mother kept coming back with different boyfriends... I didn't like them. That's why I left in the first place.'

Emily could feel her practically handing herself into Marchmount's power.

'And you broke with your boyfriend, so you've got no home, no money and no job.' Marchmount said.

'No Sir,' Lydia admitted miserably.

'What do you know about slavery, Lydia?' he asked suddenly.

Lydia eyed Emily and girl under his chair doubtfully. 'You... mean like taking people from Africa to work in the fields in America hundreds of

years ago, Sir? I thought that was all finished with... ‘

‘It was,’ Marchmount said. ‘But there’s a new kind of modern-day slavery. In this Castle and villages around it I have the right by an ancient law to make women slaves if I want to. I can train them to be good slaves who are worth a lot of money. It isn’t easy and they have to work hard, but they get fed regularly and they’re kept safe and warm. Then, when they’re ready, I sell them to collectors of slaves. Rich men and women from around the country who enjoy keeping pretty girls to serve them.’

Lydia’s eyes had grown wide. ‘You... mean like for sex, Sir?’

‘Yes, among other things. Do you like sex, Lydia? A girl with a lovely body like yours must like sex.’

‘Umm... well, yes, Sir. I like sex.’

‘And do you like it when you have a really intense orgasm? I mean something mind-blowing, as you’d call it?’

‘Er... yes, I suppose, Sir.’

‘But I bet you never had a slave orgasm.’

‘What’s that, Sir?’

‘That’s when a slave girl reaches a climax. It’s like nothing ordinary women ever feel, because a slave girl has no inhibitions and can be made to feel things ordinary girls don’t. Owners enjoy making them climax again and again, sometimes using pain and pleasure to make it more intense.’

Was that what she had felt, Emily thought in horror? No, no way!

‘No... Sir, I don’t think of ever have one of those,’ she said cautiously.

‘Well you’re going to have one right now...’ and he pressed a button.

The cage sprang into automatic life, sending little shocks into Lydia’s

big nipples and plump labia. The dildo rods began to pump up and down, churning the dildos in her rectum and vagina even as they delivered their precisely controlled shocks to her loins.

‘Uhhh... ohh... no, please let me go, Sir!’ Lydia begged feebly.

‘Go where, Lydia? You said you had nowhere to go and there was nobody who would miss you. I’ll only let you go if you can tell me honestly what you’re going to make of your life. What plans have you got for your future? Have you even got a roof over your head or a job? But you don’t have to worry about money if you’re a slave and meals are provided. And your owner will keep you healthy and make sure you don’t get fat and ugly. You’ll be naked all the time so everybody can admire your body. You won’t have to make any complicated decisions; all you’ll have to do is obey. Then you’ll have the most exciting and intense pleasure you’ll ever know...’

‘Awww... my tits are burning! This hurts, Sir!’

‘That’s because you’re fighting it, Lydia. Let yourself go, let all those sensations mix within you and then you’ll see. You might as well because you’ve got no other choice. It can’t hurt just see what would happen, can it?’

Lydia’s eyes were rolling up in disbelief at the sensations she was feeling. Her hips were twisting and grinding about the pumping dildo rods. Clamped between the cruel jaws of the electrodes Emily could see her big nipples were swollen and she was making little jerking motions that were setting her breasts bobbing heavily, wagging the heavy clamps clipped to them. That must hurt so much but Lydia did not seem to notice. Her pussy lips were also flushed and engorged and the insides of her thighs were showing splatters of fluid as she lubricated about the rod pumping up her vagina. Drips began to fall to the floor of the cage.

Emily had not realized how readily the cage could be turned into a perverted sadomasochistic pleasure machine. It was doing terrible things to Lydia but she was reacting to them totally different they from the way Emily had yesterday. Now it was working like a huge masturbation device. She could smell her arousal now drifting over from the cage. It was disturbingly exciting. Was Lydia more highly sexed than she was? How long it been since

she had cum herself? Was Marchmount breaking her in with pain and pleasure?

‘Would you like to orgasm now Lydia?’ Marchmount asked.

Lydia groaned: ‘Yes... oh fuck yes! I want to cum!’

Marchmount turned the machine off. The electrodes died and the rods stopped plunging. Lydia’s glazed eyes snapped open in sudden dismay. ‘Ohh... no... No please, Sir, I’ve got to cum!’

Marchmount got up from his chair and walked over to her cage. The unbuttoned his flies and freed his straining erection which he pushed up against the bars. ‘You can come over my manhood,’ he told her. ‘But only if you beg for it...’

Lydia said in desperation: ‘P... please, Sir I want you to screw me, Sir... I want to have your cock up me Sir...’

Marchmount opened the door of the cage and stepped inside. He slid down the dildo rod that had been occupying Lydia’s pussy and unclipped the electrodes clamped to its lips. Then he thrust his shaft up into the dripping, hot wet stretched fleshy hole the dildo had left behind. He ground himself up against her naked sweaty stretched body, forcing the electrodes still clipped to her nipples cruelly aside as he ground her big breasts against his tweed covered chest.

As Emily watched she squeezed her own pussy tight about the dildo within her, unconsciously jerking her hips up and down rapidly to increase her pleasure. Oh yes, oh yes... Then she realized what she was doing and made herself stay still, simmering with shame and frustration as her juices flowed out over the rubber covered pillow under her thighs and buttocks.

The coupling did not take long. The sight of Lydia’s erotic torment had clearly primed Marchmount and Lydia was only seconds from climaxing herself. After a minute he grunted and spurted within her and she sobbed and shrieked about her rubber bit and then with a huge convulsive shake went limp. Her big breasts were moving only slightly. Had she actually fainted?

But what was worse was that Marchmount had actually made her beg for his cock.

Unhurriedly, Marchmount pulled his shaft out of Lydia's slobbering vagina and stepped out of the cage. He came over to Emily and used her hair to wipe himself clean. His sperm and another girl's juices in her hair, she thought horror. Only then did he tuck his softening shaft away.

He pulled Emily up off the pillow, the dildo coming out of her wet sheath reluctantly, and ushered her across to stand in front of Lydia's cage. He opened up the jaws of her bridle and unscrewed the mouth plug so she could speak. Then together they watched as Lydia recovered from her post orgasmic collapse. She did look achingly beautiful in a pitiful, distressed way and Emily could imagine a voluptuous body like that giving many people pleasure. Slowly Lydia's eyes opened and focused upon them. Then she blushed and looked suddenly ashamed and confused.

'You did very well,' Marchmount assured her. 'You were delightful to have. Anybody would be proud to own a girl like you who can respond like that.'

For a moment Lydia looked guiltily proud of herself. Emily felt sick.

'Now this is Emily who is being punished for trespassing on my land by serving a time as my slave,' Marchmount said. 'But she's rather close-minded and is very resistant to the whole idea of slavery. I promised her she could talk to you and see if she could convince you to choose freedom instead.' He slapped Emily on her rump and then stepped back. 'Off you go...'

'Slavery is wrong at every level,' Emily said to Lydia. 'It's insulting to women as human beings. We're not toys to be played around with; we're thinking people with every right to decide our own futures. Whatever the law says he can do because of some accident of history doesn't mean what he's doing to you or me today is right or fair. Just because he's a Baron with a castle doesn't mean you've got to be his slave. That's just mediaeval!'

For a moment it seemed that Lydia was digesting what she had said,

while staring at Marchmount intensely. But then she asked: ‘Does he really own this whole Castle, like I saw from the village?’

‘What? Er... yes.’

‘And he really is a “Sir” with a title and everything?’

‘Yes, but that doesn’t mean...’

‘Is he telling the truth?’

‘About what?’ Emily said.

‘About selling me and rich people giving me a home and food and taking care of me?’

What could she say? ‘Yes, I think he’s telling the truth as he believes it, Lydia. He will make you a slave and he will sell you on other people and they will use you for their pleasure. But that’s not any kind of life. You won’t be free.’

Lydia looked as though she was considering deeply, her smooth brow furrowed in thought. ‘But will it be worse than the shitty life I’ve got already?’

‘Er... I don’t know,’ was all Emily could say.

‘You sound like you’re clever, like you did well at school,’ Lydia said. ‘Well I didn’t, you see. All I’ve got going from me is a good set of tits. Maybe... maybe this is the best thing for me.’

‘Why don’t you sample some more of slave life?’ Marchmount said to Lydia as he stepped forward and cupped and squeezed Emily’s breasts. ‘This girl needs further punishment herself for her crime. At the same time you can come outside and see more of the castle...’

Broomfield, who had been hovering unobtrusively in the background, now stepped forward and took charge of Emily’s leash. Marchmount himself unfastened Lydia from the cage and helped her out. Her nipples were swollen

and indented with the marks of the clamp teeth as were her labia. After her intense orgasm her legs were still wobbly and she needed support.

‘Don’t worry if you drip, that’s perfectly all right here,’ Marchmount assured her as she twitched her fleshy thighs together in embarrassment when she realized what she was doing.

Broomfield handed Marchmount a new collar and leash and a set of cuffs.

‘You’ve got to wear this if you’re to stay in the Castle,’ Marchmount said to Lydia as he buckled the collar about her neck. ‘It’s like a kind of uniform for slaves...’ Even as he spoke he deftly pulled her arms round behind her back and cuffed her wrists together. She had accepted him doing it without a struggle, looking up at him with helpless fascination.

The men led Emily and Lydia outside into the courtyard. Lydia looked up at the castle about her in innocent, open-mouthed wonder.

They went across to the sandpit where the exercise wheel, cross and whipping post were mounted. At the moment they were unoccupied. Closer to Emily saw that there were more fittings on the post than she had noticed first time and some extra items were also sticking out of a box beside it, including one long pole like object. How long had this been prepared?

The front of the post, which was a dark slab of oak a foot thick, had a row of angled holes drilled in it about hip height. Out of one of these projected the end of a greased black rubber dildo. There were more holes drilled through the post from side to side and a little above the dildo. Through one of these a horizontal wooden pole about a yard long had been fitted. There are also chains and straps hanging from the back of post.

Marchmount position Lydia against the post so that the jutting dildo nuzzled into the fleshy folds of her buttocks. ‘Just let it slide up inside you,’ he said, giving her a little push back so that her eyes widened as the thing penetrated her rectum. He un-cuffed her hands and pulled her arms around behind the post and re-cuffed them again, securing her in place with her back pressed against it and her bottom impaled. He pulled her legs apart and

cuffed her ankles to the side of the post. Then he drew a strap round from the back of the post and passed over the front of her neck, holding her head up. Her big breasts jutted out proudly from her chest.

‘Now you look perfect,’ he told her.

From the box he took out a greased double-ended dildo moulded in a “U”. Dangling from its middle was a supporting strap. Marchmount buckled this about Lydia’s waist and then carefully inserted one end of the dildo up into her still sticky vagina. This left the other end jutting upwards from between her plump pubic lips.

‘Now you’re going to give Emily a ride on that,’ Marchmount said. Then he leaned forward almost conspiratorially as he confided to Lydia: ‘She may cry and scream, but you see if she doesn’t enjoy herself as well. And of course you can too. Slave girls can orgasm as often as they like...’

He positioned Emily before Lydia and then he in Broomfield between them lifted her off the ground, bent her legs and hooked her knees over the pole jutting out from the post sides. They used straps to bind her ankles in place so her legs could not be unhooked. Her splayed thighs were now pressed down against Lydia’s hips and their breasts were mashed together. They pulled chains around the back of the post and hooked them to the sides of her collar and waist belt, pulling her closer until her breasts mashed against Lydia’s and she was staring her in the face. Marchmount slid Lydia’s dildo up into Emily’s gaping vagina, already slippery from stimulation on the pillow dildo, and now they were coupled together.

Broomfield took something from the box. It was a bottle of sunflower oil. Solemnly he poured a little between their close-pressed bodies and then rubbed it over their breasts and stomachs until they were glossy and slippery. Lydia’s eyes grew round in surprise and disbelief while Emily could feel the heat of her body flowing into hers.

Marchmount took out the pole-like object which had been resting in the box. It was an old-fashioned pogo stick with a dildo on its top end. Marchmount slid the dildo end up into Emily’s rectum and then, compressing the heavy spring in the stick, pushed its tapering end into a metal hoop

hammered into the base of the post.

Emily groaned as she was doubly impaled. As her weight settled a little on the pogo stick it pushed back up into her, competing for space within her loins with the big dildo filling her vagina. The slightest movement also ground her oiled breasts against Lydia's. She looked into her face shamefully.

'Sorry I can't help it,' she said.

'That's okay,' said Lydia, with a strange light in her eyes.

Marchmount had taken a lash from the box and was positioning himself behind Emily.

'Now I'm going to whip Emily's bottom until its scarlet,' he told her. 'As an incentive I'll stop whipping her when both of you climax...'

The lash hissed through air and cracked up against the impaled cheeks of Emily's buttocks. She shrieked and jerked, grinding her breasts over Lydia's. Flinching from the pain she bounced on the terrible rectal pogo stick, grinding the dildo within her even as she clinched on the dildo in her front passage which was now so intimately linked with Lydia's pussy.

Marchmount drew back his arm and swung the lash again, and again...

There was no escape, Emily realized as she sobbed and moaned. Or rather the only escape was doing what their master and tormentor wished. There was either suffering alone or there was suffering with pleasure and humiliation. In fact there was no choice because their bodily instincts had already made it for them.

