

THE COMPLETE SLAVES OF THE PENTACLE

Volume
One

Simon
Grail



SLAVES OF THE PENTACLE

COMPLETE EDITION

VOLUME 1 OF 2

By

Simon Grail

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PART 1

‘I think it’s along there,’ Pippa Caxton said to her mother, looking up from the much folded map to point to the mouth of a narrow lane that wound its way off between the trees.

‘I hope it’s not another dead end,’ Lyn Caxton said as she swung the wheel of the second-hand Volvo estate about. As it turned into the lane it wallowed slightly under the weight of the bags and suitcases packed into its luggage space.

Their GPS had given up on finding The Grange, Hexton Woods amongst the maze of twisting lanes some time ago. Since then they had fallen back on an old fashioned paper map, roadside enquires from passers-by and the directions their new employer had sent them, which had seemed precise enough at first glance but evidently required more local knowledge to interpret than they had at their command. Although they were only in a rural corner of Hampshire an hour from London it felt as though they were lost in the wilds. Pinned to the directions was a printout of the advert that had brought them to this increasingly elusive location. A month earlier both its promise and oddness had caught Lyn Caxton’s eye as she scanned the situations pages...

* * *

Are you a responsible, professional class mother and daughter or female siblings in good physical and mental health? 2 positions as secretary/basic cook and housekeeper/ companion/informal tutor to a shy, academically challenged 18 year old girl are offered. Six months minimum employment. Generous accommodation and full board with guaranteed opportunities for self-improvement and travel. Important Note: Due to a serious allergy problem in the household samples of hair from both applicants must be included with full printed CV's to test for possible incompatibility. Apply to

Mr V. Wolff, Box 265.

‘What do you think of this one?’ Lyn said, showing it to her daughter. ‘I’m not sure about the opportunity for “self-improvement”, whatever that means, but it’s certainly different.’

‘Well I think we’re both in reasonable physical and mental health and you’re definitely a professional,’ Pippa agreed, scanning the advert critically. ‘But he expects a lot from two people, doesn’t he?’

‘It’s called multitasking,’ her mother said dryly. ‘Women are meant to be good at that.’

‘Okay, so you could do the secretary/ cook part with no trouble and I can clean a house, but I’m not so sure I could be a tutor to some slow eighteen year old.’

‘It says “informal.” If he’d wanted a professional he’d have specified qualifications. You could help her learn more about literature and art at least. And history.’

‘I suppose so. The bit about the hair is weird. Is that for the girl’s sake? I’ve heard of pet hair allergies but I didn’t know people reacted to other people’s hair.’

‘They seem to be discovering new allergies every day,’ her mother said. ‘Well, should we apply?’

‘It can’t hurt. We got to try everything, Mum. Beggars can’t be choosers.’

They were not actually beggars but with the economy so fragile times were hard. Carolyn had brought Pippa up very successfully as a single mother but now, with small businesses cutting back or going under, her freelance bookkeeping was not making enough to get by on, while Pippa had only found temporary low paid summer work after finishing high school. She had already put her university plans on hold for a year. She had also parted from her latest boyfriend leaving her stuck at home with no means to leave.

Fortunately she and her mother had always got on well together, but she was aware of the strain she was under.

‘If we have six months full board I could rent out the flat,’ Lyn speculated. ‘I could still keep up with my core clients in my spare time and you could write some more, or do more illustrations for your portfolio.’

‘I wish I was better at something other than English and Art,’ Pippa said with exasperation. ‘Something people would pay me good money for doing.’

‘I thought we ruled out taking up pole dancing except as a last resort,’ her mother said with a wry grin.

Pippa grinned back, enjoying their running joke on the subject. ‘Mum, I thought we were saving the pole dancing option for you.’

The humour barely concealed Pippa’s secret pride that at thirty eight her mother could still seriously have been a pole dancer. For that matter so could she, had she been so inclined, having inherited her mother’s pleasing features, full bust, neat waist and thick mane of dark brunette hair. In fact her mother wore dark rimmed glasses she did not really need whenever she visited her bookkeeping clients to make herself appear more studious. Many people found it hard to believe such an attractive woman could be so capable with dry facts and figures.

‘Looks like we’d better give this a try instead, then,’ her mother concluded.

‘I’ll get the scissors,’ Pippa said.

Presumably both their hair and CV’s were satisfactory because a week later they received a reply from a Viktor Wolff offering them the position as housekeeper/secretary to himself and companion/tutor to his daughter Dawn. Again there was something odd about the phrasing of the letter, but the wages were good and they were too relieved at the prospect of a steady income to care. “Viktor” suggested Eastern European origins so English might not be his first language, in which case such minor lapses were

excusable. They made a note to take their passports in case that was where the “opportunities to travel” referred to. After further correspondence with Mr Wolff a starting date was agreed and they set about renting out their flat.

* * *

And now, on a warm still day in early September, the gates of The Grange appeared before them at last, set in a narrow cleft in a shaggy wall of rhododendron. Beyond was a large garden in a hollow formed by more evergreen bushes and the heavy boughs of ancient oaks. In the centre was an imposing two storey early Victorian house of rich red brick. Half a dozen tall octagonal chimney stacks rose over sharply pitched roofs with gable parapets. Leaded windows were set between heavy stone mullions. A large conservatory of vintage design with a white cast iron frame extended from one side of the house while an extension wing ran off at right angles from the other.

Lyn parked the car on the gravel drive by the massive iron-studded oak front door, which was sheltered by a churchlike porch, and they got out.

Their arrival had evidently been observed because before they could pull on the heavy bell chain by the door it swung ponderously open. Peering out at them was a pretty girl dressed in T-shirt, shorts and sandals. She had deep dark eyes set in a rather doll-like face and honey-blond hair tied back in a ponytail. She was of compact build, half a head shorter than Pippa, and carried a prominent bust for her height.

She smiled even as she lowered her eyes diffidently. ‘Hallo,’ she said in a small voice. ‘You must be Carolyn and Phillipa. I’m Dawn. Please come in. You can take care of your bags later.’

They stepped into the cool gloom of the hallway. Underfoot were broad, plank-like floorboards worn by decades of use but which were now glossy from the application of a modern sealant and were exuding the aroma of a recent polishing. The walls were panelled in dark oak and hung with a few oil landscapes. In one corner a staircase with newel posts like tree trunks

and carved barley sugar balusters wound up to the first floor.

‘Sorry we’re late,’ Lyn said. ‘We got lost over the last few miles.’

‘Don’t worry,’ Dawn said. ‘People often get lost around here. My Ma... my Father is in the Conservatory. Please come this way...’

They followed her along a corridor and through a door that opened into the large conservatory they had glimpsed from the outside. A lush grapevine wound and coiled its way across much of the inside of the roof, filling the interior with cool green shade, while around the walls stood an array of flowering plants in pots and planters. It was furnished with a wrought iron garden table, matching chairs and lounge. Sprawled in the latter reading a book was a big grey-haired man in a black shirt and trousers. As they entered he looked up, smiled amiably, put his book aside and rose.

‘Hallo’, he said in a deep hearty voice, holding out a paw of a hand. ‘You must be Carolyn and Phillipa Caxton. I’m Viktor Wolff. Welcome to my house.’

Lyn and Pippa both blinked as they shook his hand, which engulfed theirs.

Wolff was a head and shoulders taller than they were and deep and broad in proportion. A leonine mane of grey-shot hair added to the imposing impression he made. His eyes were grey, intelligent and deep-set under a heavy brow, while his nose was straight and strong. A close-trimmed beard followed the lines of his square jaw. The links of a gold chain could be seen about his neck, plunging into the thick dark wisps of chest hair showing in the “V” of his open collar, presumably supporting some medallion under his shirt. He wore large intricately wrought rings on every finger of both hands which glinted against his bronzed skin.

‘Do please sit down,’ Wolff said, indicating the chairs with a gracious sweep of one big arm. ‘You must be thirsty after your journey. Fetch some drinks, Dawn. It’s too hot for tea. Bring some iced fruit juice.’

He spoke fluently but with a slight accent they could not place.

‘Yes, Father,’ Dawn said meekly and scurried away into the house.

Wolff resumed his seat and looked Lyn and Pippa over intently for a moment and then nodded half to himself. ‘Yes, you’re just as I divined you. I would have been happy with either a pair of sisters or a mother and daughter but now I could almost believe I have both.’ He fixed Lyn with his intense gaze and the corners of his wide mouth turned up. ‘It is hard to believe you are the mother of a mature daughter, Mrs Caxton.’

Lyn smiled coolly at the bold compliment. ‘Thank you, Mr Wolff. But it’s *Miss* Caxton.’

‘Ah, the spirit of independence,’ Wolff said with understanding. ‘You have made your own way in the world, I see. Well I hope you have imbued your daughter with the same strength of will.’

Pippa thought she had better speak up for herself. ‘I’m sure I can be a good friend and companion to Dawn, Mr Wolff. As I said in my CV I can introduce her to art, literature and history, up to “A” level standards, at least. And I can do whatever housework you need.’

‘You are not afraid of hard work and you are ready to make friends with Dawn,’ Wolff summarised. ‘Good! It is most important that you get along well.’ He rubbed his big hands together. ‘Excellent. I’m sure the two of you will be just what I was looking for.’

At that moment Dawn reappeared carrying a tray of tall glasses filled with iced fruit juice. She carefully set it down on the table and handed Pippa and Lyn theirs.

Wolff took up a glass and raised it. ‘Well, here is to your good health! May your time here be both memorable and productive.’

They drank. The juice was sweet and refreshing, a perfect tonic to the warm close air of the conservatory. Pippa and Lyn gulped it down gratefully.

Pippa saw Wolff was beaming at them over the top of his glass, but Dawn was frowning. Pippa wiped her brow, realizing she was sweating. It

was hotter in here than she had thought. She saw her mother blinking as though trying to focus and shaking her head. Pippa looked at her own half empty glass in sudden horror.

Wolff smiled hugely. 'You might as well drink the rest down. It's too late to turn back now.'

Dawn's pretty face was by now a picture of guilty misery. 'I'm sorry. There's no other way. You'll understand...'

'Silence, Dawn!' Wolff snapped.

'Yes, Master,' she said, bowing her head.

Lyn was struggling to stand up but her legs would not support her. Terrified Pippa tried to reach out across the table but she could not move her arm. She tried to speak but all that came out was a feeble groan. Everything seemed to be growing dim and fuzzy.

'This is much more civilized than having an unseemly struggle,' she heard Wolff say as though from a great distance. 'All will be explained when you wake up. Now you will both sleep...'

Blackness enveloped her and swallowed her fears.

* * *

Pippa awoke to the accompaniment of strange odours and a faint, rhythmic bubbling sound. She tried to open her eyes but everything was blurred and the light hurt. Her head felt mushy and for a moment she could not recall where she was. There was an odd taste in her mouth and her nose and throat felt sore. Well no wonder, she'd been sleeping with her mouth open. She tried to close it but there was something jammed inside it, holding her jaws wide and clamped about her tongue. She tried to twist her head to dislodge the thing, whatever it was, but her head was also clamped in place and would not turn. She realized that her nipples, bottom and vagina also ached and

simmered oddly, and there was something pressing about her neck. She tried to move her arms, to touch herself and find out what was wrong, but there were straps bound about her arms and legs and across her torso, holding her body pressed flat against some unyielding surface.

Her body... which was completely naked!

Pippa gurgled and whimpered in terror as recollection flooded back and she blinked her eyes wide and forced them to focus as the effects of the drugged fruit juice cleared from her mind.

She was in a lofty wood-panelled room with daylight streaming in through two large stone mullioned windows. Clearly she was still in the Grange. But it was low, golden daylight, as though from an early evening sun. How long had she been unconscious? What had Wolff done to her? Where was her mother?

Between the windows the warm dusty light caught the sides of a tall rack of shelves packed with glass jars of all sizes filled with all manner of colourful dried and ground leaves and herbs. Closer to Pippa was visible the corner of a heavy bench on which a complex array of tubes, flasks and condensing jackets fumed and bubbled as they were heated over Bunsen flames. Closest of all, one side of her line of vision so she had to swivel her eyes round, was her mother; naked, bound and gagged as she was, blinking back at her helplessly.

They were both strapped to rectangular wooden framed gratings, mounted between two sturdy upright posts set on low flat bases with large castor feet, which were positioned so they were set almost at right angles to each other. The posts were pinned to the sides of the frames with long heavy bolts and washers, apparently so they could swivel. Currently they were both tilted a little back from vertical.

Heavy leather straps, bolted through the lattice of the gratings into metal plates, were bucked about their wrists and ankles, knees, stomachs, and in a cross over their chests and shoulders, dividing their naked breasts. Wooden blocks, also bolted through the grating, were positioned on either side of their heads. Large bolts with winged heads and rubber pads on their

tips were screwed transversely through the blocks and pressed against their temples, preventing their heads from turning. Their mouths were held wide by heavy rubber-tipped wire hooks that extended from the wooden blocks and curved about their cheeks and the backs of their teeth. A pair of longer wires with clip ends were clamped onto their tongues, stilling their voices so all they could do was stare at each other in sick dread.

Their bodies were secured with their arms crooked and bent back against grating, so their hands were level with their heads. Their legs were even more severely bent and crooked, with their thighs pulled up level with their hips and spread wide and knees bent and ankles turned outward, leaving their groins shockingly exposed. The mounds of their vulvas stood out between the straining muscles of their inner thighs that connected with their pubic bones. The pressure of the leg straps bent their hips back against the constraint of the longer straps across their stomachs, tilting them upward and exposing the lower clefts of their buttocks, which were so spread by the tension that the dark puckers of their anal mouths were clearly visible. It was as though they were bound in the most extreme squatting positions they could assume, with their bare haunches hanging off the bottom of the gratings.

The thing Pippa had felt pressing about her neck was the same thing that encircled her mother's neck: a heavy leather slave collar with a brassy lock and tethering rings. It matched the leather cuffs she now realized were locked about their wrists and ankles.

Sized by a sudden rush of panic Pippa writhed and heaved against her bonds, but the straps were unyielding. She saw her mother watching her futile struggles with such an expression in her eyes of agonised despair because she could do nothing to help her that Pippa forced herself to lie still once more. She had to accept that they were utterly impotent, with every intimacy of their bodies on display and achingly vulnerable.

'Now you have both revived we can get down to business,' Viktor Wolff said, striding into Pippa's line of sight.

His sleeves were now rolled up, exposing brawny forearms, and the top buttons of his shirt were undone, suggesting he had recently been hard at work. This exposed more of his thickly haired chest and the thing on the end

of chain Pippa had noticed earlier. It was a large silver amulet with a huge ruby centre surrounded by a mount inscribed with what looked like runic characters.

Wolff stood between his two captives with folded arms, looking their naked bodies over with benign satisfaction. 'Really, you could truly be sisters,' he exclaimed, scrutinising each of them closely as they blushed with shame and instinctively flinched away from his gaze.

Lyn Caxton had clear blue eyes, boldly arched eyebrows, a high forehead and a slightly tip-tilted nose. Her jaw was firm and her mouth shapely. A fading golden tan lingered on her creamy skin. Her large breasts, capped with frank brown nipples, still jutted out with considerable pneumatic vigour. Her waist was trim and her hips smooth. Between her spread thighs a close trimmed strip of thin dark pubic hair capped the cleft of her sex with its pouting inner pubic tongue.

Pippa Caxton had her mother's eyes and high forehead, although her chin was a little more tapered and her nostrils slightly more flared. Her hair, longer and straighter than her mother's, hung down below her shoulder blades. Her breasts were not quite so heavy and were higher set, but they still thrust out ripe and proud from her slender chest, crowned by larger but paler nipples. Her hips and thighs were also a little slimmer by comparison, stretching the eye of her navel into a narrow slot, but the same dark curls clad the cleft mound of her pubes.

While Wolff had been examining them Lyn had begun moaning and gurgling, trying to shape words that her stretched lips and clamped tongue would not permit.

'You want to say something?' Wolff asked solicitously.

Lyn nodded as far as her temple clamps permitted.

'If it is to curse, insult or threaten me, then I warn you it will both futile and painful, do you understand?'

Lyn nodded again.

‘And you will address me from now on as “Master”, and do so respectfully. You may not like it but you had better get used to it, for I am your master now. Do you understand?’

He actually thought he was their master, Pippa thought wretchedly. How sick was that? But her mother flashed a quick sideways warning glance and then she nodded again. Of course, this was no time for a misplaced display of indignation or show of feminist pride. Perhaps she was going to try to humour him.

Wolff reached into Lyn’s mouth and pulled the spring clamp off her tongue and let it hang under her chin. The wire hooks holding her jaws apart caused her to slur her words but their meaning was still clear.

‘Master, do anything you want to me but don’t hurt Pippa,’ she gasped.

In response Pippa began moaning and gurgling desperately.

‘Do you want to say something as well?’ Wolff asked her. ‘I give you the same warning I gave your mother: speak respectfully with no insults or cursing or you will be punished.’

Pippa nodded. He unclamped her tongue.

‘Don’t you dare hurt my mother, Master!’ she said, struggling to keep her voice level. ‘I can take anything you want to do but don’t touch her!’

‘Pippa, no, be quiet!’ Lyn snapped.

‘Excellent!’ Wolff exclaimed. ‘A mother and daughter who are each willing to sacrifice themselves for the other. Such love and affection, which is just as it should be. I knew it from your hair. Exactly the qualities I desired.’

‘It’s all right, Mum,’ Pippa continued. ‘I’m not a naïve virgin. I know what he wants.’

‘But you don’t know what I want,’ Wolff countered, looking down at them solemnly. ‘Neither of you can possibly know that as yet, but I assure

you that sampling the delights of your bodies is only a small part of it. However, you will understand all very soon.' He snapped his fingers and with a jingle of chains Dawn shuffled into view.

She was now as naked as they were and they could see every detail of her lightly tanned body. Although her breasts were as full as Pippa's they were slightly more pendulous and had darker, more sharply defined nipples. Her navel was rounder with a distinct button centre. A tightly trimmed delta of thin honey curls covered her pubic mound. Dawn was also restrained, but by different means.

A heavy brown leather collar was locked about her slender neck which matched the belt locked about her tiny waist. From it depended four slave chains that curved across and down to broad leather cuffs she wore about her wrists and ankles. An additional hobble chain crossed directly between her ankles, limiting the length of her stride. It was held clear of the floor by a slimmer chain with a coil sprung middle section. The upper end of the chain plunged between Dawn's smooth rounded buttocks, where a metal ring could just be seen protruding, to which it was clipped. As she walked the spring stretched and relaxed, tugging on whatever plug was buried in her rectum as it lifted her hobble chain with a chink and jingle.

But it was her mouth that the eyes of mother and daughter were drawn to. Her lips were pinched together by a heavy zip fastener that ran across her mouth from side to side. A ring through the zip's pull tab was linked by a small chain to her pierced left earlobe, where it was held in place by a small padlock. Of course the zip band must have been stuck over her lips, somehow, but they could not see how. It was almost as though the metal segments had been embedded in her flesh.

Dawn was carrying a tray in her chained hands. It had an inner concave rim that fitted the curve of her chest and she held it pressed up under her breasts so they rested on its surface. There were a pair of fine-tipped hooks bolted to the tray that were secured through Dawn's large pierced nipples, so that she could not put the tray down without tearing them. About her pinioned breasts on the tray rested a sponge and damp cloth, a bamboo cane, a glass jar of pink ointment and a pair of huge black rubber dildos with cast ring bases.

Dawn stood beside Wolff with her eyes lowered humbly, holding the tray at the ready. He patted her head like a dog.

‘She is of course not my daughter,’ he explained to Lyn and Pippa. ‘That was merely a ruse. Her presence was necessary to reassure you long enough for you to accept a drink. Dawn is merely a homeless stray I acquired a while ago who I have shaped to serve me. Don’t think badly of her for deceiving you, she was simply obeying my will, which as you will learn is the absolute master of this house. In fact she spoke out of turn when she showed sympathy for your plight, which is why I’ve stopped her mouth for a few hours as punishment. She will play her part in what is to come, but meanwhile she has been acting as my laboratory slave, assisting me during the last few hours while I modified the two of you.’

Pippa thought she was going to be sick. She felt soiled and dirty. Was that why she ached in intimate places? Had Wolff had sex with them while they were unconscious? The filthy bastard! Was he acting out some fantasy with him as a mad scientist and them as experimental animals?

Her mother spoke again. Pippa could tell she was as revolted as she was but she struggled to keep her voice level and reasonable, choosing her words with care.

‘I don’t know what games you’ve been playing in this house but you can’t treat us like this...Master. We’re not strays. We have plenty of friends and relations who know we were coming here to work for you. They’ll be expecting to hear from us this evening to say we arrived. We can’t just disappear. They’ll call the police. They’ll know it was you.’

Wolff chuckled in amusement. ‘My Dear Miss Caxton, nobody will come looking for you because you will not have disappeared. Tonight you will contact your friends as normal assuring them all is well, as you will do so every day you are in my service. There may be dangers ahead, but I promise you that your lives are not at risk by my hand. Do you think I am some crude monster who wants to do away with you on a whim, to destroy your lovely bodies to satisfy some uncontrolled inner urge or frustrated lust? Quite the reverse. You are now better than you were before and fit to serve my purpose.’

He spoke with such conviction that Pippa began to believe Wolff might be something more than a common sexual predator. If he really valued them, for whatever twisted reason, and would even allow them contact with their friends, then there was still hope, even if it was of a desperate kind.

‘What purpose, Master?’ Lyn asked cautiously. ‘What do you want us for?’

‘If I told you right now what I am and what I require from you, then with your limited understanding of reality you would not believe me,’ Wolff said. ‘Even now I can read in your eyes that you think I am some deranged fantasist. First, therefore, I must demonstrate the truth of what I have done to you prove my powers are real. Only then you will accept the explanation that follows without time-wasting doubts and questions. We shall begin with the improvements I have made to your nipples. Such elegant fleshy faucets. You will find they are much more sensitive and responsive than they were. They just need awakening...’

He bent forward and blew softly across their breasts.

Mother and daughter both gasped and shuddered as they felt their nipples pulse and swell, growing in seconds into hard straining cones of flesh mounted on breasts that were filling with the blood of arousal by the second, making them hotter and plumper and even more prominent than before. Their intense response was made even more shameful as they felt a hot liquid stirring in the depths of their loins in sympathy with the sudden lustful heat in their nipples.

‘With enough stimulation you could now orgasm purely from stimulation of your nipples,’ Wolff assured them. ‘Of course it makes you more responsive sexually, but it serves other functions which we will come to later.’

While they were still dizzy with shock he took hold of the support frames and spun them about and then pulled the head ends of the gratings downward until their by now simmering breasts flowed up inverted towards their shoulders and their heads hung where their groins had been moments earlier. Taking up the dildos from the tray he held them like daggers over

their wide-stretched groins.

‘I have also increased the sensitivity of your anal mouths and the elasticity and depth of the last section of your rectal passages,’ he told them. ‘Again they just need awakening...’

He blew across their upturned bottoms and then rammed the dildos into their twitching and suddenly hypersensitive pinched orifices.

Pippa and Lyn sobbed and moaned as they were penetrated, feeling the sensual passage of every teasing rib of the phalluses as it was forced past their tight sphincters and down into their unnaturally slick passages, which distended and stretched. Deeper Wolff forced the shafts until mother and daughter screamed and sobbed in fear, thinking their tender entrails were going to be burst. But they now seemed infinitely elastic and accommodating, even to virtual impalement.

Only when the dildos were buried to the hilt did Wolff let go of their handles, which projected, twitching slightly, from the women’s unnaturally stretched anal mouths, which sucked and clenched about them. Lyn and Pippa’s loins, already excited, surged and knotted even further and they felt warm slickness seeping up through the folds of their vulvas and brimming over their clefts, which were swelling and opening out by the second as they were filled with hot, lustful, pulsating blood. The powerful scent of their response wafted into their nostrils: making both mother and daughter shamefully and acutely aware that not only had they been driven to the same state of intense sexual arousal, but they could do absolutely nothing to resist it.

‘You also now have, as your science would say, glands that exude a clear barrier coating over your excreta as it passes into the final section of your rear passages,’ Wolff explained. ‘This means it will be eliminated neatly and cleanly while leaving your passages perfectly fresh and lubricated and ready to serve their far more important functions as alternate entrances for a master’s manhood.’

Wolff pulled the dildos out of them, eliciting further moans and shudders. They came free from their bottom holes with audible pops, leaving

them achingly empty. He then held the glistening shafts against their noses. 'Smell them,' he commanded. 'Assure yourselves that they are perfectly fresh.'

Dazed they did so. It was true, the shafts smelt of nothing. With the blood beginning to pound in their heads, Lyn and Pippa swivelled their eyes round to each other filled with disbelief competing with their fear. How could Wolff have possibly done this to them in one afternoon? What was he?

