

A photograph of a person's bare torso against a black background. A red collar with a silver buckle is around the neck, with a heavy metal chain hanging down the front. A small holly leaf with red berries is pinned to the right hip. The title 'Breaking In Gillian' is written in white serif font across the upper chest.

# Breaking In Gillian



FETISH WORLD BOOKS

# Simon Grail

# BREAKING IN GILLIAN

Simon Grail

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# Chapter 1

The Sunday morning when the Twistleton and Woodsmere Hunt decided to defy the national ban on live foxhunting swiftly descended into chaos.

They had found what they believed was a loophole in the law and, while their legal team made their applications to the court, they were determined to exploit it before they could be stopped. The media, of course, had turned out to record the event. So had rival, and very vocal, bands both of supporters and protestors. In between all of them were the police trying to keep order. Soon the woods and fields were alive with scattered bands of riders and hounds and camouflage-clad hunt saboteurs blowing horns, letting off flares and laying false scent trails and police cars with flashing lights and four-by-fours carrying camera teams racing along muddy tracks.

And in the middle of all this was Gillian burning with anger!

A group of four masked figures had sprung out of the bushes in front of her and let off a flare and sounded an air horn practically in Brandon's face. The poor beast had shied and nearly thrown her. Then they had run off into the woods and so she had given chase, shouting and waving her crop.

Blinded by her rage she did not see the low branch until it was too late.

Gillian's last split-second twist aside and her riding hat saved her face from being hit, but sickening force of the impact on her head and left shoulder swept her off her saddle. For a second she tumbled over backwards through the air and then the ground came up and hit her.

And then there was blackness...

\* \* \*

Gillian woke feeling sick confused. What had happened? Where was she? Lying on her side on some hard surface, apparently. Her head and neck and left shoulder ached. She opened her eyes but everything still remained black. Sudden panic filled her. Why couldn't she see? Had she gone blind?

Then she realized there was a strip of cloth bound across her eyes and something similar wadded into her mouth held in place by a strip of tape stuck over her lips, stifling her moan of fear. Her arms were twisted up behind her back and tied with rope about her wrists. Another length of rope ran up from her wrists to the back of her collar and was then tied about her neck. Her ankles were also bound together.

She was tied up, gagged and blindfolded!

As she moaned and twisted and squirmed, she heard a woman's voice. 'Looks like she's waking up...'

A man replied. 'Good. Let's find out who she is...'

Hands took hold of her and sat her up with her back resting against some vertical surface. Then her blindfold was removed.

She blinked and looked fearfully about her. She was in the back of what seemed to be to be a transit van, with the lower half of its side walls covered by panels of scarred plywood. A scattering of boxes and old blankets were littered about it. Four figures loomed over her in the confined space: three men and a woman. All were wearing camouflage trousers, hooded jackets and plastic fancy dress half-masks in the shape of fox heads, which left only their mouths exposed. They were the people she been chasing before her fall!

The largest man spoke. 'You are in the custody of the FDL,' he announced grandly. 'I am Reynard.' He gestured to the others. 'This

is Pablo, Basil and Marian.'

The "FDL", Gillian wondered dizzily? Then she recalled hearing the acronym. The Fox Defence League was a small, vocal and extreme left-wing branch of hunt protesters and that merged animal-rights with old fashioned and outdated class resentment. They assumed fox-related names to conceal their true identities when they had made announcements through social media condemning the movement to lift the ban on true foxhunting. Previously she had thought of them as something between a joke and a nuisance. But they seemed a lot more sinister now...

'We can't stop here long,' Basil fretted. 'They'll be looking for...'

'We're safe enough for half an hour,' Reynard insisted.

'Why did you take her?' Marian asked him.

'She knocked herself out right in front of us. We couldn't let an opportunity like that go by, could we?'

'We're not going to hurt her, are we?' Pablo asked anxiously.

'Why not?' Reynard said bluntly, making Gillian flinch. 'She's some posh bitch who deserves to be punished for what she and her kind have done to innocent animals. She's the enemy and don't forget it!'

'We don't even know who she is yet,' Basil pointed out.

'Then let's find out,' Reynard said.

He hunched down and took hold of a corner of the strip of tape holding the ball of cloth in Gillian's mouth. In his other hand, he held her riding crop. He stroked it across her cheeks, making her shudder.

'I'm going to take this gag out and you're going to tell me who you are. If you give me any trouble or threaten me or anything, then

you'll get a taste of this. And don't waste your breath screaming for help because we're parked up well out of the way and nobody will hear you. Got it?'

Gillian gulped and nodded. No, screaming wouldn't achieve anything right now. In any case, it would be undignified.

He ripped the tape off her lips and pulled the wadded gag out of her mouth.

'Now, who are you?'

'Gillian Forbes-Smeaton,' Gillian said.

'Hah, there you see!' Reynard said in elation. 'A real posh bitch with a proper double barrelled name! Your own or did you marry into it?'

'It's my husband's... Mark.'

'I bet you and Mark live in a big house, don't you, Gillian? What is it?'

'Bascombe Hall,' Gillian admitted.

'That's an estate about ten miles from here,' Basil said. 'Her family are loaded...'

'Told you, this is the one!' Reynard said triumphantly. 'We've struck gold! She's going to make all the difference to the cause. We can take her to the Old Manor. They won't find us there, not for a week at least. That should be long enough.'

'Long enough for what?' Pablo asked.

'To use her to get us some real publicity, of course. Something to show we mean business...'

He pushed the wad of rag back into Gillian's mouth and taped it in place once more. He took up a short length of coiled rope hung on a hook by her head and then hauled Gillian onto her feet. He tied the end of the rope to the back of the loop about her neck and then stretched it up and tied it about an eyebolt fitted to a bracing rib in the roof of the van. She swayed awkwardly from her new tether, feeling it pulling on her wrists and the loop about her neck.

Reynard undid the rope binding her ankles together.

'What are you doing?' Marian asked doubtfully.

'This...' he said, taking hold of Gillian's left boot and starting to pull it off. 'Help me get her stripped!'

Gillian's eyes grew wide in horror and she shook her head. Reynard flicked her cheek with her crop. 'Behave, you bitch!' he warned her.

'You can't,' Basil said.

'She and her kind want the right to see foxes torn to pieces by dogs for sport!' Reynard snarled. 'She deserves everything coming to her. Now, are you going to help me or not?'

'He's right,' Pablo said decisively. 'This is for the cause... and she's the enemy!'

Marian took a deep breath. 'All right, let's do it.'

'I suppose... she does deserve to be punished,' Basil agreed.

With varying degrees of enthusiasm, they helped strip her. Gillian struggled feebly from instinct, even though it was completely futile, feeling the twisted sick thrill of anticipation growing inside her. Reynard used a knife to cut and rip her jacket, shirt and underwear off. When she was totally naked, they stepped back and stared.



Gillian was a twenty-six year old, cool aristocratic beauty with a 38-24-36 figure, kept in trim by regular exercise. She had dark hair pinned up in practical bun for riding, a high forehead, bold dark brows set over deep, intelligent eyes. Her nose was straight and no-nonsense, with slightly flared nostrils. She had a narrow mouth but pouting lips set over a small but firm chin. Her shoulders were wide, which complimented her full breasts set high on her chest, tapering to plump pink nipples with stand-up crowns. Her waist was tight which emphasised her wide hips. She had smooth pale buttocks and strong but shapely legs. Her mound of Venus was decorated with tight ridge of dark curls that left her labia exposed, which pouted like her lips.

As they stared at her, Gillian saw Marian licking her lips, while there were bulges forming in the crotches of the men's trousers.

'Now, that's an amazing body,' Pablo said appreciatively.

'It's a body we can use,' Reynard said. 'They say sex sells. People will look at that when it's on show.'

Gillian whimpered and squirmed, pulling on the rope that fastened her to the ceiling.

Reynard flicked the crop across her breasts. They shivered and bounced under the impact, leaving a pink stripe across them.

Gillian yelped and bit on her gag. Reynard laughed and hit her breasts again, making them jump harder. The impact of the leather crop thong on her flesh echoed about the van. The third blow beat her nipples down and brought tears to her eyes.

'Oh, can't take a little pain, can you?' Reynard mocked her. 'Well you should have thought of that before you took up blood sports, shouldn't you?' he said with relish.

He rubbed the tip of the crop through the furrow of her sex, making her clench her thighs together as she tried to twist aside. He

swiped the crop hard across her bottom, leaving a blazing stripe behind.

‘Don’t you try to hide that pretty cunt from me, Bitch!’ he said. ‘Look at me and open your legs wide!’

Trembling with fear, Gillian obeyed.

He pushed his hand up between her thighs and rammed stiff fingers up into her cleft, exploring her furrow and the mouth of her vagina. She sobbed and whimpered and squirmed helplessly.

She found herself staring into his eyes as they glittered in the depths of his mask with the sharp, merciless light of fanaticism. His bulging crotch rubbed between her legs while his jacket rasped across her tingling, swelling nipples and flattened her sore breasts. He unzipped his flies and reached around her and took hold of her buttocks and rammed his cock up into her. The other members of the FDL gasped, but they did not look away.

Gillian sobbed as Reynard filled her, squeezing hard on her buttocks and lifting her feet off the floor. With cruel delight, he ground his body against hers. Until this moment she had only ever had Mark’s penis inside her. What would he think of this? She felt herself sick with fear and revulsion as Reynard’s penis sucked and pumped inside her. How dare he treat her like this, the filthy, stinking man! And then she felt herself helplessly beginning to respond to the perversity of it. Hot juices surged through her pussy and Reynard’s thrusting penis slipped and squelched within her.

‘Hah!’ Reynard grunted in delight. ‘The bitch is so sex starved she’s enjoying it. When people see her striped and begging her filthy friends to stop foxhunting, then they’ll know we mean business!’ he grunted. ‘Then they’ll listen to us!’

## Chapter 2

After Reynard had fished with her, Gillian was blindfolded again and tied up in a huddle on the floor of the van covered in old blanket. Then it drove off. Intermittently she stifled sobs and shivered while her mind filled with sick fear and confusion. She knew it was shameful but she had just been violated by a strange man obsessed with some crusade against her kind bent on using her as naked advertising fodder further his cause. She had a right to be terrified.

Then with an effort she took hold of herself. Mark would not want her to be weak at a time like this. She knew what he would expect of her. As Reynard's sperm slowly seeped out of her aching pussy, Gillian wondered how her husband would react when he learned she was missing. How soon before the police started looking for? She realized with grim humour that the tables certainly had been turned. Now she would be the object of a hunt!

\* \* \*

As near as Gillian could estimate, it was a two-hour drive before the van stopped again.

The last part of the journey, after pausing to open a gate, had been down a bumpy track at slow speed making several turns on the way. As they negotiated the track, she had heard twigs and leaves brushing against the sides of the van, suggesting that it was overgrown. Presumably this was the "Old Manor" Reynard had mentioned, but where that was she no idea.

The back doors of the van opened and her legs were freed. Marianne and Basil dragged her outside and she felt coarse gravel crunch under her bare feet. She was standing naked and bound in the open air exposed for all to see and she trembled. But everything about her seemed still and quiet, except for the twitter of birds and

the whisper of the wind in the trees. Apparently she was alone except for her captors.

Gillian was led stumbling across the gravel and onto some stone slabs and up some steps and then through a doorway into some interior space. She felt rough creaky wooden boards underfoot and smelt dust and damp.

‘Put her in that little end room with the old bed frame it,’ Reynard commanded. ‘Make sure she’s properly tied down so she can be left alone for a few hours. We’ve got things to get ready. We won’t get a second chance like this...’

Gillian was led over to a staircase and ascended two flights and was then taken along a corridor and into what sounded like, from the echoes, to be a small bare room.

‘Lay her face down,’ Marian said.

‘Why?’ Basil asked.

‘So we can put that old bowl under the bed that she can pee into without bothering us,’ Marian explained.