Their hot breasts were bumping and slithering across each other even as their hard nipples dug furrows in their oily skins. Their pussies were pumping out juices which were mingling at the base of the dildo. The blows were driving Emily against Lydia who could not retreat from them, impaled she was on the post. She could feel her clenching her buttocks about the rod up her backside, which could only add to her arousal. They were both anally

impaled and mutually vaginally coupled. The scent of their arousal was flowing up between their oiled bodies and filling their nostrils.

There was no escape...

Emily bucked as she came, riding Lydia's soft fleshy body through her climax. As she did so she felt Lydia straining and jerking against the post, pushing her hips back against her. Between their thighs juices sprayed about the plug of rubber filling their pussies as their juices dripped down Lydia's trembling legs onto the sand.

Marchmount ceased his whipping, leaving Emily shuddering, caught somewhere between pain and pleasure, feeling the searing heat of her lashed buttocks being melted by the liquid lust still seeping from her loins.

'Well done both of you,' Marchmount said heartily, lavishing them with praise which only had one objective. 'That was an excellent performance.'

And then almost in her ear Emily heard Lydia speaking the most terrible, depressing and servile words: 'I... I think I'd like to see if I can become a slave, Sir...'

6: Driot de Seigneur

Emily did not see anything of Marchmount or Lydia the next day. She slept in her coffin cage bed in the Slave Hall and was not called upon to serve in his bedroom or provide entertainment for his guests and so she assumed that Lydia was fulfilling that purpose. Despite her own situation she was worried about the young woman because she seemed so naive. Apparently she had been impressed by Marchmount's title and wealth and bizarrely charmed by the praise he had lavished upon her. He had shown her an iron fist in a velvet glove and she had kissed it. Could you actually flatter somebody into wanting to be a slave? Perhaps, if they had nothing better in their life.

But Emily was not left to fret over Lydia for long. Trevor, acting on Broomfield's orders, put her out in the castle courtyard for exercise on the big wheel, and soon she had little energy left to worry about Lydia.

The wheel was like a drum ten feet across mounted on its side with a rim of wooden slats. One side was held together with wooden spokes joined to a hollow metal shaft that turned within a metal hub ring supported by a heavy wooden post driven deep into the ground. The other side was open. Emily stood inside the rim of the wheel with her wrists chained to the back of her waist belt and it turned under her as she walked. It made her grateful for the days she had been hiking prior to her capture which had at least toned her legs, although then she had been able to take a rest and sit down whenever she wished. That was a luxury which was now denied her.

A chain fed through the hollow hub shaft was clipped the side ring of her belt, preventing her from stepping out of the open side of the wheel. And to ensure she maintained a steady place, electric cables next to it were connected to clips clamped to her nipples, pussy and a metal rod up her rectum. These were linked to an automatic control box on the support post that monitored the rate of rotation of the wheel. If it fell below a certain preset speed she got warning jolts stabbing through her most sensitive flesh, which made her flinch and yelp in pain. This made her stumble and lose stride and slow the wheel even further, which was then punished by even

more intense shocks. Soon she learned to keep going no matter what.

A water pipe was also fed through hollow hub and plugged into the mouthpiece of her bridle, so she could at least drink to replace the fluids she lost sweating profusely as she walked on and on around the endless interior of the wheel, her clipped and wired breasts jiggling steadily as she went. However there was no corresponding waste tube plugged into her urethra to allow her to expel her urine neatly. Like an embarrassed marathon runner, after a few hours her bladder was too full to be denied. But she could not pause to relieve herself because the electrodes clamped to her body zapped her too fiercely. So she had no choice but to pee over her legs as she walked. And then she had to keep walking even as the water she had expelled on the slats as they circled over her head then fell back down into her hair and over her shoulders.

Making her walk through a rain of her own pee was a cruel but subtle way of putting her in place, which she realized was fully appreciated by the occupants of the Castle. When she blinked the sweat and urine from her eyes she often saw faces at windows that overlooked the courtyard looking down on her, and of course people coming and going across the courtyard paused to admire her sweating naked form. Perhaps she provided entertainment for the guests and a warning to other slave girls to do their duty.

That day Emily walked for ten hours with only one short break for a meal. That night she lay utterly exhausted in her coffin bed cage, with her legs feeling like lead. But at least she had not been abused sexually she tried to console herself, unlike her first day. Except that she would almost have preferred a brief spanking or even a quick screw to such monotonous and painful exertion. Oh God, was that what it had all been about?

The next morning, after her wash, Trevor added new items to her regular harness.

First was a short hobble chain. This limited the length of her stride, which was good because after her previous day's exercise she could hardly stride anywhere. The hobble was supported in the middle by a lighter chain,

the end of which was hooked to a ring hanging from an expanding plug fitted into her rectum. It was undignified and humiliating but she was getting use to her orifices being put to strange purposes. Then he fitted her with pleasure garters, which were far worse. They were heavy bands of rubber like her regular garters but they held upward pointing bent metal rods against the insides of her thighs. The heads of the rods were coiled helixes with rubber stoppers and bristles on them which interlocked within her vagina. Rubber cords also ran up from her garters, through a ring which hung down from the front of her belt, back down to the furrow of her pussy cleft and were fastened to a fine spring clip which was clamped to her clitoris.

The slightest movement of her legs caused the garter rods to twist together and stir and tease her passage, while the rubber cords and clip tugged painfully and yet excitingly on her clitoris. After a day of exercise and little sexual stimulation, now she was going to be hobbled and yet perversely aroused with each step.

Marchmount was waiting in the courtyard when Trevor led Emily shuffling shamefully out into the sunlight, rolling her eyes as the rods and clip churned and tugged on her pussy. With both of her nether orifices plugged, clamped and stimulated she could already feel her juices beginning to flow embarrassingly. He took hold of her leash and admired the new additions to her harness. Then he loosened the cheek hinges of her bridle so she could open her mouth and her tongue was unclamped.

‘What do you think of your new fittings?’ he asked.

‘I hate them, Master,’ Emily said politely but honestly. ‘But you can’t use these things to turn me into a slave. Not like you did Lydia. How is she?’

‘She is perfectly happy and docile, so I’ve given her to Zinnia to play with. I take little credit for her transformation. She’s practically a born slave, whereas you are more of a challenge.’

‘You only have ten days left, Master,’ she reminded him. ‘And then I’m out of here.’

‘I am aware of the date,’ Marchmount said. ‘It is the Ides of July and

St Swithin's day, and that date has a special significance in Dunscombe. I have two appointments today related to it: a party of village boys with a petition and a family with an offering. You might find them both interesting...'

And he led her into the Baron's chamber.

Broomfield officiated at the presentation of the petition, adding his own gravitas to the proceedings as he announced solemnly: 'I have a petition from Masters Richard Tigley, Patrick Greene and Stephen Rafter, all good Dunscombe boys of age, Sir, who wish to use Ms Caroline Holbeton for rough pleasure, according to the law. And a counter petition from the lady in question...'

Broomfield handed both letters to Marchmount as he sat in the Baron's Chair and Marchmount read them over carefully.

Emily, with her tongue clamped once again, stood beside the chair. With her rectum and vagina both occupied she could not kneel on the pillow like last time so her leash was clipped to a ring on the chair arm. Each time he swivelled about she had to shuffle quickly in the appropriate direction which caused her pussy rods and clit clamp to do their worst. She felt even more exposed than before with her shameful intimate fittings on display and was horribly aware that her nipples were standing up seemingly in perpetual erection.

However the people in the chamber were locals and used to such things. Their attention was focused on Marchmount.

Standing in a respectful line before the dais were three neatly suited and well scrubbed young men, looking as if they were about eighteen and apparently out of the same mould Broomfield chose his slave handlers from. Were all village boys this neat? They looked almost too good to be true, like some bygone image of ideal British youth. Their faces registered nervous eagerness.

Standing a few paces to one side of them was a woman perhaps in her late thirties, wearing sandals and a simple calf-length print dress which also had a slightly dated air about it. She had dark hair tied up in a bun tucked under a straw sun hat, a strong face with a firm nose and deep intelligent brown eyes. The front of her dress swelled over a full bust but her figure was still good. Her expression was more controlled than the boys, but was tinged with anxious resignation.

Marchmount finished the letters and glanced at Emily. 'It is the law in Dunscombe that any unmarried or spinster woman under forty must pay a penalty for being unattached. It's a throwback to the times when we had a population shortage instead of the surplus, but it is still in force. On this day any young men can come forward and request the use of such woman for what we call "rough pleasure."'

Emily felt a shiver up the spine. More feudal traditions had been carried over into the 21st-century where they did not belong. But of course, as her plugged vagina told her, she could do nothing about that.

Marchmount looked at Caroline Holbeton. 'How old are you, Ms Holbeton?' he asked.

'I'm nearly forty, Sir Alaric,' she said.

'Nearly forty?'

'Well... forty in a weeks time, Sir Alaric.'

'So the answer to my question is that you are thirty-nine years of age.'

She grimaced. 'Yes, Sir Alaric.'

'Which means the law of rough pleasure still applies to you.'

'Yes, Sir Alaric. But only just. I was hoping I would be spared this...'

'Why? It is long established tradition. And these are fine young men who will treat you properly. You should be flattered that they admire mature beauty and wish to sample it. Why have you refused them before now so that

they had come to me for a judgement in this matter?’

‘Because I don’t want to have any more young men use me, Sir! They’re half my age! I want to be with older men of my choice.’

‘But not sufficiently to marry them, apparently?’

‘I want to enjoy my independence, Sir Alaric.’

‘And you are enjoying it, but also the responsibilities that go with that status. In this case I find for the claimants...’

The young men’s faces lit up. ‘Thank you, Sir Alaric,’ they said in chorus.

‘These young men are entitled to use you today for their rough pleasure,’ he told Caroline Holbeton. ‘As a reward for their persistence and respect in presenting their petition so neatly, I will permit them to use the facilities of my Chamber of Ordeals for the purpose...’ She bit her lip while the boys looked even more excited. ‘And you will now submit to them as tradition demands...’

She hung her head. ‘Yes, Sir Alaric,’ she said miserably. And she began to undress.

Emily watched in despair as she removed her dress, silk slip and underwear. Her big breasts sprang free from her bra, heavy but still shapely, crowned by large deep red nipples with prominent tips. Her hips were wide, her buttocks were full and fleshy and her pussy lips were shaven, exposing a deep full cleft. Despite herself Emily had to admit she was a fine example of a mature woman. She could not really blame the lads for wanting to have her, it was more the terrible fact that Alaric was permitting it, sanctioned by his cruel feudal law. And even worse that Caroline was submitting to his judgement.

If she wanted to be truly independent, why didn’t she leave Dunscombe?

When she was totally naked Caroline went down on her knees in front of the young men, whose faces were almost split in two by broad grins, hung her head and folded her arms behind her and said miserably: 'I submit to you for this day under the law of rough pleasure... please use me as you wish...'

Broomfield stepped forward. He had a collar, leash and cuffs in his hands. Meekly Caroline allowed herself to be secured like a slave. Then Broomfield handed the end of the leash to Richard Tigley. By now there was a noticeable bulge in fronts of all three young man's trousers...

'This way,' Marchmount said, unhooking Emily's leash from the arm of the chair and leading the way across to the back left corner of the dais. Under a wall hanging was a heavy ironbound arched door that he unlatched and stepped through. The boys, leading Caroline with them, followed at his heels.

Beyond was a room a little smaller than the Barons Chamber, with its walls lined by a dozen different devices of wood, iron and chain. Emily shuddered as she realized the terrible uses they could be put to while the boys' faces lit up with dark delight. She could see the bulges swelling further in the fronts of their trousers as they imagined their lawful victim restrained by them, while Caroline gave a stifled whimper of dismay.

'You only have yourself to blame, Ms Holbeton,' Alaric said sternly. 'If you had accepted the boys when they first requested the use of you, they would have put you through some ordeal of their own devising with far simpler implements. But you refused them and now you have to face the consequences.' He looked at the boys. 'Have you had much experience with tormenting and punishing women for pleasure?'

'No, Sir Alaric,' they admitted honestly.

'So Ms Holbeton will be your first then? She should be honoured. Anyway, I think I should give you a demonstration of the basics. Hang up your jackets on the back of the door and then pay attention...'

With the boys and Caroline in his wake, Marchmount led Emily over to a wooden construction the size of a large door frame, tilted on a stand at thirty degrees from vertical, which had a thick rope lattice strung across it.

Beside it was a rack of assorted punishment implements and other accessories, including sinister sets of lead weights.

Marchmount undid Emily's hobble chain, spread her legs and set her feet on the corners of the bottom rung of the rack and strapped her ankles to the mesh. He leaned her forward against the ropes so that her breasts were forced through their mesh, undid her arms from their belts, stretched them out the upper corners of the rack and re-cuffed them to it. The bracing chain from her anal plug now dangled through the rope mesh, temporarily without a purpose, but her garter rods and clitoral clip were still in place.

Marchmount selected a spanking paddle from the array by the rack. 'As it's your first time I suggest you use implements that will not break her flesh. But don't worry you get excellent results with flat bladed beaters or softer lashes. They inflict plenty of pain and turn a woman's flesh as rosy as you could wish for. Like this...'