'I see understanding beginning dawn,' Wolff said. 'Let us proceed...'

The dildos plunged into them again, but this time it was their gaping, slippery vulvas which swallowed the rubber shafts with obscene delight, sending splutters of overflowing creamy juices into the clipped pubic forests of their pubic curls and down their stomachs.

'No! Please... Master, take them out!' Lyn and Pippa wailed and sobbed, shocked not only by their most intimate violation but the frightening intensity of their mutual response to it. Their by now obscenely hot, heavy inverted breasts, crowned with swollen pulsating nipples were jiggling and bobbing before their eyes as they jerked and twisted in their bonds, taunting them with the intensity of their arousal even as its inevitable onrushing finale teased their reeling minds.

But Wolff took no notice of their pleas. Instead he steadily pumped and churned the dildos in his captive mother and daughter's wet, slurping, helplessly clutching sheathes of hot vaginal flesh.

'I have added elasticity and capacity to your vaginal passages and increased your clitoral sensitivity,' he told them. 'In combination with your other alterations you will find that you now reach orgasm much faster than...'

But the rest of his words were lost to them as their minds seemed to explode as a great searing wave of pleasure tore through them and they screamed primitive screams of rage and raw delight. Their hips jerked convulsively, cutting their stomach flesh with their belly straps, their vagina's clamped about the dildos with a grip of iron, going into spasm and pumping

out a spray of sweet juices about the rubber shafts. These peppered Wolff's hands and showered down their palpitating navels and across the exposed undersides of their breasts and into their flushed faces, briefly washing the screwed up expressions of wretched disgust from them to be replaced with those of perfect, blissful unholy joy.

Wolff let Lyn and Pippa hang in their frames for a full five minutes while the post-orgasmic aftershocks, shudders and trembles slowly subsided. The dildos were still embedded in their red and bloated clefts, from which steady trickles of disgorged juices ran down their inverted bodies, seeping under and over their straps, between their unsteadily rising and falling breasts and finally into their thick manes of hair. And all the while their eyes were hidden by fluttering lids or else were rolling about unfocussed and unseeing, while soft sighs and moans escaped their hook-stretched mouths.

Only when they began to stir and show signs that they were recovering their senses did Wolff turn and flip the frames so Pippa and Lyn hung right way up before him once more. Immediately the flow from their still impaled pussies began to drip onto the polished floorboards. He slapped their cheeks lightly until they focussed on him. They did so almost with relief, too embarrassed and confused to look at each other. They had always been frank and open with each other and not body shy, but there was no precedent in their experience for them having simultaneous orgasms side by side and their shame was palpable.

Wolff was apparently, however, delighted by their responses. 'That was excellent,' he said heartily. 'But there is still one other orifice to activate that I have also altered for the better.'

He pulled the dildos, glossy with their juices, from their vaginas and held them up one at a time before his nose, savouring their scents. 'Delightful. You really should know what you both taste like.' He swapped the dildos over and pushed them into their defenceless, gaping mouths, forcing their heads back and sliding them down so they had to swallow until their throats bulged and the ring bases rested between their teeth.

Lyn Pippa shrieked and snorted and gurgled in renewed shame and disgust as they unwillingly tasted intimate discharges from the rubber shafts

that had been in the others bottoms and vaginas. Tears filled their eyes as they sobbed and a sense of total degradation weighed down upon them. This was the worst indignation yet. What more could he do?

‘Yes, I can see you are revolted,’ Wolff said, ‘but the question you should be asking yourselves is, why are you not choking? The phalluses are thick enough to plug your pharynxes and your oesophaguses are completely occupied in the process of swallowing. Automatically your tracheas have closed, sealing off your lungs. By now you should be passing out for want of air, but instead you are still breathing through your nostrils.’

Gradually Lyn and Pippa stopped snivelling and went cross-eyes as they stared at the ends of the shafts that were tightly filling their gullets. What Wolff said was true. Everybody who had ever inadvertently tried to take in a breath while swallowing something large knew the pain and panic they should be feeling as they struggled to suck in air. But instead they were somehow breathing almost normally.

‘I have created subtle bypass tubes connecting your nasal passages to your windpipes below the epiglottis,’ Wolff explained. ‘Now you can give oral pleasure to a man without pause, not as nature intended, perhaps, but as the natural order says it should be. And I have accomplished all this, and more you have yet to learn, in a few hours while you slumbered.’ He took hold of each of them by the chin and gazed into their eyes. ‘So, do you think I’m deluded now? Do you acknowledge my power?’ He pulled the dildos out of their throats with glugging noises and they resumed breathing normally with sudden whoops of relief. ‘Speak!’

All their preconceptions were in tatters and the shocking, incredible evidence of their own bodies made it impossible to contradict him. Whatever he was, he was no common pervert. ‘Yes, Master,’ they said humbly.

‘Good. But before I reveal the truth I must give you a warning, to ensure your future obedience. What I can make I can also punish. The heightened sensitivity of those parts of your bodies I have modified will also multiply your suffering if they are abused.’

He took the cane from the tray held by the patient Dawn and swished

it through the air in front of the fearful eyes of his pretty captives.

‘No, Master, please don’t hurt us,’ Pippa begged.

‘We’ll do anything you want, Master,’ Lyn said.

Neither woman cared how desperate or pitiful they sounded or how far their sense of pride had been eroded in such a short time. They simply could not take any more. But their pleas were in vain.

‘Yes, you will do anything I want and this lesson will ensure that,’ Wolff said.

And he drew back his arm and swiped the cane across the centre of Lyn’s trembling breasts, driving her still engorged and supersensitive nipples deep into their parent fleshy hemispheres.

The centres of the big globes folded inward about the cane, engulfing it with their soft billows, and then sprang back with fluid resilience, the nipples popping back proudly upright even as scarlet bands were blossoming in the flesh on either side of them. While Lyn’s shriek of pain was still ringing in the air Wolff swiped his cane across the middle of Pippa’s plump mammaries, setting them bouncing like rubber.

And so he lay about him alternating left and right, lashing mother and then daughter. The cane cut across their breasts and then their groins. Their postures exposed their entire bodies, even the lower curves of their buttocks, to his blows. The plump clefts of their still wet sexes were flattened and distorted, drips splattered from their leaking mouths as the bamboo sliced across and then up into them. Pouting anal wellheads clenched tight as the cane cracked down into their valleys. Swelling buttocks shivered and trembled under the onslaught.

As the frames rocked and creaked with the impact of the blows and their frenzied convulsions, a web of blazing scarlet and purple welts grew across their bodies, centring on their breasts and groins. Where they crossed drops of blood appeared. Hot salty tears streaming down their cheeks splashed onto their leaping, blazing breasts, mingled with the blood and ran

in thin trickles down their chests.

As he beat them Wolff said: 'Whether you are feeling pain or pleasure or both is immaterial to me. All that matters is that you understand the intensity of sensation I can instil in you at my whim. In future, whether in fear of one extreme or desire for the other you will obey me!'

Shrieking and sobbing and half out of their minds from an onslaught of raw sensation. Lyn and Pippa could no longer tell which was which, only that it was too much to bear. They lost control of their bladders and peed in fitful hot spurts over the floorboards. Wolff nimbly stepped aside to avoid the shameful streams and continued to cane them. Perhaps brought on by the intimate passage of their urine they felt the shudders of mini orgasms coursing through them even as they were close to fainting from unendurable pain. They no longer had any coherent thoughts, only a single desire: they wanted it to end. At that moment they would have done anything for it to end. They were screaming aloud that they would do anything, anything if only their wonderful, terrible master would let it end!

And then it did.

Lyn and Pippa hung trembling and shivering in their straps with their faces screwed up, their bodies throbbing and simmering in pain shot through with perverse ripples of arousal, as though still flinching under the impact of the cane. But Wolff had put it back on the tray. Blinking the tears from their eyes and stifling their snivels they looked at each other to see how they were only to sob afresh in dismay at the scores and welts that defiled what had only minutes earlier been healthy, clear-skinned flesh. They turned their gaze on Wolff, their blazing outrage over the arbitrary unfairness of their suffering contained only by fear of reprisal if they dared to insult him.

Wolff seemed unmoved by the barely suppressed hatred and contempt in their eyes. 'And now your final lesson,' he said. 'What I chastise I can also restore.'

He took up the jar of pink ointment from the tray and unstopped it to reveal a brush built into the lid. With it he began to paint the thin creamy mixture over their welted flesh, making them gasp and flinch at its touch.

‘You know it would normally take weeks for the marks of such a beating to fade,’ he said as he worked, ‘but I am Viktor Wolff and what nature would take weeks to accomplish I can do in minutes!’

By now where the ointment covered it their seared flesh was burning hot and then cold. But they could feel the deep throbbing pain lessen even as their skin began to tingle and crawl.

‘Look at each other!’ he commanded. ‘See you are healing!’

And they were. Before their astonished eyes split skin was closing up and welts were subsiding. Purple bruises and red blushes were fading back into creamy pink and tan flawless flesh. Wolff took up the sponge and damp cloth and wiped the drying trickles of blood away and they appeared perfect and unmarked once more, with only a weakness in their limbs from their frantic struggles and the memory of the terrible pain still lingering within them.

‘Know that I can heal you, when I chose, or let you suffer as I wish,’ said Wolff, his eyes seeming to burn into them. ‘I am the master of your pleasure and pain. What am I?’

They were beyond doubt or shame now, overwhelmed by his show of power over them, to stunned and confused to do anything but speak the simple truth.

‘You are the master of our pain and pleasure,’ they said in hushed and humbled voices.

‘And what are you?’ Wolff demanded.

‘We are your slaves, Master.’

Wolff grinned in satisfaction. ‘Good. But note that you are my slaves by choice. Unwilling choice, perhaps, but still a choice. Despite everything I have done to you physically I promise I have not touched your minds. I could give you potions that would make you my helpless slaves so that you begged to serve me, like Dawn here, but I need your minds clear and fresh, as you

will learn. It may be possible that you summon up enough courage to try to escape my house: a futile but tiresome gesture as these grounds are protected from both exit and intrusion by means you cannot as yet imagine. Therefore I will keep you restrained as necessary.' He smiled. 'Besides, a naked woman looks most attractive when properly chained. Dawn!'

Dawn took the tray out of their line of sight and returned a moment later with it laden with sets of slave chains. Wolff loosened the head clamps and pulled the hooks from Lyn and Pippa's mouths so they were able to close their aching jaws for the first time in hours. Then he undid the straps that held their legs bent and splayed so they could straighten them and put their feet to the floor, which they did with groans of pain as they bent stiff joints and stretched cramped muscles. He linked their ankles with hobble chains. Then he freed their arms and upper bodies and bent them forward so he could chain their wrists behind their backs. Finally he clipped leash chains to their collars and freed their belly straps so they could step away from the frames. Their backs and upper buttocks were imprinted with a pattern of squares from the wooden gratings.

They now saw the rest of the strange laboratory in its entirety. Apart from more benches of complex chemical glassware there were several strange devices lurking in the corners, including what looked like a test tube large enough to hold a person, connected by heavy cables to a series of insulators, oversized electrical contacts and control panels that would not have looked out of place in a nineteen thirties horror film. Beside it was a whole rack of shelves containing smaller glass flasks that seemed to contain a sparking mist.

For the first time Pippa and Lyn looked at each other properly face to face: naked, bound and vulnerable. Their eyes were hollow and their minds were wrung out from too many impossible revelations piled one upon another and a roller coaster of fear, pleasure, shame and pain, with no time allowed to gather their thoughts and try to make sense of any of it. And yet, perversely, they could not deny they still looked alluringly feminine, even if inside they were sick with the thought of what had Wolff done to them. They had been altered: literally no longer the same people they had been that morning.

In the circumstances what could they say to each other?

‘Maybe we should have tried the pole dancing,’ Pippa suggested.

Lyn began to smile and then her face screwed up as she fought back a sudden upwelling of tears. ‘Yes, next time let’s do that,’ she agreed with a shuddering breath.

Wolff gave a warning jerk on their leashes.

‘You can console yourselves later,’ he said, his voice becoming grave. ‘Now it is time to explain who I am and where I am from. You will see where my problems began and you learn the reason why you are here.’

With Dawn following at their heels, still carrying her empty tray, he led them out the door.

* * *

The laboratory was situated in the newer wing of the house and the door led them via a short corridor to the main hallway. Turning off this was another corridor that evidently led to the kitchens. But before they came to them they stopped at a heavy oak door black with age set in the wall. Wolff unlocked it with a large key fastened to his belt by a long chain. It opened onto flight of wooden stairs leading downward into the cellars.

Lyn and Pippa stumbled after Wolff as he led them down into the cool bowels of the Grange. Strings of electric lights were burning, illuminating rough whitewashed plaster walls and the black wall posts and heavy timber floor joists.

They reached the bottom and stepped onto a clean well-swept brick floor at the corner of a good sized clear space between the massive roughly trimmed posts that supported the floor above. Instead of the usual clutter of old cartons, dusty tool racks and unwanted furniture such places usually attracted, the cellar was sparsely furnished. What it did contain, however, was more than enough to arrest their attention.

In the middle of the open space the outline of a pentacle surrounded by a circle some three metres across had been carved into the brick floor and neatly filled in with white paint. Between each point of the pentacle and within the circle a different unidentifiable symbol had also been carved into the floor and in-painted. At the tip of each point of the pentacle were set what at first glance appeared to be large, ornate silver candlesticks, standing a little short of waist high, but without any candles in them. Hung over each candlestick by twin wire ropes connected to electric winches was a man-sized cage shaped like a slender inverted “Y”. Inside each cage was a naked chained slave girl.

Lyn and Pippa heard the jingle of chains as they approached and saw the girls twisting their heads about to watch them. Over strap-gagged mouths eyes lit up in anticipation. The cages confined the girls closely, with their arms cuffed behind their backs and their legs separated and slotted down the two forks of the cages’ lower sections. Their bare breasts were pushed through gaps in the bars crossing their chests. As Wolff approached the caged girls’ exposed nipples swelled and grew hard in anticipation.

Wolff led Pippa and Lyn over to the wall closest to the pentacle where a control panel was mounted next to an electric windlass with a large drum of wire cord. Beside this rested a heavy wooden rack with sinister dangling chains.

‘Your culture has some idea of the power of the pentacle as related in your tales of witchcraft and so-called black magic,’ Wolff told them. ‘A dim appreciation of their true purpose is revealed in fantasy stories of them being used to summon demons from dark dimensions. But fortunately, or not, depending on your point of view, the idea had got about in your world that you need to light black candles about the pentacle to make it work. This is nonsense. There is no power in a candle, black or otherwise, except to give light. As any true adept knows, the power source needed to activate a pentacle is far more intimate and subtle.’

He pressed buttons on the control panel and indicator lights came on. The winch motors whined and the cages began to sink down over the silver candlesticks. Except Lyn and Pippa could now see that they were not candlesticks at all, but ornate metal phalluses. Beneath the groin of each slave

girl was a round ring in the cage bars, separating the leg sections. The silver phallus heads slid up through these holes and smoothly passed into the clefts of five eager vulvas. The girls moaned softly as their love lips parted wide and the ribbed and fluted metal slid up inside them for what seemed an alarming length. Then the feet of the cages touched the ground and the girls were fully impaled. Immediately they began work their hips back and forth and squat and thrust the small amount their cages permitted. Trickle of girlish arousal began to run down the side of the phallus shafts. The brick floor about their bases was stained with the multiple shadows of many such discharges.

‘The prime energising source of what you would call magic are the emanations from the state of female arousal and orgasm,’ Wolff said, as Lyn and Pippa goggled at the grunting, sighing, dribbling girls so eagerly masturbating themselves. ‘This force, combined with the extracts of certain herbs and minerals, and then triggered by the correct invocations, can reshape living flesh, enchant the mind, animate lifeless things and even open doorways between worlds.’

‘I have treated these girls so they maintain a steady output of pre orgasmic energy which is sufficient to keep the gate active, but they cannot orgasm until I give them permission. It means the gate can remain open for an hour at time if need be. Of course by then they are quite desperate.’

There were several hooks set in the wall and Wolff clipped the ends of their leashes to one of them. Then he stepped up to the edge of the pentacle and raised his hands and began chanting words in some unknown tongue.

Lyn and Pippa felt a sudden chill and the still air swirled. Although the cellar was brightly lit, shadows filled the walls and they drew dim and distant. And then it seemed as if another larger chamber was mistily visible beyond the cellar walls. They could make out the ghost of dressed stone flags overlaying the brickwork and the faint outlines of columns and high arches. And on the floor of that other chamber was inscribed another pentacle with its ring of ornate phalluses, which almost exactly aligned with this one, but it had no attendant slave girls.

As Lyn and Pippa gazed about them incredulously Wolff gestured at

the pentacle. 'The way is now open to Ravenstone Castle: my dwelling in the land of Albion Magna. You would call it a parallel world to this one, where, as you can see, natural philosophy has developed along a different direction to yours. All you need to do is walk across the pentacle and this world would fade and Albion would become real.' Then he scowled and his tone became bitter. 'At least you could cross to it that way. I cannot!'

He raised his big fists and swung them across the edge of the circle as though pounding against thin air. There was a shimmer and crackle of blue sparks and for a moment they saw a glassy cylindrical wall rising from the outer circle of the pentacle and reaching to the ceiling. The pentacle girls flinched in their cages but continued their steady pumping.

'I am Viktor Wolff,' he raged as though offering up a defiant challenge, his booming voice ringing back from the walls. 'Seventh level Thaumaturge and the most skilled metamorphic alchemist in all of Albion... and yet by deceit I am barred from my own world!'

Wolff lowered his arms and the ghostly barrier faded from sight. He looked at Pippa and Lyn who had shrunk back against the wall while Dawn was hanging her head as though in embarrassment.

'I apologise for that base display of emotion. Normally I take pride in my self-control, as any bearer of great power must. But you cannot know the torment and frustration I have endured these past months, being locked out of my homeland. But you are going to be the means by which I will return!'

'Us, Master?' Lyn said, looking at the pentacle nervously.

'Do not be frightened of that. It is the least of your worries. The transition is perfectly safe and painless.' He snapped his fingers and Dawn shuffled to his side. 'Take the daily report from Oranrod and bring back the newssheet,' he told her.

She nodded and stepped into the circle.

'You must leave a pentacle by the same sign that you entered it to return to where you started,' Wolff explained as Dawn shuffled forward. 'If

you walk straight across you pass into another world...'

As he spoke Dawn was fading and becoming as ghostly as the half-seen otherworld chamber about them. She stepped out of the far side of the circle as faint as mist and vanished through a shadowy insubstantial archway.

Pippa and Lyn gulped and blinked and looked at each other in wonder and disbelief, struggling to accept yet another seeming impossibility.

'While Dawn is on her errand let me explain how I came to be here,' Wolff said. 'Some years ago I opened this pentacle from Albion to your England and with my powers I was able to establish a residence here unknown to your authorities. I had two principle purposes, beyond simple curiosity to explore a strange new world. One was to gather in stray girls and improve them as I have you and then to sell as slaves back in Albion, where there is always a demand for young female flesh. The second was to explore your world for any new plants or herbs that might have thaumaturgical uses. As I got to know your quaint customs I was able to finance my life here with the exclusive treatment of a few carefully chosen, and wealthy, individuals. Minor bodily alternation and improvements that are commonplace in my world command a high price here, where your crude 'plastic surgery' leaves much to be desired. Of course my clients have no idea of my origins and I cloud their minds as necessary so they do not enquire.

'I was highly successful and my efforts were richly rewarded, both here and in Albion Magna. There my reputation grew considerably, amongst my circle of fellow mages. Perhaps I was too successful, because I made myself an enemy by the name of Giles Durand. He is a lesser practitioner of the mystic arts whom I had bested in a few debates and sporting challenges and who became jealous of my achievements. Quite how jealous I did not realize until one day, not two months ago, he broke into Ravenstone while I was in this world, disabled my servants and stole my pentacle girls, after first using them to set up a blocking incantation, barring the pentacle to my return. In your terminology he changed the password and locked me out of the network. I cannot use this pentacle nor construct a fresh one to bypass it. Other objects and persons may pass through unhindered, but I cannot.

'For weeks I tried every means I knew to break or trick the barrier,

but to no avail. The only way to unlock it is to find my original pentacle girls. Each will hold a fragment of the new code within them. They must either be brought back to the Ravenstone pentacle or else the code must be copied from them. I suspect Durand will have dispersed them to prevent just such a possibility, in which case I must have an agent who can travel through Albion tracking them down. And that is why I concocted that advert. I needed to find people like yourselves.'

'But why us, Master?' Pippa asked. 'You've already got Dawn and these other girls. Can't you use them?'

'I have a dozen others besides these, but none are suitable for this task. They have already been treated to make them more docile slaves. Under my direct influence they will do anything I order, but on the other side of the pentacle my power fades. They would try their best but anybody with a strong will could dominate them and turn them aside from their mission.'

'Excuse me, Master,' Lyn said cautiously, 'but haven't you any friends... er, fellow mages, who could help you?'

Wolff's face grew impassive. 'I thought I had,' he said stiffly, 'but apparently I was mistaken. Those who I was able to get messages to said the problem was beyond them. And Durand himself denies all knowledge of my banishment. I then learned that they were making good use of my absence to take on thaumaturgical commissions that I would surly have won. No, all I have at my disposal are my house servants whom I animated myself but who are too limited in their capabilities to undertake such a task, my slave girls who are not strong willed enough... and now the pair of you.'

'But why us, Master?' Pippa pleaded.

'Because I realized I needed agents who would try their utmost to succeed without my direct control, not for love of me, but for love of somebody close to them. That is why I advertised for a mother and daughter or sisters. I needed there to be a bond of the strongest kind between them.'

'Tomorrow morning the one of you I think best suited will cross the pentacle to begin the quest in Albion Magna while the other will be held

hostage, staying in this world and ensuring the field agent is properly motivated. Whoever goes through will be accompanied by Dawn. She is already familiar with my world and I have given her additional knowledge that may be useful. She will serve the agent and assist in whatever way she can. They will also have the support of my household staff and resources and will be able to consult me through the pentacle. At any time if I think the agent is not trying their hardest they will have to watch the hostage suffer.’ And he indicated the rack resting against the wall.

Lyn and Pippa went cold. He meant it. He really would torture them if he had to.

Wolff suddenly smiled good-humouredly. ‘But let us hope it does not come to that.’

Like a ghost Dawn reappeared from the misty otherworld, stepping across the pentacle, growing more substantial with every stride, until she stepped out of the circle where she had entered it as solid as they were. On her tray rested a folded newspaper.

A newspaper from another world...

Wolff picked the paper up casually and glanced at a headline, shaking his head. ‘The idiots!’ he muttered. Then checked his watch and looked up at Pippa and Lyn.

‘Almost dinner time, I see. Are you hungry?’

Only then did they realise they were indeed ravenously hungry.

‘Yes, Master.’

He glanced back at the moaning, sweating pentacle girls, who all this time had been steadily masturbating themselves on the pentacle phalluses.

‘You may cum,’ he said.

With an explosive chorus of muffled gasps and grunts the five women

rattled their cages as they orgasmed, spraying their juices over the floor. The ghostly image of the other world rippled and then was gone and the cellar was a cellar once more.

* * *

Pippa and Lyn were not sure what their exact status was in Wolff's strange household but apparently it enabled them to sit on either side of the big dining room table with Wolff at its head. Of course they were still collared and naked and their ankles were cuffed to the chair legs, but they had the use of their hands once more to hold cutlery, although their wrists were fastened to the chair arms by long slender chains.

The meal was served by a bevy of naked slave girls. For obvious reasons they had been kept out of the way when Lyn and Pippa had first arrived but now they seemed to be everywhere. Perfumed bodies and naked buttocks and breasts of all hues bobbing and trembling passed by them as they shuffled about in their slave chains. They all looked exceptionally pretty. Were these more "stray" girls Wolff had acquired? They all seemed to be eager to serve now but how natural was their servile attitude? What alterations had Wolff made to their minds and bodies?

Whatever the girls' origins might have been, Pippa and Lyn were left in no doubt as to their current status by the unsettlingly distracting table centre decoration.

On a huge silver platter a slave girl rested on her front with her arms and legs bent and folded back behind her in a hogtied posture, wrists cuffed to ankles. Her ponytail of hair had been tied to her big toes, pulling her head back. A green apple had been forced between her white teeth, plugging her mouth. Assorted fruits had been arranged about her on the platter to make an attractive display. A large pear had been thrust up her vagina, visible between her parted thighs, and a large banana, peeled back at the end, jutted out of her anus.

And yet all through the meal her eyes remained fixed adoringly on

Wolff.

