

# **THE TRIAL OF JOSEPHINE K.**

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## Chapter One

The inquisitor gave the screw another quarter turn, driving its tip deeper into Josephine's stretched and throbbing right nipple. Her normally pretty face contorted in fresh agony and she screamed and then bit down hard on the thick strip of rubber wedged between her clenched white teeth. As she did so more dribble ran from the corners of her stretched lips over her red, tear-stained cheeks to drip down over her bare chest and between her cruelly distended breasts.

'Confess your guilt, Josephine K.,' he said. 'It will save you so much pain. You know the Ring will get it out of you sooner or later...'

According to the lettering stamped onto a metal plate screwed to its side, the mechanism tormenting Josephine was known as a *Type 15 (female version) S.A.V.E.D. or: State Approved Veracity Establishing Device*. But for obvious reasons Josephine's inquisitor had simply called it his "Ring of Truth." It comprised several curved sections of angle iron bolted together to form a ring taller than a man and set on heavy gimbal mounts so that it could both rotate and flip vertically. The device was designed for one purpose: to inflict precise increments of pain upon a naked body that was spread, clamped and impaled within it.

Josephine's trembling body was spread-eagled within the ring with her arms pulled outwards and upwards and her wrists secured by heavy rubber lined clamps. Her legs were spread at ninety degrees with her feet resting on pads welded to the inner rim of the ring and were held in place by more heavy clamps closed about her ankles. By now her feet and hands were quite numb, as if they did not belong to her, which had the effect of concentrating her attention on those parts of her body she could still feel.

A stanchion extending downwards from the arc of ring above her head supported a bracket and two heavy screw bolts with rubber pads on their inward facing tips which had been screwed tight about her temples, holding her head rigidly facing forward. Smaller brackets angled forward and down from these bolts to hold the strip of thick rubber between her teeth. It was not intended as a gag because she could still speak and scream about it. Its purpose was simply to stop her accidentally biting the end off her tongue or cracking her teeth in her agony.

From the opposite side of the ring between her widespread feet another stanchion rose upward towards her groin. A cross bracket on the end of this supported a pair of metal-banded black rubber dildos which had been screwed into her vagina and anus, stretching the mouths of these orifices painfully wide. Her bottom bulged while the pressure from within her stuffed vagina made her labial cleft gape wide, exposing the hard nub of her clitoris, which was swollen in pain and confusion. A sharp toothed crocodile clip was closed about its tender throbbing shaft from which trailed an insulated electrical wire which ran down to join the others that ran from the dildo bases along the stanchion and then around the rim to brush connections set in the hollow core of its gimbal.

Welded to the inner rim of each side of the ring was a pair of small remote controlled motor driven winches with thin plastic covered wire rope on their drums. One set of these ropes stretched inwards from each side to hook about rings set in the sides of short broad leather belts which were buckled tight about the roots of Josephine's breasts, making them bulge out over them. The inner face of these belts were lined with stubby

metal studs, digging into her flesh and ensuring the belts did not slip off under the tension of the ropes. These had been wound so tight that they stretched Josephine's neat breasts sideways until it almost seemed as if they would be ripped off her chest. Her agony was compounded by the second set of wire ropes which connected tautly with small metal rings each fitted with three inward facing bolts with wing nut heads, the tightening of which drove their tips together in the centre of the rings. These rings had been passed over her nipples and now the bolt tips were mashed into them, adding to the agony of their being stretched out into pink cones of taut flesh, dragging the bunched mounds of her purple breasts even further out sideways.

And it was one of these bolts that her inquisitor had just tightened another quarter turn...

Josephine could not believe her nipples had not already been crushed by the bolts digging into them or else ripped off her breasts by the terrible tension on the wire ropes that were dragging them unnaturally sideways in totally opposite directions. She shrieked and sobbed again as she bit on the rubber between her teeth and another feeble spurt of urine squirted about the dildo plugging her pussy and then it dripped down to join the shameful puddles that already covering the rubberised floor under the ring stand.

The inquisitor stood back and flipped the ring end over end and then spun it on its base so Josephine was tumbled wildly head over heels and round and round. And as she was twisted about he pressed a button on the remote control handset he held and the dildos plugging her front and rear passages came alive again, stabbing her pussy and rectum with electric needles. As she felt the surge of raw sensation for a moment she could not tell if she was meant to feel pain or pleasure, adding to her confusion and disorientation. Which was up and which was down? Was black or white or white black? She no longer knew. It was too much for her stomach, already knotted in terror and soured by prior waves of pain and she was violently and messily sick.

Her inquisitor stopped Josephine's wild gyrations leaving her hanging upside down coughing and gasping for air, so that the vomit that had splashed over her face and distended breasts began to trickle up into her hair and dripped onto the floor to join the urine she had already deposited there. Between her now upward facing splayed legs her plugged and bulging pussy cleft dribbled from within as her juices had been unwillingly stimulated, unable to tell the difference between pain and lust, and a trickle of fluid ran down through her thick pubic curls. Her stained breasts were so tightly clamped and stretched its out sideways that they had hardly changed position even though they were now inverted. She realized a little blood was seeping out from under the studded belts...

The inquisitor hunched down so he could look into her red-rimmed streaming eyes. Wrapped up in her own misery she was only semiconscious, so he twanged one of the wires clamped to her nipples, giving it a jerk to bring her back to awareness with a yelp.

'You will feel so much better unburdening yourself, Josephine' he said encouragingly, almost soothingly as if he was a friend giving her sensible advice. 'The state is just and merciful and guilt is terrible to bear alone. Why not simply admit your crime?'

And at that moment of abject misery and despair she would have said anything to spare herself more suffering and to please her inquisitor, who she knew was only doing

this because it was his duty. She was sure he truly wanted to help her ease her conscience. She just had to say so and it would all be over...

‘Yes... yes I confess... I confess!’ she sobbed.

‘Confess to what, Josephine? Tell me what you did wrong...’

And that was the problem. Because Josephine had no more idea now than when she had been arrested, just three short endless hours earlier, what crime she had committed...

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‘You are Josephine K. identity number J85742526037K?’ the man asked sharply.

Despite it being summer he was dressed in a long black leather belted coat and a black leather hat with its brim turned down at the front. The only seasonal aspect of his costume was his sun glasses which, although he was indoors on the second floor of the Kraftvender Department store, he had not removed. He was accompanied by a shorter, stouter companion who was identically dressed, even down to the same style of sunglasses. They were of the mirrored kind which reflected everything about them but revealed nothing of the eyes beneath them.

‘Y... yes, I’m Josephine K,’ she stammered, looking at her fearful reflection duplicated in his lenses.

He flipped open a wallet to show a large silver badge bearing the state crest.

‘I am Justice Officer 57 and this is Officer 43 and you are under arrest,’ he said.

The customers passing Josephine’s counter, who only a minute earlier had been pressing about it to examine samples of a new range of perfumery, were now giving it a wide berth. Their eyes had unfocused as the security men had appeared and they had simply melted away. Even her friend Lisa O., who had been serving at the next till only a moment before seemed to have found some work to do at the far end of the counter bank tidying a display that did not need such attention while pointedly not looking at Josephine. A halo of empty space now surrounded Josephine’s position with a fringe of customers apparently intently interested in other merchandise the store had to offer, while taking in what happened to Josephine out of the corners of their eyes.

‘Arrest?’ Josephine said. ‘B... but for what? I haven’t done anything wrong. I’m a law-abiding citizen...’

‘Your crime is not my concern,’ Officer 57 said dismissively. ‘My orders are to bring you to the Hall of Justice for judgement. You will come with us immediately!’

Numbly Josephine shuffled out from behind her counter. The two men fell in on either side of her, each taking her by an arm.

‘I...I’ve got to get my coat and bag from the staff room,’ Josephine said feebly.

‘We will collect your possessions,’ Officer 57 said. ‘They may be evidence...’

In the staff locker room Josephine opened up her locker and the men emptied its contents into a clear plastic bag they brought with them. Then Officer 43 held up a second bag in front of Josephine. ‘You will hand over your watch and all your jewellery, including any bracelets and necklaces and earrings, then you will undress completely.’

A cold hand clutched at her heart. ‘Oh... no please... you don’t need to do that... I won’t give you any trouble...’

‘Suspects under arrest are not permitted clothing,’ 43 continued relentlessly. ‘That is the law. You will undress here and now or else...’

From a long pocket in his coat he pulled out a heavy telescopic electric batten which he snapped into full extension with a practised flick of his wrist and then pressed the tip under her chin.

‘...I’ll stun you and then we’ll strip the clothes off you ourselves.’

‘No... I’ll do it...’ Josephine whimpered and hastily pulled out her earrings, unclasped her necklace and slipped off her watch. Then she reached for the buttons of her pale blue shop blouse....

The officers watched impassively as she stripped off her clothes which they took from her hands one item at a time and solemnly deposited in the clear plastic evidence bag. Their eyes were impossible to read behind their dark glasses, but the corners of their mouths slowly turned up into appreciative grins as she unwillingly exposed herself. In a minute she stood before them totally naked, trembling and biting her lip as they looked her over.

Josephine was 25 years old. She was of a slender build with long dark brown hair and pale skin. She had grey-blue eyes, a slightly retroussé nose, a slim but firm jaw line with a softly cleft chin and a cupid bow upper lip. Her neat high breasts were capped by large pale brown nipples. She had a tight waist, slim hips, a dark thick delta of pubic curls and pale smooth buttocks.

After a moment’s appraisal of her naked charms, Officer 57 said sharply: ‘Put your arms behind your back!’

She obeyed and he snapped cold hard heavy handcuffs about her slender wrists. Then Officer 57 pulled a coil of plastic coated wire rope from his pocket with a leather handle on one end and a snap hook on the other. He looped this about her neck and used the hook to form it into a choke leash.

Meanwhile Officer 43 had taken out a clear plastic face mask moulded to cover the mouth, chin and nose with adjustable straps fitted to its rim. On the inside of its moulded lips was bolted a red rubber ball. He pushed the ball against her lips, forcing them open until the ball popped between her teeth almost filling her mouth. The moulded plastic pressed tight about her nose and cheeks and under her chin with a small slot over her nostrils. He pulled the straps tight about her head and she was securely gagged, with her bared teeth and open lips visible through the mask showing the red ball which now plugged her mouth.

As 43 fitted the mask onto her, Officer 57 had pulled out a shorter length of wire rope, this time with snap hooks on both ends, which he clipped about Josephine’s ankles, effectively hobbling her.

Now she was both naked and helpless. While 43 carried her clothes and possessions, 57 led her by her leash out of the staff room, forcing her to move with shuffling steps which set her bared breasts jiggling.

To Josephine’s horror, instead of taking down the back stairs, they led her back out into the store where all the customers and staff could see her leashed, bound and naked body. As they goggled at her variously in shock, contempt, or simple male lust, she cringed in shame and hung head, wishing she could die. As if her public exposure was not bad enough, they now thought she was a criminal! But she was innocent... totally innocent!

But then why had she been arrested? Only guilty people were arrested...

In her despair and confusion she felt her nipples standing up and her pussy tingling strangely. She had never been exposed like this before so many strange eyes. What was happening to her?

Awkwardly she negotiated the escalator down to the ground floor where the officers led out through Kraftvender's front entrance onto the Emensdorf Boulevard, one of the busiest shopping streets in the city. People started at the sight of her and she tried to hide her face behind her mask with her cheeks blazing. Then the crowd parted about them as the officers marched her boldly across the broad pavement to the curb where a big black Zladd automobile was parked. It was the make favoured by state officials, with heavy fenders, dark tinted windows and silver trim down its sides.

The officers pushed Josephine onto the back seat of the car and she felt a protective rubber mat against her naked buttocks. They pushed her hobbled feet back against the rear side of seat well and spring latches clicked over the wire rope, holding her ankles in place. Then they bent her head forward and the end of her leash was hooked to another latch down by her ankles. Now if she tried to straighten up she would choke herself so she was forced to remain doubled over. Within her utter terror raged against numbed disbelief. But at least she was no longer on display before so many total strangers.

Unhurriedly the officers got into the front seats. The big engine growled into life and the car pulled away smoothly into the traffic.

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With her head doubled over practically between her knees and forced to stare down at her own bare feet, Josephine could not see where they were going, but she soon realized it was not to the Ministry of Justice.

After only a few minutes the car turned off the boulevard into a side street. A minute later it turned again onto to some bumpier way which twisted and turned. Finally it stopped. She could hear nothing from outside.

The officers got out and opened up the back, unfastened her and pulled her out. She saw they were in a dead end alley with steep dank stained brick walls rising up sheer all around them, leaving just enough room to turn the big car round. There were a couple of heavy wooden doors set in the end wall of the alley and a pile of empty crates next to them, but there were no windows below the third floor level.

The men led Josephine round to the front of the car and pushed her against it's a big radiator grille topped by the familiar Zladd silver comet on its cap dynamically arcing forward. Officer 57 twisted the cap, partially unscrewing it so that now the comet arced backwards towards the windscreen. Josephine blinked in mounting fear. What were they doing?

Between them the men picked her up off the ground, lifted over the ornament and laid her face down across the warm hood, so that her bare breasts flattened against the glossy black metal bodywork. Undoing her hobble they spread her legs wide and then they pulled her sharply backwards.

Josephine shrieked as the big silver comet head slid up into her vagina, gouging into her soft cleft. Then they dropped her legs so that they hung over the front of the radiator with its grille frame pressing into her upper thighs and her toes scrabbling on the ground. But however much she kicked and squirmed she could not pull herself off the car. She was impaled upon it like a horn, and the more she struggled the more she

worked the sculpted metal comet head into her sex mouth, which began to grow hot and slippery from this unnatural stimulation.

The security men grinned at her unwilling display and then removed their coats and jackets, laying them neatly folded across the hood in front of her, but leaving their mirror glasses in place. Then they rolled up their shirtsleeves.

She felt the men's hands passing over her buttocks, squeezing and pinching them. Then they slid their fingers up into her already stretched pussy mouth alongside the metal comet that was stretching it wide, testing its wetness. She sobbed into her ball-plugged mouth and her eyes bulged as their fingers explored her intimate depths.

'She's a good looking tart isn't she?' said 43.

'Yeah, and a fine little arse on her,' 57 agreed, slapping her buttocks.

'But it's a bit pale. Maybe it could do with warming up a bit?'

'You mean something in pink and scarlet?'

'Yeah, something like that...'

Snivelling in fresh fear, Josephine saw them pulling the belts of their folded coats loose and doubling their ends over in their fists. They took up position on either side of her and then began to beat her bottom with the pliant leather straps. She shrieked as they smacked into her flesh, sending ripples through her haunches and down her thighs. Her cries and the crack of leather on flesh rang sharply back from the surrounding alley walls. But if anybody in the surrounding buildings heard them, none came to investigate their cause. With every blow she kicked and squirmed and only screwed herself even more deeply onto the terrible metal comet rising from the radiator cap. While her tears dripped onto the hood her nipples were hard as they pressed against its polished metal. How could they respond like that? Her pussy juices were also dripping and flowing unwillingly out of her gouged slot and over the shiny metal of the radiator grille as if it was boiling over. But it was her bottom that felt as if it was boiling: blazing with the heat they were beating into her.

And then suddenly they stopped. They bent over the hood and took hold of her hair, twisting her head from one side to the other so they could each look to her tear-streaked face, which she could see reflected in their glasses was flushed red and puffy about the tight compress of her mask.

'Do you want us to stop belting you, Josephine?' 57 asked

Josephine nodded frantically.

'Would you like us to screw you instead?' 43 asked.

She made feeble whimpers of assent. Yes, yes... anything but their belts!

They lifted her off the hood ornament, it pulling out of her with the strangest of sensations, and turned her onto her back and laid her flat on the hood once more. Then they jerked on her outstretched legs and dragged her down again until the bulbous head of the now wet and slippery comet was rammed up into her backside. For a moment her anal sphincter resisted its unnatural shape, then it was forced wide and the moulded arc of metal slid up into it, making her squeal in fear as its strange contours filled her and she was impaled once more. Now the lip of the radiator grille was pressing into her sore, simmering bottom while her pussy jutted outward and her legs hung splayed and half bent over the front fender with her toes scraped across the ground.

She lifted her head and saw them undoing their flies and freeing their straining erections. There was a moment's muted discussion between them concerning who went

first and then 57 advanced upon her. Without any preamble he took hold of her hips and rammed his shaft up into her wet, unwilling and cruelly stimulated vulva.

Josephine shrieked as he filled her vagina and felt his thickness pressing through the narrow membrane between it and her rear passage and her unnaturally plugged rectum. Then he began to thrust, rocking her back and forth across the hood, grinding the comet head deep inside even as he pumped away within her involuntarily succulent vagina which clenched desperately to him in an effort to slow his piston like insertions but which could only have increased his pleasure. She felt her juices dribbling out about his cock shaft and down through the cleft of her sore buttocks, adding to the radiator's orgasmic overflow.

He looked down at the misery written upon her flushed and crumpled face and laughed. As he did so Officer 43 took up his belt again and began to flick it across her sweaty jiggling breasts topped by hard straining nipples as they swayed back and forth, making them leap and shiver. Again and again her nipple caps were beaten down into her soft mammary glands only to pop back up again ready for more, while about them her breasts turned from pink to rose and scarlet. Josephine wailed as she felt her breasts burning in sympathy with her bottom.

'If you think this is bad, you wait to see what they do to you in court,' Officer 57 grunted as he ravaged her.

'Yeah, we're just warming you up,' Officer 43 said as he watched his comrade screwing her. 'Giving your holes a bit of pre-interrogation stretching, you might say. But you're a fit young woman; you can take it...' '

As her tears flowed she tried to say through her gag: 'I'm innocent... I'm a citizen... I have rights...' But the mask and the ball in her mouth slurred her words into unintelligibility.

But perhaps the officers were adept at deciphering gag-muffled speech or else they guessed what she was saying, because Officer 43 said: 'No, Josephine K., you don't have rights anymore. The state takes those away when you're accused of a crime. That's why we're having this bit of fun with you. As long as we get you back to the ministry in one piece, nobody cares if you're a bit shop-soiled. In fact they'll probably be grateful we've softened you up a bit. We can do pretty well anything we like with you. So can anyone else who gets their hands on you from now on. That's the way it's going to be until you confess...'

And then her body played a treacherous trick on her. Unable to endure the pain and humiliation any longer, it unleashed the perverse orgasm that had been bubbling up within her loins. It was an orgasm not of love or of pure joy but of desperation. She was seized by a frenzy of sobs and wild jerks of her hips which only ground the terrible silver comet deeper into her rectum, stretching her anus even wider about its gouged base even as it delighted officer 43's pounding cock so much that it spurted into her vagina.

As she sank into semi-consciousness, one word reverberated within the confines of Josephine's confused and frightened mind: confess...confess...confess! But confess to what?



## Chapter Two

The imposing white marble portico of the Ministry of Justice building loomed over Josephine as the officers led her naked, leashed and hobbled once again, up from the People's Square to the array of a dozen smoked glass entrance doors sheltered under it. The towering columns made her feel small and insignificant while the great sweep of steps before them which stretched across the entire width of the frontage made her feel helpless and dreadfully exposed.

Josephine stumbled as she negotiated the steps with her cuffed hands and hobbled feet but her guards only gave her choke leash another jerk as a warning her to keep up. As she started up the steps she kept her head bowed, trying not to think of all the surreptitious eyes that were following her progress. Once again Officers 43 and 57 seemed to be intent on showing off her naked body to as many people as possible, which was of course quite deliberate. Before she had even been brought to trial she was a stern warning to the general public of the dangers of dissent and criminality. Even as people looked away from her she knew they had seen her freshly tanned buttocks and perhaps even the slippery sheen about her red lipped labia. Do they know what they had done to her? Did they have any sympathy for her suffering or did they look at her with contempt, believing that her exposure and humiliation was only fit and proper.

Oh no, was she dripping spent juices and sperm from her pussy onto the steps of the justice building? Was that another crime? But she couldn't help it. Officers 43 and 57 had not cleaned her up after they used her. She didn't mean to make a mess. She was innocent... innocent...

Inside the huge cool lofty atrium the officers led her across a black-and-white chequerboard of marble slab flooring to one of a bewildering arc of desks and heavy silver studded doorways. This particular desk had a sign above it reading simply: DETENTION.

'Josephine K. identity number J85742526037K for immediate trial,' Officer 57 told the man behind the desk, while Officer 43 handed over the bags containing her clothes and possessions.

The receptionist looked Josephine over, matched her face with her ID card and then checked off her name and identity against a list on his screen.

'I'll just printout her court tag...' he said.

A printer hummed and spat out a paper form and a strip of printed plastic. The man folded the strip in half and handed it and what looked like a paper fastener with a very slender shaft to Officer 57. He took hold of Josephine's right earlobe and folded the end of the tag about it. Then he pushed the fastener through the sandwich of plastic and flesh and her empty piercing and opened it up on the other side. Now the numbered strip dangled from her ear like a cattle tag.

As the officers took the leash off Josephine and freed her legs from the hobble, the receptionist pressed a button on his counter top and a moment later a guard emerged from the door beside the desk.

He looked immaculate in his black uniform, with its peaked cap, silver buttons, badges and epaulettes. Hung from his belt was an electric cattle prod while in his hands was an odd device. It was a tubular rod almost a metre long with a heavy moulded

plastic handle at one end and a dildo and a large rubber-sheathed hook at the other. A spring cord also dangled from the handle with a snap hook on its end

‘Josephine K to Court 19,’ the receptionist said, handing the man the printout.

Without a word he bent Josephine over and rammed the dildo up her rectum. As she whimpered at this fresh intrusion into her still sore bottom he squeezed a trigger on the handle. The big hook which was slung beneath the dildo curled up into her vagina and pulled backwards, locking the restraining device into her groin. He stretched the sprung cord out across the top of the rod and hooked it about the chain of her handcuffs. The tension pulled her back onto the dildo, impaling her even more deeply while locking her firmly in its mechanical grasp. While he held its handle down at his side keeping the shaft horizontal, she had to remain humiliatingly doubled over presenting her sore buttocks to him. He gave a button on the handle of the device a press with his thumb and she flinched as she felt a warning stab of pain in her rectum. The dildo was electrified.

‘You will go where I point you, Josephine K,’ the man growled. ‘Any trouble and...’ he gave the button another press and sent another jolt through her bottom. ‘Understand?’