And he swiped the paddle across Emily's buttocks three times in quick succession, the crisp smack of rubber on flesh echoing about the chamber. Emily screeched about her plugged lips as she bounced against the ropes, churning the rods from her pleasure garters deeper into her vagina. At the same time the rubber cords clipped to her clitoris were jerked tight, giving their tender organ a painful yank. Tears filled her eyes while her pussy juices began to run down her thighs and drip off her pubic curls through the rope mesh onto the floor.

'All of you have a go with her trying out different implements,' Marchmount said taking charge of Caroline's leash so their hands were free. 'See how they work on her. Don't take any notice of any fuss she makes. It's perfectly natural and sounds worse than it is...'

Eagerly the boys selected their chosen weapons and took turns beating Emily with them, then feeling the results imprinted on her burning flesh. They ignored her sobs and moans of pain. She was simply a living test dummy for them to practice their flagellation skills upon.

But they didn't finish soon enough. The pain was terrible as was the stimulation brought about by every below that made her buttocks clench and

her hips bounce on the ropes. She was kicking and twisting the terrible coiled garter rods inside her even as she was jerking and pinching her clitoris. She could feel the hot liquid lust building within her loins, bubbling within her and demanding to be released.

She did not want to but it was too much to bear. How could she resist a few moments pleasure and an escape from pain? And so with a desperate stifled sob and burning cheeks Emily came, spraying her juices out through the rope mesh onto the floor.

‘That’s very good,’ Marchmount said. ‘See what you can do simply with pain and the right stimulation. Women in extremis have difficulty distinguishing the two. You can make them cry and orgasm at the same time, which is highly enjoyable and also a lesson they never forget. And of course it makes them primed and ready for the natural culmination of their torment when you finally penetrate them. Go on, feel her...’

The boys wonderingly felt between Emily’s legs, rubbing her sticky pubic curls and then smelling the intimate scent of her discharge, even as Caroline looked on in horror.

‘Now, let us see how you’re going to apply what you know to Ms Holbeton,’ Marchmount continued. ‘I suggest you put her in the standing rack. That will make the most of her finest assets...’

He led Caroline across to a device of four vertical wooden posts set out in a rectangular pattern about the size of large wardrobe, with the front pair joined together by a pair of horizontal poles on sliding adjustable clamps. Several sets of clamps, straps and chains hung about the posts.

At Marchmount’s direction, the boys stood Caroline in between the poles and spread her legs. Clamps on short swivelling rods pivoting about the bases of the posts at the front of the array were fastened to her ankles, holding her feet wide. Her arms were pulled back behind her and outwards and her wrists were clamped to the posts at the rear. The twisting on her shoulders bent her head and chest forward, while making her thrust her bottom out backwards. Then the pair of horizontal poles was adjusted and Emily realized their purpose. There were slid down the posts across

Carolyn's chest and then closed about the roots of her breasts, making her large mammarys bulge out between them like water-filled pink balloons. She sobbed as they were squeezed tight and locked into place.

'Now take some weights off the rack over there and hang them on her nipples,' Marchmount said. Eagerly the boys complied, closing spring clamps about Carolyn's large nipples and then hanging teardrop lead weights from them.

'Now you can penetrate her from the rear while beating her breasts from the front. With her legs spread her vulva is also suitably exposed. Have her in whatever combination pleases you...'

But lust was already getting the better of them. Frantically Richard took up position behind Ms Holbeton, ripping his flies open and freeing a straining young pink cock shaft. He took hold of her bare hips and rammed his straining cock into her deep bare fleshy vulva and began to pound into her, making her sob in anguish. Meanwhile his friends chortled in delight and began to beat her clamped, framed and exposed breasts, making her weighted nipples dance wildly. Her sobs of dismay rapidly turned into shrieks of pain as her breasts began to turn from pink to scarlet.

Smiling, Marchmount freed Emily from the rope rack and led her to the door. 'I'll leave you to have fun with her,' he called to the three excited boys. 'Take your time, you've got all day. Broomfield will bring you refreshments...'

'Yes, Sir Alaric... Thank you, Sir Alaric...'

And he led Emily out of the chamber and closed the door on Caroline's sobs and shrieks of pain.

As he led Emily back to his chair Marchmount looked satisfied. 'It's good to see young lads upholding the traditions,' he said.

He bent her over one arm of the chair, turning up her simmering bottom, and pulled the pleasure garter rods out of her sticky vulva. Undoing his flies he rammed his hard cock shaft into her vagina. His hips rasped

painfully over her sore flesh, but to her shame Emily realized that she needed something inside her right now. Although this was the wrong way around, she had cum when empty and now needed filling to balance things out. What was happening to her?

As he pumped away in her pussy, making the chair swivel slightly from side to side and the girl caged beneath it moan as her breasts were spiked and her vagina was churned and ground, he said: 'the Ides of July are always a good day, I find. And this afternoon you'll see more of its traditions being respected...'

That afternoon once again Emily was tethered to Alaric's chair while he presided over another party of villagers. But this was a very different occasion from the boys and Caroline Holbeton. There was no dispute between them, which Emily soon realized made it even worse.

There was a respectable couple in their early forties dressed in their best and looking slightly nervous. Then there was their daughter: a slim blue-eyed blonde eighteen year old. She was dressed in a full skirted white dress and white satin pumps, almost like a wedding dress. She looked even more nervous, and yet also deeply excited.

Once again Broomfield made the announcements. 'Mr and Mrs Trewen have come to pay their respects, Sir, together with their daughter Natasha.'

'I am pleased to welcome you to Dunscombe Castle,' Marchmount said formally. 'Is there any matter I can help you with?'

Mr Trewen cleared his throat. 'We will take it as an honour, Sir Alaric, as the barons of Dunscombe have done before you, if you would take our Natasha's virginity. She's come of age just two weeks ago and would like to be freed of the choice of what young men to let claim her or who in time to wed.' He nudged his daughter. 'Go on, say your piece...'

Natasha took a few steps forward and said, her voice cracking

slightly: 'Please, Sir Alaric, lift this burden from me. I offer you my maidenhead and my body to take as you please...' And as she spoke she reached behind her and unbuttoned her dress and then let it slip to the floor. She was naked underneath. She had a slender body with neat high breasts with stand-up pink nipples, a smooth navel, a tight round bottom and a shiny pink cleft sheltering under a thin wedge of golden curls.

Natasha went down onto her knees and extended her arms towards Alaric, crossing her wrists. 'Please take me like you would one of your castle slaves, Sir, and I'll do my best to please you...'

Emily had been gaping at her in utter astonishment and mounting disgust, hardly able to believe her ears. Droit de seigneur in this day and age! In fact he did not have to demand any privilege from them: they were coming to him, actually begging him to take their daughter's virginity to save her from an awkward choice, as if it was some favour! She felt sick, but clearly she was the only person in the room affected this way.

'I would be honoured to relieve your daughter of the burden of her virginity,' Marchmount said graciously. 'I will attend to the matter straight away. She will be returned to you this evening, no longer intact...'

Emily participated in Natasha's deflowering. She did not want to but she had no choice. In fact Marchmount ensured she paid a crucial part in the process.

Hardly fifteen minutes after Natasha's offer they were in Marchmount's bedroom. There was still no sign of Zinnia, but Emily no longer wondered if she knew what was going on. Of course she did and like everybody else she accepted it as normal. Had she not been here, then Zinnia might have been playing her part. It seemed there were no limits to Marchmount's depravity.

Natasha lay spread-eagled on her back in the middle of the big bed, her wrists and ankles cuffed to its post. She had a wad of cloth in her mouth, not exactly like a gag but giving her something to bite on when the moment came. Her virginal pink cleft was totally exposed. Under her hips was a thick

white sheet.

Emily was suspended from the front of the bed. Her legs were spread out to its sides and cuffed to chains to brace her, while her arms were pulled straight up above her. Her wrists were cuffed to wire ropes hung from the bed canopy which ran over pulleys and through concealed channels within the bedposts. They emerged at the sides of the posts where they were hooked to the chains from Natasha's ankle cuffs. Yes, the tension of her body was holding the legs of this virgin girl wide so that Marchmount could take her maidenhead.

Perhaps so she would not feel left out, Marchmount had extended a dildo rod from the footboard of the bed up into Emily's gaping and most certainly non-virginal vulva. Meanwhile Marchmount, dressed in his purple robe once again, was standing over the bed stroking Natasha's pretty naked body.

'Yes, you are very lovely,' assured her. 'And in time you can have your pick of the boys in the village. But I'll be looking forward to you serving your shifts as a Castle tithe slave first. I have many distinguished visitors who will be only too pleased to enjoy your body...'

And to Emily's horror Natasha seemed to be flattered by his words, trying to smile about her cloth gag. Was this the height of ambition for a Dunscombe village girl: to serve as a naked slave in the Castle and pleasure Marchmount's sick friends?

'But there is one lesson you must learn first, and that is pain and pleasure go inextricably together...'

He had his crop strap in his hand and he raised it even as he spoke. He brought it down on Natasha's smooth lovely body. She bucked and shrieked and bit on her gag as he strapped her small high breasts, flattening them again and again only for them to spring back up with her nipples straining and leaving them burning and simmering. Then he tanned stripes across her clenching stomach. She moaned and her eyes bulged as the strap kissed her thighs and then slapped the lovely tight soft cleft of her vulva.

‘Do you beg for me to take your maidenhead?’ Marchmount demanded. ‘I want to hear you beg to be ruptured...’ And he tore the gag strip from her mouth.

‘Yes please... please, Sir Alaric... fuck me... screw me! I want you inside my cunt hole... burst me... take my hymen... make me bleed...’

And he threw off his robe and mounted her, covering her slender body with his muscular form, and took her precious virginity in one hard thrust of his big penis which made her scream out loud.

As he pounded into her, forcing blood and juices out of her freshly ruptured passageway, Emily who was holding Natasha’s legs wide, desperately worked her hips back and forth on her impaling dildo until she came as well. Partly she did it because she wanted to blot out the terrible but perversely fascinating scene before her eyes. But perhaps also, like Natasha, she could not help herself...

It was late afternoon.

Natasha, no longer a virgin and apparently grateful for it, had been sent off back to her parents in the village. Now Marchmount led Emily into the Chamber of Ordeals once more.

It became apparent that the three boys had taken full advantage of its devices to get their maximum rough pleasure from Caroline Holbeton. There were tell-tale stains of sweat, female juices and spilt sperm underneath almost every piece of apparatus.

Currently Caroline was strapped up against a wall which had a barred frame fitted to it. She was bent over like a hairpin so that her back was pressed against the bars and her head hung downwards. Her arms had been twisted at her shoulders to keep her doubled over and were stretched up above her with her wrists and elbows strapped in place. Her legs had been spread wide and her shins and ankles were strapped to the bars so that she peered back out between them. Her head now dangled below the level of her

knees and her big breasts hung inverted, swaying about in front of her collar bones. Her breasts, buttocks and thighs all showed the marks of multiple lashings and were mottled with stripes and blotches.

Her anus gaped wide and the slot of her swollen vulva was raw red. Both of them were seeping juices and spent sperm. This discharge ran down her inverted body over her contorted stomach and between her trebling breasts. She had a rubber bar gag clamped between her teeth and her face was flushed red and shiny with sweat and tears. Her red rimmed eyes stared out from between her spread legs in a post-orgasmic daze of disbelief and pleading, occasionally watching the drips fall from her multiply ravished sex mouth for past her eyes to the floor.

Marchmount examined Caroline, complementing the boys on their efforts while they basked in his praise. 'It looks like you've had plenty of fun with her,' he said. 'You've certainly given her a good seeing too. She won't forget this in a long time. There's just one final touch...'

He pulled Carolyn's gag out, and then had Emily kneel down between Caroline's spread legs and lift her hips forward until Caroline's inverted face was pressed into her groin and Emily's face was pressed into Carolyn's poor ravaged pussy, which reeked of the boy's mingled sperm and her own unwillingly spilt juices.

'Now you're both to lick each other out until you come one more time,' Marchmount commanded. 'If you don't it's the cane for you...'

And the two women wearily set to work on each other's pussies, trying to kindle some residual passion from their drained bodies. And as she kissed and licked and tongued with as much gentleness she could, Emily despaired at the total power Marchmount held not only over her, his wife and the Castle slaves, but now apparently every person in Dunscombe village.

7: In the Castle Gardens

Emily stood in her “suit of armour” on the landing at the top of the main castle staircase, holding a pike with its butt resting on the floor in her right-hand while her left rested on the pommel of a sheathed sword, as she had for every hour for the last three days and nights: totally immobile, mute and helpless.

The pike and sword were genuine, but the “armour” was actually a set of highly polished rubber-lined metal bands clamped about her chest, arms and legs that matched her metal bridle, all connected together at the back by a set of adjustable rods and lockable hinges. It completely confined her naked body in the pose in which she had been placed, and yet it concealed nothing of her most intimate parts: in fact it positively drew attention to them. Inverted stars of curved spring braces framed her breasts in halos, pushing them upward and outward until they bulged unnaturally, while spring hooks of curved flat metal curled about her labia and pulled her pussy mouth wide. The contrast between her bare soft flesh and the unyielding polished metal was stark and no doubt entirely intentional. She was meant to be decorative even as she was degraded for all to see.