‘Shall we take her blindfold off?’ Basil wondered.

‘No. The less she sees of us or this place the better.’

‘What about her gag? Nobody can hear her out here.’

‘Let’s keep her dumb for now,’ Marian said.

Gillian was laid face down on an antique wooden bed frame. It had no mattress, only a latticework of webbing. Her bare breasts slid through the gaps between them. Marian and Basil tied her ankles wide in the corners of the bed and then bound another rope across the small of her back. Two more ropes went about her upper arms and were drawn tight to the sides of the bed frame, holding her upper torso down.

Something was slid underneath the bed. Then a hand slapped her bare bottom, making her yelp. It was Marian's hand. It lingered on her bare flesh for a moment.

'We'll bring you some food later,' Marian told her.

Then she and Basil left the room.

When she sure she was alone, Gillian gave way to tears and cried into her blindfold.

\* \* \*

Gillian was left tied to the bed for several hours, though she could not tell exactly how many. She could hear distant sounds coming from the rest of the house as if things were being moved around. At one point came the sound of a power drill and some hammering. From outside she also thought she heard the van that had brought her depart and then return a little while later. What were they doing, she wondered, even as a terrible sick thrill of anticipation filled her? They had not planned any of this ahead of time and now they were improvising whatever props were needed to help use her to advertise their cause. Well whatever they did to her, she would not co-operate.

Her thoughts turned to her home and Mark, and her heart seemed to be clenched in a vice. If Brandon returned without her, he would guess she had had an accident and start searching. But how long would it be before they realized she had been kidnapped? When would the police be called in? Eventually she would be found, she was sure of that. She just had to hold out until then. Whenever the FDL expected to get out of her, she would not betray her principles and beliefs. She had done nothing wrong. They were the criminals...

She heard the door open and somebody came into the room. There was squeak of wood on board as if some piece of furniture was being moved about and a slight clink and rattle as objects were

set down. Then somebody sat on the side of the bed and she felt a rough hand caress her bare bottom, making her flinch.

‘You’ve got lovely arse, I’ll say that for you,’ said Reynard. ‘I’ve got some food for you. If I take your gag out so you can eat, you won’t give me a lip, will you? You’ll get your chance to speak for yourself tomorrow. Tonight you do what you’re told and don’t give me any trouble...’ and he smacked her bare bottom hard so that her flesh rippled and the bed frame creaked. ‘Understand?’

She nodded. She hated him, but this was not the time to defy him. She had to survive this ordeal for Mark, and to do that she had to keep her strength up, which meant eating. Reynard’s hand continued to fondle her buttocks and she sensed him revelling in the power he had over her.

‘In fact, you’ll call me “Sir” from now on and thank me for being so considerate and beg me to feed you, right?’ he told her.

Dangling under the bed, her nipples throbbed and tingled while revulsion surged within her once again. She was ready to contain herself to a degree in return for food, but that was asking too much! She would not call him “Sir” and beg just because it flattered his ego! She still had her pride! She could not give into him just like that. Respect had to be earned.

She shook her head.

There was a familiar swish through the air and then a crisp smack as a burning stripe was beaten into her buttocks. Gillian screamed into her gag. She was being whipped with her own riding crop!

Half a dozen more blows fell across her bottom, making her buttock cheeks jump and shiver even as they filled with blazing heat. The bed frame creaked and the coarse webbing rasped against her bare skin as she bounced and writhed across it. Under the bed, the fleshy pendants of her breasts swung like bells while the cloth bound

across her eyes became wet with her tears. Yet even as she yelped in pain, a different kind of slippery hot wetness surged through the lips of her labia...

The beating seemed to go on for ever, but eventually it ceased, leaving her sobbing and trembling violently. She felt Reynard's hand exploring her simmering hot buttocks once more. His touch was so different to Mark's... except for the strength... 'Unless you want me to beat your bum until it bleeds, you will call me "Sir" and beg,' he said menacingly.

Gillian nodded wretchedly. He had earned a measure of her respect, however grudgingly it might be given.

He pulled the tape off her lips and removed the ball of rag from her mouth.

'Thank you for being so considerate, Sir,' she said meekly, snivelling about her tears, hating the sound of her own words even as she felt her stomach knotting up in helpless surrender. A few drips from her pussy fell into the bowl under the bed. 'Please feed me, Sir... I beg you...'

She felt a mug pressed to her lips and she drink water. Then he pushed a tomato and cheese sandwich into her mouth. The bread was some cheap, white, pasty supermarket brand but she gobbled it down.

Reynard laughed. 'I like to see a spoiled rich bitch like you eating a humble working man's sandwich. You need taking down a peg or two. What are you?'

'A... spoiled rich bitch, Sir,' she admitted.

While he fed her with one hand, he continued to massage her simmering buttocks with the other. Then he began to slip his fingers between them, making her shudder.

‘You don’t like me touching you, do you?’

‘N... no, Sir.’

‘Would you rather I was fingering you or beating you?’

What a choice to be given!

‘F...fingering me, Sir,’ she said wretchedly.

He laughed at her miserable admission, once again enjoying his power over her. ‘You see you can be sensible if you try.’ His fingers probed deeper, rubbing through her pussy lips. ‘Oh, what’s this? A taste of crop getting you excited? Are all you horsey types like that? Like another screw, would you?’

Gillian struggled to choose her words carefully. ‘It doesn’t matter what I want, does it Sir?’

‘No,’ he agreed. ‘But screwing your pussy again would be too easy. I want to break you, so everybody can see what spoiled, blood sport loving bitches are really like underneath. That means getting creative...’

She felt his fingers, now slippery with her pussy juices, rub through her buttock cleft and tease the tight pucker of her anus.

‘Is your bum hole nice and tight from all that riding?’ he asked her.

She gulped, feeling sick and dizzy with anticipation. ‘You’re going to find out, aren’t you, Sir?’

‘I am,’ he agreed. ‘But I want to do it clean, so I brought something to wash it out...’

He put her gag back in. Then he got off the bed and she heard the slosh of water in some kind of container. The end of a rubber hose was pushed into her anus and up her rectum. A plastic funnel



was pushed between her thighs to catch the water as it bubbled out of her into the bowl under the bed. Then soapy water was squeezed into her, filling her entrails and then bubbling out around her tube-plugged anus and carrying her wastes down through the funnel to splatter into the bowl under her. She shuddered at the sensation. He laughed.

When she was cleaned out, he removed the tube and wiped her bottom with a piece of kitchen roll.

Then she heard a jar being unscrewed. She felt his fingers forcing petroleum jelly into her anal ring. His finger popped through her sphincter as he worked it well up inside her. Then his finger was withdrawn and there came the rustle of clothing. The bed creaked again as he knelt on the webbing between her spread legs. The hard yet soft head of his cock rubbed between her slippery buttock cheeks. Then his weight settled over her back and it pressed against her anus and forced its way up inside her.

She sobbed as his shaft slid up into her rectum, stretching her painfully deep and wide. He was even bigger than Mark! And what was worse he hated her. Every thrust was meant to be a punishment, celebrating her degradation in his eyes. As far as he was concerned, this was where she belonged...

As he rammed into her, Reynard grunted in her ear: 'Hurts does it? Good! You deserve it! It's nothing to what you've done to all those innocent animals over the years. And all for a bit of sport! Well, now you're going to pay for it. Tomorrow we're going to put you on trial for your crimes against nature, and you're going to confess what you and your kind have done on camera, so that everybody learns the truth!'

## Chapter 3

Despite her aching rectum and the fresh sperm dribbling out of her sore bottom, Gillian fell asleep barely five minutes after Reynard left her. Mental and physical exhaustion claimed her despite her stomach churning both with revulsion for what he had done, and with fearful anticipation of what fresh horrors tomorrow would bring.

She only awoke when Marian and Basil came in the next morning with a bowl of porridge. They fed her and then replaced the ropes bound between her neck and wrists with a dog collar, a strap and heavy leather cuffs. Her improvised tape and cloth gag was replaced by rubber ball on an elastic cord. They then clipped a heavy chain leash to the tether ring of the collar. Only then did they untie her from the bed.

Still blindfolded, they led her along a corridor to a bathroom where she had to sit on the toilet relieve herself in front of them, expelling her wastes in the normal manner and, with some relief, Reynard's sperm. Marian then used the enema hose on her to flush her clean.

'Reynard said he might have to get creative with your bum-hole if you don't cooperate,' she explained, making Gillian shiver.

Marian wiped her clean and then washed her over with a wet flannel, combed her hair and even brushed her teeth. Then she regagged her. The side of Gillian's head and her shoulder felt bruised where they had been struck by the low branch. Marian put some kind of antiseptic cream on of the bruises which eased the pain a little. She applied more cream to the crop marks Reynard had left on her bottom. Gillian winced as Marian worked the cream into her still tender skin.

'Why we are bothering what she looks like?' Basil wondered.

‘Reynard said he wanted her looking fresh for the camera,’ Marian explained. ‘We don’t want her looking as if we’ve just been beating her into confessing do we? She’ll only get that if she doesn’t behave...’

Gillian shuddered once again, feeling as if she was going to be sick. They really were ready to do anything to force her to confess her supposed “sins” and promote their ridiculous cause.

When she was ready, they led her down to the ground floor. She was taken from the foot of the stairs across the hallway and into another room.

She heard Reynard’s voice. ‘That’s better. We want her looking fresh for her big scene.’ Then in an aside. ‘Got the camera ready?’

‘All ready,’ Pablo replied.

Gillian was sat down on a chair which had an unusually high seat: except that it had no actual seat, just a frame of seat rails around a hole. She felt her bare buttocks and pudenda dangling over empty air. Her legs were spread wide and her ankles were strapped to the front legs of the chair. More straps went about her knees, holding them apart, and through from the back of the chair around her waist. Her wrists were un-cuffed from behind her back and her arms were pulled around in front of her and her hands and forearms were pressed down onto the arms of the chair. More straps were buckled about her wrists and elbows, holding them in place. Her chain leash was unhooked and another strap was pulled across the front of her throat, holding her head up. Then something was hung about her neck and rested against the upper slopes of her breasts.

Only then was her blindfold removed. The bright light hurt her eyes after so long in darkness and it took her a minute to see clearly.

It was quite a large room, perhaps originally a living room, with bare floorboards, peeling plaster, curtain-less windows covered with sheets of black plastic, and exposed ceiling beams. Facing her was

a tripod with a camera mounted on it. Next to it on a couple of stands were spotlights that were also focused upon her. Otherwise, the only furniture comprised of a few chairs, and a small table next to the chair she was sitting on. The table had an odd assortment of items on it that she did not have time to take in, except that it included her own riding crop. Twisting her head around as far as she could, she saw a sheet had been hung behind her chair like a banner with "Fox Defence League." painted on it in large letters. The four masked FDL members themselves were standing looking critically at her.

Full and terrifying realisation of her total helplessness and complete exposure hit her, and Gillian felt her cheeks burning even as her nipples stood up in a perverted thrill at her own degradation. They were going to film her on trial naked and strapped to the chair. And why did the chair have no seat? She bent her head downwards against pressure of the strap across her throat and saw that it was raised so high because its feet were resting on the bricks, and also that there was a plastic bowl on the floor between them. The bracing stretchers also seemed to have been removed from the chair legs, leaving its front, back and sides open. Oh God, what was that for?

She saw the thing that had been hung about her neck was a rectangle of white cardboard on a string. Reading upside-down, she saw that it had the words: I ENJOY HUNTING FOXES written on it in bold red marker pen.

'Right,' Reynard said, 'let's get ready...'

Basil and Marian took their seats while Pablo bent over the camera. Reynard drew on a pair of gloves and pulled a black bandanna up over the lower half of his face left exposed by his fox mask. Then he pulled his jacket hood up to cover the rest his head and took up a position beside Gillian. She realized that he was going to be on camera with her, so he was taking extra care to conceal his true identity.