Dawn knelt on a cushion beside Wolff's chair. Perhaps she was his favourite slave. Her lips had been unzipped allowing her to eat morsels that he fed her from his own plate. Lyn and Pippa tried not to stare as she did so. The metal segments of the zipper actually seemed to be embedded in her lips. He must have implanted the zip during the afternoon when he had also been working on them. Presumably Wolff could remove the zip just as easily, but Pippa and her mother still exchanged guilty glances over the table. Dawn had been punished for showing concern for them.

It was a full meal, with a potato leek soup starter, a rack of lamb with hasselback potatoes and spinach salad main course and strawberry torte for desert, and all very well cooked and presented. Wolff had servings in proportion to his size and ate with gusto, in between slapping and pinching the serving maids as they attended him. He seemed to be in high spirits. Lyn and Pippa ate with less enjoyment and more need. They had burned off so much emotional energy they needed comforting sustenance. If they kept their eyes down on their plates they could almost convince themselves that everything else was a bad dream.

But Wolff kept up a lively chatter to which they had no choice but to respond. Perhaps he enjoyed holding a conversation with people who still had the capacity to contradict and surprise him, for he asked them about their lives in detail and seemed genuinely interested. Of course he was relying on them to be his agents in the quest for his lost pentacle girls, so perhaps his interest was understandable. He punctuated this enquiry into their past with sudden questions about everyday life. Clearly there was much about the history and customs of England that he still found puzzling. It was a constant reminder that he was actually a visitor from another world.

Finally Wolff pushed away his dessert plate with satisfaction and snapped his fingers. The slave girls immediately began clearing the table. A pair of them slid the table display girl off the end of the table onto a low trolley and wheeled her back out to the kitchens.

While this was going on, Wolff said to Pippa and Lyn: 'Now I will let you have your phones and laptop devices and you may have an hour here

sending messages to you friends and relations saying you are settling in. Do not be tempted to reveal the truth, of course. For one thing they would most likely not believe you. If they did alert your police they would find it difficult to find this house, because as you yourself discovered it can be elusive. And if they did somehow arrive at the front door, I would simply convince them all was well with a charm and a puff of memory dust. And then of course I would be forced to punish you both most severely, in a manner that would make the caning I gave you earlier seem like a mere slap on the wrist. Do you doubt I would do this?’

Lyn and Pippa gulped and shook their heads. ‘No, Master.’

‘Good. Accept your situation. Enable me to return to my world and I will allow you to return to yours. That is our bargain. Do you understand?’

‘Yes, Master.’

‘After you have sent your messages Dawn will show you where you can bathe and prepare yourselves.’

‘Prepare, Master?’ Lyn asked.

‘To serve in my bedroom, of course,’ Wolff said with evident surprise. ‘You did not think I was going to do all that work on you without sampling the results for myself, did you?’

Lyn bit her lip. ‘Please don’t take Pippa, Master. I’ll do whatever you want, but leave her out of it.’

‘Mum!’ Pippa said sharply. ‘We’ve already been through this. You’re not sacrificing yourself for me. I can take it. I’m a grown woman.’

‘Well spoken, young Pippa!’ Wolff said heartily. ‘She is most evidently and bountifully full-grown and knows her own mind. These are qualities I need in my agents.’

Never fear, I’ll be having you both together in equal measure, so neither need feel underused.’

Lyn and Pippa both paled. ‘Together, Master?’ Lyn choked. ‘You mean in the same bed?’

‘Naturally. Apart from serving my pleasure it will be good practice for you both.

Did you think you might not have to endure far more sexual usage than a night in my bed if you are to succeed in my mission? The improvements I made in you are necessary for you to survive in Albion Magna, where women of all classes are expected to be lusty. If you have to pleasure a dozen men to recover my girls you will do so, is that understood?’

Pale and tight lipped they both nodded. Wolff smiled and left them to their communications.

* * *

Somehow Pippa and Lyn gathered their composure and briefly chatted with or else sent texts and emails to their closest family and friends assuring them they were well. They had no choice but to deceive them, however they were able to honestly declare in passing that the Grange was like no other house they had even been in before and that their new employer was a little eccentric and definitely one of a kind. They were alone in the dining room and could have told the truth and begged for help, but as Wolff must have judged they dare not. After a few repetitions this highly abridged version of events became easier to tell. When the truth was so shocking, outrageous and downright impossible, it was far easier to pass on a more palatable lie.

When they were done Dawn appeared once more, this time alone. The zip had been removed from her lips which looked perfectly normal once more. She led them up to the first floor and a bathroom that had certainly not been part of the original house specifications. There were two toilets, a pair of bidets, a row of showers, a floor-to-ceiling rack of soaps, bath lotions, shampoos and fluffy towels, a row of basins with mirrors over and a bathtub large enough for six people, all un-partitioned.

‘The master likes his girls to be well-scrubbed at all times,’ Dawn explained simply. ‘You must be perfectly clean and fresh and smell nice. When you’re ready I’ll take you to his room.’

Other slave girls popped in to use the facilities while Pippa and Lyn were freshening themselves and performed their functions quite unselfconsciously. Apparently slave girls did not expect any privacy even in bathrooms. Because the girls had all been rectally modified at least the act of excretion was clean, quick and virtually odour free, however they still lowered their eyes in Lyn and Pippa’s presence, out of apparent humility rather than bodily embarrassment, said nothing to them and left quickly.

Performing their ablutions did give Lyn and Pippa their first chance to talk to Dawn since her welcoming masquerade as Wolff’s daughter.

‘I’m sorry Wolff punished you for speaking up for us,’ Lyn said, trying not to stare at Dawn’s lips. There were no signs of any scars.

‘I shouldn’t have done that,’ Dawn said miserably. ‘I deserved to be punished. Nobody ever questions him. But you both seemed so nice and friendly and I realized you were different. I mean I could see you had each other. We had nothing to lose when the Master found us.’

‘You mean other girls like you?’ Pippa said. “‘Strays” as he calls them.’

‘Yes. He finds runaways and homeless girls and makes us prettier and trains us and then sells us in Albion Magna.’

‘That’s disgusting!’ said Lyn. ‘Slavery is evil.’

‘Maybe not as evil as being a druggie or an alcoholic with no hope of anything better,’ Dawn said. ‘You should see the state of some of the girls when he brings them in. But he can fix all of that.’ She looked down at her neat body. ‘I didn’t look as good as this when he found me. For some girls being a slave is the best thing they’re ever going to be. It means they’re important, you know, valuable. People will pay good money for them in Albion.’

‘But how can they possibly want to live as slaves?’ Pippa wondered.

‘Maybe they don’t exactly want to, but it can’t be any worse than the life they’ve had here. But you wouldn’t know that,’ Dawn added, without any suggestion of criticism, ‘you’ve been lucky. You’ve had an education and you’ve got all those friends and family you were calling earlier.’

‘Have you got any family?’ Lyn asked.

Dawn’s pretty face darkened. ‘None that count. I was a miserable lonely mess when the master found me.’

‘When was that?’ Pippa asked.

‘More than a year ago. Maybe that’s why I spoke out of turn. My conditioning might be fading. I thought he’d give me another dose but he just fitted the zip to remind me to keep my mouth shut.’

‘Isn’t a year a long time to be prepared for sale?’ Lyn asked.

Dawn suddenly smiled. ‘It’s much longer than any other girl he’s ever had. It’s not that I’m a bad slave. I just think he likes me a bit more than the others. That’s why he chose me to show you in, even though it meant I had to wear clothes again. Sorry I lied. I was only doing what he told me and you don’t ever disobey him. Well, I suppose you could. You’re different.’

‘Is that why the other girls are acting so shy when they come in?’ Pippa asked.

‘Yes. They know you’re going to go on a special job for the Master. And you haven’t been treated to make you obedient, which means you’re also possible masters, well, mistresses, you know. I can feel it as well. When we go through to Albion the Master says I’m to be your slave. I’ll be good and help you all I can,’ she promised.

‘You really want to find these missing pentacle girls,’ Pippa said.

‘Of course,’ Dawn exclaimed. ‘He wants to get back home so much and I’d do anything for him!’

When Pippa and Lyn were perfectly fresh, dry and pampered they looked at each other with sick dread, contemplating what was to come. The thought of having sex not only in the presence of your mother/daughter but with the same man, let alone with the bdsm trimmings, was deeply and profoundly mortifying. It was simply something you never imagined doing. On the other hand they knew their company would be a reassurance. It could even be worse imagining what the other might be going through than knowing for sure.

‘We are pretty hot,’ Pippa said, trying to make a joke of it, ‘maybe we can wear him out.’

‘Oh you can’t do that,’ Dawn said. ‘The Master’s got amazing stamina. He can come four or five times in a row easily. Skilled Thaumaturgists like the Master do a lot of work improving their own bodies, you know. I mean why wouldn’t they?’

Pippa groaned. ‘Oh God, no!’

Lyn hugged her daughter. ‘It’s all right. We’ll survive this somehow,’ she assured her. ‘Afterwards just don’t be ashamed of anything we have to do. We’ve done nothing wrong so we’ve got nothing to feel guilty about.’

‘I’ll try, Mum,’ Pippa said, trying to sound brave. Then she hastily broke the naked embrace: ‘Aww, hard nipples!’ she said accusingly.

They looked at each other’s sudden unwanted display. ‘They come up so easily, don’t they?’ Lyn said, blushing with embarrassment.

‘You’ll get used to it,’ Dawn said. ‘After a while you won’t try to fight it. We’re meant to show ourselves off.’

‘Have you any advice on how we can get through this?’ Lyn asked quickly.

‘You just do whatever he wants,’ Dawn said simply. ‘He’s the master and we are here to please him in any way he says. Even you’ve got obey him.’

I think it's easier if you've been made into a proper complete slave, then you wouldn't have to ask. But don't worry, with the improvements he's made you'll enjoy it in the end, whatever he does to you. You won't be able to stop yourselves.'

* * *

Wolff's dark, wood-panelled master suite was dominated by a massive four poster bed with a high canopy that was almost in keeping with the period of the house. However the bed had been modified to suit its owner's particular tastes and requirements.

Lyn hung miserably spread-eagled between the posts of the bed head, suspended with her feet clear of the mattress by her wrist and ankle cuffs which were clipped to wire ropes that vanished into pulley slots set in the thick posts themselves. The other ends of the ropes emerged half way along the underside of the canopy side beams and ran down to Pippa's ankle cuffs. Pippa was lying on her back on the bed below her with her arms spread and cuffed to the bed head posts just below Lyn's feet. A broad strap crossed the bed from side to side and passed over Pippa's hip bones and lower stomach, holding her pelvis down against the upward and outward pull of the ropes on her legs.

Lyn sobbed, biting down in her rage on the rubber gag bar that Wolff had plugged their mouths with when she and Pippa had lost their self-control and began to protest as they saw what he planned to do to them. Because with the full, unwilling weight of her naked body she was holding her own naked daughter's slender shapely legs raised in the air and spread wide for Wolff's pleasure, exposing every detail of her pubic mound, bottom cleft and the puckered eye of her anus.

And Wolff was enjoying the spectacle. That much was shockingly obvious.

He stood naked beside the bed admiring their unwilling tableau, a long-handled spanking paddle resting casually over his shoulder and his erect

penis jutting out before him. It was at least 25 centimetres long and not slender, rising above a proportionately huge ball sack, and was angled with a show of rampant vigour over half way to vertical.

Despite her burning hatred for this man who was going to violate and degraded Pippa and herself, Lyn could not deny Wolff was magnificently masculine. His body was hard and well-muscled and his thick dark body hair added to his earthy vigour. He was not like some smoothly polished Greek god ideal, but a real man with all too real lusts and desires.

The thought of having his huge penis inside her, even worse of seeing it thrust inside Pippa, made her feel sick. And yet her treacherously adjusted body was responding in exactly the opposite way. Her sensitized nipples were standing up like chapel hatpegs and she could feel her loins filling with liquid heat while a slippery slickness was filling the folds of her vulva.

‘You are both really excellent,’ Wolff declared, after studying them for several minutes. ‘I should have obtained a pair like you before. When this is over and I can trade freely with Albion again I certainly will. There must be many lonely mothers and daughters in those bleak, soulless estates your society seems so fond of creating who would exchange their pointless freedom for the chance of bodily improvement and a cleaner life elsewhere. But don’t worry, you two will always be my favourites.’

Lyn blinked at him in disbelief. Were they expected to feel grateful or flattered? What an ego he had! But then he did have the power to alter their bodies at will. That was dangerously godlike.

Wolff knelt on the bed and toyed with Pippa’s pouting sex, making her squirm. Then he slapped the fleshy cleft hard with the broad rubber blade of the paddle. It was kinder than a cane and did not cut the skin, but impregnated by some potion of his it stung abnormally fiercely and left an immediate bright scarlet blaze on the skin. Pippa yelped and arched her back as the sharp smacks rang out and her pussy lips blushed.

Lyn groaned and clenched her fists, instinctively trying to lunge forward to protect her daughter. But all this did was pull Pippa’s legs a little wider. Lyn sagged in her cuffs. No, she was utterly helpless to stop him. He

could do what he liked to them.

‘Lovely,’ Wolff said, sampling Pippa’s now hot, shocking pink and dribbling cleft once more and bringing up wet fingertips to his nose. ‘You weep such a pleasant natural perfume. Let me compare it with your mother’s pussy...’

He stood on the bed astride Pippa’s head and shoulders so that he was face to face with Lyn and the tip of his huge cock pressed against her belly. He pinched and tugged and twisted her hard nipples until she squealed in pain, even as her throbbing vulva pulsed and oozed with spicy, enticing lubrication. He scooped it up in his fingers and savoured it as he had Pippa’s.

‘Excellent. I really must harvest this when I have a moment. It will make some fine potions.’ He glanced down between his legs at Pippa’s horrified yet fascinated face as she stared up at him while he toyed with her mother. ‘Yes, look up into the orifice that bore you, girl. It is a pretty thing, isn’t it? And tonight I will have it and yours. I’ll try out every hole you have between you. And you are both going to beg me to do so.’

He stepped back, standing astride Pippa, and began to paddle Lyn’s breasts. The smacks of rubber on flesh rang out as her big globes leaped and heaved like living things, turning a bright scarlet. As tears filled her eyes Lyn bit down on her gag bar and screamed as the waves of shocking pain seared through her. But perversely her nipples only throbbed harder, even as they turned into bright red cherries.

Wolff looked down at Pippa, who was thrashing about and straining at her ropes while her mother’s struggles jerked on her raised legs.

‘You can stop this,’ he told her. ‘You know what you have to say.’

Pippa nodded frantically. Wolff bent and pulled out her gag bar.

‘Please screw me, Master!’ she gasped. ‘I’m hot and wet... stick your cock up me! I can take it all... just stop hurting her, please!’

Wolff lowered his paddle and stepped back through Pippa’s spread

legs and then hunched down over her. The head of his huge penis found the mouth of her simmering pussy and slid inside it, parting her soft lips and making her belly bulge. Pippa gasped as he pressed down on her, crushing her slim body under his, flattening her plump breasts against his dark haired chest and filling her to the hilt, stretching her deeper than she had ever imagined possible. His powerful buttocks clenched as he drove into her with hard, urgent thrusts, careless of her comfort, setting the bed shivering and making her yip and snivel. He was using her for his pleasure not hers.

Suspended over the head of the bed, Lyn could only watch helplessly as her daughter was violated.

With a grunt of satisfaction Wolff came deep inside Pippa's unwilling vagina. She shuddered and bucked under him, giving a wild shriek that might have been of pain or pleasure, rolled up her eyes and lay back limply as though she had fainted.

Wolff rose, pulling his glistening and still hard shaft out of Pippa's red-lipped and dripping vaginal tunnel, and stood up. As Lyn moaned in dismay at Pippa's apparent collapse he stepping over Pippa's still form and rubbed his sticky cockhead across Lyn's belly.

'And now you will taste your daughter's juices as they should be sampled: from the shaft of the man who has beached her.'

He reached over to the bedposts and adjusted some small levers. The cables holding Lyn's wrists slackened, leaving Pippa's limp legs still suspended. Wolff pulled out Lyn's gag and then took hold of her hair and forced her head down until her stinging scarlet breasts hung pendant and her lips pressed against his penis.

'Don't make me beat her to force you,' he warned.

Miserably Lyn opened her mouth and began to lick his shaft clean, lapping up his sperm and Pippa's juices. Steadily Wolff pushed it deeper into her gullet so she had to swallow to take the head down, going past the point where she would only the day before have begun to choke until her throat bulged impossibly down to her collarbone and her nose was pressed into his

thick pubic curls. Then, bracing his legs wide, he began to pump into her, using her mouth as he would a vagina and making glucking, slurping noises in its depths with each thrust, setting her hot engorged breasts swinging like bells.

As he ravished her gullet from top to bottom Lyn's bulging cheeks grew red and she blinked back her tears and wished she could still choke and blackout and it would all be over, but that escape had been denied her. Her mouth was simply another love-passage for her master's pleasure and she was his sex toy. Perhaps she could have borne it if it had not been for Pippa. Between thrusts she could see between Wolff's legs that she was breathing shallowly but still not moving. Was she all right? She could not let him hurt her again. Yet she was so helpless. All their brave talk earlier counted for nothing now. Even as she sucked on his Wolff's cock she thought how she hated him!

She felt his ejaculation building as his balls rose and the pulses of sperm surged up his shaft. Then he was grunting and spouted hot and creamily inside her. For a moment she felt a perverse thrill as it flowed down to her stomach and she revelled in the thought of being so intimately used for his outpourings. Then it was over and shame returned.

Slowly Wolff pulled his shaft from Lyn's throat. He was still hard! How much sperm did those huge balls hold? He wiped his cock clean on her hair, soiling her a little further.

On the bed beneath her she saw Pippa stirring and her heart gave a leap. She was all right. Had she actually fainted when Wolff had her? She must not suffer again.

'You don't have to beat Pippa to make me beg you to screw me, Master,' she gasped. 'Please get it over with and have me now. I'm ready for you. Push it up me, fuck me hard!'

Wolff pulled Lyn's head back upright so he could look into her eyes.

'As you wish,' he grinned.

He pressed her up against the wall, grinding her swollen India-rubber nipples against his chest as he pumped his huge shaft into her so hard and deep that she felt it was going to burst out of her stomach or rupture some internal organ. But the alteration she had made to her vagina somehow allowed her to stretch far enough to accommodate him until she was impaled, riding his terrible... hard... wonderful manhood until...Wolff spouted inside her and she screamed and went limp.

* * *

Lyn recovered from her shattering orgasm to find she was achingly empty and dribbling juices from her ravaged, tingling vagina down her thighs and onto the sheets. Between her spread legs she saw Wolff's naked back. He was hunched over Pippa holding her head tilted back so he could ram his insatiable, untiring cock down her throat and she could taste her mother's juices off the shaft that had been up her birth canal while he spent himself down her gullet.

Lyn hung her head and began to cry quietly.

They had one orifice each that Wolff had not yet used. He disconnected them from the bed posts and retied their trembling bodies side by side and face down over a long, soft, well-upholstered leather bolster cushion that pushed their bottoms up into the air. Then he had their rears, making them sob and whimper as he rammed his penis up their bottom holes in alternation. It felt like he was driving his cock up their spines, but again their newly elasticized and self-lubricating rectums held even as their sensitized anuses drove them to a second wild and helpless orgasm.

Only after he had cum inside both of them did his cock finally soften and he was satiated.

He left them bent across the bolster with his sperm oozing out from their throbbing anal mouths and between their bottom cheeks while he pulled the sheets over himself on the other side of the bed and went to sleep. They sank into an exhausted slumber beside their master while their juices dribbled

from their ravaged orifices onto the soft white sheets.

* * *

The next morning they were all once more in the dining room, seated as they had been at dinner, but this time for a full breakfast, with a choice of toast and marmalade, cereals, bacon and fried eggs and mushrooms, coffee and fresh orange juice. As before Wolff ate hearty but Lyn and Pippa were subdued, their heads hung, barely touching their food.

‘What’s wrong with you?’ Wolff demanded. ‘Was it not good lusty sport last night? You both came copiously and every orifice pleased. I was highly satisfied with my workmanship. Now the paddle marks are gone and your flesh is perfect once more. Why the sulk?’

Lyn took in a deep breath and looked at Pippa who reached across the table and grasped her hand reassuringly. Then she turned to Wolff. ‘May I speak freely, Master?’

‘You may.’

‘How could you treat us like that last night and the next day expect us to be as cheerful as... as you are?’ she said as scathingly as she dared. ‘We’re not used to being treated like mindless slaves. Do you really not realize how you’ve hurt us, Master? Doesn’t any of what you did strike you as wrong?’

‘No,’ Wolff said simply. ‘Not by the manners and morals of my world, and they are what rules here. If you are to survive in Albion it would be best for you to learn to accept such incidents as the norm. You will never entirely succeed because you are burdened by a different set of morals and cultural norms, but if what we did last night so appals you, make it your motivation to succeed in your quest as swiftly as possible so that your loved one is spared further such suffering. I also tested your sense of self sacrifice and love and that was not found wanting. Instead of shame over some shared body fluids and a little embarrassment, why not be proud of that!’

Lyn and Pippa looked at each other incredulously. He was utterly unrepentant and now he was giving them a pep talk.

‘I have decided who shall cross to Albion this morning and begin the quest for my missing pentacle girls,’ Wolff said, rising from his chair. ‘Let us make a start...’

* * *

In the cellar the caged pentacle girls sighed and moaned as they held the gateway to another world open and the ghostly vision of the chamber in Ravenstone Castle shimmered about them.

Lyn stood beside Dawn on the edge of the circle. Pippa, with her arms cuffed behind her and a leash from her collar held in one of Wolff’s huge hands, knelt at his feet like a dog.

‘You are best suited for the initial quest to discover where Durand sent my slaves,’ Wolff told Lyn. ‘All the information you will need is in my castle. I will open the gate this evening at the agreed time to hear your first report.’ He patted Pippa on the head. ‘Don’t worry about your daughter. I guarantee she will not be bored. I may even do some experiments on her to pass the time. You concern yourself with your mission.’

‘I’ll be all right, Mum,’ Pippa said bravely. ‘You just take care.’

Biting her lip, Lyn turned away from her hostage daughter and, with Dawn at her side, began to walk across the pentacle into another world.

PART 2

With Dawn by her side, Lyn walked tremulously across the activated pentacle, each jerky step sending little shivers through her large bare breasts. About her the five naked and caged female slaves continued to pump their hips and moan softly about their gags, working themselves off on the intricate silver phallus shafts that rose from the points of the pentacle to impale their sexes, and by so doing somehow providing the power that held open a gateway between different realities.

Lyn felt sickness knotting her stomach. Apart from fear of the unknown she knew she was not only leaving behind her whole world, but also her hostage daughter. But she had no choice. She had to succeed in her mission or else Pippa would suffer at Wolff's hands. Last night's sadomasochistic ordeal had taught her just how cruel he could be and had left her feeling more revolted than she had dare admit openly. If it had been just her alone caught up in this mad nightmare she might have risked defying Wolff, or else allowing her fear and shame to overwhelm her and breaking down entirely. But now she had to be resolute and strong for Pippa's sake.

As she crossed the pentacle Lyn could feel the warmth from Dawn's naked body close to hers and took some primitive comfort from it. They were both clad only in slave cuffs and collars and Lyn had never felt so vulnerable and afraid before so it was nice to have company, even if it was that of a girl as helpless as she was.

The bricks under their feet became smooth polished flagstones and the cellar walls faded as grander stone columns and archways took their place. Then they were standing in a far loftier and grander chamber of pale, neatly coursed stone, softly lit by football sized white globes mounted on wall brackets, and similar to the cellar of the Grange only in that it also had a white pentacle inscribed in its floor. Lyn hadn't felt anything during the transition, except perhaps in her imagination, but looking back she saw that the cellar, Wolff and Pippa had been reduced to ghostly shimmers.

Dawn crossed to an arched doorway that appeared to be the only exit from the windowless chamber. The heavy door was secured by three massive bolts that she slid back one by one. 'After the theft of the castle pentacle girls the chamber is kept locked from the inside,' she explained as she swung the door wide. 'The Master doesn't want to risk Durand getting that close to the Pentacle again in case he shuts it for good.'

She led Lyn out into the lowest landing of a large stone spiral staircase and closed the door behind her. The stairway was lit by more of the glowing globes although daylight filtered down from somewhere further up the spiral.

Lyn realized Dawn was standing by the closed door, listening.

'What are you doing?' Lyn asked.

'I must wait until the door is bolted again, Mistress,' Dawn said.

* * *

Back in the cellar Wolff clipped the end of the long wire winch rope mounted on a wall drum to Pippa's collar.