She stood stiffly upright on the heavy wooden base on which the “armour” was mounted because a hollow metal tube ran up between her legs and was impaled in her rectum. It was utterly humiliating but at least it took half her weight and she was grateful for it and also hated it at the same time. The tube had a drain and valve set in it between her thighs. It was used to drain her solid wastes and flush her clean afterwards. It was one reason why she could physically endure being on display twenty four hours a day. Her mental endurance was another matter...

She knew this was another of Alaric Marchmont’s depraved methods of testing her while exacting punishment for her act of trespass. Over the last week he had subjected her to overwhelming sexual stimulation and the exhausting pain of intense exercise. Now he was forcing her to experience this nightmare of immobile exposure.

And yet at first she thought it would not be so bad. Once she had been put in place by Broomfield and Trevor they had left alone. Of course she didn't like her bare body being on show, but at least nobody was having sex with her or beating her. She could just stand there and let time pass: counting down the hours until the day of her release. She had no idea how hard that would be.

After a short while she began to appreciate the subtle horror of it. She was being made to feel literally like a piece of furniture, like part of the Castle. She was in a pseudo-suit of armour which confined her totally. She could not speak or move. Staff, guests and slaves glanced at her as they passed by but they did not interact with as a living being. She was just part of the fabric. She could be forgotten about, left to stand there not just for hours or days but weeks and months, if Marchmont willed it. She began to fear she would never escape. But she could not speak. She could only stand and wait, with her breasts bulging outwards and her pussy was pulled wide... waiting for a touch that did not come.

Time passed, but it did so agonisingly slowly.

Soon Emily found herself missing her cage in the slave hall. She had actually felt freer strapped within it and least there were other slave sleeping close by, whereas standing on the landing there was no one else in sight and only dim light night lights were left on in the corridors as the Castle went to sleep. The air cooled and she stood shivering in her fake armour with her breasts thrust out and pussy gaping exposed and utterly alone and unable to speak or move, sleeping fitfully and jerking awake when she thought she heard a sound.

As she got colder she tried to squirm within the bands of steel encasing her, shifting her feet ever so slightly and flexing her fingers and clenching her buttocks and trying to twist her torso. She began to fear that she would stiffen into this pose so that even when her armour was removed, she would be locked forever in this pose.

Time passed...

So extreme was her isolation that Emily looked forward to the

attentions, four times a day, of the trolley girl slave she had seen before in the Castle. This was a naked black girl chained by an anal ring to a trolley carrying packs of food, cleaning materials, buckets and hoses. Now she learned how they were used.

Night and morning the girl opened the jaws of Emily's bridle to clean her teeth. Then she plugged in a packet of liquidized food which Emily sucked down gratefully. As she ate the black girl pressed a cup and hose connected to one of the buckets on the lower shelf of her trolley against Emily's gaping pussy and she peed into it. When she was done the girl wiped her pussy carefully clean. Then she plugged a heavier hose connected to a second bucket into the valve of the rod on which Emily was mounted. She worked a hand pump which forced clean water up into Emily's rectum and so drove her solid wastes out through a return pipe to drain into a second waste bucket. Then she wiped Emily's body down with a damp cloth smelling faintly of disinfectant.

During her alternate visits the girl simply fed Emily water and drained her of urine. Then she used a cloth and polish to buff up her armour and put a shine on the wooden base on which she stood.

The girl could not speak to Emily and she could not speak in return, but at least their eyes met briefly and she got a thrill at having her humanity recognised, even if it was only by another slave. And the touch of her fingers on her groin as she drained the waste from her and wiped clean was exciting beyond belief. Emily had not realized how this constant exposure without contact had made her even more receptive. Soon Emily's clitoris was straining and her nipples were standing up in anticipation of her next visit, while wondering how many more slaves on display like her she tended on her rounds.

Time passed...

Once a day Broomfield came round on a tour of inspection and checked Emily's condition, briefly fingering her clitoris and the wet valley of her sex mouth and the straining nubs of her nipples. And she groaned and snivelled and pleaded with her wide eyes. But he did not speak and when he was done he left her alone again.

Her state of unwilling arousal of course attracted the attention of passing guests, who she stared at with desperate fascination in an attempt to distract herself from the dreadful monotony of her position. A few of them paused to look her over and even tweaked her nipples and fingered her sex, but none of them spoke to her or lingered long enough to bring her any relief. Was this all part of her planned torment? How she longed for one of them to shove his cock up inside her. Or even slap her so she would be moved within her prison of armour...

How perverted and pitiful could she get?

More time passed...

How long had she been standing here? Had it been three days or four? She would not have believed it was possible to lose track of time so quickly. Perhaps it was the Castle's doing. It had existed for half a millennium. What did a few days matter to it? It seemed as though she had always been here and always would, gathering dust and cobwebs...

Tears were running down her cheeks. Please somebody let her go! She would do anything they wanted, just let her live and move again!

And then Marchmount was standing in front of her, looking her over with his hard grey masterful eyes. Had he heard her pleas?

'Zinnia has need of a slave girl for the day,' he said. 'Some of her woman friends are coming for a tennis party in the garden. If you promise to be good you may serve her...'

He was actually speaking to her, recognising as a person once again!

Emily tried to nod, straining against the rods that braced her collar and bridle. Oh yes, she'd be very good, out in the garden out in the wonderful sunlight...

Trevor and Broomfield unclamped the steel bands from Emily's body and took her off her terrible rectal pole mount. Her backside seemed stuck on it and sucked at the terrible pole. Her anus gaped wide after being stretched for so long, only closing slowly. She sobbed as her stiff muscles cracked as her joints were bent properly for the first time in... however many days it was. They half-carried her to the Slave Hall where she was washed, shampooed, combed, dried and perfumed. Warm water and massage eased her stiff muscles. Then they put her in a variation of a dog harness.

She had the same knee protectors and shin pads on, which made it impossible to stand upright, but this time she had bungee cords from her waist belt clipped to her wrist cuffs and knee pads. Her hands were covered in light padded mittens. Her metal bridle was replaced by one of black leather which had straps crossing over the bridge of her nose and under her chin and held a light rubber bit in her mouth, about which she could talk if she had to. Her tongue was free for the first time in days! Could she still use it? She had no tail or pussy teaser this time but a bungee cord clipped to a ring hung on the back of her leather bridle connected to a big rubber hook which was sunk deep into her anus, keeping her head up. Her poor anus was plugged once again, but at least this hook was pulling on it as she moved, stretching it in different directions. She could live with that. It was almost exciting. In the same way she could live with not standing up but being on all fours and being able to twist and wriggle her waist and actually bend her shoulders and hips and knees. After the terrible immobility of her armour she felt as light and free as air. She realized that everything was relative, even freedom...

Had she just been taught another lesson? At the moment it didn't matter.

Zinnia collected Emily personally from the Slave Hall. She was dressed in a light summer frock and sunhat and looked as immaculate as ever. Now Emily could recognise the same slightly dated air about her costume that she had seen in the clothes the Trewen family and Caroline Holbeton and had worn when they had come to the Castle. Everything about this place was slightly out of time, especially the women. Tradition ruled...

Zinnia walked Emily around the courtyard a couple of times, studying her critically. Then she led over to a shaded seating area in the corner opposite the sandpit where she sat to wait with Emily squatting by her side.

She confided: 'My friends will be bring their own pets with them and as I don't have a girl pet of my own at the moment, you will be mine for this afternoon, do you understand?'

She sounded slightly bitter. Had Alaric taken her regular pet away?

But Emily nodded meekly. She'd be good just as long as she kept her outside where she could feel the sun on her back and be free to move about. Well, relatively free.

Shortly afterwards a large chauffeured car with tinted windows drove into the courtyard and disgorged three more pretty women in summer dresses carrying sports bags with the handles of tennis racquets protruding from. Emily recalled the face of one of them from the dinner party, which meant that she had licked cream from Emily's pussy while her husband had been screwing her from behind. And with them were three naked girls in dog harnesses.

Emily could not help admiring their beauty. They were as perfectly turned out and presented as their mistresses, except of course that they were naked and bound. They had variations of her harness on, but two were of white leather and the other was red. They also had piercings in their nipples and labia from which hung rings, chains and bells. They must be slaves for life. They shuffled forward eagerly at their mistresses' heels and tried to sniff Emily's pussy. They were acting just like real dogs! Her stomach churned at the thought of what they had become.

After air kisses and oddly passionless greetings has been exchanged between the women, during which Emily gathered the newcomers were called Amanda, Mary and Sarah, Zinnia led them through to the back of the Castle onto the terraced garden. They descended beyond the grassy stretch of lawn on which she had played fetch with Marchmount through an archway in the hedges and down more steps to another level. Here there were more trees and flowerbeds. Under the shade of a big cedar tree a table, chairs and refreshments had be laid out, together with a naked serving girl chained beside them, while along one adjacent flowerbed half a dozen naked slave girls been planted.

Emily blinked at them in horror as they approached. They really were a row of six naked girls with their feet buried in large gravel pots, decorated to look like living flowers. They rose from the pots with their arms spread out and strapped to fans of bamboo supports the bases of which were also sunk into the pots. Wooden rods driven through the backs of the bamboo supports were sunk into their rectums. The girls had large green plastic leaves tied to their arms and halos of petals of red, yellow, lilac and pink, tied about their heads, breasts, and pussies, framing them as if they were real blooms. Yellow and white stippled foam balls bulged in the girls' mouths, gagging them while also imitating stamen clusters. Foam balls also swelled from the depths of their naked sex mouths, making their labia bulge and stretch wide like bursting buds.

And like real flowers they had bees had butterflies flitting around them, or more specifically their pussies and breasts had them. Even closer to Emily smelt honey and saw their pussy lips and nipples were smeared with the stuff.

Emily felt sick at the sight of them, even as her loins began to tingle and her pussy began to grow slick. This was sick and twisted even by Castle standards. It was almost childishly degrading and yet at the same time deeply unsettling.

And then Emily dragged her eyes up from the girls' bodies to their faces and saw that the one on the end of the row was Lydia!

While Emily gaped at her in horror, she smiled awkwardly down at Emily about her stretched lips. She looked perfectly happy, even excited. What had they done to her!

The guests paused to admire the row of flower girls and Zinnia said: 'Yes, Alaric thought we'd try training a crop of girls in horticultural bondage this year. He believes it might become fashionable once again...'

"Horticultural bondage" becoming fashionable once again? Emily thought incredulously. What kind of a world had she got herself into?

'Will they need watering?' Amanda asked.

‘Of course,’ Zinnia said.

This seemed to amuse the other women.

The party continued on to the table under the cedar tree and the women deposited themselves about it while the serving girl began pouring out drinks and offering plates of delicate sandwiches and fancy cakes. Then four large bowls of fruit flavoured mineral water with straws in were put out on the grass in front of their pets.

‘Drink it all,’ they were told, so they drank, with their heads down and bottom’s up. Emily felt acutely embarrassed at her animal-like posture but it was a warm day and the drink was refreshing. At least they were not being neglected...

Afterwards their girl pets sprawled out gracefully on the grass by their respective mistresses’ chairs, occasionally receiving titbits from their hands. Emily copied them as best she could. It was just about possible to eat round the thin rubber strap in her mouth although not always neatly. Yet some instinct made her do her best, feeling an urge not to let Zinnia down. In her way she had not been unkind to her and Emily thought of her more as another victim rather than one of her oppressors. In the Castle all women were under the thumb of men, one way or another.

For perhaps twenty minutes the women chatted inconsequentially while they ate and drank about personal acquaintances and events that meant nothing to Emily. Then Zinnia said to Emily: ‘Do you need to pee?’

Emily nodded. By now that bowl of water had reached her bladder.

‘Then go water the flowers...’ Zinnia commanded. And Emily knew with a sinking heart what flowers she meant.

And the other women gave the same command to their pets. The four girls shuffled off across the grass to the row of flower girls in their pots. Lydia looked down at her as Emily cocked her leg awkwardly and peed over her legs where they rose from the plant pot, like a dog would do up against a tree or post. It would almost have been better if she had looked resentful, but

she simply accepted this crude act, which demeaned and diminished both of them, as normal.

We're both naked and I've just pissed over her legs while she's got her feet buried in a plant pot and is made up like a huge flower while I'm crawling about like a dog, Emily raged silently. Oh God, what was this place doing to them?

When they had finished peeing over the flower girls, the four dog girls shuffled back to their owners under the tree.

'Shall we have a little fun before we play?' Sarah asked.

The others were perceptibly enthusiastic about her suggestion so Zinnia signalled to the slave maid. She moved the table to one side and then brought out and unfolded a device in its place that had been propped up out of sight behind the cedar tree.

It was a low stand with splayed feet that were quickly secured the ground by wire guy rope spikes. Mounted upon it was a horizontal wheel with four pairs of arms extending out from it, the upper of each pair being shorter than the lower. The lower arm, which was curved upward slightly and tensioned by a spring connected to the central axle of the wheel, carried a horizontal roller studded with metal spikes on its end the size of a rolling pin, while the upper arm had a large black rubber dildo with a coil spring base.