He lifted her chin so that she had to look into his eyes shining out of the depths of his mask. 'We're going to release a recording of

your trial on the Internet so that everybody can see you for what you really are,' he told her sincerely. 'So when you're allowed to speak you remember to be polite, like I taught you, otherwise we'll start your trial with you getting a reminder beating on your tits with your own crop for contempt of court! You don't want your friends and family to see that, do you?'

Gillian shook her head dumbly, sickened and thrilled at the same time by his threat.

Then he turned to face the camera and nodded to Pablo, who started the camera and then gave him a thumbs-up.

In keeping with the mock courtroom setting, Reynard spoke in stern, formal tones, slightly muffled and distorted by the bandanna over his mouth. 'This is Gillian Forbes-Smeaton, who yesterday was riding with the Twistleton and Woodsmere Hunt in clear contravention of the national ban on foxhunting. As a consequence of her own carelessness, while attempting to ride down and viciously attack innocent and peaceful protestors, she fell from a horse and knocked herself out. The FDL exercised their right to make a citizen's arrest and put on trial for her crimes. We have exposed her body, shaped by all those hours in the saddle in pursuit of her blood lust, before you to show that she is just another human being and not above the law.' He turned to Gillian. 'You are on trial in a People's Court accused of committing crimes against nature and humane society by repeatedly taking part in the banned blood-sport of foxhunting. How do you plead?'

And he pulled the gag ball out of her mouth and let it hang under her chin on its rubber cord.

Perhaps he hoped that she would be too petrified by fear and embarrassment to speak up for herself. But she would not give him the satisfaction. She would be polite, but she would not openly be a coward.

'I... I don't recognise the authority of this Court to p... put me on trial, Sir!' she said as clearly she could, struggling to keep the fear out of her words.

'No, we're a People's Court, not one stuffed with your class cronies,' he said contemptuously. 'Now answer the charge against you, or be found guilty by default!'

'Y... you're going to find me guilty anyway, Sir, so why should I bother!' Gillian said.

'Because you have no defence to excuse hunting down living creatures by such depraved means!'

'Foxes are not cuddly pets, Sir,' Gillian said. 'Have you seen what one can do if it gets into a chicken house? They are vermin and need to be controlled.'

'Then it can be done by more humane means than riding it down with a pack of hounds which would tear it to pieces. It is a bloodthirsty sport for the privileged few!'

'It's the country way, Sir,' Gillian retorted. 'It's a tradition. It's been done like that for hundreds of years...'

'I suppose you're going to say foxes enjoy the fear and pain of the hunt?' he sneered.

'Nothing that they don't inflict on an animal they would chase down, Sir! And they have a sporting chance of escaping us.'

'You said it!' Reynard exclaimed in triumph. 'A "sporting chance". That's all it is to you, isn't it? An excuse for a cruel sport! Well, now we will give you a chance to escape your fate, Gillian. Admit your crimes publicly in this court before this camera, condemn foxhunting as evil, swear you will never take part again, and you will be released.'

She could do all that and perhaps they would release her. It would be the easy way out. Then, when she was free, she would simply explain that it was all done under duress. Surely, nobody would doubt her. But she could not do that, just to escape the threat of pain and degradation. What would Mark think of her?

‘I can’t do that, Sir, because I’ve done nothing wrong,’ she said firmly.

‘Then we find you guilty as charged,’ Reynard said. ‘And now you’re going to be punished for your crimes. You will suffer as your innocent prey suffers...’

He pushed her gag back in and then selected something from the table beside her.

It was a metre long length of pencil-thick rope with a knotted end into which a sprig of holly leaves had been tied. Gillian’s eyes grew wide sight of it. What was he going to do with that?

Reynard walked around the chair, swinging the knotted rope in one hand so that the holly hissed through the air. When he was standing behind her, he suddenly swung the end of the rope up between the open back legs of the chair. The bunch of holly smacked into her bare buttocks, digging its sharp spines into her soft sensitive flesh, driven by the weight of the knot behind it.

Gillian jerked against her straps, making her breasts heave and bounce, and shrieked in pain.

He looked into the camera. ‘If this cruelty offends you then remember this is her choice. The fox is given no such chance, merely for obeying its natural instincts...’

The holly rope swished again up under her chair. This time it smacked into the soft folds of her pussy lips.

Gillian bit on her gag ball as her eyes bulged in agony and then fill with tears.

Reynard moved around the chair, swinging the terrible rope up under her from different directions. The spray of holly swished and smacked and stabbed and scratched at the exposed parts of her. It felt as if she was being stabbed again and again by a bunch of needles. And with each cruel blow, she flinched and jerked in the chair, making its frame creak and sway. And all the time the cold glass eyes of Pablo's camera recorded every detail of her suffering: her wild eyes, her straining muscles, her red-lipped labia pouting between her thighs, her breasts jiggling with each blow, and her nipples standing up shamefully hard.

After a minute of this Gillian's eyes were red with tears which were trickling down her cheeks over the strap of her gag, joining the dribble from her lips, and dripping off her chin to fall onto the condemnatory sign hung about her neck and her shivering breasts. Her bottom and pussy lips were burning and stinging. It felt as if the skin was being flayed off her. Was she bleeding? She could not tell.

The terrible holly spray swished up once more between her thighs and its spines stabbed deeper into the cleft of her labia. With a sob and scream, Gillian lost control of her bladder and a stream of pee hissed out of her to splatter into the bowl under the chair. She had just wet herself naked and in agony on camera. And in a few hours, everybody she knew could see it! Mark would see it...

Reynard stopped lashing her. It took hold of fistful of her hair and twisted her flushed and tear-streaked face upwards so he could look into her misty eyes. It looked as though he was smiling behind his gag. Of course: he was a strong man and he'd enjoyed hurting her. He was feeling superior both sexually and morally.

'The court is still ready to show mercy on you if you recant, Gillian. Give a full heartfelt confession of your crimes and it will all be over...'



And he pulled out her gag again.

'I... I...' she croaked. 'I want to get back home in time for the next hunt...'

Evidently it was not the answer Reynard had expected and he glanced uncertainly at the other members of the FDL. Then he recovered himself. 'Have it your own way, Gillian. If you do not denounce cruelty, then you must accept it...'

He rammed her ball gag back in and then turned to the table. There were six yellow plastic clothes pegs resting on beside her crop. He picked one up and showed it to Gillian. It had a drawing pin taped to one half of its jaws so that the pressure of its spring pushed its tip against the other half of the jaws.

'Now where can I clip these on you so that you really feel them?' he asked. He flicked her hard nipples. 'What about here for a start?'

Gillian screamed again and bit on her gag as he closed a pair of the pegs onto her nipples, so that the pressure of the springs pushed the drawing pins into her hard throbbing nubs of flesh. As Gillian sobbed and trembled, little trickles of blood seeped out around the jaws and trickled down the undersides of her trembling breasts. Reynard flicked the protruding ends of the pegs, making them bounce about their resilient fleshy anchors and making Gillian whimper in pain. The second pair of pegs were clipped to the thick lips of her outer labia, making her jerk and whimpered again. The last pair he clipped about her inner labia, jabbing deep into her more delicate and softer lips of flesh.

Reynard stepped to one side so that the camera could get a good shot of her trembling in her straps while the blood trickled from her nipples down the front of her body. It ran through her pubic hair to join the other flows from her peg-pierced labia that were dripping off her bottom into the shallow pool of urine in the bowl beneath her.

Of course, Gillian knew each pin tip only penetrated a few millimetres of flesh, but it was a few millimetres of her most tender and sensitive flesh and it felt far deeper and hurt far more. She forced herself to look down at her body, feeling sick with fear and wonder what it was enduring. She knew that she was only losing a thimbleful or two of blood at most, but it appeared far worse.

‘Ready to admit you were wrong now?’ Reynard asked her.

Gillian bit on her ball gag and shook her head.

Reynard picked up her riding crop stroked it across her breasts, flicking her clothes pegs clamped nipples. She yelped in pain. Then he drew its tip down through the bloody streaks running across her belly to her groin and smacked the pegs clamped her labia.

‘What about now?’

Gillian shuddered and shook her head.

She heard Reynard growl in anger. Then he began to beat her breasts and groin, battering the clothes pegs from side to side.

The pins stabbed into her flesh meant that the pegs gripped her tight, twisting in her flesh while not pulling loose, while the force of the blows splattered little droplets of blood over her breasts and belly and inner thighs.

Gillian sobbed and shrieked around her gag, feeling as if she was going to faint from the intensity of her misuse. Her pussy was hot and slippery and throbbing, dripping lubrication to mingle with her spilt blood. Her clitoris was standing up hard in the midst this gore. It was so deliciously vile and cruel. She could not take much more...

And then Reynard smacked her riding crop through her cleft and it kissed the tip of her clitoris. Something in her brain exploded and filled her with raw delight, and for a timeless moment she was beyond all care as a huge orgasm tore through her.



## Chapter 4

Then, as if from a great distance, Gillian heard Pablo muttering 'Fuck... has she just cum?' and Marian saying 'No, we can't do this to her...'

Reynard realized he had to respond. He stopped his beating and turned to the camera, addressing both the audience and his comrades. 'You think this is cruel do you? A few pricks in her tits and pussy! This is nothing compared to the suffering she and her hunting friends inflict on innocent animals!'

He pulled Gillian's gag out again. He had to slap her cheeks a few times until her eyes focused once more. 'Admit foxhunting is a cruel sport and you'll go free!'

Feebly, from out of her haze of pain and pleasure, she shook her head. 'No... no, I won't...'

Temporarily, Reynard was at a loss, but he rallied once again. He turned and glared at the camera. 'You heard what she said! She's been brainwashed into thinking that way. Her class had done this to her! She'd rather suffer herself then stop inflicting pain on other animals. What does that tell you about her upbringing? Well, we're going to have to make her see the truth... for her own good!' He stuffed the gag back into Gillian's mouth. 'Stop recording. Basil... Marian... give me a hand... '

Between them, they took the bloody clothes pegs off her and then unstrapped her unresisting body from the chair. They dragged her to one side and stood her upright beneath one of the ceiling beams, which had heavy rings screwed to its underside.

They pulled her arms up above her head and buckled leather cuffs to her wrists and hung them from the hooks in the beam. Then they spread her legs apart and tied her ankles to more bolts screwed

into the floorboards. Pablo re-positioned the camera and lights so she was once more brightly illuminated.

Marian had a bucket and sponge in her hand. 'She looks a mess and she's half unconscious. We've got to clean her up before we do anything more to her, so people can see she's not badly hurt. Otherwise it will look like we're just sadists and that won't help the cause.'

'All right, do it,' Reynard said curtly. 'Bring her round. I want her to be able to feel this...'

Marian wiped down Gillian's soiled body and she shuddered at the feel of the cool sponge on her tortured flesh, easing her pain. She felt a faint flicker of gratitude towards Marian, and then she realized that her hands were lingering on her breasts and groin. Marian might voice concerns about them being too cruel to her, but she was still ready to enjoy the benefits.

Reynard had taken two more items from the table. They were bamboo rods with strips cut from car tyres taped to their ends. He gave one to Basil.

'Your turn now. Let's give this bitch a proper beating front and back. Then if she still won't see sense, she'll find out what a double screwing feels like! Right, start recording again...'

Reynard stood in front of Gillian while Basil stood behind her. They rubbed the tyre strip paddle blades over her buttocks and breasts and groin, making her shiver feebly. Then Reynard addressed the camera.

'This spoilt privileged woman still won't acknowledge her crimes against nature. Therefore, we have no choice but to continue with her justified correctional punishment. Don't feel any pity for her, just like she felt none for her victims. All she has to do to end this is admit her guilt...'

He drew back his arm and slashed the improvised spanking paddle across Gillian's simmering breasts. At the same time, Basil gave Gillian's bottom a hard slap with his paddle.