Josephine whimpered and nodded her head.

The guard turned to the officers. ‘Right, I’ll take charge of her from here...’

He steered her towards the door he had come through with her bent over and stumbling awkwardly along in front of him while her sore breasts bobbed and swayed beneath her. The last glance she had of officers 57 and 43 was them striding away again across the great chequerboard floor of the entrance hall. Apparently they had already put her out of their minds, but the shameful ache of what that had done to her, both inside and out, would linger in her thoughts far longer...

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Beyond the heavy door was a maze of corridors which her guard steered her along briskly, jabbing the restraining handle into her bottom to keep her moving. Her bare feet slapped on the hard cold flooring. At one point they took a large winding stairway downwards. Josephine was frightened she would fall forward onto her face as they descended and she was only kept in balance by the terrible hook in her pussy and the plug in her rectum. At the bottom they proceeded along more corridors until they came to a windowless hall and another desk.

Beside it was a long wall with a row of brackets and latches at waist level running along it. The control handles of half a dozen other naked women restrained identically to Josephine were slotted into them, so that they remained bent over and jutting out from the wall, with their bare breasts dangling, their pussies hooked and their bottoms impaled.

Her guard handed over her papers at the desk and they were checked. The receptionist said: ‘We don’t have a cell ready. She’ll have to wait with the others...’

The guard took her across to the wall and the handle of her restraining rod was slotted in next to the others. Then she was left there.

After a minute or two Josephine glanced quickly sideways along the line of waiting women, but they were all keeping their gaze fixed firmly at the ground beneath them, or else had their eyes tightly closed. Dead and disbelieving expressions hung on their faces beneath their transparent gag masks. She noted the stripes across their breasts and thighs. Their arresting officers had been no kinder than hers. But despite their

common suffering it seemed none of them had any interest in her. Perhaps they were too ashamed. So she stared at the floor as well.

What had they done to get themselves brought here? Well of course if they were guilty of crimes against the state then they deserved their fate and she should not offer them any of her sympathy. Perhaps she was the only innocent one here, only sharing these humiliating conditions with criminals because there had been a terrible mistake. Somebody would realize that soon enough. She just had to be patient...

Then despite her confusion and misery, a question rose in mind. Why were there no male prisoners on the wall? Did they not confine them like this, or perhaps they had their own waiting area? She recalled she had seen a few naked prisoners escorted by arresting officers in the city before but she had largely blanked them out of her mind. Such displays of social disorder were not pleasant to contemplate and well-brought up people simply didn't talk about them, and certainly never imagined such a thing could possibly happen to them. But now she came to think of it most of them, maybe all of them, had been women. Perhaps they did handle male prisoners differently. Or possibly they knew that naked women would attract more attention, and so they paraded them in public deliberately.

It was then that she realized she had no idea how the court system actually worked. As a good citizen she trusted the state handled matters of justice efficiently and fairly but she had never been inside a court before. They were simply places of unpleasant necessity where the state confronted those who rejected the rule of law. Until today the justice building had simply been a magnificent landmark of the city representing its ideals. Now it was becoming something far more personal...

As she waited Josephine gradually realized that she had to pee. The terrible tension she had been under had bottled it up but now she had to go. If she did not she would wet herself and that would be one more humiliation she could do without. She began squirming about, clenching her thighs together and making whimpering noises and lifting her head up plaintively towards the desk clerk.

Finally he seemed to notice her and came over. 'Do need the toilet?' he asked. She nodded.

He reached over and pressed the thumb button on the handle of her restraining rods, giving her rectum a warning shock. 'You won't give me any trouble will you?'

She shook her head.

He unhitched her handle from the wall rack and steered her down the corridor into a rest room. There were a row of basins and mirrors opposite a wall of stalls and he steered her into one of these.

For some reason the toilet bowl inside was set well out from the wall and was raised on a narrow pedestal with a step before it. On the wall behind it was a bracket supporting a little shelf with a raised front rim with a rubber lined scallop cut out of it. A hinged bar hung from one side of it. He flipped up the seat and had her shuffle forward, still bent over, with her legs wide until her groin was over the bowl and her head was over the little shelf. Then he pushed her head down so that her neck rested in the scallop and pulled the bar across the back of her neck, locking her in place. Now she understood why the toilet was raised on its plinth. It was designed for restrained prisoners to use.

Only then did he free her pussy hook and pull the rod from her behind. Then he slapped her bottom. 'Now do your business,' he told her.

Gritting her teeth, horribly aware that he was watching every detail, Josephine peed into the pan beneath her. When she was done he pressed the wall control and the cleaning jets spurted up into her wet pussy mouth, washing it clean and also removing the dregs of sperm the officers left inside her. It was followed by the refreshing blast of warm drying air. Josephine almost sighed with pleasure. At least that part of her felt a little cleaner now.

Then she felt the desk clerk's hands on her hips, stroking her bottom and then rubbing his fingers through the furrow of her clean dry sex mouth. As she squealed and wriggled her hips she felt the head of his penis rubbing up and down through her cleft. He was standing on the toilet step leaning over her and pushing his cock up inside her. Then it parted her lips and shafted it way up into her aching vagina. The force of his thrust rammed her shoulders against the padded collar rim that enclosed her neck. She bucked and twisted as he penetrated her but she was totally helpless. The toilet and pedestal were keeping her legs spread and the shelf was holding her head down.

How could he take advantage of her like this? It was so unfair and cruel and undignified...

And then she remembered what the officers had told her. She was an accused and she had no rights and anybody could do what they wanted with her.

Wretchedly she sagged over the toilet pan and let him have his pleasure with her, trying not to think about his slippery shaft grinding into her pussy. At least he was not as violent as the policeman had been. And he was not in so much of a hurry. She began to feel herself responding to him. Her pussy was getting wetter and her nipples swelling into hardness. What was wrong with her? Was it that she had never had restrained sex before? Of course not, because bondage was sick and dirty. Perhaps that was what made her respond this way. Yes, that must be it. Of course none of this was normal and she was so confused she couldn't help herself. It felt good in a very twisted a perverse way...

Oh please let him get it over with quickly!

With a grunt he came and she felt the hot surge of yet another man's sperm within her vagina. And five minutes ago she had felt so much cleaner. What an odd thought to think. In fact why wasn't she was not being driven mad by what had happened to her? She had been ra... she had been coupled with three times by strange men! Was it because it was being done by public officials? Since she was small she'd been taught that anything official was right, even when it didn't seem so...

He pulled out of her vulva and wiped his cock head on her thick bush before tucking it away. Was he going out of his way to degrade her? However to her relief he then pressed the button for the toilet cleaning cycle and her pussy was flushed out and dried for a second time. Then he re-plugged and hooked the restraining bar and took her back to the waiting area.

As she stood bent over staring at the floor she wondered about what would happen when he found she had only been arrested by mistake. Would he feel guilty about what'd he done to her? Had he done it because he'd thought she was a criminal and deserved to be shamed and misused? Strictly speaking it had not been illegal, just cruel. Should she forgive him? Or perhaps it would best if they both simply forgot all about it.

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Josephine only had to wait on the wall a few minutes more before another uniformed guard came along to collect her. He steered her down a different corridor to a row of small cells, each with sliding doors. Emerging from every cell was a metal channel set in the floor. These merged together and then ran along to an ascending flight of stairs at the other in the corridor. What they were for she had no idea.

He led her into the nearest open cell. She saw the end of its channel terminated in the middle of the floor. Apart from that there was only a padded bench set along its rear wall.

The guard stood her over the termination of the channel with her legs spread and adjusted her groin restrainer. He removed its handle and the spring hook connected to her handcuffs, and unplugged the wires that connected her dildo to its handle power source. Then he lowered the end of the shaft jutting out of her backside like a lever, straightening her up as he did so as the dildo plug and hook twisted in her groin, and then slotted its end into some socket hidden within the floor channel, plugging in the trailing wires at the same time, so now it ran down behind her at a slight angle from vertical. Josephine groaned as strain on her aching back was eased and twisted her hips anxiously. The socket would allow her to rotate about it but she could not slide it along the channel in the floor. Some hidden latch was holding the socket it was plugged into in place. After being connected to a wall now she was connected to a floor and just as helpless. But why were they using these terrible devices on her?

The guard took off her face mask and gag, leaving her stretching her numbed lips and cheek muscles.

‘Your appointed lawyer will be coming round to consult with you about your case shortly,’ he told her. Then he left, sliding the heavy cell door shut behind him with a clang.

Josephine shivered in the tiny cell, feeling alone and exposed once again. She did not understand any of this. She wished she had been given the chance to contact her parents. They’d know what to do. On the other hand think how shameful it would be for them to learn she been arrested. And what about everything else that had been done to her? No, she could never tell them that. They might not believe her anyway. But hopefully her lawyer could make sense of it. At least she could speak now and explain it all been a terrible mistake...

The cell door slid open and a tall woman strode in. She looked to be in her early forties and was dressed in long black legal robes and had a lean, hard but not unattractive face. Her dark hair was combed severely back and coiled up in a tight bun. She had a document case under her arm.

‘I am Greta W. and I will be representing you in court,’ she said briskly, looking Josephine up and down with professional interest. Apparently she was not at all surprised seeing a client handcuffed naked and impaled on a dildo with a hook in her vagina. She sat down on the bench, opened up her document case and perused its contents for a minute.

Awkwardly Josephine twisted around on her groin rod to face her. Fresh shame burned on her cheeks at the thought of being exposed to another person in such humiliating circumstances, but her relief at seeing somebody who was on her side at least gave her hope. ‘Please... you’ve got to help me. I don’t know why I’m here. Tell them this is all been a mistake...’

‘First things first,’ Greta said, looking up at her with sharp grey eyes. ‘Can you afford to pay my fee?’

‘What... but I thought you’d been appointed to represent me.’

‘I’ve been appointed because the law says you cannot represent yourself in court, but you must still pay me. I charge 120 an hour. Can you afford that?’

‘Well... I have some savings...’

‘All your accounts will have already been sequestered to pay for prosecution fees and court expenses. Defence costs are your responsibility. Have you anybody who would pay them for you?’

‘I suppose my parents might... but I’m not sure how much they can afford. They’re not rich...’

‘I would want a day’s fees in advance.’

Josephine gulped. ‘I don’t know how long it would take them to get that much together...’

‘You are due in court within one hour.’

‘Then... I can’t pay you...’

‘Then I can’t advise or represent you and you will automatically be declared guilty.’

‘But that’s not fair!’ Josephine wailed.

‘It doesn’t have to be fair, it’s just the law,’ Greta said with stony finality.

‘B... but I don’t even know what I’m accused of!’

Greta tapped her sheaf of documents. ‘Oh, the charges against you are all in here,’ she said.

‘What are they then?’

‘I’m not permitted to tell you. You must admit your guilt first.’

By now Josephine’s mind was spinning. ‘How can I?’

‘Your guilt will find a way to express itself, and then you will understand.’

‘But if I can’t what can I do?’

Greta shrugged regretfully. ‘That would constitute giving you my professional advice, and since you cannot pay me I can’t give it...’

As Josephine slumped numbed and despairing, feeling close to tears and only held upright by the plug in her rear, Greta got up from the bench and walked around her, looking over more closely. She lifted Josephine’s sagging chin and looked her intently in the eyes. Then the fingers of her other hand, almost accidentally it seemed, brushed across Josephine’s nipples, which sprang up in surprise at this unexpected intimate contact.

‘Perhaps we can come to some other arrangement,’ Greta said speaking in a gentler slightly huskier tone. ‘There are certain cases I feel sympathy for where I am prepared to waive my fee in return for... personal services...’ Her hand dropped to Josephine’s pussy and she caressed the haft of the hook sunk into the mouth of her vagina and then rubbed her finger up her cleft and about Josephine’s clitoris. It seemed even lawyers could do what they wanted to her...

Josephine gasped and flinched but mounted on her restraining rod she could not pull away. Then to her horror she felt her clitoris pulsing in response to Greta’s touch and a slick wetness filling her cleft. This was not normal for her, but then today nothing was normal...

Greta took hold of a fistful of Josephine's long hair and bent and kissed her with sudden urgent passion, trying to force her tongue between her lips.

Sick and confused, Josephine twisted her head aside. 'No... I can't... I... I'm not a lesbian!'

'I can tell,' Greta said with a smile, 'but that won't stop you from paying me if you really want to. I'm offering you the chance to do this voluntarily. As an accused you have no rights. I could take you by force and nobody would care. If you aren't represented in court then there's no hope for you. But if you need further inducement I can provide that free of charge...'

Still holding onto her hair, she move round behind Josephine and ran her hands over her sore buttocks, making her flinch. 'Did the arresting officers do this to you?' Josephine nodded fearfully. 'They often like to have fun with pretty women after they've stripped them. And who can blame them with such a lovely bottom at their disposal. So if you need more of the same to encourage you to pay my fee...'

He slim strong hand smacked into Josephine's bottom with a crisp crack, making her flesh ripple and driving a yelp from her lips. With her head pulled back by her hair and her bottom plugged and braced, the full impact of the blow coursed through her. Greta delivered half a dozen more swift spansks, the pain and shame of which Josephine helplessly amplified by instinctively clenching her sphincter tight about her bottom plug and squeezing her vagina about the hook within it. Wriggling her hips in a desperate attempt to escape the spansks only made it worse. She felt her loins stirring again with this unnatural stimulation, making it seem as though she was actually getting pleasure from her spanking.

'Stop it... stop it!' she shrieked.

'Will you pay my fee with your pretty lips and tongue?' Greta asked.

'Yes... yes,' Josephine sobbed.

Greta let go of Josephine's hair and sat back on the padded bench. Smiling encouragingly she spread her legs and rolled up her long black gown and the matching silk chemise beneath it. Under that she wore black stockings which terminated in black lace garters. Above them were her pale slender naked thighs. She was wearing no underwear. Her pubic mound was capped by a small tight closely trimmed wedge of hair, but otherwise it was perfectly smooth and clean-shaven: achingly available and darkly enticing and yet frightening at the same time.

Josephine snivelled, feeling dizzy and helpless, blinking away her tears and trying to ignore her blazing bottom. With an effort she drew in a deep breath and went down on her knees between Greta's spread thighs, her restraint rod twisting and folding over as she did so, churning the dildo in her bottom and tugging the hook in her vagina. Was it chance that it was just long enough to allow her to reach the rim of the bench? How many other clients had paid their lawyers this way in this cell? A day ago that idea would have been outrageous. Now she was not so sure...

Josephine dipped her head and pushed her nose into Greta's tight, smooth clean cleft. Struggling to do what had to be done she slid her tongue into the slippery slot and then lapped upwards over the hard nub of her clitoris. Greta shuddered and squeezed her thighs closed about Josephine's cheeks. Taking hold of Josephine's hair once again she ground her face up into her pussy.

And so Josephine pleased Greta even as her tears dripped onto her pussy lips, which grew hotter and wetter and engorged as she lapped and sucked the hungry cleft between them. As it began to run with her juices Greta's intense womanly scent filled Josephine's nostrils. Between it and the snatched breaths of air she had to suck in from about the wet clinging lips she began to feel dizzy, almost drunk. She realized her nipples were hard in sympathy with the straining nub of Greta's clitoris, which Josephine's tongue was bringing to pulsating erection, even as her own pussy was dripping about the hook that clove it. No, it mustn't seem as though she was enjoying herself... That would be wrong. But everything was wrong today...

Greta moaned and yanked on Josephine's hair and sprayed her triumphant orgasmic discharge over her face.

For two or three minutes neither moved, Greta savouring her delight and Josephine just grateful that it was over. Was this worse than the things men had done to her so far today? She was too sick and confused to decide. Then Greta stroked and patted Josephine's hair.

'There, that wasn't so bad, was it? Now you've bought yourself an hour of my professional time. No, don't get up... I can advise you perfectly well as you are.'

Josephine shuddered, aware of the warmth of Greta's thighs and the scent of her pussy and the sticky juices lathering her own face. Then she forced herself to ask clearly: 'First, tell me what I'm charged with.'

'I'm not allowed to tell you that in any circumstances until you admit your crime first.'

Josephine looked up at her in bewilderment. 'But why not? I've got to know what I'm supposed to have done wrong.'

'No you don't. You're supposed to know how to be a good citizen. If you've done something wrong then you should already know what it is. If you don't know it or are denying it, then by default you are guilty.'

Josephine felt her head splitting. 'But... what do I do then?'

'I advise you to plead guilty and accept whatever punishment the court decides is fitting.'

'But that's... that's mad! I'm not guilty!' Josephine said, trying to cling to this one certainty, even though she felt it slipping away from her by the second.

'If you don't know what crime you are charged with then how do you know you're not guilty of it?' Greta pointed out with relentless logic. 'We're all guilty of something and the state knows this. Now it's up to you to work out what that is. If you confess to your true crime then it will show mercy...'

As Josephine struggled to unravel this paradox an amber warning light flashed over the door of her cell and she felt a sudden pricking at her bottom as her dildo stabbed her with electric needles.

'Move or it will get worse,' Greta said, dragging Josephine's head out of her groin and covering her sticky groin and sweaty thighs with her respectable robes once more. 'It's time for you to be taken up to the court...'

Josephine struggled to her feet and turned round to face the door of her cell, pivoting about her stabbing dildo rod. It slid open and she found she could now move the restraining rod along its greased channel, dragging it behind her. As she moved the intensity of the shocks in her behind diminished.



With her stomach churning once more in fear she shuffled out into the hallway, with Greta following after her. There was nobody outside. Was this all automated? Were all prisoners called from their cells like this when the court was ready for them? Some mechanism hidden under the floor clicked at the junction of her branch channel with the main channel and she was steered towards the staircase.

‘I’ll see you in a moment,’ Greta said as she disappeared through a side door.

Josephine shuffled along the corridor until she reached the stairs.

The channel ran up at a smooth angle beneath a slot cut right through the middle of the steps, which she had to climb. Above her head a hatchway opened up. She emerged through it and was urged forward a few steps onto some rubber matting. Then the pain stopped and her restrainer locked into place again. She stood blinking in the glare of several small spotlights which seemed to be focused upon her. When she could see properly she realized she was standing in a metal cage which enclosed the prisoner’s dock, looking out through the bars at an imposing court room.

And so; naked, impaled, cuffed and totally ignorant of her crime, with the sex juices of her lawyer wet on her cheeks and the taste of her still strong on her tongue, Josephine’s trial began...

## Chapter Three

The court's benches, tables and chairs were all of dark oak set against white marble walls. The city crest hung over the judge's high chair upholstered in red silk. At the moment it was empty. Josephine saw Greta at one end of the bench opposite a man wearing similar robes, who must be the state prosecutor. Before them at a desk sat the clerk of the court. There was no jury present but some people sat in the public gallery. They looked bored. A few stared at her, making her cringe in fresh shame. Then she realized that they all carried notepads. They were reporters.

Then the clerk of the court stood up and announced: 'The court is now in session. His Honour Judge Herman J. is presiding. All rise...'

The court rose as the door behind the judge's bench open and a big, gaunt, greying man wearing red robes entered. He paused to nod to Greta and her opposite number and they bowed back. Then he sat down and so did they.

The clerk continued: 'The next case is the State versus Josephine K.'

Greta desperately hoped that he would say what she was charged with. But instead the judge banged his gavel and said to be prosecutor: 'You may open your case...'

The man rose. 'Your Honour, it is my assertion based upon the evidence that the defendant is guilty as charged of the crime as stipulated.' Then he sat down.

Josephine blinked. Was that all? Based upon what evidence?

The judge turned to Greta. 'And how does your client plead to this charge?'

Greta rose. 'Your Honour, my client claims general ignorance of any crime she has committed.'

'General ignorance but not specific ignorance?' the judge asked.

'That is correct, Your Honour.'

'Is this on your advice?'

'It is not, Your Honour. I advised her to plead guilty and throw herself upon the mercy of the court.'

'That would have been her wisest course of action,' the judge agreed.

Up in the gallery the press people were dutifully noting all this down.

This was ridiculous, Josephine thought. Greta wasn't defending her at all. She was making it seem as though she believed she was guilty as well. Was that all the defence her humiliation had bought her? And how could she claim "specific" ignorance when she had no idea of her crime? What did that mean anyway? She could not let this happen to her, and for a moment her anger overcame her fear and shame.

'Will somebody please tell me what it is I'm meant to have done!' she shouted.

Everybody turned to look at her in astonishment.

Greta said: 'I apologise for my client's outburst, Your Honour. She is not well...'

'I'm perfectly well,' Josephine sobbed, 'I just don't know what it is I'm meant to have done so how can I plead guilty or innocent or... eek!'

The judge had pressed a button on his bench and her dildo had stabbed her with hot electric needles. She screamed and twisted and kicked and squirmed about it but all that did was grind and twist the dildo deeper into her even as the hook raked through her vagina, while the pain went on and on. If it had not been for the bracing of the rod and the dildo up her backside she would have fallen over. Her voice became once continuous

shriek as tears ran from her eyes. Her bladder cut loose and she sprayed hot pee over the rubber matting of the dock. She had just wet herself in court!

Finally the judge took his finger of the button the terrible pain went away, leaving Josephine weak, shuddering and tingling. She could taste blood in her mouth and realized she had bitten her lip.

‘Your client does not seem to know how to behave in court,’ the judge said sternly. ‘She also appears to be in denial of the basic principles of justice. Since she is unwilling to face the facts I will adjourn her case while she undergoes an immediate corrective inquisition. Perhaps when she returns she will be more contrite...’ And he banged his gavel.

What was “corrective inquisition” Josephine wondered with a shiver?

Her dildo tingled again and the hatch behind her opened up. She turned around and walked down the stairs out of the dock and back down to the detention level. But at the bottom she was turned away from the cells and taken along a corridor and through another heavy door.

Within was a white walled room dominated by a strange device. And standing before it was a bearded man in black leathers. He smiled, looking both handsome and sinister. ‘I am Ralph Q. and I am your inquisitor,’ he said, almost was courteously. He indicated the device behind him. ‘And this is the Ring of Truth...’

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Ralph Q. let Josephine hang upside down for several minutes while he uncoiled a hose and sprayed her over, washing the urine and vomit and sweat away, which gurgled down a drain built into the base of the ring stand. The chilled water revived her, and even though the blood was by now pounding in her head it felt good to be clean. And if she held absolutely still then the pain in her stretched breasts and clamped nipples was merely awful instead of agonising...