'Cross the pentacle and bolt the large door you will see ahead of you,' he commanded. 'The transition will be good experience for when you take your mother's place as my agent. Remember she'll remain on the other side until I allow her back.' He slapped her bare rump. 'Move!'

Shivering, Pippa shuffled across the pentacle between the sighing, squirming cage girls, her slave chains jingling as she trailed the unreeling the winch rope behind her. The cellar faded and the archways solidified about her. She had crossed over. It was as easy as that! But there was nobody in the chamber and she suddenly felt very alone.

The sick despair Pippa had been holding in check until now became too much to resist and she sobbed into her cuffed hands. She had tried not to

let her mother see how shocked she had been by their ordeal of the previous night, when she was being so brave about it. How could she be a wimp after her assertions that she was not a child and could take anything Wolff could do to her? But although she had been neither a virgin nor an innocent, she had never imagined anything like what they had endured. It had been so disgusting yet at the same time so perversely thrilling, and all the more frightening because of that. Pippa resolutely took a deep breath and wiped her eyes. All right, she had had her little cry and now she would not let her feelings get the better of her again.

Ahead was a big doorway. Her mother must have gone through that. If only she could follow her then at least they would be together, even if it would be in another world. But as she approached the winch cable grew taut. Wolff knew exactly how much slack she needed. Clumsily using her cuffed hands she pushed the three large bolts over into their sockets once more and then shuffled back across the pentacle and into the reality of the cellar.

She knelt submissively before Wolff. 'The door is bolted, Master,' she reported.

Wolff beamed patted her head, like a dog that had performed a new trick. 'Good girl! That wasn't so hard, was it?'

Pippa was still disconcerted by Wolff's strange range of moods. One moment he was hearty and genuinely encouraging and the next ruthless and cruel to the point of sadism, yet he did not appear to think that was wrong in any way, simply his right as their master. But however mercurial his manner was, at all times he radiated a sense of power and purpose, amplified by his dominating physical presence, which commanded respect, however unwillingly given.

'No, Master,' she agreed meekly.

'Now, let's go to the laboratory. We won't see your mother again until this evening, so to pass the time there is a procedure I want to perform on you.'

* * *

At the bottom of the spiral stairs Lyn heard the bolts on the inside of the big door slide shut. Now she could not return until Wolff opened the gateway again from his side. She was trapped literally in another world far from her home and Pippa.

Her face must have registered her feelings because Dawn stroked her arm and said comfortingly: 'I know this must all seem strange and frightening but you will get used to it, Mistress. And you'll see Pippa again this evening. Whatever the Master does to her he'll keep her safe, you can count on that.'

Lyn took in a deep breath, struggling to remain calm. 'Thanks,' she said to Dawn. 'But don't call me "Mistress". We're both Wolff's slaves – how I hate that word – but anyway, I'm certainly no better than you are.'

Dawn's pretty face became troubled. 'Sorry, Mistress, but it's the Master's orders that I address you like that while we're in Albion Magna. If we have to go out anywhere searching for the missing girls, you're to be a lady and I'm to be your personal slave maid. That's proper here. It gives you status and means people will take notice of you. And you'll need that kind of respect if we're to get anywhere.'

Lyn shook her head in wonder. 'I didn't know that. I'm sorry, but yesterday morning I had a normal life. And now look at me!'

Dutifully Dawn looked Lyn up and down. 'Mistress, you look lovely.'

Lyn looked down at herself and groaned. 'I meant the slave gear... but I suppose I do look pretty good...' Then she frowned, looking at herself properly for the first time that day and cupped her big breasts, testing their firmness. 'Actually I look *too* good. This is more of Wolff's doing, isn't it?'

'Just a little revitalizing potion, Mistress,' Dawn said quickly. 'It works overnight. It freshens up the skin and firms the boobs.'

Lyn felt outrage swell within her. ‘First he mucked about with Pippa and my insides and now this! What else did he do to us while we were unconscious? You were assisting him, you must know. Tell me!’

‘I can’t, Mistress, or else he’ll punish me,’ Dawn said wretchedly. ‘He’ll tell you when he decides it’s right. I’m sorry you’re angry. I thought most women would love to look five years younger.’

‘Of course they would. And I do too, in a way, but that’s not the point. What matters is that he did it without asking me!’

Dawn blinked, as though struggling to understand. ‘Yes he did, Mistress, because you’re his slave: his property.’

Lyn sagged wearily. ‘Hell...yes, I know. That’s the ultimate bottom line, isn’t it?’

‘Yes, Mistress. I’m sorry this had to happen to you and Pippa, but it’s the Master’s will and he has to be obeyed in all things. Once you accept that it’ll be easier.’

Lyn struggled to contain her revulsion at the thought of what other perverted things Wolff might have done to her and Pippa yesterday afternoon as they had lain naked and unconscious in his laboratory. But Dawn was right. She had to accept things as they were and somehow get her mind around a whole new reality.

‘I’ll try,’ she said, ‘although I’m not sure what he expects me to do. How do I go about finding these girls in a country I know nothing about that seems to use magic instead of science? I’m not a wizard or Sherlock Holmes.’

‘I think he wanted somebody who could think outside the box, Mistress. All the local knowledge and support you need will be provided. Durand knows what the Master might try and will be expecting locally hired agents to be sent after him, but hopefully not somebody like you, a slave who can still think for herself, brought in from our world.’

‘I suppose that make some kind of sense. All right, how do we start?’

‘First I’ve got to show you round the castle and introduce you to the staff, Mistress. Then you’ll understand what resources you’ve got to help you.’

Lyn asked: ‘Are there any other people here, because if there are I’d rather get some clothes on first.’

‘You can only wear clothes if you go outside, Mistress,’ Dawn said. ‘We’re still slaves, remember. But don’t worry, the staff are only golems.’

‘Golems?’

‘Have you heard of them, Mistress?’

‘Yes, they’re from some old legend about clay men being brought to life by a supernatural incantation, aren’t they?’

‘Well golems in this world are a bit like that, Mistress, except they’re much more sophisticated. They’re often used as servants.’

‘Like robots, you mean?’

‘No, these are not machines, Mistress.’

‘So they’re actually alive?’

‘A sort of life. You’ll see.’

They started up the stairs. At the first landing narrow glazed oval windows appeared in the outer wall of the tower, through which Lyn could see a wall of trees.

‘The pentacle is in the dungeon,’ Dawn explained. ‘This is the ground floor which has the garage, stores and kitchen. You can look at them later if you want, Mistress. There’s also the main entrance and another stairway that leads up to the reception room on the first floor...’ They came to the next landing and another arched doorway. ‘Through here is where the Master

usually met clients and conducted his business: selling new slaves or examining client's slaves for modifications. Oranrod will be waiting for us because there's a sort of ritual you'll have to go through when you first arrive. Oranrod's the head golem, a bit like a butler. He looks strange at first but you'll soon get used to him.'

'These golem things aren't dangerous, are they?' Lyn asked anxiously.

'They won't suddenly go ape, Mistress, if that's what you mean,' Dawn said. 'The castle golems can only act within the orders the Master has given them and they are directed never to harm a person unless its self-defence or to protect his property.'

'So they can't hurt us.'

'Of course they can hurt us, Mistress, but if they've been instructed to punish us for some reason. We're only slaves.'

'We aren't valued as much as ordinary people?'

Dawn gave a wry smile. 'Mistress, here we aren't even valued as much as a golem. Not in that way, at least. You can buy five common slave girls for the price of one top of the range golem.'

Dawn opened the doors and she stepped inside.

It was an elegant chamber, lit by a large oriel window, and had clearly been designed to showcase Wolf's wealth and success. The walls were hung with tapestries while thick, richly patterned rugs were laid over the polished wooden floor, on which stood plush gilded couches and high backed chairs and low casual tables. Arrayed about the room were ornaments on plinths and stands and some large glazed decorative urns. The only jarring note was the row of three empty slave cages. And even these had been gilded.

'I see you have returned with the Master's chosen agent, Slave Dawn,' said a clear, precise but toneless voice, which made Lyn start in surprise.

‘Yes, Mister Oranrod,’ Dawn replied. ‘Her name is Carolyn and I have new instructions from the Master about her.’

Oranrod had been standing in a niche set in the wall between two of the urns as motionless as a statue, which is what Lyn had taken him for. Now he stepped forward and she saw him properly.

The golem appeared to be made of something like smoky amber tortoiseshell, the surface of which glowed softly from within where the window light caught it. This substance had been carved or cast in the shape of a man wearing a frock coat, stockings, buckled shoes and knee britches. What at first glance appeared to be a medallion fastened to the centre of his chest was revealed as a flat knurled cap like the filler cap of a petrol tank. On his head he wore a replica of a wig with large side curls and a queue tied with a bow. His smoothly chiselled features were quite expressionless, but a deep amber glow gave a sense of life to his unblinking eyes. As he moved his imitation costume bent at the joints like rubber instead of creasing and folding, showing it was all of one piece, except for the separate spanking paddle that hung from a loop screwed to the side of his imitation coat.

Lyn felt a sudden rush of embarrassment and instinctively tried to cover her breasts and pubes as Oranrod surveyed her through his unblinking golden eyes.

‘Why are you doing that, Slave Carolyn?’ Oranrod enquired.

Lyn took yet another steadying breath, wishing the shocks would stop coming. I’m talking to an artificial man, she told herself. But at least he seemed to have good manners.

‘I’m doing it because I’m new to being a slave and felt ashamed at being naked in front of you... Mister Oranrod,’ Lyn explained. She lowered her hands. ‘But I’ll get used to you.’

‘That would be advisable, Slave Carolyn,’ Oranrod said.

‘I have the Master’s latest instructions, Mister Oranrod,’ Dawn said. ‘Prepare to receive them.’

Oranrod bowed his head low and Lyn saw there was a recessed slot in the top parting of his fake wig. Meanwhile Dawn, quite unselfconsciously, spread her legs, slid her fingers up into the slot of her sex and pulled out a rectangle of what might have been rigid orange plastic, measuring perhaps three by fifteen centimetres, pierced by hundreds of tiny holes arrayed in a neat grid.

Dawn saw the expression on Lyn's face and grinned. 'You get used to using your pussy like a purse for small things, Mistress, when you've got no pockets and sometimes have your hands cuffed. You'd be amazed what you can fit in there, especially after the Master's treatment made it more elastic.'

Lyn gulped. 'I'll take your word for it.'

Dawn held up the strip of plastic. 'This is a bit like an old fashioned computer punch card, Mistress. That's how the Master passes on his special instructions to Oranrod.' She pinched her fingers together and pulled out the punched strip that had been lodged in the slot in Oranrod's head and then inserted the new strip in its place.

Oranrod straightened up and for a moment stood absolutely motionless while his eyes flickered, putting Lyn in mind of a function light on a computer as data was being read. Then his eyes resumed their steady inner glow and he gave Lyn a slight bow. 'All the staff and facilities of Castle Ravenstone are at your disposal in any matter concerning the recovery of Master Wolff's pentacle slaves, Slave Carolyn,' he declared solemnly.

'Er... thank you, Mister Oranrod,' Lyn said.

'In all other matters, however, you will still be subject to Master Wolff's rules of discipline. You must now show you accept me as Master Wolff's proxy in this castle.' He pointed to a gilded chair. 'Bend over the back,' he commanded.

'Sorry, Mistress,' Dawn said, 'you have to do this.'

Swallowing hard, Lyn bent over the back of the chair and grasped the front of the seat. Her big breasts hung like heavy inverted bells from her

chest. She felt her nipples swelling in dreadful anticipation. Oranrod unhitched his spanking paddle and laid it against her buttocks.

‘My hand is his hand,’ he said in his calm, purposeful way, swiping the paddle across her bottom so that her flesh shivered. Lyn yelped and jerked but did not try to stand or let go of the chair. She knew she had no other choice.

‘What is my hand?’ Oranrod asked, smacking her again but harder so that this time her buttock flesh rippled.

‘Uhhh... your hand is his hand, Mister Oranrod!’ Lyn gasped.

Swish, crack! Her bottom cheeks seemed to heave as one. ‘Who is he?’

‘Ahhh... he’s the Master!’

This time the paddle blade swung up between her legs smacking into Lyn’s pubic mound and flattening her soft lips. She shrieked and threw back her head, tossing her thick mane of hair. ‘Is he your Master?’

‘Ughhh... yes, he’s my Master,’ Lyn sobbed.

Splat! The blade struck again wetly. A hot surge of girl juice had flowed out through her blazing labia and left a dark stain on the blade. ‘His will is your pleasure.’

‘Yes!’ Lyn shrieked. ‘His will is my pleasure!’

Re-hitching his paddle, Oranrod moved to stand square behind Lyn’s trembling rear. She felt his hands clasp her hips. They were not cold, exactly, just cool and strong. They curled about her flesh while remaining hard, yet it was not quite the unyieldingness of stone. Then something unfolded from between the moulded folds of Oranrod’s jacket as it parted below his waist and probed up between her thighs.

Oh no!

The amber cock slid up into her sore and throbbing vulva, parting her lips and filling her vagina.

‘My manhood is his manhood,’ Oranrod intoned.

‘Uhhh... your manhood is his manhood,’ Lyn groaned.

Oranrod began to screw her, the stiff folds of his clothes grinding against her sore bottom. ‘This is your Master’s manhood,’ he continued.

‘This... is my Master’s manhood!’ Lyn choked.

He was ramming into her with the mechanical precision of a metronome, making the chair creak and setting her breasts swaying in time. His phallus was plugging her to the hilt, pounding cruelly against the head of her passage, leaving its mark inside her.

No, this was insane, Lyn thought! She could not possible cum again; not with her bottom burning, not after last night, not with a man-thing with his fake penis inside her that was so unnaturally smooth... and hard... and big... and it was spurting inside her! She could feel a jet of fluid erupting inside her! How could a golem have any sperm? Oh God what was...uhhh!

Lyn shuddered and gasped and came, spraying her juices about Oranrod’s shaft and down her thighs and the back of the chair. It was not a major orgasm but it still sent a starburst of pleasure coursing through her body and for a few seconds nothing else mattered but its soft bliss. So it was that she was only dimly aware of the sucking sensation inside her hot squelching passage which pinched it inwards with a perverse twist of unnatural stimulation that added a final thrilling shudder.

Oranrod pulled out of her clinging cleft, his now glistening shaft folding neatly away into his body once more. Dribbles of pale creamy fluid began to run out of Lyn’s still gaping love tunnel. Trembling and misty-eyed, struggling to keep her self-control, Lyn straightened up and turned round. Was it her imagination or were Oranrod’s eyes shining a little brighter? She clasped her hands to her simmering buttocks and swollen cleft where she felt the hot stickiness of their coupling. How could she have responded like that?

And what had he spouted inside her?

Oranrod, as expressionless as before, said: 'If you need assistance, Slave Carolyn, you may contact me through my subordinates, who you will find in all the main rooms.'

And with that he stepped back into his niche and froze into immobility once more.

Dawn led a dazed Lyn across the room and into another smaller chamber. This was lit by a large round window and held empty slave pens, washing and toilet facilities. She stood Lyn over a squat toilet hole, took down a shower hose and gently flushed out her vagina and played a cool spray over her scarlet buttocks.

'What's wrong with me?' Lyn groaned.

'Nothing, Mistress,' Dawn assured her. 'It's your nature now. We all cum easily like that.'

'But he's a... a thing!'

'It's not his fault, Mistress. And he wasn't being cruel, he was just obeying the Master's orders. He's not human, remember. Even though we call him "Mister", he's really an "it".'

'But he felt... I mean what's he made of? He looks a bit like amber.'

'He is partly amber, Mistress, but mostly it's sawdust with a few pinches of silver, iron and sulphur. All the castle golems are made of it, with different colour tints to help tell them apart. It's easier to animate things that were once living.'

'It felt like he was getting something out of it. He seemed... brighter at the end. Oh God, I felt him sucking inside me! Back up through his cock. What was that?'

'He was absorbing some of your juices, Mistress. Golems can do that.'

‘What? But he came inside me.’ She looked down. ‘God, look, it’s still coming out!’ She felt sick. ‘What is that? Golem sperm?’

‘Just dregs of used essence, Mistress. It’s perfectly harmless. What you felt was him drawing some of that back in, thinned with your juices. You might say we get back what we put out. You saw that cap on his chest? That’s for putting in their vitalizing essence, like fuel in a car. If they run out they stop working. All golems or machines that run the same way need it to operate. The way things work here may seem like magic but you still can’t get something for nothing.’

She found a towel and dried Lyn off. ‘There, you’ll be fine now. Don’t worry about it.’

‘I can’t, not just like that!’

‘Then you’d better learn how to, Mistress. That’s how slave girls survive in Albion. The thing is not to feel any guilt because you’re not to blame for anything. The Master willed that you be taught to obey and respect his servants and you have been, that’s all. You came at the same time which is normal because you have a much greater capacity for pleasure now. Enjoy it when you can however it comes.’

What a philosophy, Lyn thought. But it made a kind of sense. With a huge effort she said: ‘All right. I’ll do my best. Let’s continue with the tour. What’s this place?’

‘This is where the slaves are kept after they’ve been brought over from our world and before they’re sold, Mistress,’

Next to the slave dormitory was a room packed with racks of dresses, hats, canes, parasols, shoes, bags, together with a range of slave leashes, chains, muzzles and many other objects that Lyn did not recognize. The clothes had an odd period feel to them, somewhat suggestive of the nineteen twenties. The skirts were all at least knee length and some of the dresses had fur or metallic trimmings.

‘Once the Master realised he would have to use a female agent he had these costumes ordered to go with the slave harnesses, Mistress,’ Dawn explained. ‘You or Pippa will wear them when necessary so you can pass as locals.’

‘I haven’t thought about that,’ Lyn said, trying to focus once again on her mission. ‘What language do they speak here?’

‘English with a range of accents, Mistress. It’s not an alien world, just a variation on our own. Or maybe we’re a variation on it.’

They continued their naked tour, ascending by another set of spiral stairs to the second floor where Dawn led the way into a laboratory larger than the one in the Grange, but dusty and with spaces where equipment had evidently been removed. In one corner stood a golem physically exactly like Oranrod except that it was tinted a deep smoky sapphire blue.

‘This is the Master’s laboratory, Mistress,’ Dawn said. ‘Next door is his library and a workshop and storeroom for finished potions, raw materials and essences.’ She sighed regretfully. ‘You should have seen it when the Master was working here. He could do the most amazing things with girls’ bodies!’

‘I know,’ Lyn said bitterly. ‘He did some of them to me, remember?’

‘Oh, I don’t mean little things like that, Mistress. I mean serious body alterations.’

‘Like the zip he put on your lips?’

‘Much more weird and wonderful than that, Mistress.’

Lyn did not dare ask what that might entail.

The next floor up housed the living quarters. A green golem stood in attendance. There was Wolff’s now unused suite of rooms and a slave bathroom, similar to the one back at the Grange. Next to it was a smaller bedroom fitted with what was essentially a four-poster bed with metal grille

side panels that could be let down to enclose it like a cage.

‘This is where we shall be sleeping, Mistress,’ Dawn said, with a noticeable thrill of excitement.

‘What, both of us in the same bed?’ Lyn said doubtfully. There were odd fitments around the posts that put her in mind of Wolff’s huge bed of pain and humiliation where he’d forced her and Pippa to pleasure him while the other watched. ‘It’s not like there’s a shortage of space.’

‘We’re expected to sleep together, Mistress. That’s what a lady and her pet slave would do and you have to learn to be a lady if we’re to go outside. It’s the Master’s orders. And he knows I need my regular ration of sex or else I won’t be fit to help.’

‘Look, Dawn, I like you and I’m sorry about the way Wolff has treated you but I’m not making love to you,’ Lyn said firmly. ‘I’m not a lesbian.’

‘Neither was I, Mistress. But you learn. Slaves will make love with just about anything. We’re made to please men and I love serving the Master, but another woman is the nicest.’ She lowered her eyes shyly. ‘Especially a lovely one like you.’

No, please, not this on top of everything else, Lyn thought. Now she’s hitting on me. Aloud she said: ‘But why can’t you just masturbate to relieve your feelings?’

‘I can’t, Mistress. At least I can play with myself until my pussy’s raw but I can’t reach a climax. That’s how the Master made me. I have to be stimulated by somebody else until I cum. Once a day at least or else I go a little bit crazy.’

‘It sounds like an addiction.’

‘If it is I don’t regret it, Mistress. I’m better than I was before. You do understand?’

‘I’ll take your word for it, but I can’t simply flip my feelings like that.’

‘You will, Mistress. You won’t be able to help yourself either.’

Lyn felt a sudden cold shiver of fear as a terrible thought struck her. ‘He said he hadn’t done anything to our minds!’

‘He hasn’t, Mistress,’ dawn assured her quickly. ‘It’s just the alterations you know about have increased your level of desire and stimulation. You’ll find you can’t go very long without wanting sex either.’

‘Not after last night and this morning,’ Lyn declared. ‘I’m totally drained.’

‘In an hour or two you’ll want more, Mistress. After another couple of hours it will become a need that aches inside you. So it might as well be satisfied by me. I promise I’ll please you and you’ll learn to enjoy it. Anyway, you have no choice. Oranrod will make you. It’s the Master’s orders.’

Lyn shuddered, feeling sick dread creeping through her. Her life was no longer her own. She could not simply accept that. It was a nightmare.

‘All this is too much too quickly! I can’t adjust. Why couldn’t Wolff at least have given us time to get used to all this gradually?’

‘The Master is impatient, Mistress. He’s worried he’s wasted too much time already.’

Lyn clenched her jaw. ‘All right. What else have you got to show me?’

‘There’s just the Solarium left, Mistress. It’s on the roof right above us. You’ll like that.’

The solarium was a large flat roof terrace domed over with a glass canopy which sat between and below the conical roof turrets that capped the twin spiral staircase towers that formed opposite corners of the square plan central castle tower. A yellow golem stood in attendance by one of the doors.

The solarium was half sun lounge and half greenhouse, stocked with an array of plants and herbs, some colourful and some grotesque and few of which Lyn could recognize. She thought of the lush conservatory at the Grange where she had first met Wolff. Had that only been yesterday? It felt like an age ago. And it certainly had been in another world.

The view from this miniature rooftop Eden almost made up for everything else.

Under a clear blue sky dotted with puffy white clouds, Castle Ravenstone stood on a rise in a clearing in a dense forest that ran clear to the horizon. A gravel drive snaked away from the base of the tower and vanished amongst the trees. A mile or so away Lyn could see the forest give way to a patchwork of fields surrounding a small straggling village. Beyond that the course of a straight road ran off into the distance. There were hills to north and south with their summits largely bare of trees and here and there were slender towers and the tops of roofs suggesting other settlements, but all else seemed to be gently undulating forest combining every tint of green.

‘Is Albion Magna all like this?’ she asked Dawn.

‘Most of it from what I’ve seen, Mistress, outside the big cities. I think the population is smaller and they grow things better than we do, so they’ve never needed to cut down so many trees.’

‘What are those towers I can see?’

‘Semaphore towers, Mistress. ‘They don’t have telephones or radio or television here so they use them for sending long distance messages.’

‘What do they use for short distances?’

‘Messenger girls, Mistress.’

‘Of course.’

To Lyn the forest looked at once both sinister and welcoming. It would be a great hiding place if she could escape. She might even take her

chances as a runaway in this strange world, hoping to find some other means to get home. Evidently Wolff did not possess the only knowledge of pentacle gateways in Albion. But of course Wolff knew she wouldn't do any such thing. Not while he held Pippa.

‘It all feels rather medieval,’ Lyn said. ‘I suppose that ties in with the slavery. For some reason there was no Industrial Revolution here so this society never mechanized and they haven't done away with it.’

‘Actually they have mechanized in a way, Mistress, but female slaves are the most important part of that as well. You see we're the producers of the essence that animates all the golems, or machines that operate in the same way they do. They all run because of us.’

Lyn frowned. ‘How? Just what is this “essence” you keep on about?’

* * *

‘The motive essence, derived from by-products of the female orgasm, is perhaps the most important substance in our world,’ Wolff explained as he strapped Pippa into the extractor.

They were in Wolff's laboratory. About them on benches retorts bubbled and slave girl guinea-pigs groaned and squirmed in their clamps and straps as they suffered for their master's strange purposes.

The extractor was the big transparent tube Pippa had seen standing in a corner the previous day. It was capped by a coppery metal disk with a dozen spikes, like small lightning rods, angled down into the tube. These were connected to some complicated looking electrical apparatus which had smaller metal capped flasks plugged into it. Now the front half of the cylinder had been swung aside. Within was an upright tubular metal frame shaped to take a standing woman with her legs parted and her head at the focus of the row of copper spikes.

Pippa gave a grunt about the rubber bit that was filling her mouth to

show she was paying attention. Actually there was no need for her to respond. Wolff seemed to enjoy the sound of his own voice and she was, quite literally, a captive audience.