Gillian screamed and bit on her gag, jerking forward and back as the cruel rough strips of rubber smacked into her flesh and sent ripples through her body. Her sore nipples, still losing blood from their partial piercing, were beaten flat, while her raw, holly-scratched and pricked buttocks clenched in pain. Crisp smack of rubber on flesh echoed about the room, mingling with her muffled yelps and sobs of pain.

After a minute, Gillian's body was mottled with scarlet stripes and blotches that merged and blazed with blood heat. Her tears fell on her hot breasts and she almost imagined they sizzled, while the salt stung her beaten flesh. The rubber strips were broad so they didn't cut into her flesh, but they still delivered terrible stinging cracks as they struck. Waves of pain seemed to radiate through her body from her buttocks and pussy and breasts and the mingled inside her. As her breasts heaved, the sign about her neck flapped about. She flinched feebly as she was beaten back and forth between the two men, while Pablo recorded every blow.

By now, Gillian's throat was raw from sobbing and screaming into her gag and she was reduced to feeble grating groans and croaks. And yet her pussy was far from dry. It was streaming helplessly as if being pumped out by each blow that fell upon it. Reynard's paddle blade came away from it stained dark and the next crack was splattered and sprayed her juices over her inner thighs.

Through misty eyes, she saw him pause to stare at it in wonder for a moment. 'Right she's had enough,' he said quickly. He pulled her gag out. 'Well, have you seen sense yet?' he demanded.

'I... I am not... ashamed... of anything... I have done... in the saddle...' she croaked out.

Reynard took a deep breath. 'As you like. Now you're going to be screwed, like your kind screws the poor and the working classes. Your husband is going to see you get it front and back! Think about that!'

She was. She was picturing him doing it.

Reynard ripped open his flies, freeing his straining cock. Behind her, Basil did the same. 'If I'm having her up her bum it needs to be greased first,' he said doubtfully.

'Use her pussy oil,' Reynard said. 'She's juicy enough.'

Tentatively, Basil reached between her legs and scooped up some of her dripping juices and rubbed it into her anus. Gillian shuddered and clenched her buttocks about his fingers. This intimacy seemed to give him more confidence. He took hold of her hips and pushed his cock up into her from behind, forcing her anal sphincter wide to accommodate him. As he did so, Reynard entered her from the front. The men both pushed, grinding her body between them. Her hot sore breasts flattened against Reynard's chest and sign hung about her neck creased against her flesh.

Gillian gasped as their two hard penises seemed to meet inside her. She'd never known anything like this before... she'd never have chosen such a thing, but it was a terrible dark thrill. Mark will understand, she told herself.

The two men grunted as they violated her, setting her body twisting and swaying between her bound wrists and ankles.

'Admit it – you're a murderer!' Reynard practically screamed in her face.

'I... am... not!' Gillian sobbed back.

The two men thrust together even harder, lifting her off her feet. She was impaled on a pair of cocks: a cleft stick of hard flesh

rammed up into her pussy and rectum! It was sick and obscene and...

Gillian's loins burst once again and she shrieked and fainted.

\* \* \*

Surfacing slowly from the depths of her blackout from pain and pleasure, Gillian found she was still suspended from the ceiling beam. But her aching orifices were empty of cocks and were simply dripping with sperm and juices. She felt so dirty it was almost a delight...

She had been blindfolded again but she could hear her captors talking from somewhere close by.

'You can edit the recording like I said?' Reynard was asking.

'What about the bits where she refuses to admit her crimes?'

'Leave those in. We can spin it so it shows how fanatical she is.'

'And when she cums? It looks a bit weird, like it's from a porno movie or something.'

'People probably won't realize what she's doing, but trim it down just in case.'

'Right... just give me an hour,' Pablo assured Reynard.

'When you upload the recording, won't the police be able to trace it back to us here?' Marian asked Pablo

'I'll route it through multiple servers and some other tricks I know. It'll take them days to trace it back to us,' Pablo promised.

'I thought women like her would go to pieces at the thought of a double screw,' Basil said. 'But she just soaked it up. Tough bitch...'



‘Don’t start admiring her,’ Reynard warned. ‘Remember she’s the enemy!’

‘But she didn’t break like we thought she would, did she?’ Basil pointed out.

‘It doesn’t matter. It’s still advertising our cause and showing we mean business and getting publicity,’ Reynard said. ‘Even if she won’t break first time then her husband will. I want to add a message on the end of the recording. He has got to go on national television and admit foxhunting is a cruel sport if he wants to get her back. When she sees that, then she’ll give in as well...’

‘I know she’s the enemy and she’s got blood on her hands, but we can’t afford to be too hard on her without getting a confession,’ Marian pointed out, ‘otherwise it might turn her into a martyr for the foxhunting lobby.’

‘It’s just her misguided arrogance and a perverted upbringing, not courage,’ Reynard said. ‘She’ll break eventually...’

‘Won’t the authorities try to take the recording down as soon as it appears?’ Basil wondered.

‘It’ll be copied and shared all round the world before they can do that,’ Reynard said with confidence. ‘They won’t be able to stop it. People will say how horrified they are in public about her treatment, but in secret, they’ll still watch a pretty naked aristocratic woman being tortured. And it’ll gain us some new supporters who can see we’re just doing what’s necessary. That’s why she so valuable to us. While we have her we’ll get all the publicity we want.’

‘As long she breaks in the end,’ Marian said. ‘It’s not normal cuming like that...’

‘Her kind aren’t normal,’ Reynard reminded her. ‘Hunting has probably screwed her up. But she’ll break... if she wants to go home to her precious Mark any time soon...’



## Chapter 5

Gillian lay gagged, blindfolded and strapped face down on her rough bed once again. Her holly-lashed and strap-beaten breasts, buttocks and pussy simmered and burned. The wounds the clothes peg drawing pins had dug into her flesh throbbed and stung, even though Marian had put healing cream into them.

Yet despite her pain, Gillian dozed fitfully, exhausted by her ordeal. In between these brief naps, she thought of Mark seeing the recording of her suffering. She felt sick at the idea of him watching strange men's penises being rammed up inside her, and yet she was also strangely excited. Would he watch it over and over, studying every detail of her humiliation? Her abused nipples stood up and her drained pussy tingled. At least it would be a connection between them, and he would know she was alive. She hoped he would understand her response to her double screwing. It was the only thing she knew in the circumstances.

\* \* \*

That evening, as far as Gillian could judge the time, all of the League members came to her room.

She was repositioned on the bed; sat up against its headboard with her arms still tied behind her. For the first time her blindfold was removed while she was inside the room. She saw more shabby walls and peeling paint and another blacked out window, the side table where her tray was set down and the kitchen roll used to wipe her clean. Then a laptop was placed on her knees so that she could see its screen. Her kidnappers stood behind her so that they could watch it as well.

'The recording of your trial has gone viral just like I knew it would,' Reynard told her, sounding pleased with himself. 'They tried to take it down dozens of times but it spread too quickly. There must

be millions of copies of it out there by now though people passing it on and telling their friends. Pity we can't sell the rights to it...'

Gillian shuddered at the thought of so many strange eyes seeing her naked orgy of pain and humiliation.

'A lot of people are denouncing what we did to you, but others are saying you deserve it for your crimes. The mainstream media were already reporting on your disappearance, but now they know we took you it's become a major news story. They're using lots of polite words describe the video of your trial so as not to shock their viewers, but they can't ignore it. Everybody knows what we stand for now! They just announced that your husband is going to make a public statement in a few minutes. I thought you'd want to see it. Then maybe you'll see sense...'

And there on the screen was a view of the front of Bascombe Hall with a throng of reporters facing it. As she stared at it, the front door opened and Mark stepped out. She gulped at the sight of him. He looked strong, cool and masterful, just as normal. It gave her comfort. There was a lightning storm of flashbulbs and a hail of questions. Mark held up his hands for silence, as he did with a pack of hounds, and the media scrum obeyed in the same way.

'As is now public knowledge, my wife, Gillian, has been kidnapped by the pressure group calling itself the Fox Defence League,' he said calmly and clearly. 'By now you will also be aware of the vile video they posted online of her enduring a mock trial at their hands. Her brutal treatment of course only proves that they are no better than the creatures they claim to wish to protect. You will also know that, despite enduring great pain and humiliation, Gillian refused to give into their threats and admit any wrongdoing. The video also included a demand that I publically condemn foxhunting as a blood sport if I wanted Gillian to be freed. Of course, I want her to be safe and well and her kidnappers to be brought to justice, but I will not be threatened or blackmailed. I trust implicitly in my wife's courage and determination. If she chooses not give into them, then neither can I. To you who have Gillian I say this: let her go

immediately. If you don't, then pray that the police find you before I do. Remember: I know how to hunt down vermin... and I know exactly what to do with them when I find them!'

And with that, he turned on his heel and walked back into the house.

For a moment, the League stared at the screen in stunned silence, while Gillian gazed at it in dizzy delight. She felt pride burning inside her. Mark understood! He trusted her to do the right thing...

Then Pablo slammed the laptop shut. 'Fucking hell, he's a cold bastard! Won't even say a few words to save his wife?'

'I think he meant it about hunting us down,' Basil said. 'Maybe we'd better give her back...'

Reynard turned to Gillian and pulled her gag out. 'What's matter with you people? Is your blood sport more important than you own freedom? Doesn't he love you?'

She faced him defiantly, filled with a new sense of strength and purpose. 'He loves me, Sir: enough to let me make up my own mind. Enough to stand up to people like you. We don't give in to kidnappers and blackmailers and we don't pay ransoms...awww!'

Reynard had slapped her on the cheek hard.

'I'll wipe that smile off you face, bitch!' he snarled.

He dragged Gillian off the bed by her hair and around to its footboard where he pushed her face forward over its top rail, which pressed against her thighs. He kicked her feet wide.

'Tie her ankles!' he commanded, and the others scrambled to tie Gillian's ankles to the legs of the bed.

'Do you want me to film this?' Pablo asked.

‘No. We can do it again afterwards if we need to.’ Reynard smacked Gillian’s bottom hard, making her still sore flesh ripple. ‘So, you get off on cocks like a real slut, but how are you with cunt? Ever done it with another woman?’

Gillian shivered, feeling her abused nipples pricking up. ‘No, Sir,’ she admitted meekly.

Reynard snapped his fingers at Marian. ‘Get on the bed and make her lick you out,’ he said.

Marian hesitated. ‘What... in front of you?’

‘You’ve see us screwing her, now it’s your turn. For the cause, remember. We know you’ve had your eye on her. You want to have her, don’t you? Well now’s your chance... Get your pants down!’

Perhaps having her face partly covered by her mask helped give her courage. Marian took an audible deep breath and then undid her trousers and stripped them and her panties off, leaving herself naked from the waist down. She had pale, slightly plump but still shapely buttocks and thighs and her pouting pubic mound was deeply cleft and quite bare. It had a tight shaven triangle of curls above it.

Awkwardly, she clambered onto the bed, lay back and positioned her groin under Marian’s head and spread her legs. Gillian stared down at the pale intimate cleft awaiting her. She saw it swelling before her eyes; infused with blood and blossoming like a flower bud, and caught a whiff of intimate female scent...

‘Take hold of her hair and rub her face into your cunt until she makes you cum!’ Reynard commanded. ‘Do it hard. If she starts to struggle to breathe, that’s fine! Meanwhile we’ll screw her other end. Between us we’ll shame the bitch into giving in...’

He undid his flies and the swelling head of his penis rubbed through her sore buttock cleft and then he rammed it into her rectum.

As Gillian yelled in pain, Marianne pulled her head down and ground her nose into her eager pussy.

‘Will your husband still want you after we’ve all had you?’ Reynard grunted as he pumped away inside her, making the frame the bed creak. ‘We’ll tell him exactly what we’ve done to you. Afterwards you’ll be so dirty, he won’t even want you in that big expensive house...’