Ralph put the hose away and brought out a small stool which he placed in front of Josephine’s face. Standing on this brought his waist level with her groin. He unlatched the bracket that held the dildos in her rectum and vagina and folded it aside. Then he dipped a finger into her aching pussy and brought it out wet and slippery.

‘However hard I interrogate accused women they still get excited,’ he observed. ‘I think you enjoy being at the centre of attention like this. Or is it a way of escaping from the pain? Or perhaps it’s your secret guilt mocking you. It’s telling you that it’s right to suffer because you’ve done something very wrong...’

Josephine moaned. How could he believe any of that...unless she really was in denial? Had she committed some crime she was not consciously aware of? Would all this be happening if she was innocent? She had grown up believing the state did not make such mistakes...

As these confused thoughts had passed through her mind, Ralph had undone his flies and freed his stiff penis. Taking hold of her inverted thighs he thrust it into her wet sex mouth.

Josephine bit on her rubber bar and whimpered as he penetrated her, but she squeezed on him because his cock was a living thing and it wasn’t hurting her as much as everything else. The thrusts made her body sway within the ring, pulling the studded belts and clamps fastened to her breasts and nipples a little tighter. It seemed as though it

was now though longer possible for her to have sex without accompanying pain or humiliation. Her nipples throbbed within their clamps.

As he unhurriedly screwed her Ralph said: 'I can keep you here all day if I choose. I can do anything I want with you to get at the truth. Isn't it better that you confess everything now?'

And something broke within Josephine. Yes, she must not let her ignorance of her crime inhibit her anymore. That was stupid. The state knew best. She must confess. Confess everything and anything...

So as he screwed her and she squeezed by reflex on his steadily pumping cock, she dredged her memory for every tiny sin she had ever committed and babbled them out: 'I... may have made a little mistake on my tax return... and... and I bought a medium loaf in the bakery but they only charged me for a small... and I found some money a customer and dropped but I didn't return it and... and I bumped into this old woman but I didn't say sorry... and when I was seven I broke this window... and...'

When she finally ran down he said: 'There, doesn't that feel better?'

And then he grunted and gave her an extra hard thrust and spurted his hot seed into her inverted vagina. And as he did so she felt a sudden wild orgasm take hold of her and she shrieked as she bucked within the terrible ring, jerking on her taut breasts but somehow savouring their pain.

As her loins seemed to explode and she squirted her juices about Ralph's cock she thought: Oh...yes, it felt so good to confess her guilt!

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An hour later back in court, Ralph Q. read out the list of her crimes that his interrogation had uncovered. What she had said must have been recorded because he didn't miss a single one.

Josephine stood in the dock straddling the floor channel anally impaled, pussy hooked and cuffed as before. Her nipples were sore and bruised and her breasts were ringed with red bands and deeper scratches and indentations where the studs had bitten into her flesh. But the damage was not as severe as she had feared. Ralph had put some kind of healing cream on her breasts and it had taken away the worst of the pain and reduced the inflammation. Presumably they wanted her clearheaded in court so she could respond, but not with as much freedom as she had before.

To remind her to hold her tongue Ralph Q had fitted her with a new gag, which was horribly like a horse bridle. It had straps that went round the back of her head and under her chin and across the bridge of her nose and over the crown of her head which held rings pressed tight to their cheeks to which was fastened another broad pliant rubber strap which went between her teeth. When it was horizontal she could talk about it but there were dials attached to its ends which could be twisted to turn it vertically which then pressed her tongue down and wedged her jaws wide and made speech almost impossible. In either position she could bite down upon it if she was subjected to more pain. But why were they humiliating her with these things? It was as if she was already being punished for whatever it was she was meant to have done. But then she was guilty until proven innocent. That was the law...

When Ralph finished Josephine looked desperately at the Judge, hoping one of her confessions would be the right one. But he consulted his desk screen and then shook his head. 'Your client continues to deny the specific charges against her,' he told Greta.

‘Is there any reason why I should not punish her for contempt of court as well sentencing her to a suitable punishment for her crime?’

‘But I’m innocent, Sir...’ Josephine blurted out and then shrank back and bit on her gag strap as the judge’s finger hovered over the pain button.

‘My client is still young and perhaps rather naïve, Your Honour,’ Greta said quickly. ‘I believe she really does not consider her actions to be a crime. Perhaps if you were to grant her bail it might give her the chance to reflect on her position more deeply?’

The judge considered for a moment. ‘Has she the funds to cover bail or anybody who will stand surety on her part?’

‘I believe not, Your Honour. Her family are not rich. I only took her case after special pleading...’

She had pleaded on her knees with her tongue in Greta’s pussy, Josephine thought wildly. Was that it was known as in legal circles? How could any of this be right or fair? Then she felt ashamed at harbouring such antisocial and seditious thoughts. As Greta had said, it was the law; and the law and the state were one...

The judge declared: ‘I shall personally assess her suitability before deciding on the conditions of her bail. She will remain in court detention overnight and these proceedings will resume tomorrow morning when I will make my decision known. Have her brought to my chambers after my last case...’

## Chapter Four

Josephine spent the rest of the day bent over in the waiting area along with other female suspects whose came and went as their cases came up. Bent over with tags hanging from their ears she realized they must resemble a herd of cows. Soon her back was aching from this unnatural posture.

At one point the desk clerk fed them water and military ration bars. Josephine realized she was ravenously hungry and gulped hers down gratefully even though it had little flavour. At various times the women required a trip to the bathroom. The duties were shared between passing guards and the women came back looking shaky and tearful, with red and puffy labia, clearly having been taken advantage of in the special toilet cubicle as Josephine had been earlier. She feared more of the same when physical necessity forced her once again to make pleading noises to the man behind the desk. But this time she was not molested.

Was she being saved for the judge?

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That evening a court guard led Josephine to the judge's chambers, which were a suite of rooms at the back of the court building on the third floor. When they entered Herman J. had his robes off, his collar undone and his shirt sleeves rolled up, and he was sitting behind a large desk with a decanter before him and a glass in his hand. He looked less imposing and more like any middle aged man going to seed, with drooping eyes, coarse skin from too much drink and an unhealthy pallor about his lips. But he still exuded an aura of commanding authority which she had been taught to respect from her earliest years. He represented the power of the state and the state was everything.

'Latch her to my desk,' he said carelessly. 'I'll take charge of her...'

The guard slotted the handle of her anal restrainer into a bracket on the front corner of his desk and then departed, leaving her bent over staring down at the thick carpet into which her bare feet sank, cosseting them even as the rest of her shivered not from cold, because the room was warm, but from fear and helpless exposure. Herman J. got up and walked around Josephine, looking her over closely. He stroked her outthrust buttocks and then reached beneath her and squeezed her sore breasts. Then he took hold of a fistful of her hair and twisted her head up so he could look in the eye.

'So, Josephine, you claim that you're innocent, is that right?'

'Yes... Sir I am sure I am, Sir...' Josephine choked out about her gag strap.

'But how do you know you're not simply denying your guilt to yourself?'

'I... I think I'd feel guilty Sir,'

'The state declares that you are guilty. Are you saying the state is wrong?'

'No, Sir,' she said. 'But perhaps... somebody may have made a mistake in something they told the state, Sir. I mean it has to rely on people telling it things and people do make mistakes, Sir...'

'Just as you might be now, Josephine,' Herman pointed out.

'Yes, Sir... b... but I don't think so, Sir.'

'Would you like me to grant you bail? To allow you to go back home again?'

Of course she wanted to go home. And perhaps once she was free she could find out what it was she was meant to have done. Somebody must know something... 'Yes, Sir, I'd like that a lot, Sir...'

‘If I let you out on bail, would you obey the conditions I set, or would you try to run away?’

‘Of course I’d obey any conditions, Sir, and I wouldn’t run away... I’ve got nowhere to run to.’

At least nowhere that the state could not find her that was certain. Of course there were other countries beyond the borders of the state, but she could not visit them without state permission. She felt a pang of guilt for even thinking of such a thing.

Herman patted her head. ‘Well, now you’re going you have to show me just how sincerely you mean that...’

He moved round to a section of panelling to one side of his desk, reached up and pulled at one of the panel frames. To Josephine’s horror and amazement a section of it slid out from the wall on concealed runners to reveal itself as the head of a gibbet. Another tug at the end of the gibbet and a heavy hook unfolded, so that it now hung a metre clear of the wall. Herman then bent down and pulled at a section of the panelling beneath the gibbet which rolled out smoothly on concealed rails to form a small raised wooden platform. From a drawer beneath this platform he took out an odd bundle of ropes, loops and hooks, all depending from one big ring which he hung over the gibbet hook so that they dangled over the tiny platform.

Then he unplugged and unhooked Josephine from her groin restrainer but left her wrists cuffed behind her. She groaned as he straightened her up, feeling her muscles cracking and her back and hips protesting. Taking hold of her by her hair he led her over to the gibbet and made her step up onto the platform. As she stood there sick and trembling he fitted the dangling ropes to her body.

The longest single rope went down her back inside her cuffed hands. It had a large hook on its end with a bulbous tip which he forced up into her rectum. Josephine bit on the gag strap between her teeth as it penetrated her but she did not protest. He was deliberately testing her determination and he was a judge so he must know what he was doing, but why was there no kinder way than this? Or should she feel grateful that he was taking such a close and personal interest in her case? Maybe this was a special honour...

The first noose went about her neck. It was thick and stiffened from within and its ends clipped together without a sliding knot. A pair of smaller nooses hung from rings woven into the under curve of the one about her neck. They went about her breasts and he adjusted them so that they pinched tightly about their roots, making her mammaries bulge like pink fleshy mushrooms. In turn from the under curves of these nooses two thinner ropes dangled, also with hooks on their ends. These Herman stretched down across her stomach and hooked up into the mouth of her vagina. She bit on her gag strap to stifle a wince of pain as they stretched the mouth of her love tunnel, their shafts grinding against her clitoris.

Herman stood back from moment to moment to admire her freshly bound body. Then he pushed at the platform with his foot so that it rolled smoothly backwards into the wall.

Josephine dropped a few centimetres until the ropes jerked taut about her, making her shriek as she dangled kicking and twisting from the gibbet arm in mid-air.

The big noose about her neck had tightened alarmingly but it was too stiff and thick to choke her. The rope down her back was taut, digging the big hook up into her rectum even as it stretched the sphincter of her anus. The pair of nooses bound about her

breasts drew tight, dragging them upwards and pinching and squeezing them, which in turn pulled on the ropes running down across her belly to the hooks in her vaginal mouth. These dragged on its rim agonisingly, stretching and distending it unnaturally even as they ground against her clitoris, which was throbbing and swelling in confusion.

Gradually her struggles diminished as she realized that each of these cruel and intimate attachments to her body spread her weight between them, meaning that if she kept still it was just tolerable to hang within their embrace. Of course it was still painful and desperately humiliating to be suspended like this, and even as she blinked back her tears she felt her cheeks burning in fresh misery.

She became aware of Herman looking at her intently and a bulge growing in the front of his trousers and she knew with sickening certainty that he was going to do to her what the police, court officials and her lawyer had already done. And why not, she thought dizzily? She had no rights anymore. That was the law. Perhaps it was all she had to offer to the functionaries of the state as compensation for her crime. But what crime? If only she knew... She could feel her nipples standing up and her pussy wetting with shame and anticipation. Was this a normal response or a manifestation of her buried guilt like Ralph Q. had suggested? Don't move and don't think about it, she told herself. But she was not allowed to hang undisturbed for long.

Herman J. took a long handled spanking paddle from the drawer of his desk and swished it through the air in front of her. It had double blades of pliant black rubber lying face to face with a small gap between them. The purpose of this arrangement soon became horribly apparent.

'Are you a good citizen of the state?' he asked Josephine.

'Yes Sir... eeeek!'

He had swung the paddle across the bulging undersides of her bound breasts. The trailing second paddle blade smacked into the back of the first a fraction of a second after it had flattened against her flesh, amplifying its crack of rubber against soft skin. They did not cut her skin but the sound of that extra crack was shocking in its own right, adding a psychological impact to the stinging blow, so that she jerked in pain and terror. Tears sprang to her eyes once more.

'If I grant you bail will you obey its terms and conditions?' he demanded.

'Yes... yes, Sir... awww!' Josephine sobbed.

The paddle had smacked up into the cleft of her pussy, splattering her dribbling juices across her inner thighs.

'Are you guilty?'

'No... Sir... I swear I'm not... at least... I don't think I am Sir.... awwwk... yeeeeoww!'

He had twisted her round on the gibbet hook and smacked the paddle across her hot buttocks quickly left and right, making each cheek in turn burn and ripple under its harsh impact. She jerked and kicked her legs about in a spasm of uncontrolled pain and fear, jerking the nooses tighter about her neck and breasts and gouging the hooks in her bottom and pussy even deeper. As she did so she was aware of drips of arousal falling from her pinched and stretched sex mouth to the floor.

'Confess and I'll stop this...'

'I'm... I'm not guilty Sir!'



He spun her round again and beat her breasts and belly and pussy, attacking her body with crack after crack until her whole front burned and simmered and was mottled with scarlet blotches. By now her blazing cheeks were tear-streaked and they fell off her chin onto her bulging breasts.

And then abruptly the terrible blows ceased, leaving her dangling from the gibbet shivering and squirming in fear and despair. Fearfully she blinked the tears from her eyes and focused on Herman once again. She saw his flies were now open and a thick blue-veined cock shaft was protruding from them, which he was stroking into full erection.

‘Do you beg me to grant you bail?’ he asked.

‘I... I beg you Sir...’ Josephine snivelled, her eyes transfixed by his penis. ‘Please grant me bail...’

‘But you have no money. What do you offer as surety: as a promise that you will be good?’

And now she understood. ‘I... offer my body, Sir. My p...pussy, Sir. Take that in payment, Sir... it’s nice and juicy... Please screw me Sir... fuck me Sir...’

He pulled the platform back out of its recess and beneath her dangling toes until she could stand on it once more. He mounted it and took hold of the gibbet head, sliding it and her back into the wall until the cool panels pressed against her shoulders, with the weight of his body pressing against her. The hooks were already holding her dripping vagina open and all she had to do was spread her legs so he could enter her without any resistance.

He took hold of her thighs and lifted her feet off the ground as he rammed his thick shaft up into her pussy. The pressure transmitted between her passageways from the hook up her backside made it feel larger than it was so that she whimpered as her flesh was stretched even further. He began to thud into her, grinding her against the polished wood. She grunted as his thrusts drove the breath from her body and whimpered as his big chest ground into her simmering, bunched and stretched breasts. She could smell the alcohol on his breath but at least he did not try to kiss her, for which she was desperately grateful. She thought that would have made her sick and in any case it might have implied some kind of personal passion on his part, suggesting he had some fondness for her. But this was not about love or affection. She was simply trying to protest her innocence and buy her temporary freedom with all she had to offer. Apparently this was all the law permitted her...

Herman J. came within her with a heavy grunt of satisfaction and for a moment Josephine felt a brief responsive spasm within her as a small orgasm came and went. Was that all the reward she got? Perhaps she should be grateful even for that tiny thrill. None of this was for her pleasure. She was on trial even if she wasn’t in a court room...

As he rested against her sweaty bound body, he said in her ear: ‘Now... what you say?’

‘I... I’m grateful to you for considering my case so... carefully, Sir. P... please will you grant me bail?’

‘I will grant you bail, Josephine K,’ he said.

He twisted the cheek rings controlling the strap in her mouth so that it pushed her tongue down and stopped her saying any more. Then he pulled out of her and buttoned up.

Judge Herman J. left Josephine on the platform in the corner of his study half suspended from the gibbet hook, triply noosed and hooked with his sperm dribbling out of her pussy, while he went off and had supper. It grew dark and the lights were turned on and then much later they were turned out. And so she stood there like a badly strung puppet shivering in the dark and sleeping only in fitful snatches all night long, jerking awake as she slumped down and the ropes tightened about her. She supposed it was slightly more comfortable than trying to sleep doubled over, but it was still cruel. And yet she felt a pitiful sense of gratitude towards Herman. At least he had taken the time to test her further. Tomorrow she would be free again... in way at least. Then perhaps she could find out what crime she had committed.

## Chapter Five

The next morning, before court, a guard took Josephine to the toilets and cleaned her up, using paper towels to wipe her face over, which revived her slightly. He also fed her another ration bar. Still aching within and sore without she stood in the dock of the court listening to the Judge, imposingly robed and respectable once more, as he delivered his verdict.

‘After further examination I grant the defendant Josephine K. release on bail for an indeterminate period, subject to public exposure and social correction,’ he said. ‘During this period she will be tagged and monitored at all times and her rights of citizenship will remain in suspension. Any transgression of the civil code will result in her immediate re-arrest.’

‘Thank you for your time and consideration, Your Honour,’ Greta W. said.

‘Take her away...’ he said, and banged his gavel again

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Back down in the corridors beneath the court Josephine spoke to Greta briefly before she hurried off to another case.

‘But what does all that he said actually mean?’ Josephine begged.

‘It means that even though you will no longer be restrained and can leave this building, you’ll be watched and can be re-arrested at any time for any wrongdoing,’ Greta explained. ‘It means you will be reassessed even while you reassess yourself. It means that you can be corrected by any member of the public and you have no right to protest because you have no rights at all.’

‘But I’m innocent!’ Josephine protested.

‘Once accused you are guilty until you are proven innocent. That is the law. You will be an official nonperson awaiting resumption of your trial. You will be invisible... very nearly like the clothes you will have to wear...’

And then at last Josephine matched the abstract words with reality and a frightening image that she knew only too well, and felt sick. ‘Oh... no... not that!’

‘What did you expect?’ Greta said. ‘Did you think it could never happen to you? Be grateful he granted you bail at all. You must have made quite an impression on the old goat.’ Then she smiled and patted Josephine’s cheek affectionately. ‘Maybe I’ll see you around...’

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Josephine stood in the discharge room while the court guards fitted out for bail. They removed the court tag from her ear only to replace it with a thick red metal collar which they locked about her neck. A tethering ring was recessed into its front rim. It was uncomfortably heavy and was stamped with the official seal of the court, her name and ID number, together with her case number.

‘It’s fitted with an integral locator beacon,’ he told her. ‘We can track you anywhere within a radius of fifty kilometres. It’s fully waterproof so you can bathe or shower with it on,’ then he added with a grin, ‘but I wouldn’t go swimming in it...’

Then he gave her a new set of clothes. ‘You will wear these whenever you are in a public place or in a vehicle on a public road,’ he told her. ‘Anything else and you’ll be punished for breaking the conditions of your bail, do you understand? That a month’s hard labour for a start.’

These were the things Josephine had been dreading. Yet they seemed innocent enough until you realized the circumstances in which they would be worn. There was a pair of ankle boots, a knee-length belted coat and a peaked cap. All were made out of thin soft transparent plastic with red piping. Even the coat buttons were transparent.

And these were all the clothes she was permitted. No underwear. Nothing else!

Gritting her teeth Josephine pulled them on, shivering at the feel of the plastic against her skin, although it soon warmed. She buttoned and belted up the coat as tight as possible. She tucked her hair up into her cap and pulled its peak down over her eyes but of course for all they concealed she might as well have been naked. In fact their red piping seemed to emphasise her exposure. Even the coat pockets were transparent, so she could carry nothing with her that would not be seen by all.

The guards handed her back her bunch of keys and her identity card but nothing else

‘Can’t I have the cash I was carrying, please?’

‘That’s all gone to cover your court fees,’ the man told her.

‘But how do I get back home?’

‘You walk.’ He slapped her transparent plastic-covered behind. ‘Keep your head down and everybody will pretend you’re invisible. If you don’t mind getting looked at flash a bit of pussy and maybe somebody will give you a lift... if you don’t mind paying for it...’

Then he opened another door and pushed her out into the daylight; collared like a criminal, exposed and penniless.

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Josephine found she was on the side of the great building which was not very busy. At least she did not have to descend its great front steps again, but there was no escaping the humiliation to come.

For a minute she lingered in the relative shelter of the entranceway awning. She desperately needed help and sympathy, but where should she go? Her parents? They lived in a district on the far side of the city. She could use a public booth to call them but the thought of trying to explain what had happened over the phone was daunting. And they did not have a car so it would still take them some time to reach her.

There was her flat, of course, but the Kraftvender store was nearer. Perhaps she could borrow something from her friends to help her through this. Or maybe Carl T., her manager, could help. She was owed nearly a week’s wages. Yes, that was the best place to start...

There was a walkway and a short flight of steps leading down to the pavement that ran along the court access road and bowing her head she took them, acutely aware that every step took her further out into the open. When the officers had dragged her cuffed and leashed naked into the ministry building the previous day she had no choice. Now she had to deliberately expose herself before strangers’ eyes.

As she strode along the road she became aware of a car which had pulled out of the mouth of the underground car park behind her. She glanced round and saw it was a black official Zladd, identical to the one officer’s 43 and 57 had brought her here in. It was only purring along at walking pace. As she stopped it stopped. So that was why she had been put out of the side entrance. So they could begin trailing her immediately.

She turned her head away again and glared down at the pavement in front of her, biting her lip even as she imagined her new shadows watching the pale moons of her bare backside rolling beneath the thin material of her coat. Was this the way it was going to be from now on?

Josephine reached the People's Square and turned in the direction of the store.

And now there were people passing her by on all sides and she began to learn what it was like to be an accused: invisible and exposed, seen and yet unseen. Of course she had seen accused people before. Or at least she had recognised they were there and then pointedly ignored them. You did not "see" them and you did not talk about them to others, even though you all knew what they were. It was not done to mention them. They were pariahs in purgatory; they were the un-clean; they were non-people; they were under the ever watchful eye of the state but not your own. It was not your business what happened to them. They were people that you pretended did not exist and you never ever imagined that you could become one of them.

Except now she was one of them and she was already beginning to discover how terrible that was.

At the sight of her distinctive plastic clothes and damning red collar, most people in the crowd simply edged aside as if fearful she might contaminate them with her guilt, creating a little bubble of space about her through which she passed, unseen and unacknowledged. But a few took her status literally and would not move aside so she had to or else she truly believed they would have knocked her down and trampled over her and then kept on going as if nothing had happened.