The women snapped their fingers at their girl pets who obediently positioned themselves about the device, one each with her bottom facing the extended arms. Feeling her heart sinking again, Emily copied them. The slave girls then backed themselves inwards so that the roller arms slid between their legs and the heads of the dildos nudged at their backsides. Now Emily realized what the thing was for but of course there was no escape. She forced the dildo up into her vagina even as the spiked roller ran across her stomach and into her dangling breasts. As long she did not move it was bearable, but she was sure she was not going to be allowed to remain still.

Now their mistress arranged their chairs about the device with one facing each arm. They hitched up their skirts, exposing their naked buttocks

and bare pussies. Then they sat with their legs splayed in front of the noses of their own girl pets, so that they stared up into their perfectly trimmed or depilated clefts. The women reached out and pulled the gag bits from their girls' mouths. The attendant slave handed out bamboo canes with pliant rubber paddle blades on their ends to each of them.

‘Is everybody ready?’ Zinnia asked. ‘Then let us begin...’

They raised their canes and brought the blades down sharply across the buttocks the kneeling girls, making their soft clear flesh ripple. With yelps they pressed their faces forward into the groins of their mistresses and then began to lap and suck and pleasure their pussies for all they were worth. At least she now had some practice at this, Emily thought grimly as she delved into Zinnia's soft sweet pussy cleft.

The radiating star of dildos and spiked rollers on which the girls were mounted added new vistas of pain and sensation to their dutiful cunnilingus. As they jerked about under the blows delivered across their backsides, the slave girls pushed their buttocks against the dildos, not only pumping out of their own vaginas but transmitting their jerks through the ring to the other girls. At the same time their dangling breasts rubbing across the sprung rollers were stabbed repeatedly by their metal studs, making them whimper and twitch and squirm even harder, much to the amusement of their mistresses. They were all intimately plugged into the ring, sharing and amplifying their suffering and growing excitement.

Out of the corners of her watering eyes, as they bobbed above the level of Zinnia's bare thighs, Emily realized that only now did the women look fully alive. So far their faces had largely been masks of polite correctness. But now they were growing intense and filling with passion, purpose and delight as they belaboured the buttocks of their slave girls, driving them on to greater efforts and greater pain.

Could they only truly enjoy themselves to the full when they were inflicting pain and playing perverted group sex games? That was sad...

The women's pussies were flowing with the juices which were making the dog-girls red faces slippery while filling their nostrils with their scent. At

the same time the girls' breasts were growing scarlet as they were spiked by the rollers while their stuffed pussies were dribbling and then clenching about the rubber dildos. None of them, mistress or slave, seem to have any inhibitions, Emily thought. And even her own shame and guilt was melting away as she was caught up in this relentless ring of pain and pleasure and overwhelming carnal lust. Somehow on this English summer afternoon in the shade of a cedar tree in the grounds of a great castle, this seemed the most natural thing in the world. Of course it was wrong, but it was also too powerful to deny. She felt herself slipping away into a world of perversion and dark desire with only one possible outcome...

One by one, slaves and mistresses gasped and sobbed as orgasms overtook them, spraying juices over slavish faces or else expelling girl cum from slave pussies and sending it spurting across the star of rubber dildos. And so for a few brief moments they were all united in perfect pleasure.

This was such a filthy place, Emily decided, her brain fizzing with pleasure as her face slumped against Zinnia's sticky wet crotch while her pussy clenched about the slippery shaft of the dildo still impaling her and her hot breasts rested on the spiked roller which stabbed into her throbbing nipples...

'Are we all ready for tennis now?' Zinnia asked twenty minutes later, after they had recovered from their orgasms and the serving maid had been round with wet wipes and tissues, and deftly cleaned up the women's soiled pussies.

They were.

They took up the leashes of their pets again and picked up the sports bags they had brought with them and made their way down to the next terrace. Here, sheltered behind high wire fences, was a lush green grass tennis court complete with a ready strung net and an umpire's tall chair.

'I think our pets can be ball girls,' Zinnia said as she opened the court gate. 'I don't think I need to send for any more?'

The other women agreed they were sufficient.

Well this all looks relatively normal, Emily thought to herself, even with naked ball girls. I don't mind doing this so much. But she should have known better...

Once inside the court, Zinnia and her friends undressed completely and quite unselfconsciously, neatly hanging up their dresses on hangers they had brought with them on the court fence. They all had lovely evenly tanned bodies with perfect complexions. Then they put on white socks and tennis shoes, headbands and wristbands. Teams were chosen: Zinnia paired up with Mary while Amanda went with Sarah.

But if their pets were going to be ball girls, how were they going to pick the balls up with their hands encased in padded mittens, Emily wondered? They were too big to use their mouths. But hanging on the back of the umpire's raised chair were a selection of hoop shaped plastic spring clamps which they pushed into their slaves' mouths and locked in place by replacing their bridle bits between their arms. The clamps had curved tong-like ends which were big enough to pick up the balls when they bit down upon them. Evidently this was normal practice on the castle court.

Their girl pets were arranged about the court, one on each side of the net and one at each end to receive recovered balls.

Emily was by the net and she watched intently as the women prepared to play. She saw them handling their rackets rather intently, twisting their grip strap-bound shafts in their hands over and over. Then she saw them casually rubbing them into their crotches.

Oh... this is going to be weird after all, Emily thought.

It was a normal enough doubles game of tennis as far as scoring went, but after every point there was a lot of hugging between team members when increasingly sweaty breasts were mashed up against each other. The amount their rackets were worked up into their groins was also more than necessary, sometimes the handles and sometimes the rims. And as they got warmed up and more excited they began to touch each other's bottoms with their rackets.

As they crouched down ready to receive, exposing their bare taut buttocks and little dark puckers of their anuses, Emily could see their sex mounds were wet and swollen. They were combining mutual masturbation with the thrill of competitive sport, mingling sex, exertion and exposure. Soon they began to drip onto the grass while their nipples were standing up hard. They began to brush the strings of their rackets across them, stimulating them further.

They were playing a teasing game of shared arousal within a game of tennis.

And with their growing excitement came increasing impatience with their ball girls. If they were slow in scrambling across the court on all fours and picking the balls up with their mouth tongs they received swats on the rears from the girls' racquets. Soon the ball girls were sweating as profusely as the naked players and their shiny breasts were bouncing jiggled frantically as they chased after the balls, while their bare bottoms showed the lattice marks of racquet strings.

Demonstrating surprisingly endurance and determination, Zinnia and her friends played a three-set match which finally went to her and Amanda six four in the final set.

When it was over both teams ran to the net to kiss and hug and congratulated each other. Rackets were rubbed between sweaty thighs and wet clefts. Nipples standing up like cherries and raspberries were scraped over racquet head strings. While Emily and the other dog girls watched in helpless fascination, their mistresses sank to the grass in a huddle and bent and spread their legs and rammed the handles of their rackets up into the sopping wet mouths of their vaginas, jabbing the thick tape-bound shafts deep inside themselves. The handles were stained dark and they made sucking, slurping noises as they were pumped vigorously between their soft swollen red sex lips, which dribbled juices onto the grass.

Emily could smell the heady aroma of their arousal filling the court. Was weird and perverse sex in strange locations the only way they could get any pleasure now? Beside her two of the girl pets began to nuzzle against each other. At least nobody was forcing them to do this. It was just rather

strange sex on a summer's day. Emily squeezed her own sweaty thighs together. Perhaps it was catching...

‘We did not give you permission to pleasure yourselves like this!’ a voice suddenly boomed out across the court.

Emily's head jerked round to see Alaric Marchmount standing at the court gate with three other men behind him, presumably the husbands of Zinnia's friends. At the sight of them the women squealed and jerked the racket handles out of themselves and scrambled to their feet, clenching their hands over their dripping pubes while looking desperately guilty and frightened.

‘Well? Did I say you could play with your friends like this?’ Marchmount repeated. ‘This is what you have slave girls for.’

Zinnia hung her head. ‘No, Alaric...’ she admitted in a meek voice.

‘Then you'll have to be punished,’ Marchmount said, striding forward. ‘Give me your racquet...’ His companions repeated the command to their wives.

The women complied nervously.

‘Now bend over the net...’

They bent over the net, bracing their hands on the ground on the far side and forming a row of sweaty buttocks, spread glossy thighs and pouting pussy mouths still swollen and gaping with pre-orgasmic juices. With a racquet in hand each of the men took up position behind his spouse.

Marchmount snapped his fingers that the ball girls, who were watching nervously. ‘Give us four balls,’ he commanded.

They scrambled to collect four balls and drop them into the palms of the waiting men, who then forced the balls into their wives' pussy lips. Of course as they were without shafts behind them to push them in further they were too big to penetrate their vaginal passages, but they stuck between their

sticky, clinging stretched lips.

‘Don’t let it go,’ Marchmount commanded Zinnia.

The men began to beat their wives with their tennis rackets, the handles of which were still stained and sticky with their frustrated love juices. They beat them on their bottoms until the women sobbed and cried and their buttocks were blushing red and crossed with a blurred grid of multiple string marks. And in between they beat them up between their legs full onto the yellow tennis balls lodged in their pussy mouths, which were soaking up their juices and becoming wetter by the second. And every blow against them was transmitted up into their clitorises which strained and rubbed against the course fluffy skins of the balls, bruising them even as they excited them wildly.

And under these blows the women howled in pain and dismay as they felt the control they had briefly wielded over their own pleasure being taken away from them. They had not asked their husbands’ permission to pleasure themselves and now they were paying the price.

Helplessly they came over the tennis balls being beaten up into the stretched mouths of their sore and pummelled pussies. The women might play their games, but in Dunscombe Castle it was the men who decided who won and who lost.

8: The Girl Hunt

Emily did not see Zinnia about the Castle for the next few days. Probably she was recovering from her tennis match punishment. Of course it had not been fair. The women were free to do with each other what they wanted. Except that apparently it was not how things were done in Dunscombe Castle where pleasure was controlled and rationed by men. However Emily had little time to feel sympathy because she was soon distracted by a fresh indignity perpetrated upon her which was even worse than what had been done to the flower girls.

A dozen girls, Emily included, were held back from work in the house and rested in their cages for a morning. Then that afternoon, Trevor and the other assistant slave handlers prepared them for service, but they did not kit them out as usual. Their wrists were cuffed to the backs of their standard belts, but they wore trainers instead of black shoes and a soft leather bridle with integral protective goggles, which made them look somewhat bug like, and a high thick collar with a simple rubber bit. Padded paw-like black mittens were pulled over their hands and taped to their wrist cuffs. Last of all large fluffy tails, a little like fox tails, were fitted to their bottoms secured by internal expanding rubber plugs. Springy cores kept the tails arched over their bare buttocks. Then they were all linked into a coffle and chained kneeling along one wall of the slave Hall.

Emily felt strange to be huddled together shoulder to shoulder with the women she had seen about her in the Slave Hall for ten days, either squatting over the toilet pan or being washed in the shower or confined within their sleeping cages, but who she had never spoken to because of their plugged mouths and clamped tongues. Now she was acutely aware of the warmth of their bodies and the scent of barely suppressed anticipation emanating from their pussies. After so much brutal stimulation they could not help it. They expected to be used intimately in one way or another very shortly and their bodies were preparing for the inevitable.

As they waited they glanced at each other, some appearing ashamed and

others shy and a few blandly direct with confident searching stares. Lydia was amongst them although they were not chained close together. She looked shyly excited and actually smiled at Emily. She knew her story but which of the others were village tithe girls and which slaves for life, Emily wondered? She could not tell simply by appearance or attitude. So far in the Slave Hall they all seemed to have been treated alike. Was this deliberate? Was that why they were not permitted to speak to each other? The village girls would know each other and so by elimination who was destined for permanent slavery, but outsiders would not. Perhaps they would gain confidence in living as a slave if they mingled with other girls who had grown up with slavery and who would be more at ease with it, because after their shift was over they knew they would be returning to their homes. It might make the transition a little easier for them, although Emily was sure it had not been arranged like that for their peace of mind. The Barons of Dunscombe had five hundred years to perfect the process of breaking slave girls in and by now they must know all the tricks.

But what about her, somebody in the middle: a temporary outsider slave? What tricks had been played on her? Well whatever they were they had not made her yearn for a life of slavery. Lydia might have been an easy conquest but she knew that when she had completed her sentence in three days time she would be gone from here and would never return.

Broomfield appeared and spoke to them.

‘This afternoon Sir Alaric is holding a slave hunt, to which he has invited several influential persons,’ he announced solemnly. ‘They expect good sport and I am sure you will provide it.’ Several of the girls shuddered. ‘Shortly I will take you out to the hunting ground and you will be released. You will have a brief period to run and hide before the hunters set off after you. They will be armed with stun shot, hence your protective goggles and collars...’ There were a few more whimpers and moans. Emily felt her stomach turning over. She had been stun shot once and that was quite enough. Now they were actually using it as part of a hunt with naked women as their prey!

Broomfield continued: ‘The tails you have been fitted with are the tokens of your capture and the prizes the hunters will take home with them.

But until your tails are removed you will continue to try to escape capture by all means possible, including hiding, running and physical resistance, even after you have been shot. The hunting ground is enclosed by fences so you will not be to escape it. If you attempt to do so the radio locators fitted into your collars will warn us and you will be punished. As an incentive to give of your best, any girls still free after four hours from the start of the hunt will be allowed the rest of today and tonight off.' The girls stirred with interest at that prospect. 'At that time a signal will be sent to your collars telling you the hunt is over. They will not be used to locate you before then, of course, because that would not be sporting...'