Marian was rubbing Gillian’s face violently through her fleshy pussy, which was now streaming with pungent juices. Gillian gasped, struggling to breathe, as slippery fluid covered her face and seeped up her nose.

‘Lick me out, you filthy murderer!’ Marian sobbed, hovering somewhere between growing sexual desire and resentful anger.

Reynard came in Gillian’s bottom. Briefly, he slumped over her back as his hot sperm filled her. Then he pulled out of and stood aside and Pablo eagerly took his place, ramming his cock up into Gillian’s scratched and beaten pussy.

Gillian’s reluctant tongue was exploring the strange, shocking but exciting contours of Marian’s pussy. So this was what Mark felt when he licked her out. If only he was inside her now...

Pablo came deep in her vagina, and then gave up his place to Basil. He wiped her vagina clean with a square of kitchen roll, and then he smacked her bottom a couple of times before entering her.

Marian was beginning to groan and gasp with rising pleasure. She was jerking her hips up to meet Gillian’s face, even as she was yanking downwards on her hair. Faint from shortness of breath and with her nostrils filled with the other woman’s arousal, Gillian licked and sucked and nibbled wildly. She did not have any deep feeling for Marian, of course. It was just her body responding with a primitive raw passion. She had never suspected that she could react to

another woman like this. Her sore nipples were throbbing so hard she thought they would burst.

But she no longer felt any guilt about what they were making her do. She had Mark's blessing. She just had to survive...

Then Marian was coming over her, spraying her juices up into Gillian's face, while Basil was pounding frantically into her pussy. She had never felt anything like this before. In some ways she was still so innocent, which Mark liked. It was so intense and almost too much to bear. Could you die like this?

Instead, she climaxed again.

\* \* \*

Marian had wriggled feebly out from under her and had pulled her pants and trousers back on, so Gillian slumped over the foot of the bed with her head resting on the webbing. She was dizzy with disgust and delight, lightheaded from her orgasm and shocked and amazed at her feelings. Her juices and the men's sperm dripped out of her ravaged pussy, while her face was covered with Marian's ejaculation. She was so filthy...

Reynard grasped Gillian by the hair and pulled her head up so he could look into her flushed and shiny face. 'Well, how dirty do you want this to get, Bitch?'

'I'll... eat as much p... pussy as you want, Sir... and you can screw me as often as you like... but I'll never give in,' Gillian croaked.

'She's not fucking human,' Pablo exclaimed.

'We've got break her before the police, or her husband, finds us,' Basil whined.



‘We’ll break her!’ Reynard insisted. ‘Everybody can be made to break!’

‘But what more can we do?’ Marian asked. ‘We can’t get any harder without risking seriously harming her. There’s got to be a point to what we’re doing and she’s got to be given the chance to admit her crimes. It can’t just be cruelty for the fun of it or for revenge. That’s what we’re fighting! If we put out a video of that people will think we’re as bad as the foxhunters...’

Reynard snapped his fingers. ‘That’s it, you’ve got it! We’ll give her a taste of her own medicine! Tomorrow we’ll have our own hunt - with her as the vixen!’

## Chapter 6

The next morning, after she had been washed and fed, Gillian was led gagged and blindfolded downstairs by her leash to the sitting room. When her blindfold was removed, she saw that an old kitchen table been set out the middle of the room and covered in newspapers. Beside it were some pots of paint and brushes, together with a jumble of other objects.

Reynard was waiting for her. He seemed to radiate more confidence than he had the previous night.

‘Now you’re going to find out what it’s like to be a hunted animal,’ he told her. ‘Then we’ll see if you still think foxhunting is such a noble sport. Get her onto the table...’

They untied Gillian’s arms from behind her back and made her clamber onto the table and kneel on all fours. When she was in position, they buckled cuffs about her ankles and ran a loop of wire rope from her left cuff up between her thighs and through the ring in her collar and down to her right ankle. Then another pair of cuffs were put on her wrists and joined with a length of slack wire rope.

‘Try to stand up,’ Reynard commanded and she obeyed. But the tension on the rope made it impossible for her to straighten up. As she soon discovered, she could shuffle about on her hands and knees and move on her hands and feet with her bottom raised, but she could not stand.

Reynard chuckled. ‘Now you’re beginning to know what its like to be an animal on four legs. Let’s do the rest...’

They bound black repair tape about her hands and feet, wrapping up her fingers and making them looked like fox paws. More tape went across her knees and shins to protect them. Then they painted her back, buttocks and thighs a reddish-brown and her

chest, breasts and stomach white, with white “socks” on her shins and forearms. With double-sided tape, they stuck a muzzle and ears, cut from one of their spare fox masks, onto her face.

Reynard held up a fluffy brown plume of synthetic fibres that might have come from a feather duster. It had been taken off its handle and had a long prong of twisted wire jutting out of its base, with a bulbous tip which had been wrapped in more repair tape.

‘This is your fox tail,’ he told her.

He pushed the rounded tip of the wire prong up into her rectum for ten centimetres and then bent the protruding end upward, taping it to the apex of her buttock cleft so that the bushy end of the false tail jutted out of the small of her back and arched over her bottom.

Taking hold of her leash, Reynard had Gillian clamber awkwardly down from the table top. He led her round the room with her shuffling after him like a dog on her hands and knees. Her fox tail wagged about over her buttocks, churning its plug in her rectum, while her white-painted breasts bobbed and swayed about beneath her.

‘Enjoying yourself, Bitch?’ Reynard asked. ‘Or should I say: Vixen? Feeling more like an animal now? Well we’re going to hunt you down like one!’

They put her blindfold back on. Then she was led out into the hall and down a passage and through some back door into the open-air. The sun on her bare skin felt good. All she could hear close by was birdsong. There was no sound of traffic indicating a road nearby. They must be in a very isolated spot with nobody about to witness her humiliating predicament. Why were they still keeping her blindfolded then? Was it to keep her helpless, or perhaps so that she could not identify the location later.

She shuffled across gravel and weeds and onto rough grass.

Then she heard a whisper of the wind through trees and undergrowth and she moved into cool shade. She was led along a winding uneven pathway and felt earth and dead leaves under her bound hands and knees. After a minute, her blindfold was removed. She was in the middle of a low wood of mixed trees, thick with carpets and festoons of ivy. A few scattered laurels and holly bushes dotted the woodland floor.

She looked up at her captors. They carried bamboos with holly sprays tied their ends and the horns they had used to disrupt hunts. Pablo was also carrying the camera. He focused it on her and began recording.

‘Now, Gillian, you’re going to find out what it’s like to be a fox,’ Reynard said for the benefit of the camera. ‘You’re going run and we’re going to hunt you down. When we catch you, you’ll get a beating and then you’ll have to run again. You run until you’re exhausted – or you confess. If you don’t then we’ll have to do something more creative with you. We know how important sport is to you, so we’ll give you a ten second start. Get going, little vixen!’

He smacked her bottom hard with his holly cane and Gillian yelped and ran.

Of course, she could hardly run restrained as she was. It was a clumsy, bounding scuttle on all fours that set her painted breasts bouncing and swaying and her plug-in tail wagging. There was no chance of her actually escaping her pursuers. Her head was confined low down and she could not see as far as they could between the trees. It was just another way of terrorising her. But it wouldn’t work. She would never give into them...

Horns blew behind her as the league pounded through the undergrowth on her trail. However hard she ran she could not escape them. But she had to try. It would be wrong to give up. That would look like weakness. Besides, it was not sporting...

Horns sounded ahead of her. They had surrounded her. Undergrowth crashed under their boots as they closed in. Then Marian burst into view. There came a swish of the cane and Gillian felt holly spines stabbing into her upraised buttocks. She tried to turn away but the others were surrounding her and blocking her escape. Pablo's camera zoomed in as the canes hissed through the air and beat down upon her. A thousand spines jabbed into her back and bottom and thighs and struck at the vulnerable sides of her breasts. Gillian curled up in a ball, sobbing and shrieking about her gag. Yet even as the pain seared through her, she felt her nipples standing up and her labia swelling and growing hot and slippery. This of course only made her pussy lips pout from between her clenched thighs, exposing them to the stinging holly canes.

Then the beating stopped, leaving her tingling and trembling. Reynard's boot prodded Gillian in the side. 'Sporting enough for you? Think foxes enjoy the chase really, do you?'

Gillian shook her head.

'Anything you want to say on the record?'

She shook her head again.

'Then you've got another ten seconds start, Vixen...'

Whimpering and trembling, Gillian struggled to her feet and set off again...

\* \* \*

Seven times Gillian was hunted down and beaten and then allowed another ten seconds to escape. By then she could hardly move. Running through the tangle of twigs and dead leaves and tangled ivy stems while bound over on all fours was exhausting, while her ears rang with the seemingly never-ending sound of hunting horns closing in on her. She had fallen several times and her face was covered in sweat and dribble leaking out the corners of her mouth. It stung her

eyes and blurred her vision. And of course, her whole body stung and simmered where the holly spines had stabbed and scratched and gouged into her flesh. Here and there were spots and streaks of blood, making her body paint run.

The terrible holly canes ceased their latest beating and Reynard gave her another prod with his boot. 'Off you go, Vixen,' he commanded.

But Gillian lay there in the dirt and dead leaves and shook her head feebly. She could not run another step. She had given them good sport. Now let them do what they wanted with her.

'Does your hunt show foxes they've run to exhaustion any mercy?' he asked aloud for the sake of the camera. 'But we'll give you another chance. Now see what we do with naughty vixens...'

He took hold of a fistful of Gillian's hair and dragged her off through the wood with her scrabbling through the dirt after him until they came to a young oak tree. It was already hung with ropes. Another red marker pen sign had been pinned the foot of its trunk. This one read: HUNTING FOXES IS EVIL!

Between they undid the wire rope from Gillian's left ankle and pulled the free end out through her collar ring and stood her upright with her back against the tree. They pulled her arms up over her head and tied the chain connecting her wrist cuffs to a rope hanging from a branch above. The drag of her arms raised her shoulders and lifted and thrust out her breasts. They spread her legs and pushed her feet back against the tree trunk on either side of the sign and pulled the wire rope around the back of the tree behind her and then connected it to her right ankle cuff again. Now her legs were splayed painfully wide and bent backwards as they seemed almost to wrap themselves about the tree trunk. Her gaping thighs exposed her dripping groin. Another rope was tied around the tree and about her waist, pinching in her stomach and holding her back pressed tight against the mossy bark. Her holly-beaten back and thighs and buttocks grated painfully against it

Pablo moved in to make a close-up pan across her bound body, taking in every detail of her helpless exposure. Her nipples pricked up again. Then he stepped back.

‘You’re suffering like this because your husband didn’t have the courage – or care enough about you – to say those few words that would have set you free,’ Reynard reminded her. ‘When he sees this recording, so you think he’ll regret that? Why not make it easy on both you and just admit blood-sports are wrong?’

Gillian shook her head.

‘All right, you asked for it...’

All four of them beat her with their holly canes, thrashing them across her white painted breasts and stomach and groin. The blows cut the undersides of breasts and made them bounce and rasped through her groin, cutting and slashing her pussy lips and the swollen nub of her clitoris. She shrieked and sobbed and jerked against the ropes that bound her to the tree. Her cruelly abused nipples were as big as thimbles and as hard as India rubber while her clit throbbed. The relentless pain overwhelmed her and a jet of hot pee spurted out from between her sore, throbbing and bloody labia over the leaf litter between her spread legs.

And then her hips jerked a second time and she felt her loins burst and spurt out a fresh mist of fluid to follow her urine.

She had just had an orgasm driven purely by pain and humiliation!

As her head slumped down over her chest, the terrible beating ceased. Dribbles fell from her groin and stained the sign between her legs.

‘Did she just cum again?’ Pablo asked.

‘No, she fainted,’ Reynard insisted. ‘Let’s wake her up...’