Nobody looked at her and yet all eyes were upon her through sideways covert glances, taking in everything her coat failed to conceal. They could see her sore breasts and pussy and bottom and knew she had been punished. And yet because of what she was they knew her punishment must have been justified. She had been accused and condemned to exposure by the state so how could it be otherwise? And now through their secret guilty glances or bold un-seeing looks they were adding to her misery.

This is what public exposure and social correction meant. Without anybody raising a hand against her she was being punished for her crime. And she still didn't know what that crime was!

In the past when she had snatched surreptitious glances at the faces of accused people dressed in their shameful inadequate plastic coats, she had thought they looked fearful and guilty. Now she began to wonder if they had not simply been frightened and confused as she was now. Was it possible they had not known what they were accused of either?

Josephine hunched her shoulders and fixed her eyes on the ground a few paces in front of her and strode on, trying to ignore the weight of her collar and the pricking of her hard nipples which were pressing defiantly against the shiny material of her coat.

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Half an hour later Josephine reached the staff entrance of Kraftvender. At least she still had that key on her ring and was able to let herself inside. As she did so she was aware of the black Zladd parking a little way down the side alley from the entrance. Would they send men inside after her or would they simply wait for her to come out again? She had a right to be there, didn't she? Or did she have any rights left at all?

A little way behind the car she also noticed a group of three men with their hat brims pulled down low apparently watching also her intently. Had they been following her as well? Did they get a kick out of watching naked women in transparent coats walking about in public? With a shudder she closed the door on all of them.

The back stairs were little used to that moment so she was able to hurry up them unseen to Carl T.'s office. In his outer office his secretary looked up at Josephine for a moment as she entered. She gave a start of surprise and then her eyes seemed to slide away from her as she turned her attention intently back to her typing, scowling with sudden concentration. Josephine took advantage of her evident confusion and quickly crossed to the door leading to the inner office.

There Carl sat behind his desk: small, plump, pink-faced and amiable, with his thinning buttery hair resolutely combed over his balding head. He was slightly prissy but he'd always been friendly and understanding ever since she had joined the firm. Surely he would help her. She was not an anonymous stranger to him. He knew her as a person...

Carl's face lifted as she slipped in through his door and then abruptly fell at the sight of her wrapped in her see-through coat, even as his eyes lingered on the intimate details of her form it revealed. She felt a fresh blush rising in her cheeks. This was not some stranger she was exposing herself to.

Before he could say anything she said firmly: 'I swear I'm innocent. There's been some mistake but they let me out on bail and now I'm trying to find out what it was. I'm not guilty of any crime. You've got to believe me.'

Carl looked aside guiltily, as if unwilling to meet her gaze and also searching the room as though frightened somebody else might be watching him. Then he spoke almost as if half to himself. 'Ah... Josephine... yes, I'd heard what happened yesterday. This is all most... unpleasant.'

'You've got to help me,' Josephine begged. 'I have to have money to live. I know I've got some wages owing. If you could pay me in cash...'

Carl looked uncomfortable. 'Unfortunately all wages owing to you have already been transferred to the state. As I understand it they are to cover the expenses of your arrest and trial. In the circumstances we owe you nothing...'

Josephine felt sick. How could they free her on bail and then make it impossible for her to lead any kind of life? 'B...but I've got to get by somehow. I can't even get to my parents without money for a tram fare,' she sobbed.

'I'm afraid that is not my problem,' Carl said, his eyes flicking across her momentarily. 'To maintain the reputation of the company we cannot be seen to aid criminals.'

'But I'm not a criminal! I'm innocent!'

'Not until the state says you are, Josephine. Right now you are an accused and I can't have anything to do with you. I'm sorry but those are the rules.'

'But they won't even tell me what I'm accused of!'

'Then you can't be sure you're innocent,' he pointed out. He gave a shudder, as if her guilt might contaminate him like an infection and said: 'Now I'm afraid I must ask you to leave...'

'But what about my friends...?'

‘If you want to meet them then you must do so outside these premises. ‘I assure you they won’t see you in this store. Now you must go...’

In desperation Josephine begged: ‘Please can you loan me something privately? Just the tram fare to my parents’ house? They live out in Fensburg. It’ll take me hours to walk there...’

Carl licked his lips and looked at her properly for the first time. She felt his gaze on her breasts and her nipples stood up again. Suddenly she wanted to cover herself but she dared not do anything to offend him. Let him look if it helped him find some sympathy for her.

Then he gave a feeble smile as if it was all a bit of a joke. ‘Well... I suppose a tram fare wouldn’t hurt. As long as nobody knew I’d helped you.’

‘I wouldn’t tell anybody... and I’d be ever so grateful...’

She knew she’d said the wrong thing even as the words left her lips. She saw his eyes grew wider and realized they had emboldened him. Suddenly he began to understand the power he had over her. He was a respectable man and she was a helpless accused standing almost naked before him without a penny to name begging him to help her.

‘So... you’d be grateful, would you?’ he said thoughtfully. He was staring at her intently now, penetrating the thin plastic and taking in all the details of her naked body. She had suspicions in the past that he admired her. A couple of times she had caught him gazing at her with more than normal interest, but he was so timid and inoffensive that it had been easy to laugh it off. She had even joked about it with her friends and they agreed he was totally harmless. Now he was appreciating that he did not have to be polite anymore. ‘Then perhaps you would show me your gratitude by... taking off your coat?’

Josephine bit her lip. ‘You... want me to take off my coat?’

He seemed to be swelling in confidence before her eyes. ‘Yes, your coat... Take it off. I’d enjoy seeing you properly naked.’ He dug into his pocket and pulled out a handful of change which he tipped carelessly onto his desk before her. ‘Do that for me if you want to save yourself several hours walk.’ He glanced out of his window. ‘It looks like it might rain. It would be so much quicker and more comfortable on a tram, wouldn’t it?’

Already she was beginning to appreciate one terrible fact about her new existence as an accused, which was that all she had left to offer anybody was her body. After what total strangers had already done to her, this really shouldn’t matter. Except this was somebody she had known for years. That made it so horribly personal. But what choice did she have? If she got to her parents then at least she knew they’d look after her. That was worth a little more humiliation.

Taking a deep breath and wishing her nipples would stay down; Josephine unbuttoned her coat and took it off. She wanted to try to cover herself but she forced her arms down to her sides. Now, except for her heavy red collar, she was naked between boots and cap.

Carl’s eyes were like saucers as he looked her over. ‘Oh... Yes... You are even prettier than I imagined, Josephine... Quite lovely... Turn around... let me see your backside...’

Biting her lip again Josephine obeyed, feeling his eyes resting on her sore bottom. As they did so she felt her pussy beginning to grow hot and wet in anticipation. No, please not that, she thought. After a long moment of contemplation Carl said: 'Face me again...'

When she did so she saw he was now holding a long ruler which was slapping into his palm. He pressed a button on his desk intercom and said: 'I'm not to be disturbed until further notice.' Then he said to Josephine: 'Bend over my desk. If you get up before I tell you, then you'll get nothing, do you understand?'

Feeling sick with despair and yet oddly detached, Josephine bent over the front of his desk and grasped its far side. Her breasts flattened against the cool polished wood as she felt her heavy collar dragging her down. As she did so Carl got up and came round to stand behind her. He stroked her trembling buttocks and then drew the ruler across them. 'You must have been a bad girl, Josephine,' he said almost dreamily. 'And we know what happens to bad girls... They have to be punished. It's my duty as a good citizen...'

The ruler slashed through the air and smacked into her buttocks. She yelped and felt hot tears pricking at the back of her eyes. It was nothing like as bad as the spanking paddle the Judge had used, or the terrible devices Ralph Q had employed, but somehow it felt so much dirtier. She could hear Carl panting as he belaboured her bottom wildly, smacking it left and right and making her cheeks jump and clench and blush a burning red. His eyes were shining with virtuous sadism and spittle was dribbling from the corners of his mouth. He was in heaven.

'I've... I've got to do this, you understand that don't you, Josephine?'

'Uhhh... yes, Sir...' she gasped.

'And you can't stop me, can you?'

'Oww... no, Sir.'

'Because you deserve it, don't you?'

'Ahhh... yes, Sir.'

She wanted to turn around and slap him and tell him what she really thought of him, but she knew she couldn't. She had to endure this so she could get to her parents as soon as possible.

Then he pushed her legs further apart and began to swing the ruler up between her thighs, smacking into the plump cleft of the pussy. As she gasped and sobbed the ruler came away wet with her juices.

Carl saw this and chortled in delight: 'I had no idea you were such a dirty girl, Josephine. Have you always been like this? I'd have spanked you years ago if I'd known you were such a slut! Is that your crime?' The ruler cracked into her pussy wetly once again. 'Being a public slut?'

'No sir!' she howled. 'I'm innocent, Sir... awww! Please believe me, Sir...'

Suddenly he twisted the ruler around and sawed its edge through the slobbering cleft of her sex mouth, making her gasp and shiver.

'What is a tram fare across the city worth to a naked accused woman like you, Josephine?' he demanded, twisting the end of the ruler in the mouth of her vagina.

Of course it had to come to this. 'Uhhh... a screw, sir. You can screw me for it, Sir...'

He dug the ruler in deeper. 'Make it sound more exciting...'



‘Awww! Fuck me, Sir! It’s true! I’m a bad dirty girl and my cunt is waiting for you... it... its nice and hot and juicy! Eeek... Please fuck me now, Sir!’

There came a frantic scrabbling behind her as he dropped the ruler and tore at his flies. Then she felt his cock, very hard but not very big, ramming into her sore dripping pussy. He thrust and jerked frantically into her haunches, grinding her hips against the front of his desk and making it creak.

‘You filthy... filthy girl...’ he grunted over and over as he pumped into her, making her flattened breasts roll back and forth across the desktop. Through her tears she saw the heap of coins glistening just a few centimetres from her face. I’m only doing this for a tram fare, she told herself. In a way that was even more pitiful...

And then Carl spurted his hot seed inside her and she felt a brief spasm in response as a shiver of crude animal pleasure coursed through her. Did being treated like a slut for long enough turn you into one, she thought dizzily?

For a minute Carl lay slumped panting across her back, pinning her down to the desk. Then he stirred and pulled out of her, leaving her feeling briefly empty. With his urgent passion and desire satiated, she sensed his natural timidity returning as he contemplated what he had done. Hastily he scooped up the coins from the desk. But there was still time for one last malicious act.

‘Your cunt hole’s just earned your tram fare, Josephine, so it’s only right that I pay it directly...’

And he pushed the coins one by one deep into her slippery pussy slot.

‘Now get out of here and I don’t want to see you again!’ he told her.

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Josephine spent ten minutes in the women’s toilets getting the coins out of her slippery sex and washing and cleaning them in a basin. Then she used wet towels to wipe her pussy clean, and cool her freshly spanked bottom. Finally she splashed her face off to wash away the tears and clear her eyes and then studied herself in the mirror. She looked pale and strained, but there was no way of telling what she had just done. Instinctively she felt that something so terrible should have left more of a mark. What did that say about her?

She took a deep breath. She had done what she had to do, that was all there was to it. Now she could get a tram to her parents’ house. There she would be safe and she could think what to do next.

Carefully putting her money in the pocket of her coat and buttoning it down securely, she left the washroom, descended to the back entrance and let herself out onto the side street again.

The Zladd was parked where she had last seen it. Well, she couldn’t do anything about that. If they wanted to follow her to her parents then she could not stop them. It would hardly be unexpected. But there was no sign of the three men...

Too late she heard the footsteps behind her and then strong arms grasped her arms. A big gloved hand went over her mouth, forcing a spongy rubber ball between her teeth. It expanded behind them and plugged her mouth, stifling her cry of alarm. She was lifted up into the air, struggling and squirming frantically and laid across large shoulders. They carried her off down the side road to a small white van. As they approached its back doors were flung open and she was bundled inside. The doors slammed shut and the van pulled off.

Inside the rear compartment Josephine shrieked about her gag and kicked and squirmed in utter terror. But the men were too strong for her.

They pushed her face down into a layer of old blankets that lined the floor and twisted her arms up behind her back. She felt ready-made loops of rope being forced over her wrists and drawn tight. Then they pulled her legs up, bound her ankles and then tied them to her wrists. Then the two men who had been manhandling her sat back against the side walls of the compartment with their feet pressed against her body to hold her still.

The driver called back from the front of the van: 'have you got her secure now?'

'She's all trussed up as neat as you like,' one of the men replied.

And so she lay face down on the floor of the van hogtied and helpless while it carried her through the streets of the city, which she could only glimpse through what little of the front windows of the van she could see over the seat tops. Tears of fear and frustration began to run down her cheeks. This could not be happening to her!

One of the men said: 'Hey, she's crying. I don't reckon she's been wearing a red collar that long. She hasn't got the hang of how it works yet.'

His companion said: 'I like them better when they fight back. What's she called?' He read her name off her collar. 'Josephine K. Well hallo, Josephine. Don't worry, this won't hurt much.'

'No, it'll hurt a lot!' his companion laughed uproariously.

Josephine's stomach tried to turn itself inside out with fear.

After ten minutes driving the van turned into some kind of closed space and drew to a halt. The driver got out while the men opened up the back of the van, freed her feet from her ankles and dragged her outside. She was in what might have been an empty factory or warehouse. There were grimy barred cracked windows and concrete pillars and a scattering of litter across the stained floor. She heard the rattle of big doors been close and then the driver appeared again. He paused for a moment to look her over appreciatively.

'Not bad looking,' he declared. 'We're going to have some fun with this one...'

Josephine whimpered and shook her head desperately but the men only laughed. They were three normal looking men in their late thirties or early forties; all dressed in old blue overalls and appeared to be totally unashamed at what they were doing.

Together the three of them carried Josephine up a long flight of concrete stairs to the first floor and a large empty concrete room lit by tall grimy windows. But this chamber had been furnished in a strange way. Set out between its half-dozen freestanding concrete columns which reached from floor to ceiling were three mismatched armchairs patched with repair tape that looked as though they had been salvaged from a tip. There was also a reclaimed chest of drawers, a trestle and a kitchen table, a mattress, some strips of stained carpet and several wooden cartons. Propped up against one wall was an old metal bed frame showing its springs and bizarrely a section of white porcelain urinal slabs. The only new thing in the room was a modern camera on a tripod.

They stood Josephine on a square of rough carpet and untied her arms and legs. Then they stripped her transparent clothing off until she was wearing nothing but her collar. When she was naked they held her tight between them as they squeezed and pinched her body, testing the firmness of her breasts and the elasticity of nipples.

Stripping off their gloves they pushed their hands between her thighs and ran their fingers through the cleft of her buttocks into the humid slot of her pubes. She squealed and struggled but the three of them were too strong for her. She tried to kick out at their shins but a couple of hard slaps across her cheeks made her head ring and left her dazed. One of them took hold of her right nipple, digging his thumbnail into its side, and pinched and twisted it until she shrieked in pain.

‘You hold still or I’ll twist it off!’ he warned her.

Another man took hold of the sponge ball bulging from between her lips. ‘You can scream if you want, but it won’t do you any good,’ he told as he pulled the ball out of her mouth.

‘Please let me go!’ she sobbed, fluttering feebly in their grasp.

‘Sorry, Josephine, but we’re not going to do that. You see hunting down bad girls like you is a little hobby of ours.’

‘The pretty ones, anyway,’ one of the others interjected, squeezing her breasts in appreciation.

‘The police must have seen you take me,’ Josephine warned them. ‘This collar’s got a tracking device in it. They’ll find me!’

The men broke into raucous laughter, as if she’s said something both hilarious and stupid.

‘They already know you’re in here,’ one said. ‘They followed us and they’re parked outside right now. You see they don’t care what we do to you, as long as we let you go afterwards and you can still walk. In fact they want you to have a hard time.’ And he gave her bottom a brisk slap.

‘This is how the People’s Justice works, you see. Everybody can play their part. Or didn’t you realize that?’

‘I think you’ve led a very well-behaved and quiet life until now, Josephine. That’s right isn’t it?’

‘I... I’m innocent!’ Josephine protested, falling back on the only thing she was sure of.

The three chuckled again and one said: ‘Innocent in every way...’ while another said: ‘Now if only we had a cent for all the girls who said that!’

‘You see according to the state you’re guilty, Josephine, and that’s all that matters.’

‘Do you get it now?’ his friend said earnestly. ‘While you’re wearing that collar you haven’t got any rights. That means snatching you wasn’t illegal. We only use the gag ball when we make a snatch because people sometimes find the screaming annoying. But they wouldn’t stop us, because to them either you don’t exist, or else you deserve to be punished for whatever crime you’ve committed. It means we can do what we like with you...’ and in emphasis he pushed his stiff fingers up into her vagina and twisted them about within its sticky close embrace.

Josephine whimpered, feeling sick with fear.

‘You see, Josephine, most people act like the accused don’t exist, because that’s what they’ve been brought up to think is right. Is that what you used to do?’ Feebly she nodded. ‘But we thought why waste good bodies when they’re there for the taking!’

‘At least we’re talking to you like you exist, Josephine,’ one warned her. ‘After a few days you might come to miss that.’

‘And we’ll even give you a bit of food later, so you don’t have to beg or steal it.’

Another one pointed to the camera on its stand. ‘But first we’re going to take some pictures while we have a bit of fun with you...’

They dragged her across to the kitchen table and laid her back across it, so that its edge pressed against her buttocks. It had ropes hung about it tied to eyebolts screwed into its sides. They pulled her arms up over her head and crossed and bound her wrists together to hold her down. Another rope was pulled across the table from one side to the other going across her stomach. Then they spread her legs wide and tied her knees and ankles to the sides of the table legs. This left her groin gaping wide and frighteningly vulnerable.

She hardly had any strength left a fight. She was totally helpless. They could do what they wanted to and there was no threat she could use to stop them or reason why they should care what she felt. This was what being a non-citizen meant...

One of them then positioned the camera on its stand so that it was focused on her bound body, while from a box under the table the others brought out a small wooden tripod which they sat on her chest between her breasts. It had rubber ferrules on its feet that gripped her skin. It supported an adjuster knob geared to a horizontal wooden crossbar, from the ends of which dangled short chains with crocodile clips on their ends. These they clipped to her nipples, making her yelp as their sharp teeth bit into her tender flesh. And they twisted the knob and the bar turned, winding in the chains and stretching her nipples upwards, dragging her breasts after them into tapering trembling pink cones of flesh.

Tears ran from her eyes and she began to shriek and moan in fear that they would damage her. ‘No... please don’t... eeeoww... that hurts... no... uhhhhh no!’

But they only stopped when the chains were absolutely taut and her breasts seemed to be hanging from them, half wrenched from her chest. Beads of blood appeared about her clamped nipples as the sharp teeth dug deeper into them. At the sight of them her tears began to flow again. Why were men so cruel to her?

‘Your tits hurt do they?’ one asked her.

‘Y... yes... a lot... p... please take this off me...’

‘Maybe, if you’re good...’

From beneath the table they brought out a bucket, a large bottle of water with a rubber tube on its end and a sponge, which they used to flush out and wipe her pussy clean, making her shudder.

‘We want you nice and fresh each time we screw you,’ they explained.

The men stood back, admiring their handiwork as the pain contorted Josephine’s pretty face. They grinned at her distended breasts and the taut tendons of her inner thighs as they framed the gaping mound of her pussy. Through her tear-misted eyes she could see the bulges in fronts of their overalls. As they saw her watching them they pulled open their flies and freed straining erections which they stroked before her mockingly.

‘You know where these are going to go, don’t you?’ they said. ‘Right up that juicy cunt of yours.’

‘But the thing is you’re going to beg us to screw you first.’

‘Unless you want to stay like that with your tits slowly being ripped off? Do you want to stay like that?’

‘N... no, Sir...’ Josephine choked out.

‘So you make it good, Josephine, you understand?’

‘With lots of feeling, right?’

This was like Judge Herman all over again. It seemed that some men did not just want to control her body, they wanted to her to humiliate herself at the same time by offering herself to them. How could they be so cruel? But whimpering in pain as her nipples were tearing she had no choice.

‘Please...’ she sobbed, ‘I want you to screw me... all three of you please... My cunt is really aching for it... I want to feel you up inside me... I hope you will be good and hard... yes, really hard so you stretch me inside and... I don’t care if you bruise me... in fact... Yes I want you to bruise me so and I really know I’ve been properly screwed... by real men...’

And to her horror as she spoke she realized that her pussy lips were swelling and growing hot and becoming slippery. She could feel her juices dribbling out of her cleft and running down between her buttocks over the corner of the table. And even more shameful and embarrassing was the realization that her clitoris was standing up out of its little hood and was clearly visible. And she was doing all this in front of three strangers and camera. What was happening to her? Was she somehow talking herself into believing this synthetic show of passion was real? Was it the pain in her nipples, which were throbbing despite being stretched like elastic? Did she have some twisted masochistic streak inside her or was it simply self-preservation? She did not know but she had to make the most of it to spare herself any more of this intolerable pain.

‘Look... look I’m dripping for it!’ she choked out. ‘I’m really g... gagging for your cocks up inside me... ohhh... please will somebody fuck me now!’

These last words were practically screamed out, and to her horror at that moment she meant every one of them. All that mattered was to get a cock inside her.

The three men elbowed each other aside as they each tried to be first. The slightly larger one succeeded, grabbing hold of her hips and ramming his cock into her dripping and shamefully hot and wet vagina.

It was over too quickly for her to gain any pleasure from the coupling. Already aroused he spouted his sperm inside her in less than thirty seconds. Then one of the others pulled him away from Josephine’s spread legs, hastily flushed and wiped her pussy clean and then rammed his own cock up into its hot slippery depths.

She felt the lust being stoked within as he pounded away, banging his hips against her splayed thighs. She clenched her sheath about his cock trying to suck the pleasure from it. It was filthy and perverted but there was no going back now. She had to cum, she had to cum!

But he came first, grunting with delight as he emptied himself into her. Almost before he had finished ejaculating, the third man pulled him away and took his place.

As he entered her Josephine shrieked with animal delight, squeezing her pussy tight about his pumping shaft, desperate for any sensation to take her mind off her tearing nipples. He was as brutally hard as she had begged for. Each thrust made the table shake and caused the tripod to wobble, tugging a little bit harder on her agonised nipples. But still she could feel the liquid lust growing within her loins, gathering her heat into an ever tightening knot which had to burst soon or she would go mad with frustration. What had Ralph Q said about women in pain? Did she secretly enjoy such attention or was it her own buried guilt punishing her? What had she done to deserve this...?