‘Its extraction combined with a mastery of the alchemical and mystic arts necessary to utilize it have shaped our culture,’ he continued. ‘You would call it sympathetic magic: the association and interaction of things with related purposes or characteristics. But like your science and technology it has all to do with the control and direction of energy. You derive your power from burning what you call fossil fuels, or splitting atoms or drawing power from the movement of wind or water, whereas the universe seethes with free energy, if you only know how to tap into it as we have. I think a few of your mystics have dimly seen the way, but in our world these methods have been perfected.’

He finished strapping her in. Pippa was now held rigidly upright with her arms at her sides and legs spread. Her collar, wrist and ankle cuffs were clipped to the frame while a cross of straps divided her large breasts, the nipples of which to her shame but utter inability to prevent, were standing up in fat hard, throbbing cones. There was a dark thrill in being naked and helpless and at the mercy of a powerful man who had the night before utterly dominated her as he had used every orifice of her body for his pleasure, and she had responded with humiliating but very intense orgasms. She realized the thought of it was even now making her pussy grow hot and wet. Yet at the same moment she detested Wolff for what he had made she and her mother do. Apparently however her body was slipping beyond the bounds of shame or conscience.

‘If you want to create a simulation of life you have to look to its source,’ Wolff continued. ‘And where better than in a woman...’

He slid stiff fingers into the furrow of Pippa’s pouting vulva and rubbed and stroked, running them up to her swelling clitoris. Pippa sobbed and screwed up her eyes as her newly sensitized and responsive genitals pulsed and grew hotter and wetter.

‘It is here, where life is formed and birth occurs, that its power can be tapped and stored,’ Wolff said. ‘The juices that accompany sexual penetration

are the harbingers of life, while the energy of the orgasm marking the possible imminence of conception is its spark. Both of these I can harvest and use, in conjunction with the proper invocations to direct their power, to bring life to lifeless things.'

He pulled his now wet fingers out of Pippa's sex and wiped them on her pubic bush. Then he adjusted a sprung rod that stood up between her legs. It was capped by a slender ribbed rubber phallus. The tip of this he inserted into her anus, which accepted it with shameful ease. The base of the rod rested against an offset cam mounted on a shaft that ran through the frame under her feet. This shaft exited through the side of the tube base where it connected to a large cog and chain which linked to a horizontal crank handle, extending sideways a little above knee high. It had a short swivel-mounted rod on its end capped with a bulbous rubber ball which was lodged inside the pussy of one of Wolff's slaves, who Pippa had heard called Sandra.

Sandra was a pretty blonde with a bright face, a bobbing ponytail and a pair of breasts that seemed to defy gravity. They were of medium size and form perfectly proportioned convex-sided cones with hardly any sign of sag, with neat pink flat-topped nipples on their tips. Pippa began to see why Wolff had no trouble in maintaining an income from discrete body improvement and augmentation. What women would not give for boobs like those! Sandra's pussy was also perfectly contoured, with smooth, hairless, pouting pink outer labia that plunged into an achingly deep cleft.

She stood between a pair of wooden posts facing the cylinder with her arms and legs spread. Two pairs of large steel rings had been threaded over the posts and clipped to her wrist and ankle cuffs, allowing her enough freedom to squat and sway about and so turn the crank handle. She was in effect a living engine.

This abuse of her body was hard enough to witness, but it was the look on Sandra's face that Pippa found most disturbing. Instead of a show of fear or revulsion or even resentment, about the stretched lips of her bit-filled mouth, she looked eager to begin her task. What had Wolff done to her mind to turn her into a perfect submissive? Perhaps Pippa should be grateful he had left hers untouched, although it did mean she was feeling the sick dread of anticipation.

Also connected to the crank handle was a dynamo and transformer. Wires from this ran back into the tube and up the rear of her restraint frame to four large crocodile clips, which Wolff was taking up even as he continue his lecture.

‘These electrical devices come from your world and I have found them excellent means of clean precise stimulation,’ he said cheerfully. ‘I wonder you people don’t use them for such purposes more often.’

He pinched her nipples between his big fingers and snapped the crocodile clips onto them. Pippa gasped as the teeth bit into her hard fleshy cones, which throbbed even more hotly in response. Why couldn’t they do the decent thing and shrivel up in shame?

Wolff pried apart her labia, both outer and inner, and clipped the larger pair of clips about them. Pippa gurgled and rolled up her eyes, shuddering at the pain and new level of shame it brought. The clips made her vulva gape obscenely wide, exposing her straining clitoris and pink wet secret valley at the base of which was the dark mouth of vagina, which was moment by moment swelling and opening as though inviting penetration. Wolff could see how she was reacting. No, this could not be happening to her!

There were clips on the brackets through which her anal dildo rod ran. To these Wolff was clipping a funnel which cupped about her open pussy mouth, the spout of which fed into a long glass cylinder with a volume scale marked down its side.

When these were positioned he straightened up and beamed at Pippa.

‘You are going to be induced to orgasm and I shall gather both your vaginal outflow and the discharge of you psycho-sexual energy,’ he said, tapping the copper rods about her head. ‘With these raw materials I shall be able to manufacture fresh motive essence. Do not attempt to resist the stimulation. Think instead how wonderful it is that something so valuable can be produced so pleasurably.’

He closed and latched the lid of the cylinder, then nodded to the eager

Sandra.

Immediately the girl began to dip and wiggle her hips, turning the crank handle round and round with her fleshy vaginal socket, her labia distending as the handle tip churned inside her. Sandra's eyes half-closed in delight and she began to dribble round her bit as the cog and chains spun and the dynamo hummed.

Activated by the cam the anal rod and dildo began to pump into Pippa's rectum, the ribs popping and rippling through the ring of her self-lubricated and sensitized anus as it drove deep up inside her and then reversed and sucked and pulled back out again, now slippery with her own oil. Pippa grunted clenched her teeth on the rubber bit. Shit, that was good! She had never imagined anal penetration could feel like this. It was almost like frontal sex and it had the same effect. She felt fluid oozing out of her clamped pussy and dripping into the funnel.

It must have taken a few rotations of the crank turning the dynamo to build up potential in some capacitor because it suddenly discharged with a crack through the crocodile clips and into Pippa's nipples and pussy lips.

Pippa shrieked and slobbered about her bit at the shock, jerking in her straps and making the frame rattle, while her nipples and sex seemed about to burst. Oh God that felt incredible! She was not sure it had been a spike of pain or pleasure, but it had made her even more aware of her hot, pulsing breasts and genitals, which were becoming the centre of her private universe.

Crackle, jolt, slurp, drip, drip... Again and again she was shocked, pumped and milked of her most intimate discharge. The world outside her tube had faded and she was enclosed with her body heat, a strange tingling sensation spreading across her skin like static and the growing scent of her own arousal that was building with unnatural speed. Sweat was beading between her breasts. Her inhibitions were melting away, overwhelmed by raw sensation, until all she could think of was how much she wanted sex. And yet strapped to the frame she was hardly able to move. All her energy was directed inward to the growing hot liquid mass in her loins and her pulsating clitoris and hungry vagina which was as big as the Channel Tunnel and had to be filled because it....

Her loins burst as a shattering orgasm ripped through her. A spasm convulsed her vaginal sheath, spraying out a spluttering shower of her juices into the funnel, while her hair, filled with static, lifted up to the array of spikes and discharged. And then she fainted.

* * *

The next thing Pippa was aware of was feeling utterly drained but not caring because her brain was saturated with post orgasmic bliss. The front of the cylinder was open and Wolff smiling in at her. In his hand was one of the small metal capped flasks from the device beside the cylinder, which now contained a wisp of pale sparkling vapour.

‘Your first flask of orgasmic energy. Well done! You may have a five minute break and then you can do another.’ He tapped the graduated tube between Pippa’s legs, which now held a shockingly large amount of pale fluid in its bottom. ‘Your vaginal juice flow was also excellent. Let’s see if you can fill the tube by lunchtime.’

* * *

Lyn and Dawn ate seated naked at the table in the solarium.

Dawn had wanted to kneel on a cushion beside Lyn’s chair as she had when she dined with Wolff, but Lyn had been firm, saying this was a working lunch and she wanted to look her in the face across the table. Fortunately when Oranrod brought them their meal this breach of slavish etiquette did not seem to be covered by his instructions and he made no comment.

The food was adequate although not of the quality they had enjoyed at the Grange. There was bread and a basic vegetable stew followed by warm spiced cakes and fruit that looked like a cross between a pear and an orange. The flavours were pleasant enough although subtly different from anything

Lyn had tasted before.

‘The food is all local, Mistress,’ Dawn explained. ‘The stew is a regular slave meal that you can buy in bulk, rather like pet food back home. It’s perfectly safe. I’ve eaten it for months. Golems can cook if the recipes are simple and exact, but with just the two of us here there’s no point.’

As they ate Lyn was reviewing what information Wolff had compiled on Durand and applying it to her new surroundings. She tried to think of it as sorting a set of particularly untidy accounts into order for a new client. Spread out about their plates and glasses were folders of notes and cuttings, local papers and a map of central south Albion Magna.

Its physical geography seemed much the same as that part of England as far as the coastline, hills and major rivers went. It was some of the names that were both strange and yet familiar. Instead of the river Thames there was the “Tames”, upon which was built the capital city “Trinovantium” instead of London. Castle Ravenstone lay in a county called Hamptonshire. Durand lived about thirty miles to the east (Albion still used Imperial measures) in a town call Epsandell situated in the county of Surryweald.

Wolff had provided a street plan of Epsandell and photographs and architect’s plans of Durand’s rather grand mansion house. Clearly he expected Lyn to enter the place by some means or other in the not too distant future on their quest to find the missing pentacle girls, whose names Lyn now discovered were: Adeline, Hortensia, Myrtle, Olwen and Theodora. Apparently all slave transactions in Albion had to be properly documented and from these records Wolff had put together a sheet to help her recognise his stolen property. There were photographs of their faces and full figures, all totally nude, of course, together with their essential details. They were all native girls which explained their uncommon names.

Details of the raid on the castle itself had been compiled from reports made by investigators from the Guild of Thaumaturgists and Alchemical Metamorphologists, of which Wolff was a member. The incident had so far been kept from the press and the local police force. The Guild did not want it made public for fear the scandal would diminish their standing as august practitioners of an ancient and mystical art.

After a while Lyn said: ‘There’s nothing here that actually proves Durand stole the girls and marooned Wolff. Why is he so sure it’s him?’

‘Because he only took the pentacle girls, Mistress, after using them to perform the locking spell,’ Dawn said. ‘If it had been slave thieves they would have taken all the girls in the house. Also the potion used to immobilize the golems was something only a skilled mage could have made. And then he got the timing exactly right, breaking in while the Master was in our world, something only a few mages would have picked up from things the Master had said when he described his journeys there. And marooning the Master alone was a very personal form of revenge. Nobody else held such a grudge. It was much safer than killing him and it also made him look impotent. And we know Durand was anticipating what happened.’ She picked up one of the back copies of a paper called *The Hamptonshire Gazette* and found a certain page containing a bold quarter page advert.

Giles T. Durand, MGTAM, FRAS, MFAMP

Qualified Thaumaturgist and Metamorphic Alchemist.

25 years experience.

All forms of body sculpting and adjustment undertaken

Animancy specialist. Servants designed to order

Slavegirls enhanced and re-conditioned.

Bespoke Potions formulated.

‘He had never advertised in this area before because the Master took so much of the local high end business,’ Dawn continued. ‘From the speed these appeared he must have had them ready to run, although it was a few days before the Master sent a message via Oranrod to the local Thaumaturgist Guild office saying that he was trapped.’

‘I’ll bet he didn’t like admitting that,’ Lyn said.

‘Which was exactly as Durand would have wished, Mistress. Other mages have also taken some of his business, but Durand was the first.’

Lyn flicked over the pages of the paper, fascinated by this insight into a society so similar and yet so different from her own. Some of the pieces of trivial local news could have come almost word for word from an English local paper, except for the pervading presence of naked slave girls.

They appeared incidentally in the background of reports on such innocent events as garden shows or sports competitions, or they were seen harnessed to oddly shaped carriages in street scenes. Then there were the adverts that featured them. Where in a paper from her world a car dealer would advertise his latest models and offers, here there were big chunkily streamlined cars with vaguely nineteen-thirties styling which had up to four slave girls under their bonnets. Somehow, utilizing the motive essence, their movements could be amplified through synthetic muscles operating drive rods and gears to power a full sized car. The girls in turn were controlled by the drivers through a series of intimate connections to the steering wheel and pedals that made Lyn feel sick.

There were separate adverts from rival suppliers of the motive essence, taking the place of adverts for petrol, bottled gas or fuel oil. They variously extolled the purity or price of their product, one firm stating that their essence was derived purely from blondes, which they claimed made it more effective. All the adverts featured symbolic images of slave girls inside flasks of the essence or else forming parts of their logo.

Then of course there were the adverts, all perfectly open and straightforward, for slave trading houses and training schools. Several boasted of their antedecence, having been established for over two hundred years, or of being friendly family firms offering a personal service. It seemed that the society of Albion Magna relied upon the exploitation and subjugation of the female body for its transport, convenience and pleasure, and yet nowhere was there any sign that anybody thought it was wrong.

‘Doesn’t anybody complain?’ Lyn asked Dawn, tapping an advert for

a slave house showing a naked girl in chains offering herself hopefully to the reader.

‘No, Mistress. I think it’s been going on so long everybody is used to it. Actually life has got better for slaves since they learned how to use the essence in machines. Before then it took ten girls to pull a plough with their own muscle power and they were exhausted after a couple of hours. That was real hard labour. Now that kind of work’s mechanized four can power a tractor all day.’

‘But why not use the essence to power more golems to be their labourers? Presumably they wouldn’t mind. Or make machines that can think for themselves like golems, or just ordinary cars fuelled by essence engines?’

‘Because people here are afraid of machines that can run themselves, Mistress. They’d be too dangerous. A lot of people don’t even trust ordinary golems. So machines are made so they can only work through the body of a slave and she can only function when she has an operator. And slaves are all female because nobody is frightened of them and they’re easier to control.’

‘But what about free women? Don’t they care about other women being treated as slaves?’

‘They enjoy the use of slaves as much as anybody else and they don’t want the supply to run out or else they might have to take their places, Mistress. They already have to play their part. You see by law all free women over eighteen have to donate essence every month, unless they’re married. Everybody does it but nobody talks about it as it’s a humiliating procedure.’

‘I suppose a lot of women get married here pretty soon then.’

‘No, because here you’re not allowed to get married until you’re twenty one, unless you get full parental permission. It’s a way of ensuring the supply of essence is maintained. And even married women, if they break the law, can be sentenced to periods of enslavement as punishment. But the periods are shorter the larger the official supply of slaves is judged to be, so it’s in their interests to keep as many other women in slavery as possible. And that made the Master’s trips to our world profitable. There’s always a market

for fresh slaves.'

Lyn realized it all made a horrible kind of sense, but that did not make it any less repulsive. Yet even as she gazed at the picture of the slave girl she was aware that her nipples were hard and her pussy was feeling wet. Dawn had been right: she was recovering from sex with Oranrod with unnatural speed and though she hated to admit it, thoughts of chained slave girls were arousing her.

She dragged her attention back to the matter in hand. 'It says in the notes here that after Wolff accused him, Durand invited an independent witness to search his house. Doesn't that suggest he knows there's nothing there to incriminate him?'

'Not the missing girls, Mistress, but perhaps there is some clue as to where he's hidden them. Or perhaps he brought them back to his house after it was searched.'

'But how long can he keep them hidden? What if they talk to somebody and accuse him of kidnapping them? That would finish him.' A frightening thought struck her. 'What if he's killed them?'

Dawn looked shocked. 'Slaves may be punished in all sorts of ways, Mistress, but nobody in Albion would ever kill them. Not in modern times, anyway. If Durand wanted them to be silent he could have given them a potion to wipe their memories and plant false names and memories in their place. That's not legal but it could be done. But even if they don't know it, they're still the keys to the Master's return. Perhaps Durand hopes the Master will be reduced to begging him to allow him back. Then he could produce them again. That's why it makes sense that they're alive and somewhere Durand can find them.'

'I get it now. And I suppose his house is the obvious place to start. We might find some lead there.' Lyn frowned at the paper again feeling it was telling her something that she could not quite grasp. 'All right, how to we get inside? Do I pretend to be a rich potential client so I can look the place over, maybe even try to make friends with Durand?'

‘That could work, Mistress. And then separately Pippa could be sent to him as slave girl in need of special modifications or conditioning and she might be able to find out something from that angle.’

‘I’m not putting Pippa into the hands of another mad alchemist so he can play about with her body,’ Lyn said sharply. ‘Wolff has done quite enough of that already!’

Dawn looked unhappy. ‘Mistress, you have no choice. If the Master decides Pippa, or you or I should be sent to Durand for whatever reason, we will go. We’re the Master’s slaves, his living tools, and he’ll use us to unlock the gateway back to Albion, no matter what it costs.’

Lyn hung her head in despair. It was true. She was in no position to dictate terms and she could not protect her child from this mad situation.

Dawn knelt beside Lyn and laid a consoling head on her shoulder. ‘Mistress, why don’t you dress up and we can go for a ride in the car around Willowmere? You should get used to playing the part of a wealthy lady if you’re going to pass yourself off as one to Durand. Oranrod will allow it if we say its preparation for your part. And you can get some fresh air and see how local people live and work.’

Lyn rubbed her eyes and smiled. ‘You’re right, I need to get out. Let’s go for a drive.’

* * *

Their chauffeur was a golem called Swarton. He was cast in black in the form of a man in a suit and peaked cap, with the buttons and piping of the suit, his eyes and the highlights of his face picked out in gold. There was a slot in the front of his cap through the badge where his programme card could be inserted.

His body livery matched that of Wolff’s car, which was parked on the raised circle of driveway in front of the main entrance to the castle.

It was a black and gold teardrop with a flattened underside, gull wing doors and wheels mounted in pontoon nacelles. Its windows had a golden sheen, concealing the interior from prying eyes. The driver's compartment was single seat cabin at the front, accessed by a forward opening door, separate from the large passenger compartment in the centre section.

As Lyn and Dawn came down the front steps, which were sheltered by a large clamshell canopy, Swarton open the side door of the car and stood stiffly erect as only a golem could. 'Good Afternoon, Madam,' he intoned sombrely.

Outside the castle it had been agreed with Oranrod that she should be addressed formally. Although this had only been half an hour ago, while Dawn was helping her choose a suitable costume, apparently Swarton had already been fully briefed. It seemed you could trust golems to follow their orders without question. However Oranrod had also made it clear what Swarton would do if she attempted to escape. Her freedom was purely limited and temporary.

'Good Afternoon, Swarton,' Lyn replied, trying to strike a suitably languid tone in keeping with her new persona. Dawn had been right. It was good to get outside. This little masquerade was almost fun.

Oranrod had removed Lyn's slave collar and cuffs, on the understanding that they would be replaced when she returned, leaving her feeling suddenly lighter in every sense of the word. She also had a purse with a supply of Albion money in it, which gave her at least the illusion of being independent once more. Over a silk camisole she was now wearing a below the knee white dress trimmed at the collar, sleeves and hemline with fur, a matching hat with a scrap of veil, buckled white patent leather shoes, stockings held up by garters and white kid gloves. But she had on no underwear. Apparently it was not fashionable amongst ladies of the class she was imitating. She made a mental note to be careful when exiting the car.

Dawn was also wearing more than she had earlier, but in a suitably slavish style. Her plain cuffs and collar had been changed for white leather versions, the cuffs of which were linked by a short chain. These matched the white leather leash that Lyn carried with acute self-consciousness. Over

Dawn's nose and mouth was buckled a moulded filigree muzzle, which matched the moulded filigree chastity belt which encased, but did not conceal, her pussy. Her nipples, which were standing up like little mountain peaks, now had silver rings carrying small bells threaded through them.

The interior of the car was upholstered in black leather with ebony trimming, with seats facing forward and back. There was a small drinks cabinet, folding table and on the floor a large cushion on which Dawn immediately knelt. From the inside the view out through the semi-metalized windows was quite clear. As Lyn and Dawn made themselves comfortable, Swarton climbed into the driver's seat. They could see his head and shoulders through a glass panel let into the partition between the compartments.

'Where to, Madam?' came his voice over a speaking tube hooked up by the rear seat.

Lyn spoke into it. 'Just drive around the village and local lanes for half an hour. Not too fast, I want to look around.'

'Yes, Madam.'

The car pulled away from the castle with a soft purr of engine noise and no trace of exhaust. However it was obtained, motive essence was certainly a clean and quite fuel, Lyn thought.

Lyn looked at Dawn squatting down in the footwell by her knees. 'Are you sure you're comfortable with those things on?'

The muzzle did not interfere with her speech. 'Perfectly, Mistress,' she said brightly. 'I enjoy feeling confined.'

Lyn decided not to argue the point right now.

A tall spiked gate swung wide for them and then closed again and they plunged between walls of trees as they glided along a narrow lane. In a minute this gave way to a walled orchard backing onto a large house which could have been transplanted from the English nineteenth century. They passed through another belt of woodland which then gave way to a

patchwork of rolling fields and hedgerows.

The nearest field was full of plants with huge silver sunflower-like heads and green leaves the size of umbrellas, all turned towards the sun. Fat gourds hung from their stems. Lyn saw a naked hobble-chained slave girl moving along one of the rows. As they passed she cut off one of the plumper gourds and dropped it into the large wicker basket slung on her back.

‘What are they?’ Lyn asked.

Dawn lifted her head to peer outside. ‘The pods are filled with the fluid that makes the lighting globes shine, Mistress. It doesn’t burn, it’s a type of cold bioluminescence. Everybody uses it.’

‘I suppose that’s one reason why they don’t need electricity here.’

They came to the village, which could very nearly have passed for any unspoilt English village, except that there were no satellite dishes or telegraph poles and rather more round and blister windows than usual. Then Lyn saw a small tractor pulling a cart loaded with potatoes coming the other way.

At first glance the tractor appeared almost normal, with the driver seated between two large fixed rear wheels and a long boxy engine compartment projecting forward beneath which were a pair of smaller steerable wheels. However where there would have been a large engine there were a pair of slave girls.

They were arranged in tandem, with the head of the rear girl staring at the buttocks of the forward one, and were bent over like racing cyclists with arms extended forward and crooked legs backwards. Heavy straps secured their torsos to the undersides of the compartment roof, so their breasts hung beneath them. Their arms and legs were strapped to articulated frames, which connected at the hands and feet to offset handles set in the sides of a pair each of large pulley wheels, through which ran heavy drive belts that fed down into the base of the engine compartment. As the tractor drew closer Lyn could see sweat glistening on the girls tanned bodies as they pumped steadily away keeping the pulleys turning.

The articulated frames in which they were confined were fitted with what appeared to be balloons of silvery rubber connected across the joints and tapering at each end. As the girls moved the balloons swelled and tightened, mirroring the contractions of the girls own very well developed limb muscles. These artificial muscles were connected through a web of thin rubber tubes to a large tank at the back of the engine compartment.

‘That’s what girl-powered mechanisation looks like in Albion Magna, Mistress,’ Dawn said. ‘The tank is filled with motive essence which powers the mechanical arms and legs, which are linked to their muscles so they copy what they do. They’re conditioned so they can’t move unless somebody is steering them. Their names are Tracy and Dana, by the way. They come from our world. The Master sold them to a local farmer last year.’

‘You know them?’ Lyn said, aghast.

As the tractor passed Lyn saw how Tracy and Dana were linked to the driver. Slim rods from the pedals at his feet ran into the compartment containing its living engines. One set plunged into their upraised anuses while the other divided and connected with bands bound tightly about their hanging breasts. She saw him put his foot down and the rods pushed further up their rears. Immediately the girls began pedalling faster.

‘That is cruel!’ Lyn exclaimed.

‘It’s how slavery works, Mistress,’ Dawn said. ‘But at least they’re doing something useful now instead of — if you’ll excuse my language — pissing their lives away like they were when the Master found them.’

‘You can’t approve of the way they’re being treated.’

‘I’m not approving or disapproving, Mistress. I don’t think I can be that objective. I’m only saying it could be worse.’

As they crossed a humpback bridge over a small river Lyn saw ahead of them a picturesque Inn with a small beer garden running down to the water’s edge. Its sign, showing a fisherman sitting on a bank, proclaimed it to be *The Angler’s Rest*.

‘Park in there, Swarton,’ Lyn said. ‘I think I need a drink.

‘Are you sure, Mistress?’ Dawn asked.

‘I’ve got to learn how to act in public sooner or later. This is as good a place as any to begin. Is there any reason why a lady out for a drive with her pet slave maid shouldn’t stop for a drink here?’