Through misty, tear-filled eyes, Gillian saw Pablo hand is camera to Marian who focused upon her. The three men opened their flies and exposed their semi-hard penises. She thought they were going to screw her again, but she was wrong...

Three hot jets of male pee spurted over her, splashing across her beaten body from head to foot. It stung. The apexes of the streams splashed over her face making her splutter. And then it dripped down her trembling body, burning and stinging all the hundreds of little scratches and pinpricks as it went.

She had been degraded, humiliated and tormented. She was utterly exhausted and ached with pain. But inside she burned with pride and dizzy orgasmic delight. In the darkest, most twisted way imaginable, she felt wonderful. What would Mark think when he saw this? Light-headedly, she giggled around her gag.

'Are you going to asked her again if she's going to admit her crimes?' Basil wondered a trace sarcastically.

Reynard growled.

\* \* \*

They blindfolded her again and took her back to the house because they did not seem to know what else to do with her at that moment. Gillian felt triumphant. Their showpiece ordeal had not broken her and they could not get much crueller or it would destroy their cause. Now they had to think again.

In the main hallway, Pablo asked Reynard. 'Do you want me to edit the hunt into another upload?'

'Of course. People will still want to watch her dressed as a fox with a tail plugged up her arse being hunted down. It'll still remind them how cruel foxhunting its. Maybe her husband will have second thoughts...'



Marian took Gillian up to the bathroom, removed her foxy accessories and body paint and cleaned her up. Gillian was feeling so perversely elated that she didn't mind when the Marian lustfully fingered her breasts and pussy, even though she winced when she touched her numerous scratches and bruises.

Marian pulled her gag out. 'What's the matter with you?' she asked in genuine confusion. 'How can you take so much pain?'

'I had the right kind of education,' Gillian replied simply.

Marian tied her to her bed again. Then she was left alone for several hours. But this time she did not try to struggle against her ropes. She accepted her bondage and allowed exhaustion to claim her and slept.

\* \* \*

Sometime that evening, Gillian was taken down to the living room again.

There the others were clustered around the table with the laptop set out upon it. She was made to kneel in front of it. On the table beside the laptop was another sheet of white card with string tied to its corners, a thick red marker pen and three bamboo canes.

'The video of your hunt is being uploaded and has broken the record for viral downloads and copies being made,' Reynard told her. 'Millions of people have seen you wet yourself in pain, just like an animal. Despite your stubbornness, our message is getting through. Now your husband is going to make another statement...'

There was the front of her house again with Mark standing on the steps in front of the reporters. The heart gave a funny leap at the sight of him.

'The so-called Fox Defence League have released another sick video of my wife being humiliated at their hands and repeated their

demands that I denounce the sport I love,' he said. 'However, they are deluded if they think this advances their cause in any way. Despite her suffering, Gillian has not given in to their demands to condemn foxhunting, nor did she beg to be released. She is still defying them, so I can do no less than support her. Once again I warn them to release her immediately, or else face the consequences...'

Somebody in the crowd began applauding, and others joined in...

Reynard slammed the lid of the laptop down. 'How can he support her after what we've done to her?' he raged. Then he seemed to take control himself. 'Okay, so he's a heartless bastard, but we prepared for this just in case. Now we're going to give him our reply...'

He pulled Gillian onto her feet and dragged her over to the rings screwed into the ceiling beams. Now they had a pair of rope nooses dangling from them above a small stool. Beside this stood a broom handle with its lower end screwed into a plank of wood. The head of the broom handle had several sponge dishwasher pads taped over it one over the other, making a fist-sized lozenge of rubber foam.

They stood Gillian on the stool and forced the nooses over her breasts and then pulled them tight; making her breasts bulge outwards. Then they positioned the broomstick on its plank mount behind the stool and forced its tip up into her vagina. Meanwhile, Reynard was writing on the card with the marker pen. He held it up for her to see.

**MARK! IF YOU LOVE ME PLEASE SAVE ME!**

How dare they presume to beg on her behalf, Gillian thought angrily as Reynard hung it over her neck! It had a longer string than the last one so that it hung on her chest just beneath the under-curves of her breasts. Then he pulled the stool out from under her feet.

Gillian dropped several centimetres as the nooses tightened about her breasts, wrenching her mammaries upwards and turning them into pink mushroom heads. Her eyes bulged and she shrieked about her gag in fear as it felt as if her breasts were being torn from her chest. Her only other support was the sponge stuffed head of the broom handle, which was driven deep up into her by her drop, making her pussy lips stretch wide while her lower belly bulged. She hung in the air dangling from the breast noose ropes with her feet kicking wildly about the impaling broomstick and her clawing toes just clear of the floor. To ease the terrible strain on her breasts she had to clench her sheath tight about the broom handle to stop herself slipping down it any further. This only made its presence inside her even more terrifying.

While Pablo filmed her writhing in mid air, Reynard, Basil and Marian took up the bamboo canes and spread themselves out about her.

‘I’m not going to ask you to condemn foxhunting or beg to be freed this time,’ Reynard said, ‘the sign, and your tears, will say it all. You can cum if you want, it will still look like you’re suffering...’

And they beat her with their canes, leaving scarlet stripes across her back, breasts, stomach and buttocks. From front and back they slashed them up between her flailing legs to smack into soft cleft of her pussy. She shrieked and kicked wildly, yanking on her impossibly bunched up breasts while screwing herself about the bulbous tip of the broom handle. She was plugged from below and torn from above while her body was thrashed from all sides. Tears and dribble from the corners of her mouth where she was biting on her gag ran down her cheeks and dripped onto her frighteningly distended breasts that were rapidly turning purple. Some of it splattered down the card hung beneath them with her supposedly desperate plea to Mark.

In the midst of this agony, Gillian realized that her only escape was through an orgasm. As soon as she came, they would stop, because that was the climax of her suffering, however they judged it. Outwardly, it would still look like a paroxysm of desperate frenzy.

Perhaps they thought Mark would think the worst. But she knew he would understand. She just had to accept the pain and humiliation and feed on it and channel it into her poor stuffed pussy that right now felt ready to split.

No! Not simply accept it, she corrected herself. She must love it!

Gillian thought of it as a monstrous penis impaling her... its spongy head soaking up their juices... getting ever wet and slippery and churning inside her while she squirmed and twisted about in its tip. She welcomed it inside her... riding its impossible hardness... clenching her thighs about it... coming over it...

Ahhhh!

Gillian thrashed about as her loins burst and fireworks seemed to explode in her brain. Then she went limp, lost in her own private world of blissful reward.

Basil, Marian and Reynard stopped beating her.

Marian lifted Gillian's limp chin and saw she was barely conscious.

'She's done it again,' she said, in slightly awed tones.

Somebody pushed the stool back under her feet and she was able to stand on it once more, feebly pulling herself partway off end of the broomstick, which sucked on her insides. The terrible pressure on her breasts eased and blood began to flow back into them, pricking and burning...

As she stood there, swaying slightly, she was dimly aware of them conversing.

'Will that be enough?' Basil wondered.

'That'll do,' Reynard said with satisfaction. 'Get it uploaded as soon as possible.'

‘We can’t keep posting these videos,’ Pablo warned him. ‘I’m doing by best to cover my tracks, but every one leaves a potential trail and gives the police another chance to track us down! We’ve got to move soon.’

‘Let’s give her back now,’ said Basil.

‘Not until we’ve squeezed every last drop of publicity out of her,’ Reynard said.

‘But she still won’t break!’ Marian pointed out. ‘She’ll look like a poster girl for foxhunting if she holds out any longer!’

‘Alright, maybe these big set pieces for the camera aren’t the best way of going about it,’ Reynard conceded. ‘But we can’t give her up yet.’

‘So what do we do with her?’ Basil asked. ‘Starve her until she gives in?’

‘No time,’ Pablo said.

Reynard seemed to think furiously for a minute, and then declared. ‘It’s the end result that’s important, not how we get there. We’ve been too easy on her, giving her too much time to recover between sessions. Tomorrow we’ll each take turns torturing her solo in different ways.’

‘But she keeps cuming no matter what we do with her,’ Basil protested.

‘Then we make her cum until she can’t do it any more!’ Reynard retorted fiercely. ‘We’ll grind her down. Nobody can take hours of punishment end to end without any rest. If she still stubborn after we’ve all had her, then we’ll start over again. Eventually she’ll break. Just once, that’s all we need. The second time it’ll come easier to her. And then we’ll get her to confess on camera sitting nice and neat on a chair without any of us touching her. That will make it clear

that she's had a genuine conversion to the cause and has seen sense at last.'

It was the mark of a true fanatic, Gillian thought, that he still seemed to believe that was likely. She would never be "converted"... but she might be broken. Could she endure a day of back-to-back torments?

'Would she still naked?' Basil wondered.

'Of course, because it'll be the naked truth. And we've got to keep her fans happy...'

## Chapter 7

That night, before exhaustion claimed her once again, Gillian heard faint sounds of hammering and drilling coming from the lower floors of the house. What were the League preparing for her, each in their own way? In the privacy of her miserable little room, Gillian whimpered around her gag. She would try to be strong, to make Mark proud of her, but she feared that tomorrow might actually break her...

\* \* \*

The next morning it was Marian who inflicted the first solo torment on Gillian.

After Gillian had been washed and fed, she brought her back to her bedroom and made her preparations. The blackout sheeting had been removed from the window, which was covered by misty plastic sheeting that blurred whatever lay outside. Gillian could smell both the woman's desperation and her excitement. She was going to enjoy this...

Marian tied Gillian spread-eagled on her back to the bed. Then she took off her blindfold, still leaving her gagged, so she could look in to her eyes.

'I think you're lovely,' she confided, stroking Gillian's body mottled with little cuts and bruises and cane marks. 'I didn't want to do this to you, but I had to. Why do you have to do such cruel and evil things? I hate your kind, but I want you...' And she pushed her stiff fingers up into Gillian's pussy cleft and twisted them hard.

Gillian whimpered.

'Why don't you give Reynard what he wants?' Marian asked, twisting her hand deeper into Gillian. 'Just pretend to give in and say

foxhunting is wrong. A few words on camera are all he wants. After you're freed, you can say you didn't mean it.'

Gillian groaned and shook her head. She was not going back on her principles now. She would not disappoint Mark. She was going to see this through to the bitter end...

'All right,' Marian said sadly. 'Have it your way. Don't say I didn't give you a chance...'

She pulled her hand out of Gillian's pussy and smelt her now shiny fingertips. Then she stood up and slowly undressed, stripping herself down to her skin, leaving only her fox mask covering the upper half of her face. She was plump but still quite pretty, with full heavy breasts with red nipples and chubby buttocks. She stood there for a moment as if inviting Gillian to admire her. What was she hoping for? Gillian realized that her nipples were standing up as if in answer. She would respond to this woman, whatever she did to her...

From a bag by the bed, Marian took out several items and laid them out in a neat row on Gillian's exposed stomach. There were several large elastic bands, a large carrot with its green leaves still on, a cucumber and a flyswatter which had a dozen drawing pins taped to it so their points protruded through one side. Looking at them down her body between her trembling breasts, Gillian shivered.

Marian took up the set of heavy elastic bands and slipped them over Gillian's breasts so that they squeezed tight about their roots and made them swell and stand up like a pair of pink mushroom heads. She slapped them and they bounced off each other.

Next, she picked up the carrot and rubbed it through Gillian's pussy cleft to lubricate it. Then she parted Gillian's thighs and rammed it up into her anus, spreading her sphincter until it stretched around the head of the carrot and closed about the base of its green fronds, which hang down through a gap in the webbing under the bed. Gillian moaned as her rectum was filled and tightly plugged.



Marian took up the cucumber and pushed its blunt head up into Gillian's cleft, twisting it as she went, making her labia stretch to accommodate it and reaming her out while her belly bulged until two thirds of its length was lodged inside her. Marian slapped the protruding end of the cucumber, twisting it inside Gillian's vaginal passageway, and Gillian yelped in pain. Marian stared into Gillian's contorted face and stroked her cheeks, and then she bent her head and kissed her gagged lips.