Oh yes, Emily thought bitterly, and today was all about the highest ideals of sport: the sport of hunting naked girls with shotguns! Then she glanced sideways at Lydia and saw her eyes were wide in wonder. What kind of life had she led that made this seem exciting? Well, Emily had to admit that for today at least they were unquestionably the stars of a significant sporting event, which was an achievement of a kind...

Broomfield took up the end of their coffle chain and led them outside. In the courtyard they saw several new and expensive cars been drawn up under the awnings. Chatting in one corner there were a couple of men dressed in hunting clothes and carrying broken shotguns over their arms. They looked across at them with interest as they emerged from the Slave Hall door.

There was also a quad bike in the courtyard. Broomfield hooked their chain to its tow bar and then with as much dignity as possible he clambered into the driving seat. Looking slightly incongruous he started it up and drove slowly out of the courtyard with the string of girls jogging along behind him, their bare breasts jiggling, their bottoms rolling and their fluffy tails bobbing. Emily could feel the hunter's eyes following them hungrily as they went.

He led them out of the gate and across the outer yard towards the main gateway. They passed under its heavy arches and sinister portcullis and across the bridge onto the long driveway that wound down Castle Hill. Emily felt a thrill of exposure as the outside world opened up before her once again. Part the way down they left the drive for a narrow path which came to a gate at the head of a large field. Tall fences stretched out from each side of the gate and curled about the field, fanning out into the distance.

Just inside the gate several luxury camping tents had been pitched about a big table and an open fire pit ringed by bricks with a heavy iron spit across it. A couple of naked maids were laying out the table, overseen by a young assistant slave handler. To one side of them was an odd device, comprising of a low solid wheel base stand with a heavy central post supporting at a little over head height a horizontal wheel of tubular metal bolted sections a good ten feet across. Hung around its rim a little like coat hangers were a dozen horizontal tubular bars.

Broomfield drove past the device with the girls jogging along behind him over the sun-warmed grass until they reached a long white tape line pegged to the ground. Beyond it was a stretch of wild undulating rough scrub and tussock grass which fanned outwards like a funnel from the gateway and merged into lines of trees and isolated copses. The furthest details were lost in a misty heat haze drawn up by the bright sun.

‘This is the Dunscombe hunting ground,’ Broomfield announced, bring the bike to a halt. He unhitched them from the tow bar and led them over to the tape. There was a heavy iron ring screwed into the ground and he padlocked their coffle chain to it and made them kneel down in their usual display postures with their knees wide. ‘This is where you will be starting from very shortly, once the party is gathered,’ he told them. Then he went off to the check the tables by the tents.

The hunters began arriving very soon, marching along the path down from the Castle, chatting together amiably. Marchmount was in the lead, now also dressed in hunting clothes and carrying his shotgun. Emily saw none of their wives with them. Apparently the hunt was exclusively a male affair.

The men took great interest in the line of kneeling girls and walked up and down examining them closely, occasionally lifting their chins to look them in the eyes or squeezing their bare breasts, making intimate observations about the girls’ bodies to each other as they did so. Emily realized with sick horror they were choosing their potential targets.

When they were all done Marchmount called them to order. ‘The girls will be released very shortly,’ he announced. ‘While we give them a sporting ten minute start, perhaps you would like a drink to send you on your way...’

Broomfield appeared ushering a slave maid along who was carrying a tray of glasses which she served to the hunters. Meanwhile Broomfield went to the line of girls, got them on their feet and lined them up against the tape. Then he freed them from their coffle chain and un-cuffed their wrists. For the first time in over ten days Emily was outside and able to stand upright and was not bound by chains or rubber cords. The mittens made it impossible to use her fingers but otherwise it was almost liberating...

Except of course that any sense of freedom was an illusion. She was still fenced in, even if the enclosure had grown larger. She would not be truly free until she was off Dunscombe land.

Broomfield consulted his large pocket watch. In his other hand was a small air horn. 'Ready, steady...!'

The horn tooted loudly and with ironic cheers from the hunters they scampered off across the grass, their tails bobbing and wagging behind them.

After they had gone a couple of hundred yards Emily sought Lydia out amidst the spreading pack of girls and jogged up to her shoulder. Lydia's big breasts were bouncing and her fleshy buttock cheeks were rippling. She was struggling valiantly but she was not built like a runner.

'How are you?' Emily asked about her rubber bit. 'Look... the other day in the garden... sorry I had to pee over your legs...'

'I'm fine...' Lydia panted. 'Don't worry... you just did what you were told... isn't this... fucking crazy?'

'I suppose that's one word for it.'

'Do you think... this stun shot thing... hurts?'

'Only for a moment... like wasp stings... then you go numb...'

'Oh... that don't sound so bad...'

'Well... good luck!'

‘You too...’

In the circumstances what else could they say?

Emily ran on faster. If she could win a night’s rest for herself it would be a victory of a kind. And she had a plan in mind. To get out of sight as fast as possible and then circle right or left and double back and follow the perimeter of the hunting ground back the way she had come and see if she could slip past the hunters when they began their advance.

By the time she reached the first substantial belt of trees up with the leaders of the pack Emily was sweating and gasping for breath. She glanced back over her shoulder and saw in the distance the gateway and tents of the start line were fuzzy and indistinct in the sunlit haze. She rounded a bush, ducked down and changed course, heading off sharply to the right, making as much use of cover as she could.

In the distance she heard Bromfield’s air horn sounding again and her stomach clenched in fear. The hunters were off!

Perhaps it was because of that fear that she began to feel the thrill of running naked outdoors. She had never been exposed like this before and naturism had never held any appeal for her. But at that moment there was no doubt that she was intensely alive. The strangest aspect was the bobbing of her fake tail behind her, which was tugging on her bottom in a disturbing way, reminding her with every stride she had its plug inside her.

Through the trees and bushes she saw a tall chain link fence looming up before her. Even with the full use of her hands it would have been hard to climb. When she reached it she turned right again and then began to move more slowly, darting from bush to bush and occasionally crawling on her belly through the long grass. She must not be seen. Let the hunters go past her and there was a good chance she’d be safe because they would be involved in chasing the other girls in the woods at the far end of the hunting field.

She saw movement out across the undulating grassland and huddled behind a bush.

A straggling line of hunters was advancing across the field with their guns now cocked and ready. She let them pass by hardly daring to breathe. After a minute she began to hear the first shots being fired as they encountered their prey. Mingled with the bang of the guns came the squeals and yelps of slave girls. She hoped Lydia would be all right. If she really was content to live as a slave girl then she had to learn to accept such things.

All the hunters seem to have passed her by. Cautiously Emily got up and began to make her way back towards the start. She would get as close to it as possible and then hide herself. That would be the last place they would think of looking for her...

And then a hunter rose up from behind a bush in front of her with his shotgun levelled, grinning in triumph. 'There's always one smart bitch who thinks she can circle back and get behind us,' he said.

Emily turned to run but it was too late.

Bang!

The fan of stun shot stung the backs of her legs and with a howl of pain Emily fell onto her front. Even as the numbness spread through her legs she scrabbled and squirmed and tried to crawl away but the hunter fired again. This time the dartlets stung the backs of her legs, buttocks and arms. As the feeling left the back of her body she lost the use of her limbs and lay slumped on her face on the rough grass.

The hunter stood over her and pulled the tail out of her bottom plug. 'Another one for the trophy cabinet,' he said, tucking it under his belt. Then he brushed the dartlets off her legs and buttocks and rolled her onto her back. He grinned down at her as he pulled her legs wide. Then he took out a camera and snapped her helpless naked body from several angles.

'These will go on display with the tail,' he told her.

Oh God, he'd have pictures of her like this for ever.

He put the camera away, pulled a coiled leather strap from another

pocket and shook it out.

‘When I shoot girls I like to leave them with feeling in their tits and pussies, so they can feel this...’

He swiped the strap across her chest, making her breasts shiver and leap about. Emily yelped about her bit, tears pricking the backs of her eyes. The pricking became a full blown steam of tears as the strap then cut upwards into her pussy cleft. Oh yes, she felt that!

‘You see I’ve got you for the rest of the day now, and I want to make sure you’re going to be a good girl. Are you?’

Emily made a feeble whimper of assent.

‘That’s what I wanted to hear...’

He undid his flies, freeing a straining erection, knelt between her limp legs and rammed his cock into her.

Emily lay under him as he drove the breath from her lungs as he ground his weight across her. Her whole awareness was concentrated on her unanaesthetised breasts, belly and sex mouth. Nothing else seemed to exist apart from them and the shaft of male flesh pumping in and out of her dripping vagina and the cloth of his jacket grating across her hard nipples. His triumphant face bobbed before her eyes as it contorted in a grimace of fierce pleasure. Once again she was trapped between helpless arousal and revulsion. When she was denied everything else it was the only means of expression left to her. It was terrible, but that was how was. It absolutely did not mean that she had enjoyed being hunted down and shot and strapped and humiliated and mounted by the man who had claimed her for his own...

And then his hot seed boiled into her and she clenched her sheath about his cock and sprayed her juices over it as she twitched feebly under him in the throws of an orgasm that seemed to explode out of her loins and tear through her body and numb her brain as if it had been hit by a cartridge of stun shot.

Before the effects of the stun shot wore off, the hunter clipped her wrists the back of her belt and a chain leash at the front of her collar. As soon as she could walk he led her back to the camp by the field gates, dripping his sperm and her cum down the insides of her legs. How shameful must that look! But the other girls would know she could not help herself...

When they arrived Emily saw she was only the fourth girl to be caught. She had not even made the second half of the field. So much for her clever plan! The three others hung upside down from the rim of the big tubular metal wheel on its sturdy base. Now she understood its purpose. Their ankles were clipped to those tubular rods which were acting as spreader bars holding their legs wide. They were just like game birds hung up by their ankles after they had been shot. But their lower bellies also bulged unnaturally and their pubic lips were clamped together by bulldog clips. What was going on?

The hunter handed Emily over to Bloomfield and his assistants.

‘Congratulations, Mr Dawlish,’ Broomfield said. ‘I’m sure this one will give you satisfaction...’

‘Just make sure she’s stuffed good and proper...’ Dawlish said.

Broomfield and his assistants removed her goggles, flushed Dawlish’s sperm from her pussy with a hand pump and then hung her up from the wheel with her legs spread wide. Leaving her bottom plugged with the rubber bung that had supported her tail, they pushed a funnel between her pubic lips and from a jug poured a slippery mixture of apple slices, cloves and honey into her vagina, forcing it down with a plunger until her stomach bulged like the other girls’. Then they clamped her inner labia together so that the mixture was contained within her. Emily winced as the clamps pinched her tender flesh tight. Then she was left to dangle next to the other girls, with her breasts hanging down inverted and her cheeks flushed with shame and the blood slowly filling her head.

What were they going to do to them?

She saw the fire lit and what looked like a hog impaled on the spit over it and turned to cook by a naked slave girl.

Over the next few hours the hunters returned one by one with their captives. Surprisingly Lydia was one of the last to be brought in. She looked red-faced and strangely triumphant. Like the rest she was cleaned out, hung upside down and had her vagina stuffed with apples, cloves and honey and then clamped tight.

Several of the hunters took pictures of this fleshy show of hanging captive girl flesh with their bulging bellies and frightened eyes. More pictures for the archives proving their mastery over them, Emily thought dismally. I shot that one, they could say...

The sun was beginning to lower in the sky when the remaining hunters returned and all the girls were accounted for. Marchmount came in with the last of them looking very pleased with himself.

‘I hope you all had a fine day’s sport,’ he said to the rest and they assured him they had.

A mellow metallic booming rang through the temporary encampment. Broomfield was standing by a large brass gong hung on its own stand. It was the signal to dress for dinner. The men retired to their own tents and emerged half an hour later in white ties and dinner jackets. How absurd, Emily thought dizzily. Like some scene from Victorian life in the Raj or darkest Africa where the British maintained their standards even out in the wilds.

They took their places at the big table, now glittering by candlelight which glinted off polished glass and silver. The great roast was taken off the spit and presented a Marchmount. He carved the huge joint himself and dished out great slabs of steaming meat. As he did so Broomfield and his assistants went round the dangling ring of girls and bent them about their hips like hair pins so their heads and shoulders were upright and facing outward. Then they hooked chains from the spreader bars to their collars, holding them in place. The girls gave muffled sighs of relief as the blood began to flow out of their congested heads at last, even though now they were now looking out between their knees and displaying their groins and clamped pussy mouths

for all to see.

Broomfield took up a big pot of liquid honey and a brush and began to paint it over their pussies and buttocks. What was all this, Emily wondered in growing alarm.

Marchmount dished out the last of the meat and then said: 'Now we need a sauce to go over this fine crackling meat. May I offer you Dunscombe's own unique pussy apple sauce...?'

The great frame the girls were hung from was wheeled over towards the fire, its glow shining off their honey smeared haunches. The girls dangling from it twisted about and their eyes filled with horror. The spit was pulled aside and the rim of the hanging frame was manoeuvred over the glowing embers of the fire. The girl dangling directly above it began to moan as the heat washed up over her taut buttocks and bulging pussy. The honey prevented her flesh blistering but the heat made it run and drip even as it flowed into her loins to further cook the apple sauce that had been simmering inside her for hours.