‘No, Mistress. But a lady would not go inside. This is what you do...’

Swarton parked the car at the pull-in by the front of the Inn and then got out and walked round to open the door for Lyn and Dawn.

Boldly Lyn led Dawn, trotting like an obedient dog at her heels, through a trellised arch in the low hedge that separated the beer garden from the parking area and found a seat at a bench in a corner. There were half a dozen people seated at other benches and tables who cast mildly curious glances in her direction and then returned to their drinks and gossip. Their clothes also had a vague nineteen-twenties feel about them, with long skirts and baggy trousers, and nearly all were wearing hats. Lyn was pleased to see her costume fitted in as planned at the higher end of the fashions on display. One of the men also had a naked girl on a collar and leash kneeling by his feet. Disturbing as the sight was, at least it made Lyn feel slightly less self-conscious. This is normal here, she told herself once again. Get used to it.

Set in the side wall of the pub was a serving hatch for the convenience of those in the garden. Lyn noticed some urgent motion within it and a moment later the door beside the hatch opened and a slave maid came out and crossed the lawn towards her.

As a barmaid should be, she was full-busted and rosy-cheeked. Her hair was tucked in under a white frilly cap and on her feet she wore white ankle socks and flat black pumps. Otherwise she was totally naked apart from a broad leather collar and belt, to which her wrists were secured by a pair of chains long enough to allow her to serve. But it was not these that drew Lyn’s fascinated and horrified attention. Neatly written in sepia, red and green ink between her neck and bare pouting pubes, including the slopes of her breasts, was a list of all the refreshments and garden snacks on offer, complete with

their prices.

Below this list, in a small arc on the upper swell of maid's bare pubic mound, were the words: *Tips Gratefully Received* with an arrow pointing downwards. As a kind of final punctuation, the Inn's initials *AR* as shown on its sign in heavy gothic script were boldly reproduced in red on the lips themselves, leaving a customer in no doubt as to the ownership of her genitalia.

This living menu bobbed politely in front of Lyn. 'Yes, Ma'am?'

Dawn had advised Lyn what was appropriate to select. Reading off her breasts she said: 'Two pear ciders, please. One for my pet.'

As the maid turned away Lyn saw she bore more advertising on her rear.

The Angler's Rest was written boldly across her back above the image of the seated fisherman. The end of his line vanished between her pleasingly chubby buttocks, which were decorated with ovals representing ripples in the water. As she moved the river appeared to come to life.

She was back in a minute with Lyn's order on a tray. She carefully placed Lyn's tall glass in front of her and then stooped and put a flask with a straw in it down on the grass in front of Dawn.

Lyn placed eighteen pence on her tray. There were a hundred pennies to the pound in Albion Magna, but as their individual value was apparently higher, they were further subdivided into halfpennies and farthings. Then Lyn held up an extra coin. 'And a ha'penny for your trouble.'

The maid smiled brightly. 'Thank you, Ma'am,' she said, spreading her legs.

Lyn slid the coin into the moist warmth of the maid's plump cleft which seemed to suck it up inside her.

For a few minutes Lyn sat peaceably drinking, with Dawn hunched

over on her hand and knees by her feet, sucking her cider up through the straw which slid between the bars of her muzzle, enjoying the warm afternoon sun.

Well look at me, Lyn thought. Here I am sitting beside my collared girlpet being served by naked slave barmaids and acting as though I've been doing it all my life. Daringly she reached down and patted Dawn's head like she would a dog. She looked up at her and smiled. I know it's wrong but she does look happy. Perhaps with a little more practice I can play this part. Not that it would be easy. Based on what she had already seen in one small village, Albion must contain tens, perhaps hundreds of thousands of slave girls. And she had to find just five of them.

She heard a clip clop of hoofs approaching and glanced round as a light two-wheeled pony trap drew up on the other side of the low hedge almost exactly opposite her bench. The driver, a middle aged man in straw boater, locked a lever that must have been a handbrake of some sort, clambered to the ground, and strode into the front door of the Inn.

But Lyn's gaze was fixed in horror at his pair of red-headed pony girls.

Not girls harnessed as ponies as in the popular fetish fantasies. After what she had seen so far she was half expecting that and she could have coped. Even their elaborate harness of bridle, straps and collar, which she was beginning to accept as normal slaveware, was not in itself so terrible. What made her stomach knot in revolted disbelief was what had been done to their bodies.

These were literally *pony-girls*. They had been altered until they were part equine and part nothing she had imagined before.

Their faces were bright and pretty under the bridle straps and bit that encased them, with reins running back to the driver's seat, but slender horselike ears rose above their heads that twitched and turned, showing them to be fully alive. Their breasts were impossibly pert and proud, jutting out in pale cones tipped by russet nipples with a cross of harness straps between them. Their arms were folded behind their backs. No, that was the terrible

thing, they were not *folded*. Their forearms merged seamlessly together into one limb. They had no hands!

Proud tight pony tails as red as the hair on their heads emerged from the base of their spines at right angles to the curve of their backs and arched clear over their strong round rumps. About their waists were broad belts that supported their harness and the traces that connected to the crossbar of the main shaft. From these thin straps ran down over their lower stomachs and through their groins, dividing their full, naked, pink sex lips. From hips to knee their legs seem normal, strong and shapely, but below that their calves tapered into fetlocks where their heels should be, then slender pasterns and finally delicate red hoofs that they pawed on the ground.

Lyn clunked her glass heavily down on the table, feeling sick. Dawn looked up at her and then at the ponies, and said quickly under her breath: 'It's all right, Mistress...'

Through clenched teeth Lyn said: 'No! It's not all right! Back to the castle. Now!'

* * *

Lyn managed to control herself until she was inside the car again and they were on the road, and then she buried her face in her hands. 'That was sheer mutilation! How could anybody do such a thing?' she sobbed. 'This place is mad... evil! Could Wolff do anything like that? I won't do anything else to help him. I don't care what he threatens to do to us. Pippa will understand. That was just too much!'

Meanwhile Dawn was trying desperately to calm her, almost crying as she did so. 'Mistress, please listen to me!' She straddled Lyn's knees, took hold of her wrists and looked her full in the face. 'You're thinking by our standards. Here it's not mutilation or cruelty because it's not permanent! Do you understand? It's *reversible*, and that makes all the difference in the world. Someday they'll have their arms and legs back again exactly as normal. Meanwhile they'll have been conditioned to accept being ponies so

they don't suffer. Please think: did they look unhappy? Well?'

Lyn struggled to control her emotions, looking into Dawn's troubled but earnest face. 'No,' she conceded at last. 'They didn't look unhappy.'

'And I bet they're proud of how fast they can run, Mistress. They might even compete in races. And they'll have grooms to do everything for them. Nobody would pay that much to have them altered and then not look after them properly.'

Lyn hesitated. 'Do you swear it can be reversed?'

'I swear, Mistress. I was shocked at first but you soon get used to the idea. I've seen lots of body changes like that. I've even had some of them done to me. They could be put back to normal with less trouble than they can reverse breast implants back in our world.'

'Has Wolff ever done anything like that before?'

'Yes, Mistress. They might even be his work. They looked lovely.'

Lyn sighed, gazing out of the window at a world that was even stranger than she had imagined. She felt confused and drained. 'Yes,' she said tonelessly, 'they looked lovely.'

* * *

At six Lyn stood with Dawn at the bottom landing of the spiral stairs outside the Pentacle room ready to make her first report to Wolff.

They were both back to their normal castle garb of utilitarian collars and cuffs and nothing else. It had been nice to dress up and go for a drive, Lyn thought, even if the outing had ended so shockingly. She could not get the image of the ponygirls out of her mind. Still, it had all been useful experience. With a bit more practice she was sure she could play the role of a wealthy native lady. Otherwise all she could say was that she was reading up

Wolff's notes about Durand and was making tentative plans about how best to approach him.

Why could they not have covered the same background material in the Grange first and then she would not have been separate from Pippa so soon? The trouble was, as Dawn had said, Wolff was impatient for results. No, it probably had made sense for her to cross to Albion and begin acclimatizing to its society, which she now knew had its share of surprises. And at least she would be seeing Pippa in a few moments. How had he been treating her?

They heard the bolts being slid back from the inside. Dawn counted to ten and then opened the doors.

They crossed onto the pentacle and saw the misty form of the cellar and its occupants grow solid. Passing between the sighing, grinding caged girls they stepped out of the circle in front of Wolff. One of the Grange slave girls was kneeling to one side hooked to the winch cable. By her were half a dozen plastic crates with bottles of milky amber fluid in them. Lyn flinched as she saw Pippa was fastened spread-eagled and taut to the wall rack. Alarming she had a cane clenched between her teeth.

Fearfully Lyn searched her body for any signs of injury even as she realized that told nothing about what somebody might have suffered in Wolff's house. Still she was relieved when Pippa gave her a reassuring smile as best she could about her stretched lips.

Dawn went down on her knees in front of Wolff and Lyn followed her lead. To hell with her pride, she could not afford to antagonise this man.

'Report on your progress,' Wolff said.

Lyn related all she had done and the plans she was making, trying to make it all sound as purposeful as possible.

'It's a sound beginning,' Wolff conceded. 'Refine your plans tonight. I want details tomorrow morning about how you're going to insinuate yourself into that thief's household!'

‘Yes, Master,’ Lyn promised.

Wolff indicated the crates on the floor. ‘I have more motive essence for you to take back. You’ll need to increase the castle reserves if you’re going to be travelling and making more use of the servants.’

‘Please, Master, may I talk to Pippa?’ Lyn begged.

‘I can take the essence back through myself, Master,’ Dawn said quickly, picking up the nearest crate.

‘Very well,’ Wolff said to Lyn, waving a gracious hand and stepping aside.

Lyn ran to Pippa, pulled the cane from her mouth and hugged her.

‘Are you all right?’ she asked, stroking her cheek and searching her eyes.

‘I’m fine, Mum.’

‘He hasn’t... hurt you?’

‘No, not hurt. We did some weird things but it didn’t exactly hurt. How about you?’

‘Oh... I toured a castle and went for a chauffeured drive in the country.

‘Sounds like you’ve been having all the fun.’

‘I’ll tell you about it some time.’ She thought of the power she now realized Wolff had. What horrors could he inflict on Pippa if he cared to? She lowered her voice. ‘Listen dear, just do whatever he wants, however gross it seems. In the bedroom, you know what I mean. Don’t be proud and don’t make him angry with you.’

‘I’d sort of worked that out already, Mum,’ Pippa said, forcing a smile.

‘And don’t worry about what I’d think, all right? No foolish guilt. Just keep yourself safe.’

‘Will you be doing the same?’

‘Yes. And don’t worry about me either. I’m getting the hang of things and I know what I’ve got to do. We can get through this.’

‘The job hasn’t exactly worked out as we imagined, has it?’

‘No, dear.’

‘Still, it’s not boring.’

‘No, it’s not boring,’ Lyn agreed.

‘Well... have fun.’

‘I’ll try.’

Dawn carried away the last of the crates. Wolff strode back up to them and took the cane from Lyn’s hand which she had removed from Pippa’s mouth. He ran the tip up and down Pippa’s lovely helpless body. Pippa shuddered but her nipples swelled visibly. Lyn bit her lip to stop herself saying anything and clenched her fists until her knuckles whitened, but knew she could do nothing to stop him.

Wolff smiled at her reaction and deliberately slid the tip of the cane into Pippa’s cleft. Pippa gasped and gritted her teeth, even as her outer labia began to swell and the dark pink folds between them glistened.

‘Good,’ Wolff said. ‘You are learning to respond sensibly. I thought you were intelligent creatures. And now you will both be spending an interesting and instructive night apart. Think of it as learning more of my culture. If you are to function as my agents in Albion you must abandon all your strange inhibitions regarding sex and the right of others to use your bodies for pleasure.’ He cupped and squeezed Pippa’s right breast, rolling her stiff nipple about with the ball of his thumb. ‘Tonight I’m going to couple repeatedly with your daughter, Carolyn, during the course of which I shall at

times torment her for my further amusement and stimulation. Is there anything you wish to say about that prospect?’

‘I hope she pleases you, Master,’ Lyn said meekly, praying that Pippa would understand.

Wolff turned to Pippa. ‘Tonight, because I will it so, your mother will be forced by my servants to couple with Dawn. In the process they will be beaten and will not be allowed to rest until they have both spent to my satisfaction. What have you to say about that?’

Pippa’s eyes showed her true feelings and her lips pinched. Wolff dug the cane tip into her clitoris and twisted. Pippa yipped and said quickly: ‘I hope she is obedient and pleasing, Master.’

‘There now,’ Wolff said beneficently, ‘that wasn’t really so hard to say, was it?’ He looked back at Lyn. ‘And are you ready for love play with Dawn?’

Yes, she was. That was the terrible truth. It was exactly as Dawn had said. Although she had tried to suppress it, the need had been growing all through the afternoon and now, looking at her own naked daughter spread on a rack being tormented and aroused, she was feeling the ache in her loins and her pubes growing slick. It had to be drained somehow. Perhaps it would be a relief.

‘Yes, Master, I’m ready.’

* * *

Lyn lay on her back on the castle’s four poster slave bed. The mattress was soft, the sheets clean and the chains that cuffed her to the bedposts and held her spread wide were hard and unyielding.

Oranrod stood over Lyn holding his spanking paddle raised high while Dawn knelt between her spread legs. A short chain hung from the front

of Dawn's collar and her arms were cuffed behind her back. Jutting up stiffly from her golden-haired vulva was a huge terracotta-coloured phallus. Lifelike but equally massive testes hung from the base of the shaft as it curved to enter Dawn's vagina and swayed between her thighs. Inside her the shaft curved back upward and buried itself deep in her passage.

It was held in place by a pair of hooks with bulbous tips that hung down from the base of the shaft on either side of the fake ball sack. The one between Dawn's legs was already plugged into her anus, preventing the shaft sliding out of her. The free hook was curling up by itself every few seconds as though seeking another hole to latch onto. In the same disturbing manner the exposed shaft was not inert but seemed to pulse and twitch with its own inner life, the plum head swelling and the mimicry of a foreskin rolling back.

Oranrod had explained its function to Lyn as it had been slid inside Dawn. The double phallus was another of Wolff's inventions. It was energised by their juices, absorbing them much the same way Oranrod had from her earlier. The more excited they got the more it would respond. Despite herself Lyn had almost laughed. Wolff, the proud and boastful thaumatergist was also the maker of kinky girl-juice powered sex toys! Yet at the same time her aching pussy had throbbed in anticipation of its entry into her.

Oranrod swiped the paddle down across her breasts and Lyn arched her back as she yelped in pain. A red blush spread across her quivering double domes even as her nipples grew even huger. *My hand is his hand!* Wolff was still her master and right now she was his toy. She had no choice. And she had to cum or else she would burst!

'You will beg for Dawn to penetrate you, Slave Carolyn,' Oranrod said, lashing her breasts from the side so the paddle skimmed across their summits, scything her hard upright nipples that they sprang back up again with a shiver.

'Ahhh... please fuck me, Dawn!' Lyn gasped.

The paddle swung up across her stomach and smacked into the bulging undersides of her burning mammaries, sending them billowing and

heaving. Lyn shrieked and whimpered.

‘With more feeling, Slave Carolyn,’ Oranrod commanded.

‘Uhhh... Dawn... I want you to shove that thing up inside me! Right up hard! And... I want to have your boobs rubbing against mine... and I want you to kiss me... please!’

Oranrod put down his paddle, took hold of Dawn by the collar, and pushed her forward, guiding the tip of the phallus into Lyn’s ready slot. Lyn gasped as Dawn wriggled her hips higher, driving the phallus all the way into Lyn’s vaginal passage. Their pubic bushes merged and she felt the phallus hook slide into her anus and pull tight. Then Dawn’s breasts with their hard nipples were slithering across her own hot globes and Dawn’s lips were pressing hungrily against hers and her hot sweet breath was in her nostrils and she was kissing back and she no longer cared what was right or wrong. Reaching between them Oranrod clipped the end of the short chain on Dawn’s collar to the front of Lyn’s. Now they were joined top and bottom.

Smack! Oranrod brought the paddle down on Dawn’s bottom, encouraging it to pump in the air, driving the double-ended phallus deeper into both of them, churning it about in their sopping wet tunnels.

The phallic thing began pulsating and throbbing more powerfully inside them, soaking up their juices and expanding and contracting sensuously. It connected them and amplified the bucking of their hips. Their straining nipples were grinding together while their plugged vulva’s squelched with their juices. Lyn felt a hardness pressing against her own rampantly erect clitoris. Dawn’s clit was rubbing against hers! It was too much to resist...

With sobs and bucks and gasps they both came together.

As Dawn lay still between Lyn’s legs with the phallus pulsing almost contentedly between them, Oranrod drew the covers over their sweaty bodies and then let down the cage sides of the bed and locked them.

‘The Master orders that you will remain like this until morning, Slave

Carolyn. You may couple with Slave Dawn as many times as you wish.'

Lyn looked up at him in dazed disbelief. How could she possible have the strength to do this again? With her head resting on Lyn's shoulder, Dawn smiled and began to work her hips once more.

Fleetingly, before another rising tide of lust blotted all cares from her mind, Lyn realized Wolff had known exactly how to break her resistance down. But what was he doing to Pippa?

* * *

Pippa knelt on the big bed straddling Wolff's hips as he lay at ease on his back. Tethers from her ankle cuffs ran over the sides of the bed to fastenings in its base frame, ensuring she did not close her legs. His huge shaft was embedded inside her vagina, filling her to the limit so she felt she was impaled on a stake. She had a rubber bit in her mouth, not to stop her speaking but to give her something to bite on when the pain became too much to bear.

Her arms were cuffed behind her back. Wire ropes from the side beams of the bed canopy were connected to heavy coil springs which were in turn hooked to straps bound about Pippa's upper arms just below her armpits. These partly supported her weight while allowing her some leeway to sway forward and back. But none of these troubled her as much as the devices clamped to her breasts.

These were pliant domes of thick wires woven into an open lattice. Their rims were clipped tightly about the roots of her breasts, pale slices of which showed between the grids of wires, which encased her globes in a web of pain. This was because on the inside of each wire junction was mounted a small, sharp inward pointing metal stud.

The spiked domes did not press tightly about the fullness of her breasts. If she did not move and they were not disturbed the stud tips merely indented her soft flesh enough to make her whimper. Unfortunately she was

not allowed to remain at rest and the domes were not still. There were rings set on the upper curves of the domes through which cords were hooked that ran over pulleys in the bed canopy and down to Wolff's hands.

Wolff tugged on the cords whenever he wanted Pippa to work her hips harder to please him, pinching the mesh tighter about her imprisoned globes and making her squeal in pain as the studs did their worst. He had already come inside her three times while she, to her shame and disbelief and Wolff's satisfied amusement, had cum twice. With every tug, with every helpless orgasmic shudder she made, her breasts heaved in their cruel cages and the pins stabbed deeper into her soft flesh. After half an hour of this torment saliva was trickling down from the corners of her mouth, where she had clamped on the bit, and dripped onto the upper slopes of her breasts, while little trickles of blood from the spike pricks were running about her globes and down over her rib cage and stomach.

And yet her nipples, poking painfully through spike-rimmed holes in the summits of the domes in swollen cones, pulsed fat, dark and hot with excitement. How could they not tell the difference between pain and pleasure, Pippa thought dizzily? Or were the two becoming inextricably intertwined in her mind and body? The juices she had already discharged suggested she herself was no longer sure. Or was pain the price for pleasure?

Wolff reached up and pinched her hard, blood-streaked nipples.

'Such lovely full breasts and fine nipples for a slender frame,' he observed while Pippa writhed and groaned in fresh pain. 'Don't worry, they shall all be perfectly healed and unblemished tomorrow. And then I think I shall ring these pretty cones. Most of my girls are pierced even if they do not always sport rings. But breasts such as yours could easily carry large gold rings permanently. They would look splendid. What do you think?'

'I think... I think that you'll whatever you want to me, Master,' Pippa choked around her rubber bit with helpless resignation.

Wolff smiled. 'Of course I will. That is how it should be.'

* * *

The next morning Lyn and Dawn breakfasted in the Solarium.

Dawn was beaming happily across the table at Lyn as she ate. How wonderful it must be not to have any guilt about having pleasure, Lyn thought as she smiled slightly more warily back.

For her own part she was still adjusting to what they had done. Of course she had been given no choice about coupling with her and it would have been mad not to surrender to it as she had. But that did not explain how many times she had climaxed after Oranrod had left them alone, even allowing for the double dildo working away inside them. When they woke the sheets were soaked under her bottom and their pussies were practically glued together.

And yet she was sure she had not suddenly been converted to lesbianism. Was it simply that her body now simply needed a lot more sex in any form and Dawn had been a, admittedly very willing and pleasant, means of relieving that need? Could she continue to live like this? Again it looked as though she had no choice. This was apparently the way slaves functioned in Albion.

Oranrod had brought up copies of the morning papers with bowls of hot mush that constituted a slave breakfast and Lyn turned her attention gratefully to them. How insanely civilized this all seems, she thought, leafing through them it as she tried to absorb more of Albion culture. Although I'm not sure I'll ever get used to seeing adverts for slave auctions in a morning paper...

And then she paused with her spoon half way to her mouth, thinking about the fleeting sense of an insight that had evaded her yesterday while she had been seated in that very chair. She got up and went over to the glass wall of the dome and stared out across the rolling forest.

'Dawn, where do you hide a tree?' she asked.

* * *

Lyn knelt before Wolff in the cellar of the Grange, explaining her revelation as rapidly as she could, hoping it would make sense to him. Behind him Pippa hung once again on the rack, the ominous cane clenched between her teeth.

‘I don’t think Durand has the missing girls in his house or anywhere nearby, Master,’ Lyn said. ‘He found a better place to hide them. Think what he had to do after he raided the castle, locked you out of the pentacle and stole the girls. If he wanted to pretend to be innocent he’d have to move fast with as little time away from his home as possible that would need an alibi later. But what to do with the girls? I understand he can wipe their memories and change their names but then what? Arrange to keep them shut up somewhere remote? No, because it means a connection that might eventually be traced back to him. So where’s the best place to hide a slave girl? *Amongst other slave girls*. I think he sold them to a slave house! They’d then sell them on and do his job for him: dispersing them far and wide so nobody could find them and use them to free you.

‘That’s why he was so ready to have his house searched. He’s even quoted as swearing he did not know where the girls were and offering to repeat that assertion under truth potion. Because it was true. But he would know how to *find* them if and when he had to, by tracking down the sales records of their fake names, which Dawn says all slave traders have to keep.

‘But he wouldn’t sell them locally around Epsandell because that would be too risky. So he’d go to the capital. Apparently it’s only an hour from here by car.’

She held up a copy of the *Trinovantium Standard* with a large advert ringed ‘And this firm, Valentine’s Slave Emporium, seems to be the biggest in town and would have turned them over the soonest and more likely sold them across the widest stretch of the country. Durand might have visited several houses, selling one girl at a time but that would have taken extra time. He might have hired an agent but that means somebody who might give his game away and he seems to work alone. Of course he would have used a fake

seller's name and maybe disguised himself, but five girls turning up together on that particular day should stand out in the records. Does that make sense, Master?'

Wolff was scowling in deep thought. Lyn's stomach flipped. Suppose he thought her theory was nonsense and she had been wasting his time?

Then Wolff turned to Pippa. 'Do you know you have a very intelligent mother?' he said. He beamed back at Lyn, and for a moment she felt a thrill at feeling the warm approval of such a powerful man. 'Yes, it makes very good sense. That's undoubtedly what he did. That's why the case against him has made no progress! It took an outsider to see the obvious!' He pointed a big finger at Lyn and Dawn. 'Prepare yourselves. Today you will go to Trinovantium and question the proprietor of Valentine's Slave Emporium about my missing girls!'

* * *

Hardly more than an hour later, Swarton was driving Lyn and Dawn, dressed once more as a lady and her pet slave, away from Castle Ravenstone. After a few miles the country lanes joined a broader, straighter highway, built like a Roman road on an embankment, which was laid along the middle of a wide swathe cut through the forest. Beside it ran a line of tall semaphore towers. A signpost read: *Trinovantium 70 miles*. There was a sprinkling of other traffic, both domestic and commercial. A few were self-propelled vehicles like their own but most had exposed engine compartments that showed slave girls hard at work within.

As the car sped smoothly along, Lyn and Dawn discussed how they should best approach the proprietor of Valentines, assuming Durand had sold the kidnapped girls to him.

'Will he make a fuss about showing us his sales records?' Lyn wondered.

'I'm sure you can charm him, Mistress,' Dawn said with a confident

smile. 'He won't want to be accused of handling stolen goods.'

'Is that how I should talk about the girls?'

'That's what they are, Mistress.'