'I'm sorry... I've got to...' she said huskily.

She picked up the drawing pin studded flyswatter and stood over Gillian. She stroked and squeezed her taut, bulging breasts and then swiped the swatter down on them hard.

Gillian screamed and bit on her gag as the drawing pin tips stabbed into her breasts with a smack. The flyswatter was not heavy but it was sharp! Swish, smack! The swatter beat down on their helpless breasts, batting them from side to side and stabbing and scratching them. Her hard nipples were flattened by the swatter, only to spring up again for more. Spots and streaks of blood appeared on her shivering globes of flesh. Marian pause for a moment to take hold of the protruding end of the cucumber and jabbed and twisted it deeper inside Gillian's pussy, stirring it like a crank handle inside her and making her sob with shame and confused excitement. Then she resumed her pin-swatting of her breasts.

'Give in, please give in!' Marian raged and pleaded as she assaulted Gillian's helpless, bucking, writhing body as she wailed and sobbed in pain, tears streaming down her cheeks. 'Reynard won't let us leave until he breaks you. I think he's obsessed! Just give him what he wants...'

But even as her ballooning breasts, turning steadily purple, shivered and rippled as they were covered in cuts and pricks, Gillian shrieked and shook her head.

Desperately, Marian clambered onto the bed, turned about and straddled Gillian's head and shoulders. She squatted down on top of Gillian and ground her hot wet cleft and sweaty, wobbling buttocks up and down over her nose and face. As Gillian struggled to breathe, Marian squeezed and slapped her hot breasts and then smacked the pin swatter down over her stomach and about the lips of her distended pussy, with the cucumber shaft jutting out of it like a strange green growth.

'Stop being brave and stupid and give in!' Marian shouted.

She dropped the swatter and sprawled across Gillian's spread-eagled body. She clenched her thighs about her cheeks even she took hold of the cucumber in both hands and rammed it into Gillian's pussy frantically, twisting and wagging it violently inside her. Then Marian ripped the sticky thing out of Gillian's pussy and dipped her head down and bit on her puffy wet labia and then the hard nub of her clitoris.

Gillian shrieked and bucked her hips and climaxed and fainted with pain in the same instant.

## Chapter 8

While Gillian was still only half-conscious, Marian, her face flushed under her mask as was her plump dripping pussy, hastily pulled on her clothes and left the room. A moment later Basil came in.

He surveyed Gillian's soiled and well-beaten body, and her bloody, tremulous, bulging purple breasts, and that shivered as they rose and fell with her ragged breathing.

'So you're still holding out are you?' he said angrily. 'Why can't you see sense? I want to get out of here. Now I've got to have a go...'

He pulled the rubber bands off her breasts and the carrot out of her bottom and then untied her from the bed. He didn't bother to tie her hands, but she was too drained and weak to resist. He dragged her by the hair on her hands and knees out of the bedroom and along the bare corridor and into another small room with more of the cloudy plastic sheet over its window.

A pair of vertical wooden posts, set about a metre apart, had been nailed to the floor and a ceiling beam above so that they joined the two. Some kind of crossbar spanned between them, linked to them by metal rings screwed to its ends. Behind the posts was a battered, ladder-backed wooden chair. A thin wooden rod set on a spring mount, jutted out at an angle upwards from under the front of its seat. The rod had ribs of tape bound about it. Beside the chair were a couple of small sandbags with cords stitched to them.

Basil dragged Gillian over to the posts and knelt her down between them. He dropped the crossbar over her shoulders and she realized it was a yoke. He strapped it to her shoulders and wrists and then stood her up. There was a pair of bungee cords dangling from the beam above her head between the vertical posts. They had crocodile clips on their ends. He pinched them to her sore nipples,

making her yelp and dribble about her gag. He adjusted the tension on the cords so that they tugged on her nipples and stretched their ends upwards. Despite the pain, her nipples throbbed in the bite of the crocodile clips jaws. He pulled her legs apart and strapped her ankles to the insides of the twin posts.

Held upright by the tension on her nipples and braced by her yoke and bound ankles, Gillian could only stand straight between the posts with her legs wide.

He hung the sandbags over her shoulders and tied them to the yoke bar. The weight made her knees sag, which painfully increased the tension on her nipples.

Basil stepped back to admire her for a moment. 'I can't blame Marian want to screw you. You look fucking hot even beaten about like that. If it was up to me, I'd just keep you for screwing and forget about converting you to the cause. But Reynard says we've got to make you cum until you can't do it anymore. Then maybe you'll break and we can all get out of here!'

Basil stripped off his clothes down to his trainers and mask, revealing a skinny body with a slight pot belly. But there was nothing skinny about his penis, which stood up hard and hungry.

He moved the chair up behind her and bent the curious projecting ribbed rod down so that it passed between her legs and then sprang up again in front of her. It pressed up into her pussy cleft. Then he straddled the ribbed rod projecting from the front of the chair and sat down upon it, so that his knees rested between her spread thighs. Now his stiff penis was jutting upwards just beneath her bottom.

He took hold of her hips and pulled her downward, sitting her down on his knees. Burdened by the weight of the sandbags, her knees bent easily and his penis slipped up into her rectum, stretching her anus and making her bottom bulge. At the same time, the ribbed chair rod bent under her weight, sawing through her pussy

cleft, while the bungee cords yanked her nipples upwards, making it feel as if they were being torn from her breasts.

Gillian shrieked in pain, even as her pussy ejected a surge of juices that ran over the rod rasping through it. Then Basil took his hands off her hips and raised them to the undersides of her breasts and clasped them hard and pushed her upwards. She sobbed as her tender flesh was pinched while she strained to lift herself against the weight of the sandbags over her shoulders, feeling the sprung rod rasping back through her cleft and Basil's penis being pulled out of her. Her only reward for rising was that the terrible tearing strain on her nipples eased slightly.

Up and down Basil jerked her, sitting her on his knees and plunging his stiff penis into her bottom while the rod rasped through her sore pussy cleft and her breasts were jerked and stretched upwards, then grasping her breasts and thrusting them and her upwards again. After a dozen repetitions, her back and knees and thighs and calves began to ache from the strain of lifting the sandbags up and down. But there was no escape...

And yet once again she was responding with masochistic delight to this maltreatment. Her pussy was streaming and dripping down her thighs and over his sodomising cock, which at least made it slide a little easier into her rectum.

She was sweating and panting and gasping and struggling for breath, but Basil was also breathing faster as he became more excited as he handled her body. She could feel his penis throbbing as if it was ready to go off. Then her loins burst and a massive orgasm tore through her. She jerked and shuddered and bounced her hips up and down upon him until he spurted his hot seed up inside her....

\* \* \*

The next thing Gillian knew was Basil slapping her cheeks to bring her round.

She was still impaled upon him with their loins lathered in sweat and sperm and juices.

‘Are you ready to give in yet?’ Basil asked; a little anxiously, she thought.

Wearily Gillian shook her head.

‘You’re a stupid, stubborn bitch, you know that! Now I’ve got to let Pablo have a go with you...’

## Chapter 9

In another musty, half-lit room, with peeling paint on its walls, Gillian hung suspended from a frame of wooden poles.

A pair of poles hung in a horizontal cross from rings screwed into the ceiling beams. The overlapping point of the poles lay towards their top ends, so their longer legs spread out in a kind of V-shape.

The back of Gillian's neck was pressed against the inside fork of crossed poles and tied there with several loops of rope. Her arms were twisted painfully back behind her at the shoulders and pulled upwards and outwards and tied at the shoulders, elbows and wrists to the undersides of the short legs of the poles that spread and extended behind her. Her bare bottom hung below the cross at about chest height, while her legs were bent up at the hips in front of her so that her shins and feet were pressed against the undersides of the poles and tied there with more rope about her knees and ankles. As she moaned and twitched and shivered, the frame swayed slightly from its suspending ropes.

Pablo, also stripped down to boots and a mask, walked around her swaying body, his eyes flashing out of the eye slots of his mask. His stiff penis bobbed and wagged as he moved about. With one hand he stroked and pinched and slapped her helpless body, while in the other he carried a cordless power drill. But instead of a metal bit, it had a monstrous screw shaft made of foam rubber strips covered in repair tape.

'This is my sex drill,' he had told her when she had first set eyes on it. 'And I'm going to drill your cunt out with it!'

On a side table was a fearsome array of assorted improvised sex drill heads, together with a jar of petroleum jelly.

Now, prowling about her, he continued to relate his plans. All her tormentors had seemed much more talkative away from Reynard's dominating presence; perhaps enjoying the opportunity to have her all to themselves.

'I'm going to break you, Gillian,' Pablo promised her. 'No more messing about. This won't leave a mark... well, only some bruises inside your pussy. But it'll blow your mind! I know what you've been doing. You're using your secret slutty feelings like a shield. When the pain and shame get too bad, you cum. It blots out the hurt and it distracts us. And we've been letting you get away with it. But what if you can't cum anymore? What if you're totally drained of juices...?'

He held the drill up pressed its trigger. It whirred and the monstrous rubber and plastic screw bit, shiny with grease, spun menacingly. Gillian's eyes bulged in fear and she whimpered and chewed on her gag and strained against the ropes, setting the frame swaying again.

Pablo grinned at her show of fear. He raised the drill and aimed it at the flushed, gaping and exposed pink cleft of her pussy.

'Now, let's drill for some pussy oil...'

The drill spun as it drove forward. It churned into her, setting her labia shivering as it bored up into her vagina. Gillian shrieked as the terrible thing drilled up into her, its vibrations thrilling her with terror and perverse delight. Instinctively her sheath clenched about the whirring intruder, which only increased the sensations of its presence. It was more violent and powerful than any vibrator. It pummelled and thudded inside her, setting her whole body trembling. Even her sore breasts were shivering, while her nipples stood up.

Pablo chortled as he drilled into her, setting the frame jerking and swaying.

It was terrifying and wonderful and she felt herself responding helplessly to it. To be treated mechanically and cruelly like this... Oh,



Mark, if only you could be here now!

She sobbed and jerked frantically. Ohhhh!

The churning screw head spluttered her expelled juices over her inner thighs and buttocks.

Pablo stopped the drill and laughed. 'You really are a posh slut, you know that? All right, one cum down. But how many more of them are there inside you?'

He unscrewed the sex drill head and replaced it with another one with a different pattern of ribs on. He grinned at her. 'After I've screwed you with this, I'm going to have a go inside you myself... while you can still feel my cock!' He revved the drill up and then plunged it into her dripping pussy again...

\* \* \*

Gillian was only half-conscious when the drill sound faded and stuttered and then died.

She realized that the latest screw head was resting inert and motionless inside her numbed loins. For a moment she missed its relentless buzz and shudder that had been part of her for... how long had she been hanging from the frame? There was a large dark glossy stain of sperm and fallen juices on the floor beneath her aching groin. How long had that taken to accumulate?

Pablo pressed the drill trigger angrily, but nothing happened.

'Fuck, you've drained the battery. That was six cums with the drill and two on my cock. You're bloody insatiable! Okay, its Reynard's turn with you now...'

## Chapter 10

'I'll break you if it's the last thing I do,' Reynard promised Gillian as he stroked her bare bottom.

She could only whimper feebly in return.

He had tied her face down and straddling the sides of a wooden barrel, possibly an old water butt, which had been laid down on its side and braced with wedges. A large peg, possibly cut from more broom handle and thickened with repair tape, protruded at an angle out of its upper curve. This was plugged into her aching vagina, holding her hips still. Her wrists and ankles were tied together by ropes passing under the lower side of the barrel, making it seem as though she was hugging it to her in a desperate embrace. Her legs were bent and her knees pulled forward and down and linked by another rope passing under the barrel. This tension pushed her bottom out and opened the cleft of her groin, exposing the plug buried in her pussy. Her head overhung the open end of the barrel. An old stained mirror was propped up against the wall opposite this, so that in its reflection she could see herself and have a view down into the barrel. This was clearly calculated to add to her torment.