The slave girl who had been turning the spit now ducked beneath the ring of girls and took up position at the crank handle on the frame base. The wheel began to rotate slowly so that each of the girls were suspended over the glowing fire for a few seconds, so they could all feel its heat scorching her buttocks. The hunters sitting at the table laughed and cheered at the sight of them being warmed over the fire to bring their sauce up to serving temperature.

When it came time for Emily to dangle over the fire she tried to pull her buttocks up as far as she could to escape the wash of heat, terrified by the sight of the glowing coals is directly beneath her. It was like an open oven blasting up at her. She felt the pressure growing in her loins as her own juices began to flow at the sheer horror of what was being done to her. Then she was swung away into the cooler evening air as another girl took her place over the embers. Standing on the far side of the wheel from the fire, Broomfield solemnly repainted their simmering buttocks with a fresh coating of honey, as if they were being basted.

And so round and round they went, wriggling and sobbing and moaning as they were blasted with heat, as honey dripped from their scarlet bottoms and sizzled on the fire. Emily could imagine the sauce within her bubbling and steaming. If they didn't take it out of her vagina soon she would explode!

'Is your pussy sauce ready now?' Marchmount ask them.

A chorus of desperate voices babbled back: 'Yes... yes master please eat my sauce... open my cunt sir... I'm ready... I taste lovely...'

The big frame was pulled away from the fire and the men came up to them with their plates of meat. Each took up position in front of the girl he had captured and held his plate beneath her bottom. Dawlish looked into Emily's eyes in triumphant anticipation. They unclipped the girls labia which burst open from internal pressure and poured out a stream of hot fragrant apple and honey sauce, all now flavoured with a unique individual girl juice tang. The men dug long-handled spoons deep into their vaginas to get the last of this precious sauce out, and then they retired to the table to add the trimmings and settled down to a fine meal.

While they ate, Broomfield and his assistants discreetly moved round the circle of hanging girls tidying them up. They wiped their pussies clean of apple sauce and washed out their vaginas. They wiped the crusted honey from their buttocks, pulled out the rubber plugs from their anuses and flushed and re-greased them. Then they re-hung the girls with loops of rubber padded wire rope passed under their armpits and clipped to the spreader bars above them so that their toes dangled just clear of the grass. They were still hung like pieces of meat but at least they were upright more and they were not being treated like cookware.

Emily was ashamed to feel a pathetic surge of gratitude for this small mercy.

For an hour more the girls hung from the frame looking on while the men ate and drank and it grew darker. Lamps were lit about the campsite. But at last the meal was over.

'Gentlemen,' Marchmount announced, 'it is time to claim your prizes

for your own private pleasure. Enjoy them and good night...’

And the men rose from the table and went to the girls they had hunted down for the last act of this bizarre day. Unclipping them from the roasting frame they led them, barely able to walk on their stiff legs, to their respective tents.

Inside his tent with Emily, Dawlish switched on a portable battery powered camping lantern. By its pale radiance she saw a camping chair with his hunting clothes laid across it, and a low folding single bed hung with straps and chains. It was covered by a rubber sheet with a hump in the middle over a pillow lying across it.

Dawlish slapped Emily’s sore buttocks hard. ‘I’ve had your pussy, now what’s your rear like?’

He pushed her face down onto the rubber-covered bed so that the pillow lifted her hips. He pulled her legs wide and chained her cuffed ankles to its lower corners. Un-cuffing her wrists from the back of her belt he stretched her arms out to the top corners of the bed and refastened them. Now she was spread-eagled across the bed face down with her red bottom cheeks rising up provocatively.

Dawlish stroked her smooth sore buttocks. ‘I could not have had your bum hole earlier when it was full of stun shot because you wouldn’t have appreciated it. But I will have some fun with it now it’s been properly tenderised,’ he told her. ‘In a minute I’m going to give you a chance to beg to have my cock up your backside and I want to you to do it properly. If you don’t, you’re going to get a tanning until you faint from pain...’

And he took up something that had been resting against the back of the bed. It was a broad bladed rubber spanking paddle but the blade was studded with metal spikes. Emily’s eyes widened in horror she looked at it.

‘Yes, please Sir, I want you up my bottom, please Sir... I really need you...’ The pathetic words spilled out of her lips. This was no time for false pride.

The paddle swished through the air and smacked hard into her right bottom cheek and then quickly her left, sending ripples through her flesh and stabbing burning pain shooting up through her body.

‘Did I say you could start begging now?’

‘No Sir, sorry Sir...’ Emily said miserably.

Dawlish pushed the handle of the paddle up into her greased rectum so that it jutted out of her like a flag. Then he stripped of his clothes, exposing a hard cock shaft that had recovered its vitality since he had screwed her out on the field.

When he was totally naked he pulled the paddle out of her bottom again and took up position.

‘Now I’m going to paddle that pretty backside of yours and you can tell me how nice it would be for me to be up your bum hole,’ he told her.

Emily shrieked as the paddle smacked into her rear once again, this time with twice the force he had used previously. She felt every stud digging into her flesh as the paddle dug a crater out of her soft cheeks, only for it to fill and her cheeks to rebound once again, but now as shade redder.

‘Ahhhh... Please fuck my bum, Sir,’ she sobbed. ‘I want you up inside me right now please... I’m so hot and tight up there... I’ll squeeze on you really hard... like a little girl doing the first time... you’ll really love it...’

The rubber under her was getting slippery with her sweat and tears which were running down her cheeks and the bed was shaking with her frantic squirming, but Dawlish did not let up his beating.

Desperately she continued: ‘I want to feel your spunk up inside my behind... all the way up... do it so it feels like you’re going to burst me... bugger me... please!’

Still he beat her. Was she bleeding already? What more could she do to show how desperate she was to be sodomized and totally disgraced? Wait...

why was the bed covered in rubber?

Emily surrendered to the pain, let her pride go and peed herself, a hot jet hissing from her sex lips and splashing over the sheets.

Dawlish dropped the paddle, knelt between her splayed legs and thrust his straining shaft up into her greased bottom. She sobbed and shrieked again as he filled her to the hilt and began to ram up her rectum like a machine. Desperately she squeezed upon his cock, trying to pleasure him for all she was worth. There was nothing left in her mind but the desire to suffer as little more indignity and pain as possible this day. If that meant having him come inside her bottom then so be it...

With a grunt and final jerk Dawlish came, filling her backside with his seed. Then he sagged and lay still, resting on top of her as if she was a fleshy mattress. Slowly his sperm began to seep out of Emily's ravaged bottom hole and trickle onto the rubber sheet beneath, mingling with her cooling urine. And that was the position he was still in two hours and three more ejaculations later, when he finally fell asleep on top of her.

She had just two more days of this nightmare to go.

9: In the Dungeon

Emily awoke in her cage in the Slave Hall filled with the wonderful realisation that this was the last day of her sentence! She had survived two weeks that felt like two months in terms experiences, mostly nightmarish, revolting and shameful.

The sudden fear flitted through her mind that Marchmount might renege on his promise and keep her here for longer. But then she decided that, for all his other faults, he was not the type of person to go back on his word. He was a Baron and magistrate and he had sentenced her legally by his standards, so he must stand by that decision. And surely she had been punished enough.

Trevor evidently knew this day was special, because after feeding and washing her, which was done with usual care, and dressing her in her standard harness, socks and black shoes, he chained by herself kneeling against the wall in the corner of the Hall.

‘I wish you were staying longer,’ he said regretfully, giving her nipples a final appreciative tweak in passing. ‘And you might have misbehaved a bit more and given me more excuses to screw you...’

What a thing to say! Still, she supposed it was a compliment of a kind in this place. And he had looked after her properly by castle standards. She tried to smile back at him around her mouth strap.

Would she have a chance to say goodbye to Lydia and wish her well? And she would like to see Zinnia again and ask her simply why she stayed with Marchmount in this perverted place? But if she was simply let out of the front gate at the end of the day then she would be grateful enough.

Shortly afterwards Broomfield appeared and took charge of her leash.

‘Sir Alaric wishes to speak to you in his study, girl,’ he said portentously.

He led her through the echoing corridors of the castle and up flights of stairs to another big ironbound door, which he opened and lead her through. Beyond was a large comfortable study with windows that overlooked the courtyard and the inner gateway. There were paintings on the walls and bookcases with leather bound volumes in neat rows and a massive leather-topped desk of dark oak. Seated behind it in a matching chair of oak and leather and looking imposing and masterful as always, was Marchmount.

‘Emily Gardener, Sir,’ Broomfield announced. He led Emily up to the desk and had her kneel down before it. There were five scallops cut out of the jutting front lip of the desk, each with an iron hook recessed into a hollow on the desk top in front of it. He pushed her neck into the middle one of these scallops so that her chin rested on the desktop and hooked a link of her leash chain about the hook. Then he bowed to Marchmount and departed.

Marchmount looked at Emily, whose head from his point of view now appeared to be mounted on the lip of the desk, chained to it by her collar. Then he reached across the desktop and loosened the joints of her bridle mouth strap so that she could move her jaws and her tongue was unclamped. Then he settled back in his chair and steepled his fingers, looking at her thoughtfully.

‘I’m interested to know what you think about your time in the castle,’ he said.

Emily realized he was not being facetious. He genuinely wanted to know what she thought. Well, he had always wanted her to be polite but honest. She licked her lips and said carefully: ‘It has been barbaric, Master. You treat your slave girls brutally and you even brutalise your own wife. I don’t know why the villagers put up with it but you seem to have convinced them they should offer up their women for your pleasure as well. They even act as though they’re grateful for it! You and your friends are male chauvinist pigs who prey on helpless women and seem to delight in humiliating and abusing them and acting like tin pot gods. I hate and despise you all!’

If any of that offended him he didn’t show it. Instead he leaned forward and said intently: ‘I expected to hear that, but what do you truly think and feel yourself?’

‘That is what I feel, Master.’

‘I mean personally, not those automatic emotions and responses that have been culturally embedded in your mind. What will you take away from this yourself purely as Emily Gardener: an intelligent independently minded woman?’

Why was he asking her about such things? ‘I take away the fact that you have been incredibly cruel to me and all the women here. It’s the worst thing that has ever happened to me!’

‘Don’t you imagine it could have been far worse?’

‘No I don’t!’ Even as she spoke she knew that was not strictly true, but she was not about to concede anything to him now. He must understand how much he had hurt her.

‘Then either you have a very poor imagination, or you have no idea what true pain and suffering really is,’ he said dryly. ‘But you should find out before you leave, because some women are born to suffer. The Bible says it is a punishment for original sin but I believe that women endure it because they have adapted to it, even secretly welcome it. That’s one reason why I take a toll of women who pass through my land. The price of a nude photograph is to see who might accept it even though, as you realized yourself, by modern standards it is a degrading and humiliating demand. I wonder how closely you were tempted to pay it...’

‘I wasn’t, Master. And as for women adapting to suffering and even secretly enjoying it I think that’s rubbish! It’s the kind of fantasy men invent to excuse treating woman badly.’

‘Then how do you explain Lydia or Natasha Trewen? They certainly exist. Did they seem unwilling or unresponsive to pain and pleasure?’

‘I... I don’t really understand how Lydia can accept all this. It must be because this is the least worse life she can imagine. I think she’s the exception not the rule and that doesn’t make what you do here right, Master. I know how I think and feel and it is not like that!’

‘And Natasha and her family?’

‘They’ve been conditioned to behave like that by tradition and... and peer group pressure!’

‘And are you sure you are not the one who has been conditioned by tradition and peer pressure to think the opposite? Are you honest enough to admit that you may have darker desires of your own that have been stimulated by your stay here?’

Emily was getting confused and flustered. ‘No... I mean yes, Master.’

‘So how do you explain the number of times you have orgasmed during your time here? You can’t hide such things from me or my staff or guests, you know. They are also facts.’

‘I... couldn’t help it!’

‘Exactly. Darker desires...’

‘That’s not what I meant!’

‘We shall see. This is the last day of your sentence, but the day is not yet over. I’m going to show you the castle dungeons and perhaps that will put everything you have suffered so far into perspective...’

He stood up, came round from the desk and unhooked her leash chain. Leading her after him he went to one of the big bookcases and swung it aside. Set in the wall behind it was a low heavy ironbound door which he unlocked with a large key from his belt chain. It opened onto a narrow windowless stone staircase lit by electric lamps. ‘A private stairway my ancestors built as a means of escape should the castle ever be taken...’ Marchmount explained.

Down they went, down to the first floor level and then on down below it. The air became cool and damp and Emily began to tremble. Was he really taking her to the dungeons? Was he trying to break her spirit at the last moment, or was he simply determined to suck all the pleasure he could out of her with one final barbarous act?

The stairs ended before another heavy door which Marchmount unlocked. Leading Emily inside he threw a light switch and a big chamber with whitewashed walls and dark ceiling timbers was suddenly illuminated before her eyes. She gave a moan of terror as she saw what it contained. There were hulking shapes fashioned of dark stained wood, iron, chain and rope, polished here and there by the sweat and juices of female bodies. They were held together by great bolts and metal straps and exuded an aroma of oil and grease and terrible cruel purpose.