Lyn was beginning to see what a challenge she had taken on. 'Even if I'm right, I don't have any way of putting pressure on him. I've got no status here. What do I even call myself?'

'You are Mrs Caxton, investigating a crime on behalf of the noted thaumaturgist Victor Wolff, Mistress. Act superior as though your name is enough and you have all the authority you need. They respect breeding in Albion.'

'You mean I should play it like an aristocratic sleuth?'

Dawn grinned. 'I think that would work, Mistress...'

Just then the car slowed and turned off the highway onto a lane that dove into the forest once again.

Dawn looked surprised. 'Where are we going?' She took up the speaking tube. 'Swarton, why have we turned off the main road?'

'This is a short cut, Slave Dawn,' was Swarton's impassive reply.

'No it's not. The main road is the most direct route. Get back on it right now.'

'I cannot do that, Slave Dawn. I have orders to take you elsewhere.'

Lyn saw Dawn go pale and she took the speaking tube from her.

'Swarton, where are you taking us?' she demanded.

'I cannot say, Madam.'

'Listen: Master Wolff has ordered you to take us to Trinovantium.'

You must obey his orders!’

‘Viktor Wolff is not my master,’ Swarton replied.

PART 3

‘Swarton, listen to me!’ Lyn said into the speaking tube. ‘Viktor Wolff is your master. He ordered you to take us to Trinovantium. You must obey your master’s orders.’

Through the glass panel set in the partition dividing the passenger compartment from the driver’s cab, they saw Swarton shake his head. ‘Viktor Wolff is not my master, Madam,’ he repeated with polite implacability. ‘I am obeying the orders of my new master.’

Dawn said into the tube: ‘Who is your new master?’

‘I am ordered not to reveal that information, Slave Dawn,’ Swarton said.

Dawn looked at Lyn in alarm. ‘It has to be Durand, Mistress. Who else could it be?’

‘But how could he turn him like this? I thought all the castle golems had to follow Wolff’s orders?’

‘It must have been when Durand raided Ravenstone and immobilized the golems so he could steal the pentacle girls, Mistress. He secretly reprogrammed Swarton to be his spy. He’s been a sleeper until now.’

Lyn looked at the dense wall of trees passing by on either side of them and decided they could not risk going any further to face who knew what fate. She took hold of the door handle. ‘Are you ready to bale out?’

Dawn gave a brave smile. ‘I go wherever you go, Mistress.’

Lyn gathered herself and then twisted the handle. But the door would not open. Dawn tried the other side but it was also locked. Lyn attempted to wind down a window but it would not budge. Dawn took out the ice bucket from the drinks’ cabinet and pounded it against the glass, the impacts making

her naked breasts jump and jiggle, but without other effect. Wolff had clearly paid for quality and security when he bought the car and now it seemed Swarton had added driver controlled central locking. Desperately Dawn attacked the partition between them and the driver's cab, but it also held.

Swarton's voice sounded faintly from the speaking tube: 'You are not permitted to escape, Madam.'

Lyn snatched up the tube again. 'Where are you taking us?'

'Where you can be kept secure while I contact the master and he comes for you, Madam.'

'How long will that be?'

'I do not know, Madam.'

Lyn rammed the stopper back into the speaking tube. Then she frowned and examined it more closely. The stopper had been carefully perforated with small holes. Swarton had been able to hear everything they said even when it had not been in use. She held it up so Dawn could see and then buried the end of the tube down the side of the seat cushions.

Trying not to let her fear overwhelm her, Lyn said: 'Swarton was a good choice for a double agent. He gets to travel outside the castle, he's in charge of the transport and knows when people are going somewhere. Inside the car he can listen in to everything that's said back here. Until a few minutes ago he all he knew was we were going up to town and that we'd direct him once we got there. Then we mentioned Valentine's Emporium.'

'And that triggered him. He must have been told to listen out for that name. That means it must be the place Durand sold the girls! You guessed right, Mistress.'

'Looks like it. But it won't do us any good if Durand gets hold of us. The earliest Wolff expected us back was this evening. If we had to stay in town overnight we were to send a telegram to the castle reporting our progress for Oranrod to pass on to him. So it's about eight hours until the

earliest moment Wolff might suspect something's wrong. But then what can he do?'

'He might send Pippa through to search for us. There is another car she could use and Oranrod and the other servants would help her.'

'I don't want Pippa coming here, not now we know we can't even trust the servants!'

'If the Master commands she'll come, Mistress. She'll want to anyway if she knows you're in trouble. The same way you would for her. That's why the Master chose you both.'

In her heart Lyn know what Dawn said was true. 'Then we'll have to get out of this mess by ourselves before that happens.'

Dawn took Lyn's hand. 'We will, Mistress. You're so smart. You'll think of something.'

Touched by Dawn's faith in her, Lyn tried to sound confident. 'I'll do my best. What else should I know about golems that I don't already?'

'They function as long as their motive essence tank is kept topped up, Mistress. They don't sleep and they don't get bored. And normally they're very loyal, especially to their maker. It can't have been easy re-programming Swarton.'

'Why's he still being so polite to us?'

'That's his basic social programming, Mistress. Durand probably didn't touch that.'

'Can they run very fast?'

'I don't think I've ever seen one run, Mistress. But even if they weren't fast they wouldn't get tired.'

The big black and gold teardrop-shaped car slowed and turned off the road onto an overgrown, rutted gravel and dirt track that set it rocking on its

springs. Lyn and Dawn clung to each other to stop themselves sliding about the seat. After a minute of bumping and wallowing and bushes swiping the sides of the car the trees parted to reveal a clearing as overgrown as the track. In the middle was a large, dilapidated structure looking like a very long barn with a double peaked shingled roof.

Lyn pulled the speaking tube out from the side of the seat and said: 'What is this place, Swarton?'

'An abandoned saw mill, Madam. I have been directed to use this as the rendezvous.'

'Who with?'

'I have been ordered not to say, Madam.'

'What is this person going to do with us?'

'I do not know, Madam.'

Lyn covered the end of the speaking tube again. 'When he opens the door we run for it in different directions. If you can get back to the main road flag down a car. Tell the police, or get anybody you can back here. Durand won't turn up if there are witnesses.'

'I'll distract Swarton while you get away, Mistress. You're more important than I am.'

'No I'm not.'

'Sorry, Mistress,' Dawn said, looking pale but defiant. 'I have my orders as well. Durand won't care about me. I'm just a slave. It's the Master's agent he'll want.'

Lyn smiled and hugged and kissed the younger woman, which she knew pleased Dawn immensely as her large nipples, which had been down, sprang up to their normal shameless state of tumescence. 'All right, we'll do it your way.'

The car drew up in front of the mill and Swarton got out. He opened its sagging doors and drove the car through into a lofty interior illuminated by high side windows and a few ragged holes in the roof. Running down the middle were tall square wooden posts like tree trunks that supported the valley of the roof frame. On either side were concrete beds where machinery must have once rested and a scattering of trash lay in the corners. Swarton got out again, closed the big doors and then came round to the side door of the car.

‘Ready!’ Lyn said, hitching up her dress and slipping off her patent leather shoes. Stockinged feet would be better to run in than footwear designed for elegance. Dawn slithered round to face the door, holding the ice bucket behind her back. In anticipation of the trip to town she wore only simple sandals and a white leather slave collar to compliment Lyn’s outfit.

Swarton opened the door. Dawn sprang at him, swinging the bucket so that it clanged against his impassive chiselled face. His softly glowing golden eyes flickered for a moment but he was not distracted. He caught Dawn by the hair and pushed her against the side of the car, slamming the door in Lyn’s face before she could scramble out past him. Helplessly Lyn saw Swarton lift Dawn upright even as she was still kicking and trying to hit him and then slap her twice across the cheeks with his big hand until she stopped struggling and dropped the bucket. Then he dragged Dawn, doubled over and stumbling, across the floor of mouldering wood chips and sawdust until he reached the nearest roof post. It had rusting clamps and shackles bolted to it where mill slaves must one have been restrained. He pushed Dawn’s back against the post, cuffed her arms above her head, pulled a chain across her stomach and clamped her ankles to the post base.

Then Swarton came back to the car and pulled open the door. ‘Please get out, Madam, or I will have to drag you out and you will suffer unnecessarily pain.’

Lyn saw where the ice bucket had caught him on the side of the head the smooth cast material of his body with its amber-like exterior sheen was dented and grazed, but that was the only damage he appeared to have suffered. There was no point in trying to fight him now. She must bide her time and hope some other opportunity turned up.

As she stepped out of the car Swarton took hold of her by the hair and led her to the post Dawn was chained to. Dawn's cheeks were bruised and she was bleeding from a cut lip. 'Are you all right?' Lyn asked.

'It's nothing, Mistress. I'm sorry, Mistress.'

'You've nothing to be sorry for, Dawn. You did your best and you were very brave.'

Despite her injuries Dawn smiled at the compliment.

Swarton pushed Lyn back against the face of the post next to Dawn and secured her in the same thorough way. Lyn winced as the rusted cuffs scraped her wrists and ankles, while the chain dragged over her middle left rusty brown smears across on her dress.

When she was secured, Swarton strode away across the litter-strewn floor to a corner where he squatted down and began scrabbling in the dirt. After a minute he unearthed a metal box about a foot across. He opened it up and took out what looked like a stiff dead pigeon with its wings folded, a phial of pale golden fluid, a small notepad and pencil and a small metal capsule.

Dawn said: 'It's a golem messenger bird, Mistress. Like a homing pigeon. With no phones here they're sometimes used for sending private messages instead of the post or the semaphore telegraph network.'

Swarton wrote on the pad, tore the slip of paper off, rolled it up and put in the capsule which he then attached to the bird's leg. Then he unscrewed a small filler cap in the bird's back and poured the contents of the phial into it. Immediately the bird began to stir, stretch its wings and blink golden glowing eyes. Swarton carried it to the door, opened it a crack and tossed the bird outside. With a clatter of wings it sped off.

Swarton closed the door again and returned to stand impassively before Dawn and Lyn, looking from one of them to the other, as though mounting guard.

‘I don’t suppose you’d tell us where that bird was going,’ Lyn asked.

‘I have been ordered not to reveal that information, Madam,’ Swarton said.

Lyn twisted her head round to Dawn. ‘What is it, about thirty miles to Epsandell where Durand lives? Say the bird can do it in an hour and Durand gets the message straight away. Allow a little time to get ready and then drive here... he hasn’t got his own private helicopter or anything, has he?’

‘There’s no manned flight of any sort in Albion, Mistress.’

‘That’s something. Then I guess we’ve got two hours to kill,’ she said idly, with an undertone that said: We’ve got two hours to escape!

But how could they get away from Swarton? She looked him over once more. A body that could bend like rubber at its joints although cast in what looked like barely translucent black amber, including an integral chauffeur’s uniform complete with cap, with details and highlights picked out in gold to match the livery of the car. Where the front of his fake jacket parted over his groin was a slot from which a phallus could unfold. Wolff liked his servants to be able to be able to couple with slave girls for disciplinary purposes. From her personal experience with Oranrod she knew they were very good at it.

Even so Swarton wasn’t human. He didn’t breathe, except perhaps to use air to talk. He wasn’t going to get bored, go off for a pee, get hungry or tired, as long as he had motive essence, which was distilled from among other things harvested female orgasmic juices and psychosexual emanations, inside him. The filler cap of his essence tank was set on his chest. What weaknesses did he have? Well it seemed he had to reply to any questions asked of him. And his programming had been altered, probably in a hurry. Now he was being made to behave out of character. She knew how the shocks of the last few days had made her feel. Did that make him vulnerable?

Dimly at first but with growing certainty Lyn saw a possible way out for them. It would require her to do things that only a few days ago she could never have imagined herself capable of, but here in this perverted world they

followed a terrible kind of logic. She took a deep breath...

‘Will you get rewarded for capturing us, Swarton?’ she asked.

‘I do not look for a reward, Madam. I am only following my orders.’

‘You mustn’t keep calling me “Madam”.’

‘I have been ordered to do so, Madam.’

‘By whom: Master Wolff? But I thought he was not your master now, unless they’re both your master? They say you can’t serve two masters.’

‘I... have only one Master, Madam.’

Was that a hesitation?

‘Was he the one who ordered you to call me “Madam” or is that Master Wolff?’

‘It was Master... former Master Wolff, Madam.’

Now he’s correcting himself, Lyn thought.

‘You should stop calling me “Madam”. You know I’m not really a lady, just a dressed up slave girl. You should call me “Slave Carolyn.” That’s what you’re new master would call me. Unless of course you’re still following your old master’s orders. Isn’t that logical?’

The hesitation was longer this time. Lyn knew he was more than just a dumb machine blindly following orders. He could not function in the world as he did if that was all there was. But how adaptable was he? She had no idea how his brain worked and could not read his impassive face, but she sensed a hint of an individual personality within. And individuals sometimes did unpredictable things.

Finally he said: ‘It... is logical, Slave Carolyn.’

I’ve got him to change how he thinks of me, Lyn thought. It’s a

start...

‘But if I’m a slave then I shouldn’t be wearing these clothes, because slave girls aren’t allowed clothes,’ Lyn continued. ‘You must take them off me. Besides you didn’t search me earlier. How do you know I’ve not got a concealed weapon I might use on your new master when he arrives?’

Swarton hesitated. ‘Is this an attempt to trick me into releasing you? I will not do that.’

He was not that gullible, but how smart was he? ‘You don’t have to release me to strip me,’ Lyn continued smoothly. ‘Is there a tool box in the car?’

‘Yes.’

‘Then why not bring it over here and find a knife or something and cut my clothes off while I’m still chained. It can only make me more helpless. There’s no harm in that, is there?’

For a moment Swarton seemed to sway slightly and his eyes flickered. Then he said: ‘No, there is no harm in that.’

As he went over to the car Lyn whispered to Dawn out of the corner of her mouth: ‘I’ve no idea exactly how this is going to play out but follow my lead.’

Swarton fetched the tool box and found a retractable knife. Extending it he came towards Lyn, who felt sudden sick fear and also a perverse thrill at engineering her own stripping. But it was all she could think of. Her body was her only lever.

As Swarton took hold of the collar of her dress and raised the knife she looked deep into his unblinking golden eyes and said: ‘Please be careful, Master Swarton.’

‘I am not your master.’

‘But I feel you are here and now, Master. There’s nobody else and

you're so powerful and I'm so helpless. Isn't that what a master is? I'm just a chained slave. You could do anything you wanted with me. With both of us. Couldn't he, Dawn?'

'Anything, Mistress,' Dawn agreed.

'So you don't mind if I call you "Master", do you Master?'

'I do not... mind,' Swarton said.

He had a sure hand and he cut and sliced and ripped the dress about the chain and then tore it from her, and then her silk camisole, leaving her naked except for her garter-supported stockings. She was wearing no underwear. Albion ladies of her assumed rank did not wear knickers and because of Wolff's bodily adjustments her large breasts had literally overnight recovered some degree of their youthful pneumatic qualities that now made them self-supporting.

There was a genuine if sick thrill in being naked and chained up so she did not have to pretend for what came next. Her adjusted body was shamefully easily aroused and her nipples were already standing up hard and proud while hot juices were seeping through her vulva.

'See what you've done to me, Master? Look at my nipples. Feel my pussy. Do you recognize the signs?'

Swarton pinched her hard nipples until she winced, tilting his head from side to side as he did so as he almost curiously studied her expression. Then he slid stiff smooth fingers into the wet slot of her sex and stirred them about. Lyn shuddered and moaned, sick with hope and fear and yet helplessly excited. Swarton withdrew his fingers now shiny with her juices.

'You are sexually aroused.'

'Yes. Can you smell things, Master?'

'I can.'

'What do my juices smell like?'

He raised his fingers to his nose. 'Like...motive essence.'

'Is that a good smell, Master?'

'It is... life.'

This is getting unexpectedly deep, Lyn thought. Aloud she said: 'Why don't you see what Dawn smells like, Master? Do we smell the same or different?'

'Why should I?'

'Why not, Master? We've got a couple of hours and it can't possibly help us escape.'

'No, that is true.'

Swarton moved round the post to stand in front of Dawn. He slid his fingers into deep into the mouth of her slippery sex and drew them out shiny with her juices.

'What do I smell like, Master?' Dawn said, with every sign of eager curiosity.

'The same... but different. Strange.'

'Well that's what we are, Master,' Lyn said. 'And you can have both of us if you want.'

Swarton stiffened. 'Is this an attempt to buy your freedom with sex, Slave? It will not work. I am not permitted to let you go under any circumstances until my master arrives.'

'No, Master, but you know that being slave girls we need regular sex or else we go mad. Your new master wouldn't want that, would he? You don't need to free us to screw us so you might as well have fun at the same time. I know Mister Oranrod enjoyed having me the other day. He sucked so much of my juices back inside him that I saw his eyes glow brighter. That's

like a golem orgasm, isn't it? Have you had many slave girls, Master?'

'I have had none.'

Oh God, a golem virgin! But then he'd been manufactured as he was now and not born. He might only be a few months old for all she knew. 'But you know what to do with slave girls, Master?'

'Yes. I know they need to be beaten first to excite them properly.'

Damn Wolff's perverted ideas, Lyn thought. 'That's true, Master. You must find something to beat us first. It'll make us more submissive and obedient. We'll also be more ready to answer your new master's questions when he arrives, which will please him. But first it will make us really hot and juicy for you.'

'But my new master's orders are not to damage you unnecessarily.'

Dawn said quickly: 'There's a bottle of healing cream in the first aid box in the car, Master. After you've beaten us you can fix us up again and he'll never know. And there's nothing like a proper thrashing to make me ready to come all over a nice hard cock. And golem cocks are always hard and never go soft. Think how much cum juice you can suck up from two of us!'

'Is that some old rope in the corner over there?' Lyn said, pointing with her manacled hand. 'You can make a lash out of that.'

As Swarton fetched the rope Lyn whispered: 'Make this the best screw you've ever given. He has to want more.'

Swarton came back with a four foot length of thick hemp-like rope.

'If you unravel one end, Master, you'll make a fine lash,' Lyn said.

He did as she suggested, spreading out the rope end into a spray of strands and forming a rough and ready cat o' nine tails.

Lyn licked her lips. 'Do it, Master. Beat us until we beg you to screw

us!’

‘Put your mark on us, Master,’ Dawn added.

But Swarton was looking at the improvised lash thoughtfully. ‘The ends should be knotted or else they will fray and become too soft,’ he said.

In agony of anticipation they watched as he carefully tied a knot in the end of each strand. Hell, that was going to hurt more, Lyn thought.

Swarton held it up again. ‘It should be wet for maximum effect,’ he said.

Perhaps some deep masochistic urge was taking hold of her or else she could not stand any further delay, but Lyn said: ‘Our pussies are wet, Master.’

And so he drew the knotted strands slowly through the sopping gashes of their vulvas, the coarse fibres scraping their delicate flesh, the knots rubbing along their pink valleys and grinding against their hard clitorises. Lyn shuddered and jerked her hips and almost came over the rope strands. Three times Swarton did this through each of their sex mouths in turn until the rope lash was stained dark with their juices and their pussies were swollen and throbbing.

Then he stood back facing the corner of the post, carefully lining himself up so with a forehand swing he would hit Lyn and with a backhand swing hit Dawn. He drew back his arm and sent the rope lash hissing through the air.

Lyn shrieked as the rough wet knotted strands cut across her breasts, raking into her soft globes and leaving half a dozen blazing welts in its wake. The following backhand slashed across Dawn’s pert glands, setting them leaping and shivering even as it cruelly rasped into her large upstanding nipples. With their backs to the timber post there was no escaping the full force of the blows. The next swipes were angled upwards, cracking against the ballooning undersides of their trembling milk glands and ripping across their nipples from below, cutting a regular grid of scarlet and purple welts

into their mammaries. Where the welts crossed spits of blood began to rise up.

Then he moved down to assault their stomachs, cutting another grid over their navels. By now Lyn and Dawn were in floods of tears that dripped onto their hot breasts. And as though in response to their suffering Swarton's realistically moulded shaft smoothly unfolded from within his body. In moments it was standing up at forty-five degrees with its head swelling. In its tip was the slot that would spout the golem equivalent of sperm that was actually the dregs from his essence tank, let it mingle with her juices and then suck it back in revitalized.

Hiss, crack! The pussy-wetted knots of rope began to slice through their vulvas and pubic bushes, tearing out curling hairs and searing through their streaming clefts.

As their peach lips blushed scarlet dripping juices were splattered across their thighs and stomachs.

Sobbing and screaming in agony, Dawn and Lyn begged: 'Please screw me, Master! I must have you inside me! Now, please!'

Swarton lunged forward, slid his shaft up inside Lyn's gaping, welted sex mouth and thrust so hard he lifted her off her feet until her ankle cuffs cut into her insteps. His hard body ground against her simmering, sore and bleeding breasts, flattening her livid nipples into their parent globes. She shrieked in pain and terrible delight as at last she was filled.

But before she could orgasm Swarton had pulled out of her, leaving her gaping raw, red-rimmed sex dripping, stepped to one side and shoved his glistening shaft up into Dawn, grinding against the post. After a several quick hard thrusts that made her whimper in pain and mounting need he pulled out of her and returned to Lyn.

In a haze of pain and need Lyn did not let him go a second time. Clamping her sheath tight about his pumping cock she came over his shaft with a shriek and felt him spout and then suck inside her, drawing in her passage about his shaft as tight as any piston.

She saw his eyes flash in triumph as he ingested her juices.

Then callously, masterfully, uncaring for her needs now he had taken what he wanted from her, he pulled out of Lyn's clinging sheath, leaving her feeling painfully empty, and plunged back into Dawn's eager hole. Moments later she gifted him with her copious exudation that he drew up in turn. Then he withdrew from her with a sucking sound as his shaft left her slot.

For several minutes Lyn and Dawn hung in their chains, trembling and sighing, their well-lashed and reamed-out bodies simmering with pain and delight. The wood of the posts between their legs was splattered and stained and their inner thighs were shiny. The still air about them reeked of their juices. Meanwhile Swarton stood before them with his arms folded, cock still rampant; the image not of a mere guard but of a master surveying his conquests. In the dim light of the shed his eyes were glowing.

Finally Lyn gathered herself sufficiently to raise her head and ask humbly: 'Have we pleased you, Master?'

'Yes, slave, you have,' Swarton said.

Lyn could swear there was a greater depth of inflection in his voice. Hell, we're making a real man of him, she thought. Well, a real golem of him, anyway. Now came the moment of truth.

'But we still need more sex, Master. Do you want to have us pussywell you next time?' she asked innocently. 'It should take place in a big bed but we could do it here.'

She could almost imagine he frowned. 'What is "pussywell"?' he asked. 'I do not know this word.'

This was not surprising as she had just made it up.

'Haven't you, Master? It means taking pure girl juice inside you straight from a girl's pussy. I don't mean mixed with your sperm and sucked back up through your cock, I mean spurted out of her pussy straight into the mouth of your essence tank. I understand it feels ten times better to a golem.'

‘I did not know slaves could couple like that with golems.’

‘Maybe that’s because we don’t do it with every golem, Master,’ Dawn said quickly. ‘Only the ones we’re told to please because they’ve given their master’s special service.’

‘And it takes two girls to do it properly, Master,’ Lyn added.

‘You mean you could not do this for me secured like that?’ Swarton said.

This was it. ‘No, Master, you’d have to move us. But we wouldn’t be free at any time. Find more rope. Tie us as tight as you want. Make sure we can’t run away. I promise I will cum right in your tank and you’ll experience something you’ll never forget.’

For an agonizing moment Swarton wavered undecided. Then he said: ‘How would I bind you?’

Ten minutes later, after more old rope, some rubber hose and two discarded spars of wood had been salvaged and reused, Lyn and Dawn stood before their golem master bound and ready to perform the “pussywell” service. Their bodies were still lacerated with lash stripes and stung with pain, but the handling and rebinding at his hands had stimulated fresh sensations of arousal in their aching vaginas. Lyn felt both disgust and wonder at Wolff’s perverted alterations to her body as she felt her vulva growing wet once again with such unnatural eagerness, but right now sex was their only weapon.

Dawn was positioned close behind Lyn. Both had their hands bound behind their backs. A rope halter linked their necks with a leash leading from Lyn’s makeshift collar to Swarton’s hand. Wooden battens had been tied to the outsides of their ankles, linking their feet together and making only a shuffling gait possible. Eighteen inches of stiff black rubber hose, trimmed to her specifications by Swarton using the toolbox knife, now joined Dawn’s vagina with her anus.

‘Now you lie down and remove your filler cap, Master,’ Lyn said.