Reynard had cut a slot in the upper curve of the barrel where her chest rested so that her breasts could hang down freely through it. Holly sprigs had been pinned to the inside rim of this slot so that they pressed against her dangling breasts. These had been stretched out into unnatural stalactite-shaped fleshy cones by crocodile clips pinched to her nipples, on which had been hung pebbles tied to them by string. The slightest movement set them swinging like pendulums.

Reynard prowled around Gillian as she hugged the barrel on which she was impaled. He had stripped down to reveal a hard body. His cock was stiff with righteous anticipation and he carried one of

the homemade tyre-bladed spanking paddles they had used on her during her videoed trial.

He stroked the rough rubber across her bottom and up between her thighs over the stretched lips of her vulva. Then he swiped it down hard. Gillian shrieked as her buttocks rippled from the impact. Reynard laughed and raised his arm again. Swish crack! Helplessly she flinched under the force of the blow, jerking her hips about the plug in her vagina while jerking on her dangling breasts. The weights hanging from her nipples bobbed and swayed, grating the sides of her breasts against the ring of holly surrounding them. Dozens of spines jabbed into her soft flesh.

Half a dozen more blows rained down upon her defenceless backside until it felt as if it was on fire. The repeated jerks had set her breasts swaying more violently, so that the holly lacerated their sides. Through her tear-misted eyes, she saw them bobbing and bouncing wildly in the mirror and felt hot trickles running down them.

Reynard paused and prodded her sore buttocks.

‘They feel like they are on fire,’ he said. ‘They’re all pink and scarlet. Do they feel like they’re burning?’

Gillian snivelled and nodded miserably.

‘Do you want me to beat them some more?’

She shook her head.

He moved round to the front of the barrel and squatted and peered down into it at her swaying, blood-streaked breasts. He reached in with the end of the spanking paddle and smacked them.

Gillian shrieked as they bounced about, slapping against each other, while the pebble weights swung like bell clappers and clattered as they struck. It took several agonizing seconds for them to still again.

‘Did that hurt?’ he asked.

She snivelled and nodded again.

‘Of course, if you were to beg me to lie on top of you and screw your arse, then I couldn’t reach them with this could I?’ he mused, stroking the blade of the paddle across her tear streaked cheeks. And he pulled out her gag ball.

There was no way of avoiding playing his cruel game of domination. ‘I... I beg you to screw my bum hole, please, Sir...’ she choked out.

He smiled. ‘You see. It’s not hard to cooperate, is it?’

He clambered onto the barrel behind her and knelt between her spread thighs. His hard shaft rubbed through her simmering buttocks cheeks until it found her anus and then rammed deep into it, stretching it wide as his cock slid into the depths of her rectum. Then she was double plugged by wood and tape and flesh.

Reynard grunted with pleasure began to ride Gillian, grinding her body under him. The pressure from her stuffed rectum squeezed her churning vagina even tighter about the broom handle plug. The force of his thrusts set the barrel rocking slightly on its rests and started her breasts swaying again, so that the holly began stabbing into their sides. She saw the swing of the pebble weights stretching her nipples like elastic growing steadily greater. There was no escape from pain... and yet the pumping of his cock inside her was all so sickeningly exciting.

Gillian was dizzy from exhaustion and confusion; her mind scrambled by pain and fear and jolts of intense delight. It was what she imagined a drug-fuelled high might feel like. It was getting hard to think coherently. Of course, that was the idea of the continuous string of ordeals: to break her down. What did anything matter anymore? She had been stripped of all her inhibitions. She felt she could do anything...

‘All right!’ Gillian suddenly shrieked loudly. ‘I’ve had enough... I g... give in, Sir. Please don’t hurt me anymore... I’ll go on camera... I’ll make a statement about foxhunting... I’ll tell everybody the truth, Sir... the naked truth... in my own words...’

## Chapter 11

An hour later, Gillian sat naked on the raised seat-less trial chair in the living room facing the camera, with the FDL members, now all fully dressed once more, looking on intently. Gillian did not even have her collar on. She felt strangely liberated. Marian had cleaned her up once again and combed her hair for her, but she was aware that despite her attentions and a liberal application of healing cream, her body was covered by numerous bruises, prick-marks and scratches. Nevertheless she sat proudly, if rather stiffly. This was because she had another large carrot stuffed in her bottom and half a cucumber inside her vagina.

‘I need them to reassure me, Sir,’ she had told them meekly but firmly before the recording. ‘You’ve done that to me. I had so many things put up inside me that I feel empty without it. I need something to squeeze on. With lots of cream on them because I’m so sore inside...’

She heard Pablo mutter. ‘I think we’ve screwed her mind...’

Reynard shrugged. ‘Okay. As long as they don’t show. Anything you want, just tell the truth.’

‘Oh, I will, Sir,’ she promised.

And now she was...

‘Over the last few days, you may have seen me put on trial and being punished by people calling themselves the Fox Defence League,’ Gillian said to the camera in a quiet but clear voice. ‘But today I’m sitting here of my own free will. Nobody is making me say any of this. These are my own words...’

‘In the circumstances, I’ve thought a lot about foxhunting, and whether it was right or wrong to inflict pain and suffering on another

living creature...'

As she spoke, she reached her right hand down into her pussy and began to almost unconsciously rub her fingers over her clitoris, while with her left hand she began toying with her nipples. Despite what they had suffered, they responded by throbbing and hardening.

'What's she doing?' Pablo hissed.

'Keep filming!' Reynard told him. 'It's weird but people will watch this. As long as she delivers the message!'

Gillian was digging her fingers deeper into her slot, feeling the end of the cucumber embedded there.

'A fox is a living creature,' she said, 'just like I am... and we have similar needs and desires...'

She pulled the cucumber a little way out of her and twisted it and pushed it in again, rolling up her eyes and drooling while the FDL watched in helpless fascination.

'We both need to enjoy ourselves... to seek pleasure... to mate...'

By now, she was pumping the cucumber up inside her with increasing vigour.

'And I've come to a decision that I want to share with all of you, because it's very important...' Gillian continued, tweaking and stretching her nipples despite the pain, even as her pussy bulged and dribbled '...especially for you, Mark. I want to tell you that the truth is... that I'm having a lovely time and I wish you were here!' And she rammed the cucumber back up inside her and twisted it hard and laughed and laughed.

It had been worth it buy herself an hour free from torment and see FDL'ers mouths drop as they realized she been stringing them

along.

Marian groaned, Basil laughed mirthlessly and Pablo cursed.

Reynard raised his fist at Gillian. 'You're going to regret that, you stupid, stuck up bitch...'

And then there came the simultaneous crash of both the front and back doors being broken down, followed by the pounding of many boots in the hallway and cries of 'Armed police! Do not move!' The living room door burst open and goggled and masked uniformed men pointing guns poured inside.

'I said we should have got out of here sooner!' Basil moaned, as he dropped to his knees and clasped his hands behind his neck in surrender.

The camera was still pointed at Gillian. She felt she should say something. 'The hunt is over,' she declared. 'The foxes have been run to earth, like they always are in the end...'

And that felt so good that she pushed the cucumber back inside her all the way, squelching obscenely, and she came one last time.



## Chapter 12

Three days later, Gillian stood in her own bedroom in Bascombe Hall, facing her husband.

Since her release from the FDL's captivity, in what turned out to be a near derelict Rectory in Berkshire, Gillian had been in hospital, given the police a statement about her ordeal, accepted psychiatric counselling, had given one carefully controlled media interview and endured the well-intentioned but inevitably awkward sympathy of family and friends. Somewhere in the future loomed the ordeal of her involvement in the trial of the FDL members. But at this moment all that mattered was that she was home at last. This was the first time she and Mark had been properly alone together and there was so much they had to say to each other. She shivered in anticipation.

Mark walked around her, looking her up and down intently. She tried to read the expression on his face. Then he said. 'Take your clothes off...'

Gillian obeyed unquestioningly, of course.

When she was naked, Mark examined her carefully, inspecting the numerous scratches, bruises and cane welts her ordeal had left on her skin from neck to knee. He prodded and stroked her still tender flesh, making her wince. But she remained standing straight and proud. Under his touch, her abused nipples swelled and her pussy lips grew hot and engorged and gaped wide.

'How those animals made you suffer, my dear,' he said at length. 'Did you cry?'

'For hours,' she admitted.

'Did you cum when those men screwed you?'

‘Lots of times. And twice on a pussy.’

He took hold of a handful of her hair and twisted it until she winced. ‘You must have loved it, you filthy slut of a wife!’

‘Yes, I did, Husband’

‘Which means I’m going have to punish you. I thought we’d establish that I’m the only cock you ever cum over...’

As her heart sang in delight at his words, he dragged her over to the massive old-fashioned four-poster bed that dominated the room and which, save for its modern mattress, had been in his family for over five hundred years. He reached up and pulled at two of the decorative bosses set in the beam that joined the heads of the front posts of the bed. Two metal brackets extended outwards, each branching into a T-bar end with large hooks on both ends.

Still keeping hold of her, he went round to the side beam of the bed frame and pulled out a shallow concealed drawer filled with cuffs and chains and whips and scourges. He selected a thin rubber gag bit that he pushed into Gillian’s mouth, which gave her something to bite on while still allowing her to speak. Then he took out two sets of cuffs and buckled them about her wrists and ankles. Then he positioned her under the brackets facing out from the front of the bed and raised her arms so that the rings on the cuffs hooked over the inner set of hooks. Then he lifted her legs one by one and hooked her ankle cuffs over the outer set of hooks. Now she dangled before him with her arms stretched up above her head and her legs spread wide on either side in an obscenely inviting “V”.

Unhurriedly Mark undressed in front of her. Gillian felt her loins turning to hot jelly as his hard body was exposed and finally his stiff penis. Her still aching pussy was gaping and dripping in desperate need.

When he was totally naked, Mark selected a proper custom-made spanking paddle from the secret drawer and rubbed it over

Gillian's body. She squirmed and shuddered and her nipples popped up.

'I bet you kept them entranced with this, didn't you?' he asked.

'Yes, Husband,' she admitted around her gag.

'Good girl. I knew you would. And I knew that the longer they wasted their time trying to break you and making all those videos, then the more traces they left and the faster they could be tracked down. Foxes can be so stupid at times...'

He drew back his arm and flicked the spanking paddle firmly up into her groin, crisply smacking its rubber against her hot wet cleft, which flattened and splattered prettily under the impact.

'Nevertheless,' he continued as she yelped happily, 'you must tell me all the gory details, in case there some new ideas I can try out on you.'

'Yes, Husband, I will... every detail...' she groaned in masochistic delight.

He beat her breasts with a practised swing forehand and backhand, catching both of them neatly square on and driving her throbbing nipples down into their resilient depths and then watching them spring back up again with satisfaction. Gillian gasped and bit on her gag, dribbling about the corners of her mouth.

'It looks like you're ready to be screwed already,' he observed, noted the state of her nipples and pussy. 'Perhaps this little ordeal has stimulated you.'

'Yes... Husband... please, Husband, fuck me,' she begged.

He reversed the spanking paddle and reached under her bottom and thrust its cock shaped rubber handle up into her rectum. Then

he reached under her splayed thighs and lifted her hips so that his hard shaft could slide up into her desperate pussy.

Gillian sobbed in delight as he held her and kissed her gagged lips. She was back where she belonged, with the cock that belonged inside her in its rightful place once more.

She had spent so many long hours during of the first year of her married life bound to this bed, learning her proper place as the devoted wife of a masterful man should. It was laughable that those amateurs of the FDL had spent so much effort in trying to break her. What a waste of time! She had been broken in by Mark years ago...

**THE END**

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