Emily hated the pathetic whine that entered her voice but she could not help it. 'No... Master please... don't do this... not now...'

'But if not now then when?' Marchmount asked reasonably. 'In a few hours I will be losing you. This will be something to remember Dunscombe by... and perhaps give you something to think upon in the future. Our history is full of pain and suffering so why is it so hard to imagine some people adapting to it, and even thriving upon it? And women of necessity must adapt since they rarely have the power to resist. Imagine such a process at work in the Dunscombe tithe villages. Might that not explain Natasha's joy at being put to the cock she was? And if it can happen to them then why not you? Now, what shall I try you on first?'

The uncaring walls threw back the echoes of Emily's scream of despair.

Emily lay doubled over on her back within a heavy rectangular frame mounted upon the low bench.

The back of her head and shoulders were pressed against the ancient wood boards beneath her, which were perforated with a grid of round holes like oversized peg boarding. Her arms were stretched down along the sides of the frame while her back was bowed upward, braced by a large wedge of wood under her hips, so that her waist and haunches were bent over so sharply that she could look out into her groin. Her legs were then bent at the hips and pulled downward so that her knees were level with her head. They and her shins rested on wooden blocks with slotted sides, lifting them above the level of her face. She was held down by heavy iron staples that had been

pushed through the holes in the boards under her and held in place beneath it by pairs of clamp bars running on either side of the rows of holes and actuated by a lever at the end of the frame. The staples encircled her wrists and elbows and went across her neck and stomach. They pressed down over the backs of the knees and ankles of her doubled-over legs, their shafts running down the slotted sides of the blocks on which they rested, holding them and her in place. She strained against the half inch iron staples, but they were totally immovable.

At the base of the frame behind her upraised buttocks was bolted a wooden stand. It supported what looked like a vertical bench drill with two heavy rubber dildo drill bit tips which were positioned over her exposed groin. The one over her anus had ribbed sides while the one over the slot of her vulva was formed out of a string of bristling rubber prong balls like beads on a rod.

Marchmount stood over her, his hand on the lever controlling the drill. He was now stripped to the waist, revealing his powerful dark haired torso.

‘There is only one means of escape from these final ordeals, Emily, and that is for you to climax. I want to see you orgasm to your fullest, without any reservation or resistance. As a woman your only escape from pain is your own pleasure. You must learn to embrace shame and degradation. That’s how it’s always been. It’s perfectly natural. Only then will you begin to understand the power of tradition...’

She tried to plead with him but her tongue was clamped once again by her metal bridle. All she could do now was endure...

Marchmount pulled the lever down, driving the drills into her. The motor started and set them spinning. The heavy ribbed one curled into her greased anus, setting its rim rippling as it bored into her. The second bit was more flexible, bowing outwards as it burrowed its way through the slot of her sex all the way up to her swollen clitoris. Then the motor began to buzz and the drill bits vibrated, setting her sex lips shivering.

Emily gasped as the pulsations seemed to flow right through her and she felt a familiar hot sticky slipperiness about her labia as her juices flowed out

from her vulva and were picked up by the buzzing twisting rubber drill rod. Her rectum was being gouged out while her pussy slot was being rasped and rubbed mercilessly. Helplessly the nipples on her trembling breasts were standing up like little fleshy thimbles.

Marchmount smiled down at her as he worked the lever controlling the machine, pumping the drills deeper into her then pulling them back out again, grinding them in and out of her flesh, teasing the lubricating fluids from her depths until they were splattering from off the drill shafts over her pussy lips and inner thighs.

‘Don’t fight it, Emily. You can’t win against the drill so you might as well enjoy yourself. There’s nothing wrong in that. It’s only your own inhibitions that are stopping you. Don’t you want to get this over with as soon as possible?’

He was right of course, even though she hated him for it. But as long as it meant nothing... she was just taking the easiest way out... that made sense...

And so with a sob Emily let herself go, surrendering to the terrible drill.

And at that very moment Marchmount pulled it out of her and twisted it aside. He opened the front of his trousers to free his straining cock, straddled her taut buttocks and rammed his shaft into her gaping, greased rectum, swapping pumping vibrating rubber for hard male flesh inside her.

Emily had gone too far to stop the inevitable, even though it now seemed as though it was in response to his presence within her. Her sphincter clamped about him with an iron grip as she felt her clitoris tighten so much it seemed about to burst. Then a huge orgasm rose up within her and burst out of her loins, spraying her juices all over her thighs. Almost like an encore her bladder cut loose and she peed over her own face, even while Marchmount looked down on her in triumph, spurting his sperm down into her hot depths, defiling her with his mastery of her body.

It was so all-encompassing and so awful and impossibly intense at the same moment that she fainted...

It was like a huge wooden cartwheel over two yards across mounted vertically on a heavy post which suspended its lower rim in a trough of water. Emily was strapped spread-eagled to the wheel with heavy leather bands across her wrists, knees and elbows, waist and neck. The boss of the wheel pressed into the cleft of her buttocks, forcing her hips and groin outward, with her pussy mound at its apex.

The motor driving the wheel hummed as it turned it slowly but steadily, once in every revolution dunking her head into the trough so she had to hold her breath and then splutter again as it was lifted out the other side, her hair now soaked and streaming over her shoulders.

To add to her torment spiked metal balls the size of tangerines had been clipped to her nipples and labia. As she turned they turned, tugging agonisingly on her nipples, stretching out her breasts into impossible cones of pain and dragging her inner labia out into stretched pink tongues, at the same time marking out circular tracks in her soft flesh with their needle sharp tips. Soon blood was flowing from them, running into spiralling streaks about her body as it was turned on the wheel and finally dripping into the water trough.

And to add to this torment, Marchmount stood in front of her with a long lash in his hand. And as she turned he beat her helpless spread-eagled body, adding welts and stripes across it according to his masterful whim. And Emily sobbed and yelped and almost choked when he struck while her head was underwater and she could not control her reflex to cry out and sucked in water instead of air.

‘It ends when you cum, Emily,’ he reminded her, swinging his lash with bitter delight across her flopping, jerking breasts, making them and the weights clipped to them leap and shiver.

But she could not bring herself to a climax. All she was suffering was pain and dizzy disorientation and intermittent near choking. Her nipples clamped by the heavy spiked balls were hard and her clitoris was straining out of its secret valley and her juices were flowing and dribbling down into the water trough, but it was not enough. She began to moan and gurgle about

her clamped tongue, begging for something more.

‘Do you want me inside you?’ Marchmount asked, lowering his lash for a moment.

Oh God, no she didn’t but she had to end this one way or another. She nodded as far as her straps allowed.

He pulled the water trough aside and stood in its place. He wrenched the clips off her labia and freed them of the terrible spiked ball that had circled about them. For a moment she felt a delirious sense of gratitude towards him, even though she knew it was totally false. He freed his cock and pushed it into the centre of her rotating body, which of course was the mouth of her vagina. And then all he needed to do was stand there, letting her whole body turn about his cock, which was now the centre of her universe, watching her breasts flopping about and being imprinted again and again by the tracks of the spiked balls until they burned in pain.

He spurted into her and Emily clenched her sheath upon him and squeezed all the passion she could out over his cock. Then she came ecstatically, sucking his sperm out into her tumbling body...

It was a half drum of wooden slats, like a large barrel sliced down the middle and laid on its side on a low heavy wooden base. About its lower rim were bolted chains and straps. It was a simple device but with a terrible purpose: to position a girl bound over it on her back so that she could be taken at both ends simultaneously.

Emily lay across it with her belly thrust up into the air. Her thighs were pulled wide and her knees were bent, folding her legs under her, so that her ankles were chained to the flat sides of the drum. Her arms were pulled down and outward and her wrists were cuffed next to her ankles. A heavy strap went across her middle.

Marchmount spread apart the mouthband of her metal bridle, forcing her jaws apart and opening up the passage to the back of her throat.

‘Time for you to say goodbye to everybody who has had anything to do with you over the last two weeks...’ he told her. ‘This is going to be, as you would say, a gang bang...’

Emily shuddered in horror.

It seemed Marchmount had invited most of the staff of the Castle to make use of her. There were the gatekeepers she had first met on the toll path, and then there were the young assistant slave handlers. In pairs they each had their way with her and then her orifices were washed out and somebody else took their place. At one point she saw Trevor’s face grinning down at her he thrust his cock up into her gullet, squeezing her breasts and pinching her nipples at the same time. Even Broomfield was there, grunting as he spent himself between her thighs. And spurt by spurt their sperm filled her throat and her pussy and she had to swallow it down as quickly as she could or let it dribble out between her spread thighs down the sides of the drum to make way for more...

It was a one girl orgy...

Helplessly little orgasms tore through her and she blacked out intermittently, waking again to find a new cock inside her.

Suddenly there was Zinnia, bare from the waist down, wearing a strap-on dildo, pumping away between her thighs... Then she was gone and in her place was Lydia in slave harness doing the same thing, flashing an encouraging smile as she screwed her... Or was this all by now slipping into a delirium brought on by too much sex and suffering? Was any of it real?

But finally and unquestionably there was Marchmount, thrusting his cock up into her vagina once again, the master of all he surveyed, certainly the master of her poor dripping slot and aching, ravaged body. And for one last time she felt the irresistible urge rising within her and she came all over him.

Then she fainted again.

Cold water splashed over her face and Emily came to herself, coughing and spluttering.

She was still bound over the barrel but she was now looking upside-down at a young woman who seemed desperately familiar. She reminded her of somebody she had once known. Yes: herself in the mirror. And then she realized it was Lucy Parminter, standing in front of her wearing her clothes with her back pack slung over her shoulder. Her impersonator had returned.

‘Undress, Lucy,’ Marchmount commanded. ‘It’s time Emily got her clothes and her old life back...’

Lucy obeyed, quickly stripping off Emily’s clothes. As soon she was naked she went down submissively onto her knees, like the good obedient village girl she was, shaped by five hundred years of tradition.

‘Lick Emily’s pussy clean,’ Marchmount commanded. And Lucy did so with an eager tongue. After all those thrusting cocks and dildos it felt frighteningly pleasant...

As Lucy lapped and sucked away inside her, cleaning up the last dregs of Emily’s terrible multiple usage, Emily said feebly to Marchmount through the gaping jaws of her bridle: ‘What ever I’ve done... however I’ve responded... it was necessary... you haven’t broken me...’

‘I wasn’t trying to break you,’ he said. ‘I was just punishing you in the traditional manner as the law required until you understood. Now your sentence is complete. You have paid you debt to me for trespassing on my land. Now it’s time for you to leave...’

Marchmount himself escorted Emily to the gatehouse half an hour later. It did not feel natural walking with him without a leash on and being fully clothed. She ached inside and out and she felt utterly drained, but she was determined not to show it.

As they passed under the arch of the gatehouse he said: ‘If it occurs to

you to make accusations about what happened here to the authorities then I advise you against it because they will not be acted upon. You see my family has supplied too many slaves to too many important people over the centuries for them to let this place be exposed. Besides, all the evidence shows that for the past two weeks you have been walking perfectly freely about the West Country researching your history dissertation. Goodbye, Emily Gardner...'

And the great double gates closed behind her.

Emily looked at them for a moment, hardly able to believe it was all over. Then she began to walk down the long driveway. After a few yards she began to run: away from dungeons and chains and humiliation pain and suffering and towards the free world where she was allowed to live as a decent human being again.

Except that, after a while, it began to feel rather grey and dull...

10: One year Later...

Emily banged on the big double gates of the castle until a little hatch opened and the face of one of the ground keepers peered out.

‘My name is Emily Gardener and I want to see Sir Alaric Marchmount,’ she said.

‘Nobody sees Sir Alaric without an appointment,’ he replied tersely.

‘Then tell Mr Broomfield I’m here...’

‘Go away, Miss.’

‘I’ll keep banging on these doors until you fetch him...’

Ten minutes later Broomfield’s face appeared at the loophole.

‘You remember me, Mr Broomfield?’

‘I can’t say that I do Miss,’ Broomfield said with a perfectly innocent expression.

‘I want to see Sir Alaric right now.’

‘Sir Alaric does not see anybody without an appointment, Miss.’

‘If I don’t see him immediately then I’m going to run through the village with my clothes half torn off screaming rape and pointing at the castle to all the tourists I can find. I know there’d be no official investigation but still I don’t think you’d want that kind of publicity, would you?’

Five minutes later the gates opened and Sir Alaric stood before her. ‘Well, Miss Gardener, what can I do for you?’

‘I am starting work on my postgraduate thesis, Sir Alaric. It’s called:

“Suffering as part of life in Medieval England and how it has influenced modern female sexual attitudes”. And I was wondering if I could do some hands on research in Dunscombe castle.’

He studied her face intently for a moment and he said: ‘Of course, Ms Gardener. I’m only too happy to assist any seeker after knowledge and understanding. But we have certain customs and traditions here that we like to uphold.’

‘Strict ones I hope,’ Emily said.

‘Very strict. Firstly we have a dress code.’

‘And what is that?’

‘That young women are not allowed to be dressed inside the castle.’

‘And we must always uphold traditions, mustn’t we, Sir Alaric,’ Emily said as she gratefully began to strip her clothes off...

The End