And then the man, whose name she still did not know, grunted and spurted inside her, filling her clenching sheath with his hot sperm. And with a shriek Josephine's loins seemed to burst and something exploded in her mind as she sprayed her juices over his cock and then she fainted dead away.

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When Josephine came to herself again an unknown time later she felt dazed and strangely detached and her eyes were so misty she could not focus. It took her a few moments to recall what had happened and where she was. And then the horror of it gradually returned. Had she actually fainted with the intensity of her orgasm? Which she had only achieved after three strange men had screwed her in quick succession! Then she realized the terrible stretching pain in her breasts and nipples was gone, leaving only a dull throbbing in its wake. Her nipples had been unclamped! And so relieved was she that her breasts were no longer being stretched, she felt a brief absurd sense of gratitude towards them.

Distantly she was aware of a voice saying: 'She's a natural slut is this one...'

'I don't think she can help it. She'll be good for hours...'

'One of our better snatches...'

And then all the shame and guilt that her surge of wild passion had pushed aside came flowing back into her with a vengeance. How much more depraved could she get?

Then as she became more aware of her surroundings she realized she was no longer tied to the table but was being lifted and carried. Her breasts swayed and bobbed, making them tingle with fresh pain. Desperately she blinked the mist from her eyes and looked down at her aching nipples, certain the must have been torn to pieces. But they had been wiped clean of blood and simply looked swollen and unnaturally red. Then she saw they were dragging her across the room to the bed frame propped up against the wall. She moaned and began to struggle feebly.

'That's right, Josephine,' one said, 'you fight us all you can. It makes it more fun that way...'

'Please... not any more... don't hurt me again...' she begged.

'But you're meant to suffer, Josephine. That's why the state made you a nonperson. So that your fellow citizens can punish you for your crime...'

'But they won't tell me what it is!' she sobbed.

'Well maybe this will help jog your memory...'

They pushed her face forward against the exposed wire mesh of the bed frame and stretched her arms and legs out wide. Her face ground against the wire while her breasts slid between the gaps in the mesh. The frame was bolted to the wall with metal angle plates, tilting it at an angle of about thirty degrees from vertical. Leather straps were bolted to the sides of the frame and they buckled them about her wrists and ankles, holding her in place. A broad strap was pulled across the frame from side to side and went across the small of her back. Only now did she realize there were devices standing in the gap between the frame and the wall. Braced against the wall was an upright telescopic pole mounted on a hinge joint which was screwed to a heavy wooden base plate. On the end of the pole was a large ribbed dildo. Hanging at chest height from the back of the frame to which she was now bound was a thin wooden board with drawing pins driven through it from the back so that its front bristled with short spikes. This now

hung a little in front of her breasts as they squeezed between the diamond gaps in the wire mesh frame. Cords tied to the board's bottom edge hung slack beneath it.

They repositioned the camera to focus on her spread-eagled body. Another water bottle was brought out with a longer spout which they pushed up into her bottom and squeezed it to flush her clean, holding the bucket beneath her to catch the waste. Then they applied petroleum jelly to her anus.

Then the men reached round the frame and positioned the dildo pole and the pin board. The pole was tilted outward until its head slid between the gaps in the wire mesh and ran through the groove of her pussy. Then it was expanded so that the dildo slid up into her, making her pussy bulge as its ribbed girth filled her. Then the pole was locked in place. Meanwhile the pin board had been swung up against her breasts and tied in place. It was wide enough to span the gap between them so that its protruding pin tips stabbed into her already hot and tender flesh. The strap across her back held her chest against the mesh so she could not pull away. She bit her lip at the hundreds of fresh points of pain now spread across her soft mounds, arrayed in twin halos around the exquisite agony of her raw nipples which throbbed against them even as they were pricked.

'This time we're going to have you up your bum-hole,' one of the men said.

'You see we love screwing nice tight female bottoms,' his companion confirmed.

The third man added, 'don't worry, we're going to warm you up first...'

From the old cupboard they brought out three home-made spanking paddles, with strips of rubber that looked as if they'd been cut out of old car tyres bolted to the ends of cut down broom handles. They drew the treaded rubber strips across her bottom, making Josephine whimper and clench in her buttocks in a shameful and futile display of fear. As she did so her sheath tightened about the dildo plugging her vagina. This was going to be awful...

One of them pulled her head back by her hair. 'Same as before: we beat you until you beg convincingly for us to screw your backside, do you understand?'

'Please, why can't you just have me now?' Josephine asked.

'Because that wouldn't be half as much fun,' once said.

'This is like foreplay to get us back in the mood,' the next explained.

'We've got to get hard again as well, remember. We don't want to try shoving limp dicks up your arsehole, do we?'

They formed a little arc about the frame so they could all get a swing at her backside. Then they drew back their arms and began to beat her bottom, the sound of rubber on flesh ringing off the hard walls of the chamber.

At first Josephine could not beg as she had been instructed because she was too busy screaming, even as the tears rolled down her cheeks and dripped off her chin. The blows made her bottom flesh ripple and heave as they imprinted their tyre tread patterns onto her soft buttocks. The impacts made her hips bounce against the bed frame springing so that the big dildo pumped up and down her vagina. But even worse was the pin board which banged against her jiggling, heaving breasts, stabbing them again and again. The pin-tips were hardly long enough to penetrate her skin but they scratched and stabbed at it relentlessly. Perversely her sore nipples had filled out with blood, amplifying every pin stab tenfold.

As her backside blazed the surges of pain from both front and back were too much to bear and she lost control of her bladder. A stream of hot pee spurted messily out

over the plunging dildo and across the wall behind it. As the men laughed the sight of her disgrace her cheeks burned with fresh shame.

‘She’s wet herself!’

‘They all do eventually...’

‘But this one did it so prettily...’

Yet even as they exchange their crude comments they continued beating her.

Desperately Josephine struggled to replace her shrieks of pain with the words they wanted to hear, the words that would bring her release from pain even as they invited another fresh indignity.

‘Ahhh... ohhh... please will you bugger me!’ she wailed. ‘I want to be had up my arse please... it’s nice and tight and hot... eek... I know you’ll enjoy it... all of you please... one after another is... oww... I want it... the harder the better... make me cry... I want to be bruised again... uhhhh!’

Even as she choked out these broken words she could feel her pussy growing hotter and wetter, lathering the plunging dildo with her juices. She was getting excited again at the prospect of her own sodomy. Was she some kind of sex addict or was this just her body’s way of preparing her for these horrors? But how could she not think of sex with her breasts like pincushions, her arse on fire and her pussy plugged tight? This was not fair, but there was no other way...

Then she wailed as the first cock was rammed up her greased rectum.

One by one the buggered her, driving her hips even harder against the dildo in her pussy, making it feel as if the cock of flesh would meet the cock of rubber within her. The pin board banged against her breasts and she thought she felt blood beginning to drip from them. They would kill her before this was over!

And then the man came up her bottom and for a brief few seconds she felt a strange calm as she shared his ecstatic sense of relief. Then he was pulled away and she was flushed out and then the next shaft took its place in her rectum.

By then she wanted it up her so badly. That was the only escape open to her. She had to achieve another orgasm to be free of this chamber of horrors even if only for a few seconds. She had to let herself stop fighting and embrace this sordid mess for all she was worth. She had to become the slut they accused her of being if she wanted any release from her pain.

‘That’s right,’ she sobbed, ‘...screw me... do it hard... right up my bum... all the way...’

But again he came before she was ready. Now it came down to the last of them once more.

This time she clamped her sphincter so tight about his cock shaft that he could hardly move it inside her. He had to grab hold of the bed frame to force it up all the way inside her. The pressure and friction between it and the dildo within her was incredible. She could feel her clit standing up again like a thimble and the juices dripping from her slot. Her hard nipples were grating against the pin board and she did not care!

And then her mind seemed to explode and nothing else in the whole world mattered but her carnal delight.

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They had to splash water over Josephine’s face to bring her out of her post-orgasmic stupor. She found they had taken her off the frame and laid her across the table so they



could clean her up. She was utterly exhausted and lay there unresisting. Her bottom ached and her breasts simmered pricked, but once again they felt worse and they looked.

‘You are really something special, Josephine,’ one said appreciatively, as they rolled her onto her front and rubbed some cream onto her simmering buttocks.

‘Right, a really special hot slut!’ the next said crudely.

‘But the best we’ve had up here in a long time,’ another qualified.

‘And now you’re going to show us you’re not as filthy as you act by doing some cleaning for us...’

‘No, please let me rest...’ she begged.

‘If you’re good this will be your last session...’

They dragged her across to the urinal set against the wall. The camera had already been set up facing it. The row of three standing recesses, complete with a gutter and tiled foot strip, had been raised on a low wooden plinth which had been covered by old linoleum. Close to she saw it was covered by muddy footmarks, almost as if it had been deliberately dirtied. The urinal had been roughly plumbed in with use of a rubber hose feeding its flushing system and some domestic plastic piping draining its waste channel. The white vitreous china also appeared to be deliberately stained. Beside it was a bucket of soapy water, a cloth and a scrubbing brush. The handle of the bucket had a short chain and padlock on it.

‘You clean all that properly without complaining and we’ll let you go’ they told her.

Of course it was not quite as simple as that.

From their supply cupboard they brought out a coil of heavy multi-cored cable, a control box and a car battery. On the end of the cable was a pair of spring clamps of the kind used on jump starter cables to clamp onto battery terminals. Between them was a large vibrator which had been wired directly to the control cable.

‘Get down in your hands and knees and show us your bum,’ they commanded.

Josephine obeyed, trembling with fear. The vibrator went into her pussy of course, held in place by the terrible clamps on either side of it which bit deep into the thick lips of her outer labia. Then the bucket handle chain was padlocked to the ring set in her collar so that she could not raise her head and shoulders far, let alone stand upright without pulling the bucket over.

‘Now you’re going to clean the lino and the china work,’ they told her, ‘and if you don’t do a good job or speak a word of complaint then...’ One of them pressed a button on the control box and Josephine shrieked as the clamps biting into her labia stabbed her with hot electric needles, which made her hips jerk convulsively and her buttocks clench.

‘But if you keep doing a good job then you get rewarded, like this...’ This time the vibrator burst into life within her, sending insidious sensations through her pussy which promised a world of simple intimate delights. ‘Do you understand?’

‘Yes Sir,’ Josephine said in a meek voice.

The three of them dragged their scruffy armchairs across so they were arrayed in an arc about the urinal. Then they set up a side table with drinks on it and watched as Josephine miserably set to work, with her bare sore bottom pointed towards them, her thighs spread to spare her clamped and plugged pussy and the control cable trailing out from it like a tail.

If she scrubbed the floor vigorously she got buzzes of pleasure. But a moment's slackness caused her pussy lips to suffer terrible jolts of agony, which left her trembling and dripping tears. Every time she moved she had to drag the bucket with her and her dangling breasts kept grating across its rim. Soon the water in the bucket was like mud and she had to beg her captors to change it for some fresh. But steadily she worked her way across the linoleum towards the urinals themselves.

Wrinkling her lip she scrubbed and mopped at the drain channel and then she began to work her way up the back panel of the first recess. Pinned down by the bucket chained to her collar she had to get close to it and reach up as far as she could, with her nose almost pressed up against the porcelain.

Then one of the men said: 'I need to take slash...'

He got up and came over to the section Josephine was cleaning and stood straddled over her naked body. She suddenly froze trembling in horror as he opened his flies and peed down the front of the panel and then deliberately over her head. At the same moment her vibrator buzzed furiously, making her pussy tremble as it sent its message of carnal delight through her, so that her sex mouth began to feel hot and slick. She was meant to enjoy being defiled like this, but then why not? She was a non-person, a criminal, a bad citizen! She deserved everything she got.

And so she held still while he soiled her, snivelling as the hot pee ran through her hair and dripped into the gutter beneath her. It was awful and she would almost rather have been screwed again instead.

When he was done he said: 'Now clean that up...'

And so dripping with tears and pee, Josephine mopped up the mess on the floor about her.

When she was done she shuffled awkwardly sideways to the next recess, dripping and reeking with urine and biting her lip to prevent herself from being sick or screaming at them in disgust. She had to get this done as soon as possible. But as she began to clean it the second man said: 'I think I need to take a slash as well...'

And so he also straddled her and peed over her head and she trembled as the waves of vibrator-born delight coursed through her clamped pussy mouth, insisting that this was a perverse pleasure that she should enjoy. And to her horror her pussy seemed to be responding, tingling and growing ever slicker as if it welcomed the terrible pinch of the terminal clips biting into it and the fat electric dildo purring within it.

The man finished and shook the drips off his cock over her head. Grimly she continued the task. When she reached the third recess she hardly had the strength of will to begin cleaning it, but a warning jolt through her pussy lips set her scrubbing furiously again.

And then she heard: 'I think I need to take a slash...'

The vibrator began to buzz before he'd even straddled her, sending waves of false excitement to her body. Was there a strange joy to be found in being treated like dirt? Hot pee splattered over the panel in front of her and through her hair and over her face and down her chest to sting and burn her sore, prick-marked breasts and then drip off the tips of her nipples, which were standing up hard.

She shuddered and clenched her pussy tight about the vibrator, trying to understand its perverted message. Then suddenly her loins convulsed and a wave of orgasmic delight at her wretched defilement surged up through her. She sprayed her

juices out over the terrible electrodes clamping her pussy and with a sob of despair she sank down to the floor with her face in urinal gutter. But the man standing over her did not stop peeing.

And then faintly she was aware of the men applauding her final miserable surrender to their dominating will.

‘There now,’ one of them said, ‘that wasn’t so bad, was it?’

## Chapter Six

Half an hour later, feeling sick and wretched, Josephine staggered out of the warehouse dressed in her plastic uniform of shame once more. Her hair was still wet but it was with clean water and disinfectant. And true to their word the men had at least fed her a plate of sandwiches and an apple, which had helped calm her churning stomach a little.

She found she was in another dreary anonymous backstreet. And there at the end was the official black Zladd. She realized it was getting dark. Where was she? And where was the nearest tram station? How long would it take to get to her parents? Then she felt her pockets and realized that her precious cache of coins which she had so shamefully obtained was gone. But how when it had been buttoned down? Of course: her abusers had not only screwed her, they had stolen her money! They had even got back the cost of those sandwiches with something to spare!

They couldn't do that to her! It was so unfair!

As anger struggled within her against despair her old instincts took over. What did you do when you were a victim of a crime? You went to the police, of course. She stumbled along the road, shamefully aware of the terrible ache in her groin, until she reached the Zladd and banged on its tinted side window until it was wound down. A pair of mirror sunglasses stared out at her, one of three in the car. The man in the passenger seat had a pair of binoculars on his lap while the one in the back was holding a camera. Three men just to follow her! What had she done...?

'They stole my money!' she sobbed. 'Those three men you saw grab me took my money! I know they're allowed to screw me, but surely they can't steal from me as well? They're still inside. Can't you get it back?'

'An accused is not permitted to carry money, Josephine K,' the anonymous man inside the car said. 'The punishment is a fixed penalty beating.' He pulled out his electric batten and slapped it on the palm of his hand meaningfully. 'Now, are you telling us officially that you've just been robbed?'

Josephine snivelled in despair. This was a nightmare from which there seemed to be no escape. She lowered her head. 'No... I... I was mistaken... I wasn't carrying any money... I was forgetting I wasn't allowed...'

'I'm glad to hear it,' he said tersely and began to wind the window up again.

'But... how can I get to my parents?' Josephine pleaded. 'They live in Fensburg.'

'Thirty one, Grumsdorf Plaza, Fensburg,' the man the back said with a superior sneer. 'We know all about you.'

'Do... do they know what's happened to me?'

'They know of your arrest and bail. It was necessary to inform them at the start of our investigation into your past affairs.'

What must they be thinking of her? Did they imagine she was really a criminal? No, they couldn't believe that. But it made it all the more imperative that she got to them as soon as possible to explain.

'Do all my friends know I've been arrested?'

'They will when they are questioned about their relationships to you in due course.'

'But question them about what? Please tell me what it is I'm meant to have done wrong!' Josephine begged.

‘That is not for us to say...’

‘But you know.’

‘Of course we know. We could not investigate you without knowing that...’

Everybody knew... except her! ‘What do I do now?’

‘You walk of course.’ Then the window was wound up.

Josephine stared blankly at the car. How could people be so cruel to her? A cool wind blew down the narrow road and made her shiver under her thin plastic coat as it curled about her sore pussy lips. A few drops of rain splattered over her and her nipples stood up in feeble response. Even the weather was turning against her. If she had to walk all the way to Fensberg what about other people she met on the way who knew they could do anything they wanted to her? She knew now that the police wouldn’t raise a finger to stop anybody doing what they liked to her. She wiped away fresh tears. What could she do? And then she realized there was one other option. It was awful, but then everything was awful now. After what she already been through today what did one more filthy act matter?

Josephine banged on the car window again until it was wound down for a second time. ‘What now?’ the officer in the front seat demanded.

Josephine took a deep breath. ‘If I have to walk to Fensburg then you have to follow me. That’ll mean crawling along the curb for hours and hours in the rain. That won’t be any fun will it?’

‘That’s our job,’ he said curtly.

‘But you can make it a lot easier for both of us.’

‘What do you mean?’ he asked suspiciously.

‘Well, since you know where I’m going and you’ve got to go there as well, why can’t you take me? It’ll save us both so much time.’

‘This is the police car, not a taxi, Josephine K.’ came the curt reply.

She nerved herself to say clearly: ‘If you take me to my parents... then I’ll suck you all off on the way...’

There was a moment’s thoughtful silence from the depths of the car as the men turned about to look at each other.

‘I won’t tell if you won’t tell,’ she added helpfully. ‘You can pretend it’s part of your investigation...’

The back door swung open.

‘Get inside...’

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The big car drove slowly through the wet streets of the darkening city to Fensburg. It stopped a couple of times so the officers could switch places. And in the back Josephine knelt in the foot well with her head bent over the men’s laps as one by one she took their hard cocks into her mouth and sucked the sperm out of them as best she could. She had had little experience with oral sex. In the past a couple of boyfriends had talked her into trying it but she didn’t like it. But now she was doing so many things she didn’t like. And so clumsily she did the best she could to pleasure the faceless, nameless men who hid behind their mirrored sunglasses. Not that they needed much excuse to spout down her throat. Perhaps her obvious ineptitude and revulsion added to their enjoyment. Once the car had to stop so she could be sick into the gutter. The men laughed and gave her a drink of water to wash her mouth out, and then they carried on again.

She had imagined she would only need to service each of them once, but they recovered their desire with frightening speed and she had to pleasure each of them a second time. By the time they reached Grumsdorf Plaza her throat was sore and her jaws ached and her stomach was churning queasily. Never again, she told herself.

They opened the back door and pushed her roughly out onto the pavement still with a dribble of sperm on her chin.

‘Remember we’ll be watching you, Josephine,’ they said. And then the window was wound up again.

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Grumsdorf Plaza was an old apartment building heavy with shabby former grandeur which attracted respectable people of limited means. Under the awning of its main entrance Josephine rang the intercom button of her parent’s apartment again and again until her father’s cautious voice answered.

‘It’s me, let me in!’ she sobbed.

The front door lock buzzed and she slipped inside.

Her mother was waiting at the door of the apartment. At the site of her the tears she been holding back suddenly poured out of her and Josephine almost fell into her arms. Her grim-faced father, trying not to look at her exposed body, said: ‘Did anybody see you come in? At least it’s dark. Get inside!’ He closed the door quickly behind her and helped her through to the small neat sitting room. Her mother took a folded blanket off the sofa and put it over Josephine’s shoulders, as if trying to cover up her indecent plastic coat and all that it represented.

While Josephine sat huddled on the sofa sobbing helplessly, her mother made her a cup of tea while her father sat staring at her intently, his eyes shifting between her red collar and her bare legs with her strange clear plastic boots. His fists clenched and his lips pinched tight. Her mother brought the tea through and its homely revitalising warmth helped steady Josephine. Her mother gave her a handkerchief and she dabbed away her tears.

It was then that she saw her father shake his head sadly and mutter: ‘What have you done, Josephine? The shame of it... We’ll never live this down...’

Josephine blinked. Surely he didn’t think she was actually guilty? ‘Live what down? I’ve done nothing wrong, Father. Nothing!’

‘But you must have done something! We had policemen here. They wanted to examine any of your possessions we still had in your old room. They told us you had been arrested on a serious charge.’

‘Did they say what?’ Josephine asked hopefully.

‘No, but it must be something important. Something really bad...’

‘No, I’m innocent. They’ve made a mistake.’

Her mother hugged her. ‘Of course, if you say so, dear...’ she said soothingly.

But her father did not look convinced. He was one of those upright and very correct men who implicitly trusted the establishment and always followed the letter of the law. In other words he was a good citizen of the state. Until yesterday that had been a source of pride to Josephine.

‘Are you sure you haven’t done something,’ he persisted. ‘Maybe something you didn’t know was wrong at the time...’

‘I haven’t broken any law, Father, I swear I haven’t. They keep trying to convince me that I’m deluding myself in some way, but I’m not.’

‘Have you been ill recently, dear?’ her mother asked gently. ‘Maybe you did something without knowing it. If you admit it and say you’re sorry I’m sure the police will understand. At least maybe you won’t be punished quite so much...’

Josephine stared at her parents in growing horror. She had assumed without a second’s thought that they would take her side and support her. But they were both implying that she was as guilty as everybody else said she was.

‘I’m not a criminal!’ she said, fearful that she might begin to doubt her own conviction.

It was almost as if she not spoken. Her father said firmly: ‘We’ve made some enquiries and it seems that if you can get a doctor to say you’re not right in the head then the courts will be lenient. Sometimes they find people deny things, even to themselves. They don’t mean to, they just can’t help it...’

Of course they’d had almost two days to think about this, starting with the blind assumption that she must be guilty. Didn’t they accept that it was possible that somebody else had made a mistake and not her? Would they rather believe her or the state?

‘We’ve found somebody who specialise in these kinds of cases,’ her mother continued. ‘A Doctor Klaus S. He’s already agreed to examine you tomorrow. So you have a bath and rest and then you’ll feel so much better. I’ve made your old bed up...’

Too tired to argue any more, Josephine allowed herself to be led through to the bathroom. At least in here she was able to strip her terrible clothes off. She examined her body in the bathroom mirror, wincing as she touched the bruises bitten into her sex lips by the electric clamps and the patterns beaten into her buttocks and the multiple prick marks and scratches scattered over her breasts. But all that was superficial. What were far worse were marks she couldn’t see...

But at least she was able to sink into a hot steaming bath where she tried to scrub away all the dirt and shame she had accumulated through the day. By the time she had finished her body was clean, but she was not sure her mind would ever be free of the filthy memories jostling within it.

That night she slept in the warmth of her childhood bed which she polluted with a terrible dream...

She was in a gloomy chamber, a little like the warehouse where the three men had taken her, and a little like an old dusty attic. She was dimly aware of shadowy people ringed about its walls all watching her silently. A number of men were handling her. They had no faces but they all wore mirrored sunglasses. She realized that she was totally naked...

‘Put her on trial!’ somebody called out.

She tried to speak, to tell them she was innocent, but her mouth was stuffed with a red rubber gag ball. She could see it was red because she was also standing outside her body watching herself...

Ignoring her feeble struggles, the men dragged Josephine over to a convenient beam and strung her up by her slender wrists which had been tied in front of her. They passed a rope over the beam above her head and hauled on it until she stood on tiptoe and her ribs showed white under her taut skin. Her shoulders were wrenched up almost to her

ears, framing her despairing face. Looping more ropes about her ankles they pulled her legs apart and tied the ends to rings set in the concrete pillars.

Josephine hung in the air with her legs splayed invitingly wide. Her pubic pouch hung free, its tender pink lips gaping slightly. The pressure on her chest from her suspension caused her navel to rise and fall rapidly in response to her rasping, fearful breathing.

The men stood back for a moment, savouring Josephine's naked vulnerability. Bulges began to grow in the front of their trousers in anticipation. Then a man who might have been Ralph Q. clasped her trembling breasts and kneaded them thoughtfully.

'I know how we can make these better targets...'

He held up two lengths of broad, buckled leather strap. He buckled a loop of strap round the base of each breast and pulled them tight, making Josephine groan and squeezing the pale mounds into fat little dumplings of flesh. He then tied the strap ends behind Josephine's neck, forming a sort of halter. Her breasts now swelled proudly like mushroom heads from their leather collars. Under the constricting pressure the domes of her nipples stood up sharply from their darkening areolas.

The man grasped Josephine's hair and pulled her head back until he could look her straight in her wide, terrified eyes. 'This is the truth,' he told her.

He picked up a long red double-headed dildo and knelt behind Josephine and forced one end through the tight puckered orifice of her anus and into her rectum. The other end he pushed into her vagina as far as it would go.

Josephine gave a little moan as she was doubly penetrated. The man stood back, admiring his handiwork. The dildo loop hung between Josephine's legs, connecting her front and rear passages. It was almost as if she was now screwing herself.

The men, who were now all naked except for their sunglasses, positioned themselves in front and behind Josephine. They had monstrous erections jutting out in front of them and were holding spanking paddles and each rubber paddle head had a pattern of metal studs hammered into it in the shape of the state crest.

'Beat her until she confesses,' somebody shouted.

A paddle whipped across Josephine's ballooning breasts, making them bounce and shiver like rattles even as the cruel studs lacerated her flesh. A broad rubber tongue studded with metal teeth smacked into her pale soft buttocks, making them ripple even as it imprinted them with its crest. Swinging cuts curled up between her thighs, catching the flesh where it was softest and licking at the lips of her lovemouth. These blows also drove the dildo ends deeper inside Josephine, working it to and fro within her hot, tight passages despite the clenchings of her sphincter muscles.

The loft filled with the crisps smacks of rubber and metal on yielding flesh. Josephine jerked and twisted in her bonds while her eyes brimmed with tears. Gurgles of pain mingled with helpless groans of excitement escaped from behind her gag as she danced like a puppet.

'She's a disgrace to the state!' somebody called out from the shadows. 'Beat her harder!' It sounded like her father.

The pinched globes of Josephine's breasts were now almost as red as cricket balls and trickles and splashes of blood were running down their sides. Her scarlet buttocks clenched and jerked as she writhed under the blows. She could feel hot blood was running down her bottom cleft onto the dildo that doubly impaled her and mingling with



her juices which fell to the floor in pink splatters. Josephine gazing imploringly at the men beating her through her red-rimmed eyes and made pleading moans.

The men lowered their arms and one removed the ball gag from Josephine's stiff jaws.

'Yes, I'm guilty!' she sobbed. 'Now I want to pay for my crime! Please fuck me... I deserve it... feel how wet and juicy I am...'

They pulled out the dildo, which came free with a sucking pop, and thrust stiff fingers up the dark tunnel of her gaping cleft and tight anus. Yes, she was hot and wet and ready.

So the men queued up in front and behind her and thrust their huge cocks up her vagina and bottom, skewering her between them as they thrust and jerked. She thought they were going to split her in two it hurt so much! And then it was no longer hurt but something wonderful and Josephine screamed with relief as she came and came...

Josephine jerked awake with a sob, clutching at her breasts and pussy. But there was no blood or straps or the cocks of faceless men screwing her. But the sheets of the bed under her bottom were wet with her juices where she had cum.

Was she going mad?

## Chapter Seven

Josephine had assumed that her parents will accompany her to the doctor the next day to support her. But she had not yet truly grasped the depth of the stigma surrounding her as an accused when it came to the family reputation.

‘You understand we can’t go with you, Josephine,’ her father said stiffly as he gave her a card with Doctor Klaus’s address on it. ‘If we were seen out in public with you like this...’ he tried not to look at her naked body ill-concealed beneath her transparent coat ‘...then I think we would have to move to another district.’

‘And you will wait until its dark again before you come back, won’t you, dear?’ her mother pleaded.

Josephine struggled to conceal her surprise and dismay. It was as if they had already given up on her as a lost cause. ‘I might just go back to my flat afterwards,’ she said woodenly. ‘It’s so much nearer the Justice Ministry if they need me back there... I mean when this mistake is sorted out...’

To her dismay she could see that her suggestion secretly pleased them.

Did her own parents fear the law and social shame more than they loved her? Was that what being a good citizen meant? What kind of state was this?

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Fortunately the weather was fine once again and Klaus S.’s surgery was within walking distance of her parents’ apartment.

Josephine got there by putting her head down and gritting her teeth and virtually marching forward so that people had to get out of her way and she was past them before they could do anything about it. She must at least act as though she still had a purpose in life rather than waiting for judgement fall upon her. Perhaps this Doctor could help her get her mind straight, although she shied away from the possibility that she really was a criminal in deep self-denial. But at least he might be able to give Greta W. some better material to use when she next represented her in court so she could mount a proper defence.

She was aware of a black Zladd following her, but tried to ignore it and the thought that it might contain the three men she had given oral sex to yesterday.

The address led her to a tree lined avenue of large comfortable detached houses standing in their own grounds where professional people had their private offices. No doubt her plastic clad naked presence would scandalise its residents and so she found the right house as quickly as possible. There was a side gate hung with a brass plate bearing Doctor Klaus’s name with an impressive list of letters following it. Beyond was path which led to a more modern functional extension built on the side of the house. She entered a reception room to find a trim white coated receptionist sitting behind a desk.

However her face seemed to stiffen at the sight of Josephine. She pressed a button on an intercom. ‘Your... special patient is here, Doctor...’ she announced simply. Then instead of showing her through in person, she put her head down again and mutely pointed the way to the surgery door. It made Josephine feel as if she was bringing some kind of contamination into the neat antiseptic room.

Doctor Klaus S. was a prim, well-scrubbed, pink-faced man in his fifties. He was dressed in a short-sleeved white coat and was as bald as an egg. Unlike his receptionist he actually seemed pleased to see her and looked her right in the eye.

‘Ahh... yes, you are Josephine K. I know something of your case already... Do come in and sit down...’

The examination room contained a desk, an examination couch, various glass-fronted cabinets and a screened off corner. Josephine sat down in the patient’s chair and Doctor Klaus took his seat behind the desk again and beamed at her. After so many people looking right through her or round her, she found his direct penetrating gaze unexpectedly disturbing and she closed her thighs together and folded arms across her chest to conceal her naked breasts.

‘I have made quite a study of aberrant and antisocial mentalities, you know,’ he said. ‘Several of my papers on the subject have been very well received and I am always interested in getting more data. I’m sure I can learn a lot from your case...’

Josephine bit her lip in dismay. He was already presuming she was guilty like everybody else and only valuable to him as a research subject!

As calmly and firmly as possible she said: ‘Doctor, I’m not a criminal. I’m totally innocent. I have been accused of some crime but nobody will tell me what it is. I don’t remember breaking any laws. I’m a good citizen. Can’t you test me to prove I’m telling the truth and not going mad?’

Klaus made a note on a jotter in front of him. ‘So you believe you alone are right and the entire mechanism of the state, with all its vast experience and resources, is wrong, do you?’

Put like that, of course, her statement did not sound quite as convincing as it had at first sounded. ‘But mistakes are possible Doctor, aren’t they? Even the state can be given false or inaccurate information.’

‘Then you must also admit the possibility that you have made a mistake and that you are the one in denial, Josephine K. Perhaps you have committed a crime which has so appalled you that you have blanked it from your memory.’

‘All right, I admit it is possible. So can you find out if I’m telling the truth or not?’

He looked at her thoughtfully from the moment. ‘Cases of denial are sometimes triggered by traumas involving fundamental deep-seated emotions. Tell me, do have what you would consider to be a normal sex life?’

She was opening her mouth to say of course when she thought of the last few days. ‘I did until recently.’

He looked interested. ‘Tell me more...’

She felt a blush of shame. ‘I... have no rights anymore. Apparently people can do anything they want with me. The officers who arrested me made that clear when they screwed me over the front of their car! So did court officials, my lawyer, the judge and three men who snatched me off the street yesterday and made me...’ she paused as the memory welled up inside her and she tried to wipe away her tears, but she had no handkerchief. Klaus offered her a tissue from the box on his desk and she dabbed her eyes. ‘But these are only things that happened to me after I was arrested and accused. Before that I had a perfectly normal sex life...’

‘Are you sure?’ Klaus asked. ‘Is it possible you have been confusing the sequence of events to excuse an incident of aberrant behaviour? Perhaps something happened to you before you were arrested which has caused you to blank out and rearrange a sequence of events which then made you to doubt the judgement of the state?’

He sounded so reasonable that for a moment she began to doubt her own sanity. Was it possible these events were not what she thought they were? No, that was ridiculous. 'These things happened to me after I was arrested,' she said firmly.

'But you admit they were traumatic?'

'Yes!'

'And did you enjoy them?'

'What? No, they were terrible!'

'Were they? I noticed your nipples erected as you were speaking of them. Did you orgasm at any time during these incidents?'

Blushing Josephine crossed her arms over her chest again. She could hide nothing under this coat! 'Uhhh... well, yes... but I had to.' That sounded terrible. 'I mean I couldn't stop it so I had to make it as easy as possible on myself... so I... let myself orgasm a few times.'

'So you did enjoy yourself to a degree.'

He was making it sound as if she was sexual deviant or a masochist. 'In a way, but I was desperate. I mean I didn't go out looking to be screwed or sodomised or tied up or beaten!'

'Ahh... so there was significant violence involved?'

'Yes of course. I was fighting them... they had to tie me down!'

'And would you say this bondage and the force used against you increased your pleasure?'

'How could it increase my pleasure?'

'For instance, if these incidents had just involved ordinary non-coercive sex with strangers would you have achieved multiple orgasms?'

She was getting confused. 'Well... no, but then if I had the choice I wouldn't have had sex with any of them in the first place!'

'So the restraints and violence you experienced did contribute to your orgasms.'

Josephine clutched her hands to her head and screwed up her eyes. This was getting absurd. He was making it seem as if she got off on those kinds of things, like she was some kind of pain slut. And yet in a way that was true. She tried to explain again: 'I had to do everything I could to try to blank out my pain and humiliation...'

'So you admit you have been trying to suppress unpleasant memories...'

'No! Well, only for a few seconds. I mean I fainted when I came couple of times...'

'Because of the pain and extreme stimulation you were experiencing?'

'Yes... I suppose... but I didn't enjoy it!'

'And yet you admit that you had orgasms, presumably very intense ones. Sufficient for you to blackout.'

'Yes... but I couldn't help it...'

'Are you sure these "blackouts" only lasted for a few seconds? Or were the first your experienced? Perhaps you've been having them for longer than you know...'

Josephine shook her head, fighting back her tears. She was not sure what was true anymore. The state said she was guilty. Perhaps it was right? No, it couldn't be. 'Doctor, please can't you do something to find out what's really happening to me?'

'Well I do have a test I can run to establish your baseline physical and emotional responses to intense stimulation, but it will be... uncomfortable.'

After what she had been through “uncomfortable” was nothing. ‘I don’t care, just do it, please!’

He got up and went over to the screens in the corner of the room and folded them back. Behind them was a large black vinyl-covered gynaecological examination chair fitted with the usual stirrups on adjustable brackets, plus a variety of rubber straps and open metal clamps fitted to the armrests. There were also devices half hidden beneath and behind it.

Josephine shivered at the sight of it. After recent days she could imagine all too easily what it would feel like. Yet even as she felt sick with revulsion her pussy tingled with fresh hot wetness and her nipples pricked up again.

‘I can of course force you into it if that would make it easier,’ Doctor Klaus said. ‘As you admit it, you have no rights now and your examination would further my research.’ As he spoke he picked up something that had been hanging off the back of the chair. It was an electric cattle prod. He held it up before her eyes meaningfully. ‘Take your clothes off, Josephine K!’ he commanded.

And biting lip she obeyed. Was it easier this way? He was a doctor. He must know what he was doing. He must have examined many women before. But then why were her nipples standing up so hard? Could this be turning her on? He could see all the marks on her body now and could guess what she had been through.

When she was naked except for her collar he said: ‘Sit in the chair, put your wrists on the armrest cuffs and your legs in the stirrups.’

Trembling she sat in the chair and spread her legs and slid her feet into the stirrups. They were very wide-spaced and her groin felt frighteningly exposed as her thighs parted. Then she placed her arms on the rests with her wrists in the open clamps. They snapped shut automatically, making her flinch. At the same moment clamps in the stirrup shoes closed across her ankles, holding her legs in place. There was no going back now...

Klaus pulled straps across her body, binding her knees and thighs and belly and upper arms firmly against the soft padding of the chair. He pulled hinged arms round from the back of the head rest and pressed them against her temples, screwing their padded ends tight so she could not move her head. She strained against the clamps and straps but she was totally helpless... once again. He stood back for a moment, studying her intently, and then slowly dragged the tip of the cattle prod down her body, brushing its electrodes over her sore hard nipples and belly and then down to the gaping slash of her labia, which to her shame was growing wetter by the second. No doctor had ever treated her like this before, but then she had never been a nonperson before...

‘Tell me what you feel right now,’ he demanded. ‘Or else I will give you a shock which, given the quantity of fluid you are excreting, will be very painful.’

Josephine gulped. ‘I... I feel frightened...’

‘Just frightened?’

‘Frightened... and a little bit aroused,’ she admitted miserably.

He twisted the prongs of the cattle prod deeper into her wet gash, making her whimper. ‘More than a little aroused I would say, don’t you agree?’

She bit her lip as a shudder of perverse excitement coursed through her. ‘I... uh... I can’t help it!’

‘Exactly. Only now are we seeing your true nature revealed; one perhaps that you’ve been suppressing all these years.’

She struggled to retain her grasp of reality. ‘No... I am not like this normally! I had to act like a... a slut to survive! You don’t know what it was like!’

Doctor Klaus smiled. ‘That’s why you’re going to show me...’

From beneath the end of the couch he pulled out a complicated device mounted on a hinged arm and positioned it between her widespread legs. At its core were a compact electric motor and a clear plastic dildo of strange design. It appeared to be filled with electric circuitry. A small flexible horn-like projection rose up from its upper side with a silver tip. On each side of the dildo and linked to the motor by drive shafts and universal joints were small wheels with plastic paddle blades on their ends jutting out from their rims. Their axles were set on pivoting mounts.

Klaus touched a button on the base of the probe and it was lit up from within by LED bulbs. ‘The probe has sensors that will monitor your internal blood flow, muscle contraction, rate of lubrication production and temperature,’ he explained. ‘But it is not a pleasure device in its own right as it will not vibrate or oscillate and it is not textured. Any satisfaction you get from it you will have to generate yourself. I want to ascertain how you respond to maximum pain and minimal sexual stimulation. The external contact will shock your clitoris while the wheels will deliver degrees of pain to your buttocks.’

Josephine felt sick. This would be far more than “uncomfortable.” She felt panic taking hold of her. ‘Isn’t there some other way to do this, Doctor?’

‘This is my tested method of obtaining results in such cases,’ Klaus told her stiffly.

Josephine began to pull against her straps. ‘I... I’ve ... changed my mind, Doctor. Please let me go. I don’t want to do this...umphhh!’

Doctor Klaus had pulled a heavy rubber bit strung on elastic cords over the back of the head rest and jammed it between her teeth, muffling her protests.

‘You really don’t have any choice, Josephine. I have been civil with you but in reality as a nonperson you are just an experimental subject and I can do what I like with you...’

As she whimpered he pushed the smooth cool probe up into her by now slippery vagina, making her mound bulge and her labia stretch. By reflex she clenched her sheath tightly about it as if in reassurance. Its lights shone out of her pussy mouth, eerily illuminating her passage from within. The horn-mounted electrode jabbed against the button of her clitoris, which responded by tingling and beginning to swell. Then Klaus adjusted the wheels on either side so that their paddles were pressed against her buttocks.

Moving around the chair, Klaus pulled out other devices mounted on folding arms which had been concealed behind it and positioned them over her chest. There were two more of the spanking wheels which he lined up with the undersides of her breasts, except that these had limp rubber straps hanging from them instead of paddles. On the same mounts were electric crocodile clips mounted on wire-stiffened cables which held them clear of the spanking wheels. He pinched the clips about her nipples.

‘These will deliver calibrated shocks to your teats to increase the overall level of stimulation,’ he explained, as Josephine’s eyes grew wider in horror and then filled with tears as the metal teeth bit into her nipples. Her nightmare came back to her and she feared her breasts really would be turned into the bloody messes she had imagined.

Klaus smiled and flicked her hard clamped nipples. 'I see you're going to be an excellent subject,' he said. He moved round to the back of the chair to a small control panel. 'I'm going to set the chair on an automatic stimulation cycle,' he explained. 'This will determine how many orgasms you can achieve within an hour. Every detail will be recorded. That should establish your normal degree of responsiveness to pleasure and pain stimuli.'

Josephine whimpered, trying to say that her natural responses had already been distorted by what had happened to her in the last few days and this was not a proper test and please let her go! But all she managed was an incoherent series of moans and chokes.

Motors hummed and the spanking wheels began to turn. Centrifugal force turned the straps on the upper set of wheels into flailing lashes which swished through the air and began to beat her breasts, while the blades bristling from the lower set of wheels smacked against her buttocks with mechanical relentlessness. At the same time the clips clamped to her nipples stabbed them with electric needles while the horn pressed against the clitoris did the same. Josephine shrieked and bit on her gag ball as her breasts began to jump and shiver under the hail of lash blows while her buttocks clenched in a futile effort to escape the paddle blades smacking and stinging against her flesh.

By now her breasts were shaking like jellies as the regular slaps of the rubber strips set them resonating madly, shivering about the twin points of pain that were her nipples which were stabbed with shocks every few seconds. Juices dripped from about the barrel of the probe buried in her pussy and ran off the lip of the chair to the floor. Some were splattered across to her shivering buttocks which were turning red from the hail of paddles slaps beating across them. Every few seconds her pussy seemed to convulse as the horn electrode stabbed her clitoris with another electric needle.

As Josephine sobbed and moaned about her gag bar and the dribble from the corners of her mouth joined the tears running down her cheeks to fall onto her chest, she knew there was only one escape for her. She stopped fighting and embraced the pain and humiliation and felt the hot lust bubbling up in her loins which swelled into a taut bubble and burst, filling her with sweet blissful joy. As her hips jerked and her orgasmic discharge spurted out from about the probe over the paddle blades, for a few moments nothing else in the world mattered.

A buzzer sounded and the chair ceased its terrible torment and she sagged within her clamps and straps.

'That's your first,' Klaus said, making a note on his pad. 'Let's see how many more you can do...' and he started it up again.

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By the end of the hour, Josephine had been overwhelmed by three more orgasms. By that time her breasts and bottom were rosy red and simmering like toast and the surgery reeked of her juices, sweat and desperation. The last orgasm, coming on top of her growing exhaustion, was almost too much for her and she fainted dead away.

When she came to again, an unknown time later, she discovered she was still naked and reclining in the chair with her legs still spread obscenely wide, but Klaus had unstrapped her. Her nipples tingled and pricked convulsively while her pussy ached and she felt strangely empty with the probe removed from it. She could smell a soothing chemical scent and realized that while she had been unconscious he had put some cream on her burning breasts and bottom, which had done something to take the sting out of

them. She felt slightly queasy at the thought of him handling her insensible body. But considering what she was it had probably been a kindness on his part.

Doctor Klaus was bent over his desk screen studying the results from the test.

Biting her lip, Josephine struggled out of the chair and staggered over to the desk, still dizzy from her exertions. To her dismay she realized that her aching pussy was dripping on the floor.

Klaus looked up at her. 'That was most useful. I've gathered a lot of data about female responses under extreme duress.'

Josephine croaked: 'Can you tell if I'm normal or not? Am I a criminal or am I innocent?'

Klaus chuckled. 'None of this tells me if you're telling the truth or not or whether you're guilty or innocent. If you recall I never claimed it would. All I can say is that you have, or possibly have recently developed, marked submissive and masochistic tendencies and may under extreme sexual stimulation pass out.'

Josephine almost broke down. 'Then what's all this been for?'

'Aiding my research of course. You don't think I really care a jot whether you are imprisoned or not? That's for the courts to decide.'

Josephine buried her head in her hands and cried. She had been used again and got nothing out of it.

With a grimace of distaste, Klaus pushed the box of paper tissues towards her. Miserably Josephine took a handful and dabbed her eyes, blew her nose and then wiped her slobbering pussy.

'Now there is just a matter of my payment,' Klaus said.

Josephine looked at him in astonishment. 'Payment? But I thought you were paid by the state.'

'The state does not cover the medical costs of non-persons like you. This was a private session but not a charity case.'

'I... I thought testing me furthered your research? Haven't I helped you?'

'You have, but I never said this consultation was free. And my time does not come cheap.'

'B... but I haven't any money!'

'Then I must contact the authorities and tell them you cannot pay me. I imagine you'll be arrested again immediately...'

Josephine felt a sense of dread familiarity overtaking her. What else did she expect? But her pussy was too drained to serve. Warily she went down on her knees beside his desk and opened her lips invitingly. At least she had had some practice at this now. 'Will you accept my sucking you off as payment, Doctor...?'

He smiled down at her and began unbuttoning his flies. 'That will do nicely,' he said.



## Chapter Eight

At least Doctor Klaus allowed Josephine to use the shower room adjacent to his surgery to clean herself up afterwards and even gave her more cream for her sore breasts and bottom. He appeared to be in good spirits now, not only from information he had gathered but the intimate service she had performed for him, to which he had responded copiously. Perhaps this was why, once she was as respectably dressed as her plastic clothing permitted, he personally escorted her out into the reception room.

‘Show my patient out, Helga,’ he said casually to his receptionist.

Unexpectedly her face pinched in dismay. ‘Oh... must I Doctor?’

Klaus frowned, his amiable manner abruptly melting away. ‘You will do as I tell you immediately, or else you know what you’ll get...’

With evident reluctance Helga got up and came round from behind the desk, shuffling awkwardly.

And only then did Josephine see that Helga’s uniform only extended as far as her waist. Below that she was naked except for white stockings and white court shoes. Her ankles were hobbled by a chain, the middle of which was hooked to a rod which passed into a vertical slot dividing the hemispheres of a large rubber coated ball which must have been of some weight from the way it rolled heavily across the floor after her. Even more shocking was the fact that the lips of her smooth-shaven pudenda were closed by a large white padlock threaded through them which dangled between her thighs.

Avoiding Josephine’s eyes now not so much in contempt but in shame, Helga shuffled over to the door, making the smooth naked pink cheeks of her buttocks shiver as her ball and chain rattled behind her, and opened it to allow her out.

Josephine walked back the way she had come not thinking about her exposure and hardly registering the Zladd following her once more.

What kind of doctor openly kept woman like a... well like a sex slave? What was she to him? Did his other patients know? They must unless she was as discourteous to them as she had been to her when she had first come in and never rising from her desk, which did not seem likely. But how could he do such a thing? It was all shocking and incredible... Or was it? Josephine now had an insight into the tastes of judges and lawyers when it came to women like her and their readiness to take advantage of them. Perhaps that extended doctors. Was Helga a criminal of some kind? Had her original rudeness to her been a show of contempt for somebody she regarded as her inferior or covering up her own feelings of shame before her social equal? Josephine began to realize how little she knew about the private lives of state’s professional classes, who before now she had only encountered when they came to Kraftvender to buy perfumeries.

But her more immediate personal worries soon caused her to put the matter of Helga’s strange status to one side.

Klaus had given her nothing useful to help prove her innocence in court. In fact the multiple orgasms his terrible chair forced her to produce had only made her wonder at her own sexual nature and if she really did have a secret hidden slutty side that her recent ordeals had revealed. She tried to convince herself that, embarrassing as that possibility was, at the moment it might be a useful tool to help her survive the perverse conditions of her bail. It was not pleasant to think of the sexual capacity of her body as a “tool”, but while she was an official nonperson and outcast, it was all she had.

So what should she do next? Still she might as well go back to her flat. The rent was paid up until the end of the month and it gave her a location relatively close to people she knew and the Justice Building. Perhaps if she tried to contact some of her friends discreetly outside work, so she didn't embarrass them in public, they could help her.

But how was she going to get back into the city without spending hours walking? Despite her new resolve she didn't want to buy another ride with officers in a Zladd the way she had yesterday if at all possible. She had not thought to ask her parents for money, although carrying it might have been risky. But then how else could she get a tram ticket. Of course, if people were behaving as if she did not exist, what was to stop her simply walking onto a tram when she liked? Or would that be a trap inviting arrest for travelling without a ticket? She couldn't carry cash but nobody had said anything about tickets. But how could she obtain one in the first place? All she had left, apart from her body, was the aura of revulsion people seem to feel when close to her.

Ah... perhaps there was a way to use that to her advantage.

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At this time of day there were only a few people waiting at the tram stop when she arrived. She picked a single man standing a little apart from the others and went up to him, ignoring the alarm in his eyes as he saw her and then looked hastily away.

'Please buy me a ticket to the city centre,' she said quietly, 'or else I'll start talking to you in a loud voice so everybody will think we're friends, which won't do your reputation any good and might make the officers in that Zladd over there decide you're background would be worth investigating.'

By now he was looking frightened while the rest of the queue was pointedly not looking at him. For a moment his eyes darted about frantically, looking everywhere except into her face. Then he muttered: 'All right... Just don't get on until I start buying my ticket...'

When the tram arrived a few minutes later Josephine hung back. The others in the queue hastily got on ahead of her man, who made a show of searching for the right change while blocking the driver's view of the doors. This allowed Josephine time to dash forward and clamber on after him. Her man flicked the second ticket he had bought behind him and then strode off down the car without looking back. Josephine picked the ticket up and showed it to the driver before he could look away. Then she made her way to the empty back of the tram to a corner as far away from every else as she could.

The tram ride back into the city was probably the most peaceful twenty five minutes she had known since her nightmare had begun. Looking in from outside nobody could tell what she was and looking out the great city seemed to be its usual self. But she had now begun to suspect there were more mysteries within it than she had ever imagined.

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It was with relief that Josephine turned the key in the door of her own little flat at 1542 Wilhelm Street and quietly let herself inside. At least she was safe now and could wear some decent clothes in private. Getting food was her next challenge, but her experience at obtaining a tram ticket had given her a clue as to how she might manage that. Strangely she felt the stirrings of optimism and even a kind of defiance within her. If Judge Herman expected this social punishment to break her will so she would confess to anything again then he was mistaken. And let the secret police observe her as much as they wanted.

After all she had nothing to hide. And the longer she could last the more chance there was that they would realize they had made a mistake.

But as she stepped into the tiny hallway she realized something was wrong. Her coat stand and the hall table were missing and her footsteps echoed on bare boards where a rug should have been. She pushed open the door to the living room with its kitchenette alcove. All her furniture and pots and pans had gone. What had happened?

Then she heard the front door opening and rushed back out into the hall. Walter C., her landlord, was standing there. He was little fussy man with dark slicked-back hair and a pencil moustache who was always finding fault with his tenants. Now he was scowling at her in deep disapproval.

‘So you come back at last, have you?’ he said. ‘I’m surprised you had the nerve to go out in daylight dressed like that.’ Then he grinned and leered at her openly. ‘At least you’ve got something worth showing off under that coat, I suppose. But I hope nobody saw you coming here. I’m not happy with a criminal staying in my house. The other tenants won’t like it. I’ve got my reputation to think of you know...’

‘But I’m innocent!’ Josephine protested.

‘Not according to the police and that’s all that matters,’ Walter said bluntly. ‘I’d like to evict you but I can’t. Apparently the law says I’ve got to keep this flat in your name so they’ve got a contact address for you.’

‘Where have my furniture and all my things gone?’ Josephine asked.

‘The police took your belongings when they searched the place a couple of days ago and I’ve taken the furniture.’

‘You can’t do that!’

‘Yes I can. Most of it came with the flat and so I can do what I want with it.’

Josephine felt fresh despair creeping back over her. How could they keep doing these things to her? ‘But I’ve got to have somewhere to sleep,’ she said miserably.

Walter C. suddenly grinned malevolently. ‘Oh, I’m not heartless. I’ve left you something to sleep on and somewhere you can work to earn your keep, because I’m not losing income over you...’ And he took hold of her arm in way he would never have done before her arrest and half dragged her into her bedroom.

Everything had been removed from it including her bed, which had been replaced by an old iron famed model with a mattress on it wrapped in black plastic sheeting. The frame of the bed had been hung with restraining chains and straps and there was an array of canes, straps, dildos, gags, cuffs and lashes hanging from its foot rail, together with a coil of heavy rubber cable with control box on one end.

As Josephine gaped at it in horror, Walter continued: ‘I asked the policeman what the law was concerning accused people like you and they told me I could do pretty much what I wanted with you. Apparently you’ve got no rights at all now. So I thought that a pretty girl like you could earn her keep on her back with her legs open. I know quite a few people who would pay to have a bit of rough fun with you, and it’s all perfectly legal. Apparently you can’t carry any money, but you can make it for somebody else.’ He slapped her plastic-covered bottom. ‘So you can take that off for a start...’

The full horror of what he was suggesting finally sank in. It was one thing for her to prostitute herself out of desperate necessity, but something else entirely for Walter to presume he could sell her body for money. Josephine turned on him furiously. ‘You mean, sick little man! If you think for one minute I’m going to do this then... eek!’

He had pulled an expanding electric batten from his trouser pocket and swiped it up between her legs, smacking it into her naked pussy where flashed and crackled. The jolt made her drop to her knees, clutching at her groin. He stabbed her with the batten again this time on the exposed back of her neck just above her collar which sent a sickening jolt through her brain. Stunned she fell forward onto her face.

‘You don’t call me names in my house, Josephine,’ he snarled as he knelt over her jabbing at the back of the neck again and again, making her twitch and jerk uncontrollably. ‘From now on you’re going to do what I tell you like a good whore slut...’

While he was keeping her stunned he was lifting up the tail of her coat with his free hand to expose her bare buttocks. Then he pulled down the coiled cable that been hanging from the foot rail of the bed and rammed one end, which was shaped a little like a pear, up into her bottom. Its fattest part stretched her anus painfully wide as he forced it through her sphincter and then it slid all the way up inside her. Then he stepped back and uncoiled the cable to its other end which was connected to a rubber coated control pad. He pressed a button and Josephine felt the thing expand inside her rectum.

As the stunning effects of the batten faded Josephine was able to struggle onto her feet, still dizzy and tingling but least able to move again. The heavy cable trailed from her bottom like a tail. Frightened she yanked on it but the device inside her had expanded too much for it to pass back out through her sphincter. Instead as she tugged on its cable it stabbed her with electric needles from within, making her shriek and stop pulling.

‘That’s better,’ Walter said. ‘Don’t try to pull it out unless you want to get hurt. You didn’t think I wouldn’t have prepared for this? I’m not stupid, you know. I never imagined you’d be cooperative without a little encouragement. This thing’s made to control women while leaving their hands free and it stays up your bum until I say it can come out. From now on you’re going to do exactly what I tell you, unless you want more of this...’ He pressed another button and the plug inside her bottom seemed to explode.

Josephine shrieked and clutched at the groin and fell to the floor writhing in agony. It was as if the plug in her behind was hammering electric nails into her from within. Her legs were kicking about frantically as wave after wave of pain coursed through her and she could do nothing to stop it. Her bladder cut loose and she spurted hot pee over the inside of her transparent plastic coat which ran back up under her bottom and then dribbled out down her thighs over the bare boards of the floor.

Through her tear-filled eyes she could see Walter grinning with delight as he held his finger on the button that poured the pain into her. Now he was her master!

After what seemed like an eternity of agony the pain suddenly ceased, leaving Josephine twitching feebly on the floor, clutching at her tingling behind and numbed by shock and disbelief.

‘That was fun,’ Walter said. ‘There’s nothing like seeing a pretty woman humiliating herself. But now you’re going to start work so get up!’ he commanded.

Miserably Josephine levered herself upright and stood pale, frightened and trembling before him.

‘Take everything off!’ he snapped.

Josephine obeyed, shedding her cap and still dripping coat and boots.

When she was naked except for her collar, Walter walked around her, holding the control box at the ready and keeping his distance.

‘Nice, very nice,’ he said. ‘You’re going to earn me a lot of money with a body like that. Now get into the bathroom and clean yourself up...’

He followed after her as she tottered through to the bathroom and wiped her bottom and legs clean with toilet tissues and a flannel.

‘You see I left your personal stuff here,’ Walter said, opening the little cabinet above the basin to reveal her brushes, soap, shampoo and cosmetics. ‘I thought you might need it when you started working for me. Now you wash your face off and comb your hair and make yourself look pretty for me...’

‘What?’ Josephine said stupidly.

‘What did you think I was going to do after I got control of a lovely woman? I’m going to give you a test ride before I start selling your services out, of course. And you’re going to do everything you can to please me or else you know what you’ll get...’

That was almost the same phrase that Doctor Klaus had used, Josephine thought dizzily.

With trembling fingers she combed through her hair, dabbed on some perfume and reapplied make up over her pale and drawn features. She thought it looked horrible, like a mask entirely failing to hide her true feelings, but Walter seemed to approve.

‘That’s right; you make yourself look nice and fresh again. That’s what your customers are going to want to see.’

Josephine tried not to be sick.

He directed her back to the bedroom. ‘Now you lie on the bed with your arms and legs spread out like a good slut,’ he told her.

Trembling she obeyed, spreading herself before him, feeling the plastic-covered mattress begin to cling to her bare skin as a film of sweat immediately formed beneath her. She saw his eyes grow even wider and a bulge appear in front of his trousers as he stared down at her, drinking in every detail of her exposed sex mouth and trembling breasts. She felt her nipples standing up under his gaze and her labia begin to feel hot and slick as her body prepared once again for the inevitable.

Reaching out with one hand while holding the control box ready with the other, Walter flicked and pinched her hard nipples and then rubbed his fingers through her cleft, bringing them back wet and sticky with her intimate aroma. He sniffed them in delight.

‘You see, I was right, you always were a hot slut,’ he said. ‘This is going to be so good...’

Still keeping hold of the terrible control box, clumsily Walter pulled leather cuffs and chains out from the corner posts of the bed and, fumbling with growing excitement, he buckled them about her wrists and ankles. Despite her fear his clumsiness made her wonder how many women he’d ever been this intimate with. Only when she was secure did he put the box down. Then he sat on the side of the bed and caressed her body with both hands examining every part of her detail. She squirmed and trembled at its touch. As he stroked her cheeks she jerked against her cuffs and tried to turn her head away, but he gave her cheek a warning slap.

‘That’s no way to behave to your new master, Josephine, is it?’ he asked. ‘Because that’s what I am now: your master and your keeper. I want to hear you say it.’

‘You are... my master and my keeper,’ Josephine choked out.

‘Call me “Master”.’

‘As you wish... Master.’

He savoured her submissive words. 'Now you behave yourself like a good slut and you'll be all right. I'll take care of you because you're a valuable piece of property now. That makes sense, doesn't it?'

And for a few terrible seconds Josephine wondered if it didn't make perfect sense. Why should she fight this? Where else could she go? Every day would be a struggle to find food and she might have to use her body to obtain that. She had no idea how long her bail would last. An "indeterminate period" the judge had said. Perhaps it would be easier just to forget her illusion of freedom and let Walter hire out her body for her keep. She wouldn't enjoy it but maybe that was the least worst she could hope for...

Meekly she said: 'Yes, Master...'

By now he was beaming in delight. Then he began tugging at his clothes. 'Now I've got to try you out. I can't recommend you unless I can say from personal experience what you're like, can I?'

'No, Master,' Josephine agreed.

Walter stripped off excitedly, revealing a pale, skinny body. But his cock was swollen hugely by now and bobbed stiffly before him, so that it seemed to be leading him, and appeared almost out of proportion to its build. Josephine gulped at the sight of it and then decided that a little flattery would not hurt, even though the words almost caught in her throat.

'You're very big, Master. Please... be gentle with me... '

He puffed out his skinny chest at this compliment. Then he knelt on the bed between her splayed legs and lay down across her. His big cock slid up easily into her waiting vulva. At least Klaus's probe had only stretched her and not pumped her and she had a chance to recover from her previous day's usage, so she could take him inside her without too much discomfort. Walter's head rested on her breasts as he began to grind across her naked body and jerk his hips against her groin, ramming his cock deep into her. She whimpered and moaned under him, partly for effect, squirming as she did so, desperately wanting to get this over with as soon as possible.

It was as she did so that she realized the cuff about her right wrist had not been buckled up as tightly as the others. It was one notch looser. It had not been apparent before because like the rest it was stiff and new. But now as she pulled against it she found that her hand began to slide part the way through. She thought furiously as Walter grunted and pounded into her. Would this be her last chance? What should she do?

Before she could decide, with a cry of triumph Walter spouted inside her and she moaned along with him, feeling a brief fluster of pleasure pass through her.

Still coupled he slumped across her, slobbering over her breasts and panting and looking exultant. 'I'll hire out you to my friends first,' he sighed. 'Then they'll tell their friends and get you more customers and I won't even need to advertise...'

No, she could not live like this...

'Oh... Master you came before I did,' she sobbed. 'I want you again so you can finish me off. But this time why not have me up my bottom?'

He goggled at her in surprise. 'You really are filthy aren't you?'

'I found men like to have me like that, Master. I'm really tight down there. If you pull the plug out of me you'll find out.'

He chuckled. 'Are you trying to get me to un-strap you so you can escape?' he said contemptuously. 'I'm not a fool, you know...'

‘No Master. You don’t have to turn me over. Just un-tie my ankles and pull them up over my head and chain them next to my wrists. Then my bottom will be really open and exposed and you can push your lovely big cock right up inside me...’

‘So I can give you a good spanking on it before I screw it,’ Walter suggested.

Josephine gulped. ‘Of course you can, Master... that would warm me up...’

Eagerly he pulled out of her and undid the chains cuffed to her ankles from the bedstead. Then he bent her legs up over her body and splayed them wide and made her wince as her tendons were stretched. When her knees were almost touching her shoulders he reattached the dangling ankle chains to the frame next to her wrists.

Josephine moaned: ‘Isn’t that better, Master? Now you can get right inside me...’

Walter’s face looked as if it would split in two from the wideness of his grin as he stared down into her blatantly exposed groin with her swollen pubes and wet and gaping pink gash dripping with her juices and his sperm. The tension on her doubled over legs had rolled her hips back so that it now seemed if she was offering up the tight pucker of her plugged anus to him, from out of which the control cable seemed to be growing.

Walter ran his hands over her buttocks still sore and red from Klaus’s spanking wheels. ‘Looks like you’ve had a good tanning already,’ he said.

‘But you can do it better, Master,’ Josephine assured him.

He took hold of the control box and pressed a button and the plug inside her contracted. He pulled it out of her with a popping sound, leaving her anus gaping wide for a moment, and then he hung it back over the foot of the bed. From the selection there he then chose a springy cane and flexed it experimentally.

At the sight of it Josephine bit her lip even as she felt a strange thrill coursing through her. This was going to hurt! Maybe that was why her nipples were already standing up in anticipation. If she had a secret slutty side she must let it take over right now.

‘That’s right, Master you beat me until I cry. You put stripes right across my bottom. Then you can screw me good and hard up my bum!’

With his eyes full of joyful sadism he positioned himself and swung at her upturned buttocks.

Josephine screamed as the cane bit into her soft flesh, reaching from one side of her haunches to the other and even kissing the pouting lips of her sex. She jerked wildly at her cuffs, making her chains rattle. Under cover of this she dragged her right hand a little further out of its cuff.

Again and again Walter lashed her, laying stripe after stripe across her bottom, while the cracks echoed about the bare room. As he beat her his cock stiffened and regained its former hardness, as if questing for another warm wet passageway to plunge into. Meanwhile Josephine screamed and sobbed and writhed and little by little pulled her hand through the cuff. Then, when her hand was almost free and her bottom felt as if it was on fire, she cried: ‘Have my bum now, Master! Let me hold your cane in my teeth...’

His thrust the cane between her teeth and she bit down upon it. Then he knelt over her upturned and blazing bottom, crossed by a dozen scarlet stripes, and guided his cock up into her waiting anus. He lunged forward and filled her to the hilt, making her bottom bulge. Josephine sobbed. Even though it was the cock of a man she hated it felt disgustingly good to have inside her. Then he began to pump back and forth, making her gasp and bite on the cane. His pink face hovered over hers, screwed up with desperate

need, seeing nothing else but her flushed and submissive expression and the cane humiliatingly clenched between her teeth.

And so he did not see her right hand come free of its cuff and her fingers begin to unbuckle her ankle cuff. He was still ramming his cock delightedly into her tight hot behind when her leg came free.

The first thing he knew that anything was wrong was when she twisted her leg round and kicked him in the face, splitting his lip. As he fell backwards, wrenching his cock out of her bottom even as it spouted its seed over her rosy red buttocks, she tore the cane from her mouth and swiped it hard into his groin. She could not miss such a large and vulnerable target. He shrieked and fell off the bed.

While Walter was doubled over on the floor clutching his testicles and sobbing, Josephine unbuckled her other wrist and ankle and got off the sticky bed. As she gathered up her clothes she told him: 'It's not much but I'd rather be half free than your whore. And you're pathetic because you only had the courage to get all masterful after the authorities took away my rights and made it safe. And if you complain to the police I'll tell everybody in court how you cried like a woman when I caned your balls!'

Then she left her flat and walked stiffly down the stairs to the street, trying not to stretch her simmering buttocks while her pussy dripped shamelessly on the steps.

But once outside in the fresh air this brief flush of elation deserted her.

She did not dare impose herself on her parents once again. She was homeless and friendless with fresh cane stripes on her bottom that anybody could see through her plastic coat, advertising her acute vulnerability and utter helplessness. The fact that she was innocent seemed to count for nothing. People would act as if she was guilty and deserved whatever perversions they cared to commit upon her. Yet somehow she had to survive until the justice ministry realized they had made a mistake and secret accusation against her was withdrawn. But how long would that take and how could she live until then?



## Chapter Nine

Josephine sat in a corner of the great Ministry of Justice lobby looking out across its checker work floor.

Strangely it was the one place in the city that nobody bothered her. In the lofty space it was easy to ignore her and people who did see her assumed that she had legitimate business there. She was obviously a criminal and this was a place where justice was dispensed. Possibly they assumed the police or court staff would be collecting her at any moment, and so they left her alone which suited her perfectly. There were also toilets she could use, not only for washing and relieving herself, but also by round about means for sustenance. Carefully choosing likely subjects she exchanged a quick blow job or a screw in a toilet cubicle for a snack from a vending machine. A few wanted to spank her as well and she let them for an extra portion. It was not pleasant, but it was necessary and at least it was her choice. That was all she had left.

And so she waited there for two days, studying the comings and goings intently, watching for the person she was after, knowing that it was just a matter of time. And then finally her target appeared.

Josephine got up and quickly crossed the floor to the figure in black robes sweeping out of the building.

‘I wondered if I’d be seeing you again,’ Greta W. said with a knowing smile.

‘I need somewhere to stay and you’re the only person I know who might enjoy having me around for her personal pleasure,’ Josephine said bluntly. ‘Unless it’s against the law for a lawyer to have her client live with her?’

‘You are not currently my client and you’re officially a non-person, so as long as you do not attempt to leave the city there are few restrictions about where you can stay,’ Greta said. ‘But why do you think I’d want you? On the strength of one rather clumsy act of cunnilingus?’

Josephine opened her coat wide, showing the fading marks of her recent experiences etched on her skin. ‘Because I’ve learned a lot in the last week and I know I would make a great sex slave.’

Greta’s finely plucked eyebrows rose as she looked Josephine’s bare body up and down. ‘My, how confident you are. But why do you imagine I would want to keep you, or anybody, as a “sex slave”?’

This was where she had to be bold, but it was the only explanation that made sense. ‘I said I’d learnt a lot recently and I know that’s what your kind do: professional people; rich people; the people who really run things. You don’t do it openly so ordinary working people have no idea, or if they do they don’t talk about it because they’ve been conditioned to believe it’s none of their business. But the state must know and allow it to go on... because you are the state!’

Greta’s eyebrows rose again. ‘Hmm... perhaps it would be amusing to keep you as a pet for a while.’ Then her face became stern. ‘But don’t imagine I’ll be gentle with you.’

Josephine’s nipples pricked up. ‘I wasn’t expecting you to be...’

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Greta shared an apartment five times bigger than and twenty times as expensive as Josephine’s with a buxom blonde interior designer of similar age and sexual tastes named

Ingrid B., who might have been as old as her mother, but looked ten years younger. When Greta brought Josephine home that evening she said to Ingrid: 'look what I've found...'

'Oh my,' Ingrid said in surprise, taking in Josephine's transparent clothing. 'I told you not to bring criminals home with you...' she looked more closely at Josephine's figure '...although in this case I might be prepared to make an exception. What is she: a leftover from work?'

'Something like that,' Greta admitted. 'But she's desperate and willing to try hard to please. She actually said she would make a "great sex slave".'

'Oh, how unexpectedly forward of her.'

'I know. Anyway I thought she could be our new toy...'

And their toy was what Josephine became. And immediately they began adjusting her to suit their tastes.

That first evening while she was lying back in their luxuriously large round sunken bath tub, with them both as naked as she was (and both with shaven pubes) and her hands cuffed behind her, they spread her legs and clipped and shaved her pubic hair off, exposing her naked sex lips which they examined closely and then kissed in approval. Her nipples stood up helplessly in response and they kissed them as well.

'But her pussy and nips all need to be properly accessorised,' Ingrid said, giving her professional opinion.

'I know what you mean,' Greta agreed. 'You'd like to be accessorised, wouldn't you, Josephine?'

'Yes, Mistress,' Josephine said meekly, not quite sure what that meant but knowing she had no choice. She was their sex slave now and they could do what they wanted with her. That was the bargain.

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After they had bathed her they gave her the first of many beatings, not simply for their sadistic pleasure but to ensure her perfect obedience in the future. She was not the idle distraction of a few hours as she had been to the three men who had snatched outside Kraftvender, but a longer-term investment. Even as she sobbed and shrieked that knowledge gave her a strange sense of comfort.

They stood her on a small stool with her wrists strapped together before her and lift her arms up over her head to a hook and chain bolted to a solid mounting in the ceiling which was clearly there by deliberate design. Had Ingrid installed it? They lifted her legs and bent them outward at the hips and crossed her ankles and strapped them tightly together so she could not straighten them. Then they strung an elastic cord between her bound ankles and her rectum, sliding an expanding plug up into it to maintain the tension so she now hung with her legs crooked and bent outwards, exposing her freshly shaven sex lips. Then they pushed a rubber dog bone into her mouth to give her something to bite on. When she was secured they pulled the stool away, leaving her twisting and swaying from her chain like some fleshy decoration.

They stroked and pinched her dangling body, turning her around between them until she was dizzy.

'I do like her breasts,' Ingrid commented, tweaking her nipples. 'They are so well proportioned.'

'I think her buttocks are rather lovely as well,' Greta observed, giving them a slap. 'They're strong and yet there's plenty of flesh on her to take a spanking.'

Their hands delved between her splayed thighs and their fingers and thumbs rubbed up into her naked sex mouth, making Josephine moan and whimper.

‘Oh, look, she’s getting slippery already,’ Ingrid said.

‘I thought she had passion when I first met her,’ Greta commented. ‘But like all these common women she was terribly repressed.’

“Repressed” or “oppressed”, Josephine wondered? Both perhaps. But then that was how the state liked to keep them.

Ingrid and Greta took out spanking paddles with electric strips woven into their rubber blades and began to beat Josephine. The smacks of the paddles were amplified by the crackling shocks they delivered at the same time, maximising the pain while causing no more than superficial physical damage to her skin. Her breasts were flattened and bounced back glowing red again and again, with her nipples popping up hard and proud, her buttocks rippled and clenched and her now hairless pussy shivered and gaped and dribbled humiliatingly as they were smacked and swiped and beaten until they stung and simmered with heat.

And Josephine convulsed and twisted and bucked frantically to the delight of her mistresses, shrieking and sobbing about the rubber bone in her mouth, dribbling onto her jiggling breasts, the tears streaming out of her eyes. She did not attempt to be brave or to hold her emotions back. She knew now that was not what was required of her. People enjoyed punishing proper, helpless, sobbing victims and not brave stoic ones. Where would the fun or satisfaction be in that? They wanted to reduce her to a blubbing wreck who would beg to serve and promise them anything.

The beating stopped and Greta and Ingrid steadied Josephine’s twisting, writhing body by each taking hold of a throbbing nipple and pinching and tugging on them until she was still and staring at them in agony through her tear-filled eyes. Here it came...

Greta pulled the rubber bone out of her mouth. ‘Now you will be a good girl from now on, won’t you?’ she asked.

‘And you’ll do everything we say and be our perfect pet?’ Ingrid demanded.

Pitifully grateful that they should take such trouble over her, Josephine choked out: ‘Yes, Mistress, I’ll be your perfect pet, Mistress...’

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That night in their huge soft shared bed, each woman wore a strap-on dildo of painful dimensions. They sandwiched Josephine, with her wrists bound to the small of her back by a tight belt, between them and penetrated her front and rear, rolling her over and over back and forth so as to drove the rubber shafts deep into her vagina and rectum. And Josephine shrieked and sobbed as her passageways were stretched while the dildos threatened to meet inside her. And she knew it was degrading but she still came. Or did she cum because it was degrading? She was not sure anymore.

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The next day Josephine found out what accessorising meant for a sex slave.

Ingrid and Greta took her to an exclusive jewellery store, which Josephine had often passed before looking in at its exclusive displays with envious eyes, and never suspected the discrete services it offered. Inside she was stripped and strapped to a chair not unlike Doctor Klaus’s to ensure she did not struggle while her nipples and labia were pierced to receive, respectively, a pair of silver bells and a black and silver padlock of her mistresses’ choice.

As Josephine sobbed and bit on the gag strip thoughtfully placed between her teeth while the gleaming bodkins penetrated her tender flesh, she thought of Helga. Had she had her pussy padlock fitted here? A little blood dripped from her fresh precise wounds but it was quickly and efficiently mopped up, leaving only the ache and shame behind. Afterwards both her mistresses were given sets of keys to her pussy padlock so they had access to the mouth of her vagina while she did not.

While she was there the jeweller, at her new mistresses' direction, took a cast of her face. She did not find out why until a few days later.

But all of it was done with perfect self confidence and familiarity on all sides, which only confirmed Josephine's suspicions that such practices had been going on for a long time out of sight of ordinary plebeian people like herself and her friends at work and her parents. Especially her parents...

What would they think of her now? Of course they must never know. Ahh... so that was also how the secret was kept. The power of shame could be such a useful tool.

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Although the law still compelled Josephine to wear her official transparent clothes in public, inside her new mistresses' flat they could dress her as they wished.

They selected a maid's costume for her comprising of a tiny black lace cap and matching bib front and apron, which concealed nothing and had heart-shaped cut-outs for her belled nipples to poke through. Now they were ringed they were perpetually erect, showing off their new piercings proudly. She could not move without them jingling softly. Beneath her tiny apron she wore garters and black stockings and high heels. Her ankles were of course closely hobbled by a silver chain.

They encased her arms from fingertips almost to her shoulders in long black shiny rubber gloves which had thumbs but no fingers, so her hands now resembled those of plastic dolls. It made it harder but not impossible for her to perform her duties while making her even more dependent on her mistresses.

A tight belt with slave chains hanging from rings on each side which connected to her wrists almost completed her ensemble.

Two days later a package from the jeweller's arrived. It was a delicate filigree mask formed out of fine intertwined black metal ivy stems which was perfectly shaped to fit her face, which it covered from ear to ear and hairline to the underside of her chin. It was held in place by fine metal bands that padlock together at the back of the head, pressing it firmly against her flesh so that it cupped and caressed every contour of her face. It had slots for her eyes and her nostrils but there was no opening over her lips, even though it was moulded to their contours. On the inside projected a fine black plastic tongue which slid between the teeth and held her own tongue down, to remind her she was only permitted to speak when her mistresses allowed. It was not uncomfortable to wear when she got used to it but she soon found it virtually eliminated any facial expressions, so that she exhibited only a perfect impassive pretty face beneath the delicate leaves and tendrils of metal ivy.

But for her red collar, her maid costume was complete. Greta and Ingrid examined her and declared themselves well satisfied with her transformation.

'She looks almost perfect,' Ingrid said.

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According to a strict timetable, Josephine cooked and cleaned and served.

Of course she didn't eat at the same table as her mistresses. She ate her meals out of a bowl on the floor on her hands and knees like a dog, with her head down and her bare bottom uplifted on display.

At times Greta and Ingrid had friends round for dinner parties and then Josephine played the part of a waitress. By now it did not surprise her in the least to see some of their friends also brought their female pets and playthings with them. It confirmed that she was not the only one. On occasions Josephine was required to play with them for their owners' amusement.

One time she lay on her back on the big dining table with another naked girl slave knelt across her head to pussy. Both their mouths and pussies had been freed from restraints and were swollen and gaping with excitement. Josephine lapped at the girl's smooth sex slot while she reciprocated. The scent of her sweet womanly juices made her dizzy. Meanwhile the guests sat around drinking and laughing at their efforts. They had small remote control units in their hands which were connected to plugs in each of their salves' anuses. If they slowed their frantic lapping at each other's pussies, they got a reminder jolt.

So attuned were they both to unquestioning obedience and expressing themselves without inhibition (and fearful of severe punishment if they failed to entertain) that it did not take them long to achieve a mutual orgasm and with explosive gasps and much panting they sprayed their juices into each other's faces. Their guests applauded their efforts and for several seconds Josephine felt immensely proud at what she done. It was almost as if she was a celebrity. She was the dinner parties' star turn!

And then she recalled Ralph Q's suggestion that the women he tortured sometimes orgasmed because, even in the midst of pain and fear, they secretly enjoyed being the centre of attention.

Was this happening to her?

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When not working or required to serve her mistresses in bed, Josephine stood in an alcove set in one wall of the living room simply looking decorative. She was held in place by a bracket mounted on the wall behind her which extended to the back of her collar and clipped onto its tether ring. A second longer bracket below this extended forward between her legs with a vertical plug that went up her rectum. Two more arms from the sides of the alcove reached out and hooked into the rings from which her nipple bells hung, holding her upright. Undoubtedly this was another of Ingrid's design elements. Did she create such useful domestic installations for other members of her class?

It was at quiet times like this that Josephine was able to think as clear-headedly as it was possible in the circumstances about her strange new life.

Whether it was better than one she could have made fending for herself out on the streets, ignored and despised by most and preyed upon by a few, Josephine could of course not know. But at least she ate regularly and did not have to fear the unknown every minute of the day. In fact the routine soon became dangerously seductive.

Greta and Ingrid enjoyed bringing her to the point of orgasm for their amusement and she did not disappoint them. The regular intense spasms of joy she received were beginning to feel quite normal. But were they sufficient compensation for her life of slavery? Of course not. This was just a temporary arrangement.

Every day she reminded herself why she made this bargain. It was to buy her time and relative safety. And every day she hoped for a call from the Justice Ministry to tell her that the charges against her had been dropped because they had discovered their mistake and she was a free citizen with all her rights restored once more. I'm innocent, she told herself!

But nobody called.

How long could this go on?

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A month went by.

Then came the night when Greta and Ingrid were playing an amusing sex game with Josephine in their bedroom.

The heavy side posts and cross frame rods joining them which formed the head of their large bed could be unlatched and swung on out across the mattress and their ends locked together to form a supporting arm from which a slave girl could be suspended in a variety of ways from a swivel mount. It reminded Josephine a little of Judge Herman's concealed gibbet

This night a horizontal tubular bar hung from the mount and Josephine hung upside down beneath it. Her arms were outstretched and cuffed to its ends and her legs were spread and her knees were hooked over it and her lower legs bent back down so her heels almost touched her buttocks. Figure of eight straps between her ankles and thighs held them in place. Weights had been hung on her nipple rings, stretching her inverted breasts downwards painfully.

Greta and Ingrid sat on the bed on either side of her with their legs spread and intertwined so that her head brushed the sheets and was surrounded by their soft thighs and moist pussy mouths. Her face was freed from her ivy mask so she could scream and beg in between licking her mistresses' hungry sexes. They swung her between them, twisting her round as they went so that she kissed first one vulva and then the other. As they did so they smacked her bottom and pussy cleft and jabbed and twisted their fingers into her vagina, making it dribble down her belly.

At that moment her entire attention was taken up with serving her mistresses as was only right and proper that it should be. She was thinking of nothing except the excitement bubbling up in her own loins, the taunting pain in her stretched nipples and her duty to give pleasure. How simple life had become.

The two women shuffled closer together as they got more excited and they were twisting her round between them in an embrace of soft, perfumed, sweaty flesh. For a moment they hugged, grinding their naked bodies together. Josephine yelped as her weighted nipples were dragged across soft thighs and then as white teeth nipped her pussy lips and buttocks, even as she was sprayed from front and rear by ejaculations of female juices from the pussies that pressed tight against her head. And she felt her own slot convulsed in orgasm and spurt its mist into the air, over the faces of her mistresses which were buried in her groin and buttock cleft, kissing each other passionately through the "V" of her thighs in between nipping and sucking on her flesh.

For a few seconds they shared a mutual orgasm. Then Greta and Ingrid fell back onto the bed with their legs still loosely intertwined, leaving Josephine dangling between them as if looking down on the spread petals of a freshly blossomed flesh flower. And while they lay there, happy in their post-orgasmic bliss, and with the taste of them still on

her lips and her juices still dripping from her pussy and the blood pounding in her ears, Josephine realized she might not get another chance like this for days.

‘Mistress Greta, may I speak?’ she asked meekly.

‘Go on,’ Greta murmured indulgently.

‘I think I’ve served you long enough to have earned some legal advice. Please answer me two questions honestly because I have to know. How do I avoid spending the rest of my life on bail and how can I ever find out what crime I was supposed to have committed?’

Ingrid and Greta levered themselves up on their elbows and exchange thoughtful glances around Josephine’s dangling body.

Ingrid said: ‘Perhaps she’s ready for it now...’

Greta considered for a moment and then she got onto her knees and bent over Josephine and lifted her head so that she could look her squarely in the eye, strange as it seemed upside down.

‘Very well, I’ll tell you how to find out what your crime was and also how to end your bail. But I don’t promise that either will bring you any relief or satisfaction... ‘

## Chapter Ten

The next day, Josephine, dressed once more in her transparent coat, cap and boots which marked her as an accused criminal, marched boldly up the great flight of steps before the Ministry of Justice building. She was not wearing her slave bells or padlock, which felt odd after so many weeks becoming used to their reassuring weight in her flesh, but it was best that she had no outward connection to Greta or Ingrid at this moment. It was important that she be seen to be acting purely for herself...

Reaching the long row of smoked glass doors beneath the portico she took out a large hammer from her pocket and, before anybody could stop her and the knotting of her stomach in fear became overwhelming, pounded on the central door until the glass shattered.

And then it was done and there was no turning back and it felt so good!

As people scattered in alarm and policeman ran towards her, Josephine went down on her knees and laid the hammer in front of her and clasped her hands behind her neck in surrender and said loudly and clearly: 'I'm guilty, I did it, please arrest me...'

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Josephine stood cuffed and naked in the barred dock of Court 19 with a restraining rod plugged into her rectum and a controlling hook in her vagina. Was it a coincidence the judge presiding over her case was Herman J. again? She thought not. It was certainly not a coincidence that Greta W. was representing her again.

'Josephine K, you're accused of a crime against the state. How do you plead?'

Clearly she said: 'I plead guilty, Your Honour.'

'What crime do you plead guilty to?'

'I plead guilty to breaking a door of the Justice building with a hammer, Your Honour.'

At last there was no doubt or uncertainty. This time she knew exactly what she had done.

The judge turned to Greta. 'Does your client request bail?'

'She does not, Your Honour. She requests that she be tried and sentenced immediately for the crime that she freely confesses to having committed.'

'Very well.' He turned back to Josephine. 'Since the facts are not in doubt and you do not contest them, then I have two options for the sentencing. Either you serve a year's hard labour or else two years restricted domestic service. Which will it be?'

'Restricted domestic service, Your Honour.'

'Very well, you are thus sentenced.'

Greta stood again. 'Your honour will note that my client has an outstanding charge against her for a previous crime. In view of recent events I request punishment for that to run concurrently.'

Greta had said she could get her off her original crime if she pleaded guilty to this one. And at last she'd know the truth...

Judge Herman consulted his notes. 'I see she was charged with committing... ohhh... I see this is in fact a charge against a Josephina K., identification number J85742256037K. Apparently there was a clerical error on the original documentation. That charge is now dropped...'



Josephine swayed and would have fallen if had not been for the bracing of the rod up her backside. It had been a mistake all along! She was innocent, innocent! Except that she was undeniably guilty now.

Judge Herman J. banged his gavel. 'Take her down...'

Beneath the court Josephine sobbed to Greta: 'But... you said I should do it... so that it would be over and I'd know the truth.'

'And it is and you do. But I also said it might not bring you relief or satisfaction.'

'But it was all a mistake!'

'And you were right. Does that make you feel any better? You see being right or free or innocent is not the same thing as being happy.' Then she kissed and hugged her quickly. 'Don't worry, it's all worked out for the best in the end...'

Then she was gone before Josephine could ask if she had known all along about the clerical error.

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The next day there was an auction of sex slaves in the Ministry of Justice building. Except that officially they were not called "sex slaves" and they weren't auctioned. Officially this was the allocation of state paroled domestic servants to those people generous enough to volunteer to help them reform. But that was what it really was. One by one they, and for some reason "they" were all attractive women, were made to stand naked on a podium and the wealthy elite bid for the privilege of owning them.

Of course Greta and Ingrid bought Josephine.

The first thing they did, now it was permitted, was to replace her heavy red official collar with a silver one of their own style matching the rest of her maid outfit. It was so much lighter and more suitable than the old one that that Josephine was delighted to be wearing it. It felt so... liberating.

And then they took her back home, their home of course, and they all stripped off.

They led Josephine handcuffed into the bathroom and bathed her as if ceremonially washing away the grime of the court from her and cleansing her for their use. And then they beat her bottom with the bristle end of a long handled wooden back-scrubbing brush until it bled and she screamed and wet herself. And then they used the soapy handle end up her pussy to make her sob with delight and dribble her juices until she came spraying bubbles.

Then they dragged her through to the bedroom where they bent her over the foot rail of the bed and chained her legs wide and used their largest dildos to ream out her backside, making her sob in pain, until she came again.

Finally they threw her on the bed and rode her face turn and turn about with her tongue up their pussies, half smothering her in the process, while they sat on her and kissed each other passionately until they came and Josephine fainted.

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And so the trial of Josephine K finally came to an end and her new life began.

Despite the original charge against her being dropped, Josephine's subsequent smashing of the Justice Ministry door confirmed to her parents that she had "personality-problems" as it was delicately put. But they were reassured that she was serving her community sentence with such solid respectable people such as Greta and Ingrid, who they hoped would be a good influence upon her. Josephine did nothing to upset their reassuring delusion that justice and fairness had prevailed in the end. There was no point.

And at least now she could walk the streets in apparent freedom when she had to run errands for her mistresses. She wore a scarf about her collar and an ordinary opaque coat and outwardly she was a respectable woman. Nobody thought she was a criminal anymore and that felt wonderful. But underneath she was naked and confined like a true slave should be.

Her nipples were once again belled and her pussy was securely padlocked. Access to it was not hers to decide. In addition her clitoris, also now pierced and ringed, had a wire connected to it from a discreet device plugged firmly into her rectum containing a timer that would begin to shock her in steadily increasing degrees of intensity if she was away from home for too long. Not that she ever was. Where else would she go?

She understood the truth now.

The state was the tool of the ruling classes, as it had always been. When they wanted more slaves they chose likely subjects and then let the people turn their own kind into desperate women as she had become, breaking them in with their cruelty and rejection until they had nowhere else to go and actually welcomed the chance to serve the elite in any capacity.

Did such a system make stupid errors in identification? She thought not.

She had never stood a chance. The state always knew best in the end. And perhaps it was right. Perhaps they chose their innocent victims well according to their secret natures, which they themselves did not suspect existed. Maybe this was where she belonged. Josephine's nipples pricked up under her coat and her pussy began wetting in anticipation of serving Greta and Ingrid again when they came home from work. No, it was not a perfect life, but then what was?

It was certainly a change from selling perfumes at Kraftvender.

**THE END**