‘We will squat down over you. Dawn will take your shaft up her bottom while I put my pussy over the mouth of your essence tank. Then Dawn and I will start to screw. You don’t have to do a thing, just watch and enjoy yourself. All our holes will be occupied so we’ll cum really quickly. And when I do I’ll spurt out fresh and hot right down your filler tube and... then you’ll see.’

Still holding the rope to their halters, Swarton laid down on his back on a smooth stretch of floor and unscrewed the cap on his chest, exposing a raised screw rim about a hole a couple of inches across.

‘And if you could now raise your arms above your head, Master. I have to get right down on your chest.’

Swarton did so. With a thudding heart Lyn shuffled forward splay-legged, feeling Dawn matching her ungainly stride, all the time the hose working itself sensuously in her bottom. Straddling Swarton’s prone form they squatted down, Dawn settling her anus over his still erect penis and taking it inside her while Lyn clasped her thighs about the sides of his chest and ground her vulva over the filler tube mouth leading to his essence tank, so that her lips were parted about its raised rim, exposing her swelling clitoris.

Then she and Dawn began to rock back and forth, Dawn riding Swarton’s shaft embedded in her rectum and she rubbing her inflamed pussy lips over the filler rim. Between them the rubber hose pumped from Dawn’s vagina into Lyn’s anus. As coldly and calculatingly as Lyn had manoeuvred herself to this point, she realised as she rode Swarton’s chest and her sore breasts swayed enticingly over his head, that she was working up to another climax. Despite her fear she could not stop herself. She was going to orgasm again, she really was. What kind of slut has she become? But it would help.

‘Get ready, Master!’ she moaned. ‘Any moment now and...ahhh!’

Her vagina convulsed, spraying her juices into the mouth of the filler tube.

And at the same moment Lyn released her bladder and peed with all

her strength so the jet joined her juices and spurted and bubbled.

For several seconds Swarton did not seem to notice what she had done. Then he let out an eerily human groan.

‘Uhh... no... that feels wrong... I’m burning inside...what have you done?’

He jerked his arms about and the leash end came free from his hand. Lyn and Dawn, still coupled, straightened up, Swarton’s shaft coming out of Dawn’s rear with a pop, while drips of pee and lubrication fell from Lyn’s swollen pussy. They managed a grotesquely inelegant shuffle backwards across the rubbish-strewn floor, setting their raw, lattice-cut breasts jiggling wildly, scrambling away from the confused golem as fast as their linked ankles would allow.

Swarton began thrashing about, clutching at his chest and gasping and moaning. Then he rolled onto his side and got his legs under him. He jabbed an accusing finger at Lyn. ‘What... did you do?’ he rasped.

‘Peeing in a petrol tank messes up a car in our world,’ Lyn gasped, still frantically retreating, the hose jerking and twisting painfully in her rear as it bowed and flexed between her orifice and Dawn’s. ‘I hoped it would do the same for golems.’ They manage a shuffling turn and set off forwards away from Swarton across the mill floor.

Swarton began to clump unsteadily after them, swaying and kicking up dirt, his balled fists swinging wildly. ‘You... tricked me!’ he howled.

‘Yes. Sorry,’ Lyn said, shuffling frantically on. The end of the hose jerked out of Dawn’s slippery pussy and swung about between Lyn’s buttocks, lashing the backs of her thighs.

But they were not fast enough. Swarton was catching up. He was clawing at them. His fingers scraped through Dawn’s hair and down her back and across her pumping buttocks. She gave a shriek...

Then the light of his pseudo-life faded from Swarton’s eyes, his body

stiffened and he toppled over onto his face and lay still.

Lyn and Dawn shuffled to a halt and for a moment all was still except for their ragged breathing. Then Lyn felt Dawn's head rest on her shoulder and her lips brush her cheek.

'Mistress, that was bloody brilliant!' she exclaimed huskily.

'You backed me up all the way. Sorry I put you through all that beating.'

'It's nothing, Mistress.'

They shuffled round and went back to look at Swarton's body. Lyn could not help feeling he looked rather pathetic lying in the dirt. 'It wasn't his fault his loyalties got hijacked. Is he, well, "dead", or will Wolff be able to fix him?'

'Probably, Mistress. You're not just going to leave him for Durand to find?'

'No. We're going to clear up and take him with us. Let Durand try to work out what happened here. The longer he spends scratching his head the better. Let's get back to the tool box and use that knife to get these ropes off.'

As they shuffled forward Dawn said: 'Oh! That's why you wanted your clothes cut off, isn't it, Mistress? So you knew there was a knife ready to get us free.'

'Partly. I just hoped it would work out as I planned.'

'You really are amazing, Mistress.'

A few minutes awkward twisting and sawing cut the first of the ropes from them and they were able rapidly to free themselves of the rest. Then they dragged Swarton over to the car and hauled him onto the back seat. He still had an erection which stood up grotesquely. They put a travel rug over him.

Lyn checked the clock by the backseat drinks cabinet. It was eleven forty. Swarton had sent off the message to Durand a little over an hour ago. It felt much longer. But what had he actually said? Lyn gathered up the messenger bird box and its remaining contents and laid it out on the back seat of the car.

‘Where do we go now, Mistress?’ Dawn asked. ‘Back to Ravenstone? I can drive the car.’

‘Great, you can be chauffeur. But first I must find out what Swarton told Durand about us. Luckily he had a heavy hand...’

Using the side of the pencil she careful burnished the blank sheet of the pad under the one Swarton had written on and sent off with the bird. The outline of the impression he had left appeared: *Two who used a trigger name now captive at Mill. S.*

Lyn felt a shudder of relief. Just the bare facts. He didn’t give their names or say they were slaves. They were still ahead of the game. Now they must make best use of their advantage.

‘First we get away from here in case Durand arrives early,’ Lyn told Dawn. ‘Use the side roads until we find a place we can stop and clean ourselves up properly. Lucky I brought that spare dress and your matching kit along with the overnight bag. Then we get back onto the highway and head for Trinovantium as fast as we can. Once Durand realizes there’s nothing here he might guess we’re continuing on and try to beat us to Valentine’s. We’ll plan what we’ll do there as we go. If Durand’s on our trail maybe mentioning Wolff’s name won’t be such be a good idea now. Either way we won’t have as much time as we thought so we may have to get creative. Anyway, let’s get going!’

‘Yes, Mistress,’ Dawn said, beaming happily.

* * *

Pippa clamped down on the rubber bit in her mouth, whimpering as the needle-sharp bodkin was driven with agonising slowness through her right nipple. Tears streaked her cheeks.

‘Nearly done,’ Wolff said cheerfully.

Pippa was kneeling on a bench in Wolff’s laboratory workshop secured within a holding frame. This was a sturdy rectangular framework of wooden rods plugging into large wooden balls that served as their joints. It was a little higher than her head, a little longer than from her nose to the tips of her toes and wider than her shoulders. Large wooden screw clamps on sliding mounts were fitted to both the horizontal and vertical rods. Extending inwards their curved jaws were closed about Pippa’s wrists and ankles, elbows and knees. In addition leather straps were slung between the rods, wrapping about her thighs, waist and neck. Between all of these devices she was held quite immobile and utterly at Wolff’s mercy to pierce her as he had promised the night before.

Under her heavy pendant breasts was a small wooden stand with adjustable legs on which rested a device of brass cogs, delicate ring-tipped screw clamps and a steel bodkin, raised on short brass feet to allow for an eggcup-sized glass container to be slid underneath. It was into this that drops of hot bright red blood from her skewered nipple were being gathered.

Wolff was winding a small handle on the piercing device that turned cogs and a worm drive that slowly, oh so very slowly, drove the bodkin through the eyes of the ring clamps that pinched the plump cone of her nipple between them.

‘A young girl’s nipple blood,’ he mused. ‘There are many potions that will benefit from a drop of that.’

In response Pippa sobbed at his heartlessness. If he had to do this to her why could he not at least be quick? He had creams that could take away pain. She would still bleed for his magical purposes. Why did he want her to suffer?

It would have been painful enough without any form of anaesthesia if

her nipples had no more than normally sensitivity, but after their augmentation they were rising at the touch of a feather as though begging to be teased or abused. Which was why, despite her tears, that her labia were engorged, feeling hot and slick, and she was dripping onto the bench. With every turn of the bodkin, even as she was wracked with pain, she was getting more aroused. Her cheeks, already red from crying, were further coloured by her acute shame at the display she was putting on practically at Wolff's eye-level.

But he made no allusion to her weeping pussy, except for a careless slap on her bottom. She had to remind herself yet again that to him this was all perfectly normal and routine.

The tip of the bodkin emerged from the far side of her nipple. 'There, all done,' he said withdrawing the bodkin. 'Would you like me to take away the pain now?' he asked.

Around her bit Pippa choked out: 'Yes, please, Master.'

Wolff took up what like two short lengths of fluffy pipe cleaner stem and dipped them in a jar of healing cream. Then he fed them through the bloody holes in her nipples. Immediately the pain began to fade and Pippa felt an almost orgasmic sense of relief.

'Thank you, Master,' she gasped, even as she knew how absurd it was to thank him when he had caused her the pain in the first place.

Wolf left the stems in place for five minutes, twisting them every so often, and then pulled them out and wiped her teats clean with a damp cloth. He examined the results, pinching and squeezing her throbbing cones and sending an unwilling thrill of delight coursing through her.

'The holes are hardly noticeable but they will not close up and can easily be threaded with rings,' he declared. 'I said you could carry big ones, did I not? Let me try these...'

He brought out a pair of thick golden split rings at least four centimetres across and a tool like a set of pliers that separated the tapered

ends. Deftly he threaded them through her nipples, which stretched around them elastically. Pippa shuddered as she felt their alien coldness and weight intruding into her most intimate flesh, which then of course betrayed her by standing up proudly as though to show the rings off.

When he was done Wolff brought over a mirror and angled it on the bench in front of Pippa so she could see the change he had wrought in her. She goggled at the gleaming rings hanging below her trembling globes. Yes, she thought, her nipples were big enough to carry them, but were they too gaudy? Then she realized the absurdity of such an idea. I'm worried about wearing chavvy nipple rings? Who was going to see them? Oh God, Mum will! Well at least it wasn't like getting an inappropriate tattoo while you were out with friends and did it for a stupid dare. Her master had done this to her. Was that a better or worse excuse?

'Highly satisfactory,' Wolff declared. He walked round her, admiring the rings from different angles. Then he ran a finger through the split peach of her vulva that was pouting between her thighs. 'I see this has excited you. While you're conveniently restrained I might as well ring your pubic lips as well.'

Horried Pippa shook her head and spoke without thinking: 'No, please Master, not there! You didn't say you wanted to do it there!'

Wolff looked at her in disappointment. 'I had thought you had learned how things are. Clearly you still need reminding...' He unhitched the cane he had hung from his belt and swiped it across the double swell of the upper slopes of her dangling, newly ringed breasts three times in quick succession. Smack, smack, smack: crisp impacts of bamboo on smooth resilient flesh rang out.

Pippa yelped and champed on rubber bit as the scarlet slashes burned into her flesh, even as her breasts flattened and then rebounded with a liquid ripple and heave. Her new rings made every quiver even more intense by adding their heavy tug and jerk to her nipples, stretching them like elastic. Pippa snivelled, saliva dribbling about her bit and fresh tears burning her eyes. How could she have been so stupid?

‘Ahhh... sorry, Master! Of course you must ring my pussy. Wherever you want to... as you please. I’m so sorry. I’m new to all this. Please forgive me.’

In this house she lived and suffered at his whim and pleasure. She must not forget it.

‘That’s better,’ Wolff said, returning the cane to his belt, all smiles again.

With no apparent effort he flipped the holding frame with Pippa inside it onto its end and then again onto its back, twisting it round on the bench as he did do. Then he sat down on a stool and pulled the small platform with the piercing device over to him. Pippa was now she was resting on her back with her knees up and spread and her open crotch facing him so Wolff could sit comfortably as he worked on her while looking right into her cleft. Her burning breasts sat in soft trembling hillocks on her chest with nipples as red as cherries and the rings sitting on top of them like expensive cake decorations.

Her stomach knotted even as another surge of liquid warmth flowed into her pussy which was gaping wider as it engorged. Her clitoris was standing up like a thimble. Just the thought of what he was going to do was making her hotter even as she felt terrified. This was crazy.

Wolff was adding another fixture to the frame. It was a sliding mount that he clamped to the horizontal rod nearest her bottom. On it was mounted a thinner rod with a rubber cap that he slid up into her rectum. He tightened up the screw adjusters, setting it rigidly in place.

‘That will hold you steady. You don’t want to move while I’m piercing your pretty lips, do you?’

‘No, Master,’ she said in miserable agreement.

He placed the stand over the anal rod and adjusted its legs to bring the piercing device down to the level of her vulva. Then he toyed with her lovemouth for a minute, sending shivers through her body, fluffing and

tweaking her pubic curls thoughtfully. 'Your labia are well defined and proportioned. But where should I pierce them?' His fingers were running up and down the ridge of her soft pink inner lips, which were gaping and wetting uncontrollably, causing Pippa to groan and roll her eyes.

Then he pinched her lips together over the mouth of her vagina.

'What about here? And close them with a golden padlock, perhaps?'

'As you wish, Master,' Pippa gasped.

'There will of course only be one key and you know who will hold it?'

'You will, Master.'

'Yes. And why?'

With terrible inevitability Pippa said: 'Because that hole is your property to use for your pleasure when you wish, Master. It... it belongs to you. So you have a right to lock it up.'

'Quite right. First I'll depilate your lips so the padlock will show to best effect but I'll leave a nice thick crown above. You have a pretty bush and it would be a shame to lose it all.'

Wolff fetched a jar of ointment from his shelves of potions and a pair of silver scissors. He used then to trim her lips closely, careful to gather up her snipped curls. 'A young girl's pubic hair has uses in several potions,' he explained. Then he used a brush to paint on the ointment. It stung for a few seconds but after he wiped it off her lips felt perfectly smooth.

'Your hair will not regrow there for several months,' he told her.

From under the bench he took out a hospital bed urinal shaped for female use. He pressed its cupped and curved mouth against her pussy.

'Girls often lose control of their bladders during this procedure. As a precaution you will empty yours now.'

Pippa found herself suddenly unable to perform with him standing over her holding the bottle and looking right into her sex. Despite all the intimacies he had perpetrated on her body her mind was still adjusting and she gave him a look of acute embarrassment. Wolff merely smiled, reached over and twisted one of her new nipple rings hard. Pippa yelped but the shock unlocked her bladder and she spurted hot pee into the container.

When she was empty he put the urinal aside and wiped her pussy clean: such an intimate process but all done quite unselfconsciously on his part. How many times had he done this before, she wondered?

He fitted a curved bodkin to the piercing device and then positioned its clamps about her inner labia over the mouth of her vagina. What would it feel like to have a needle pushed through her artificially sensitized labia! It would be agony. 'Please, Master,' she begged. 'Do it quickly.'

Wolff smiled. 'Are you not going to plead with me not to pierce your pretty pussy mouth at all?'

'No, Master.'

'Or to numb your flesh first? I could do that, you know.'

'No, Master.'

'Why do you think I want to see you suffer?'

'Because you enjoy it, Master.'

'Yes, quite correct. A pretty girl's suffering is a joy to behold. But there is another reason.'

Pippa thought furiously. 'Because it'll mean more to me if it hurts, Master?'

'Exactly! Even when your cuts are unoccupied you will remember the pain it took to form them. They will be even more a part of you. Now, are you ready?'

She clamped down on her bit. ‘Yes, Master.’

The bodkin slid through the delicate lips of her paired inner labia and Pippa screamed. For an instant it was the worst and best thing she had ever felt at one and the same time. It was a hammer blow followed by a tiny sharp instant cum that left her mind spinning.

Good as his word Wolff pulled the bodkin out and slid in a healing stem to dam the flow of blood. The pain melted away and the relief was indescribably wonderful, although at the same time there seemed to be a void where the memory of it had been, unique and terrible but undeniable. No, she would never forget this moment.

While the wound was healing Wolff brought out a box filled with assorted items of labial jewellery or instruments of torment and repression, depending on your point of view. From them he selected a large but slim heart-shaped golden padlock. Removing the healing stem he slid its hoop through her newly pierced labia and snapped it shut. The key he added to his own bunch.

Moving the mirror round he showed Pippa the lock now hanging from her delicate inner lips. As she gazed at it in horror and wonder she shuddered. A part of her body was now closed off from her use. There could be no better symbol of her abject subjugation.

‘Do you like it?’ he asked, as though actually expecting an honest answer.

‘I think it’s...striking, Master,’ she said carefully.

‘You understand why I have ringed you? It makes you more aware of those parts that mark you as a female. It is also about control over you even when there is no direct contact between us. It is the surrender of your ability to control access to your orifices.’

‘Yes, Master.’

‘Now tell me truthful what you think about them?’

‘I hate them, Master.’

‘But do they excite you?’

‘Yes, Master.’

Again it was the truth. Terrible as it was to admit it there was a dark thrill in being so intimately penetrated and controlled.

Wolff released Pippa from the frame, stood her up and clipped her cuffs together behind her back. The golden padlock hung between her thighs, its weight teasing her while its sparkle matched those of her nipple rings.

‘Now I can use a nipple leash on you,’ Wolff said.

It was a leash with a “Y” forked end, which went through her collar ring and down to her nipples, where it clipped onto her new rings. Wolff gave it an experimental tug that lifted and stretched her nipples. Pippa gasped.

‘It makes girls pay more attention to where their master is taking them,’ Wolff said, leading her out of the laboratory.

In the main hallway some of Wolff’s house slaves were cleaning and polishing.

Pippa recalled the smell of polish the day she and her mother arrived. Now she knew how it had got there. With a jingle of slave chains and a sway of bare breasts, a team of four naked girls were diligently polishing and dusting. As Wolff passed they went down on their hands and knees and bowed to him.

Wolff led Pippa outside into the back garden. It was the first time she had been out of the house since she and her mother had been taken captive. It was a fine mild day but Pippa felt a sudden shiver, not of cold but from embarrassment at the thought of public exposure in the open air. However the grounds were perfectly secluded, shielded not only by a thick screen of trees and shrubs but Wolff’s mystical powers of concealment. Nobody from outside would intrude upon them... and nobody from inside would leave,

except with Wolff's permission.

There were more slave girls tending the gardens: weeding, mowing and trimming the edges of flowerbeds. It was bizarre to see otherwise naked women wearing heavy boots and gloves as they worked, and even more so to see them chained to their spades, mowers and barrows.

As Wolff led Pippa round the garden by her nipples, she thought: he's walking me round like a dog while he inspects of his little kingdom. Is he showing me off? Does he want them all to see what he has done to me? But the girls all seemed suitably subservient already and some had more extreme piercings that she had. Was she simply his latest pet? Perhaps it was even worse. He was playing with her like she was a toy: a toy whose flesh he could mould like modelling clay and with accessories he could fit into her as he pleased. He was so powerful yet also impatient, like a child. And that combination was frightening.

The inspection concluded Wolff took a seat in a small cedar wood sun house with an open veranda, with Pippa kneeling by his side. A slave girl brought them fruit juice, with a glass with a straw for Pippa. She had not yet seen Wolff drink anything stronger. Was that significant?

Pippa had to spread her legs, dip her back and thrust out her haunches to lower her head enough to drink, which meant the padlock dangled from her pudenda in open air while her nipple rings brushed the floor. Wolff stretched out a foot and began to rub the toe of his boot against her padlock, grinding it into her cleft and twisting her delicate love lips. She groaned and automatically rubbed her pussy back against his boot, leaving a stain on the leather. The terrible padlock was desperately exciting, partly damming up the flow of her juices until they flowed out around it. Another minute of this and she would not be able to prevent herself from cuming.

Then Wolff took his boot away, leaving her feeling abandoned. 'I shall leave you like this for the rest of the day. We shall see what state you're in by tonight.' He was toying with her again, experimenting with her feelings.

But Pippa could not wait that long. To hell with her self-respect, she wanted sex right now! He was going to have her again anyway at some time,

so she might as well be spared the agony of waiting. Perhaps this was the moment she must begin to take the initiative or else she would soon be unable to think for herself. She could not defy Wolff outright, but perhaps she could make him change his mind.

Pippa got up, turned her back to Wolff, bent over and spread her legs and used her cuffed hand to pry her buttocks apart, exposing her shiny anal mouth. He had made it as sensitive as her vagina so she might as well make use of it. 'If you don't want to use my pussy, Master, please have me up my bottom.'

'Oh, do you want relief that badly, girl?'

'Yes, Master.'

Wolff took up his cane and cracked it across her buttocks. Pippa yelped but held her position.

Wolff tossed the cane out across the lawn. 'Fetch!' he commanded.

Pippa dashed out onto the lawn, her ringed breasts bouncing, knelt down and took the cane in her teeth, carried it back to the sunroom, knelt before Wolff and dropped it into his hands.

'Turn and present yourself as you were before,' he commanded.

She bent and spread herself again.

Thwack, thwack! This time he lashed her bottom twice, bringing tears to her eyes making her pussy padlock jump. Then he threw the cane out onto the lawn again.

'Fetch!'

And, like a good dog, she fetched.

By the sixth time she had accumulated twenty-one cane welts across her buttocks, which were blazing red and crossed by vertical trickles of blood. She was tear-streaked and sobbing in pain and trembling as she bent

over before him, but she would not give up now. She was aware that the four garden girls working nearby were by now all surreptitiously looking at her in wonder.

Wolff lowered his cane. 'Do you still want relief?' he asked

All her pride and self-respect was focussed on seeing this through. 'Yes, Master.'

Wolff snapped his fingers in the air. 'Come here, all of you!' he commanded the garden girls. They trotted obediently over to the sunhouse. 'Face down and offer yourselves!'

They went down on their knees, pressed their faces into the grass and lifted their bottoms high, so that the split peaches of their vulvas pouted from between their thighs.

'Pleasure each of them until they spend in your face,' he commanded Pippa.

Perhaps he thought he was calling her bluff. If so he was wrong.

And so she obeyed, slipping her tongue into the sweet and sweaty vulvas of girls whose names she did not know, and lapping and teasing them into cuming over her face.

She had never pleased another woman before and was undoubtedly clumsy, but they were conditioned slaves and eager to please so it did not take much stimulation to rouse them. In fact she was amazed how easy it was. She felt her own pussy wetting in sympathy. Had she unsuspected bisexual tendencies or was it her surroundings? Did she have any inhibitions left?

When she was finished and Pippa's face was glossy and fragrant with their juices Wolff dismissed the garden girls and called her back to present herself once more bottom-up before him.

Wolff stroked her ravaged cheeks. 'Such determination deserves its

reward,' he said.

Holding her by the back of her collar he undid his flies and rammed his hard cock into the cleft of her bloody buttocks and her hungry hole swallowed him eagerly. She shrieked as his hips ground across her welts. Every thrust stung her and made her pussy padlock leap and jiggle.

'Now I am sure I was right in choosing you and your mother,' he said as he sodomised her.

That was high praise, Pippa realized. She was still his slave, of course, but she had bent his will. She was not totally helpless. It was a small if painful triumph, but at least it made her feel as though she was being proactive at last. Although he wanted their total obedience it seemed that Wolff also respected that quality. After all it had got her mother a trip up to town.

* * *

Like contemporary London, Trinovantium straddled a large meandering river and sprawled out from it on either side. Several bridges variously arched, sprang and slung their way across from bank to bank, while along its length paddle boats of different sizes plied their trade. Overlooking this thoroughfare were no tower blocks, but there were many towers, often appearing slightly gothic but lightened by round and oriel windows, glass domes and blisters. Lesser buildings tended to have steeply pitched roofs. There were no chimneys that Lyn could see, but there were many black spires and disks that may have been types of solar collectors. This and the absence of the internal combustion engine meant the air was clear and fresh. The streets were also clean and litter free, which was one advantage of having a large workforce of slaves, both human and synthetic.

As Lyn and Dawn walked along the embankment beside the Tames, they saw a device coming towards them that combined both these slave types in one bizarre machine.

It was a low compact truck running on six fat rubber wheels. At the front was a small cab housing a basic model golem, with simple features, a number stamped on a plate above his chest filler cap and a body that had been sculpted without any attempt to portray either costume or musculature. Behind his cab was a flatbed on which was mounted a waste bin the size of a large barrel, powered by a pair of naked slave girls cuffed to the handles of a see-saw bellows pump mounted on top of the bin. The rods and synthetic muscles that boosted their strength were actually bolted to their arms and legs and flexed as they squatted and thrust.

However all their energy was not taken with operating the vacuum pump alone. Vertical rods emerged from the floor of the flatbed that connected to large rubber socket balls mounted in their bulging, well-greased anuses. As they pumped these rods plunged up and down, passing through slots in the floor to a gearbox that powered the rear wheels, driving the machine forward at a slow walking pace.

Long flexible hoses extended from the top of the bin and over the sides of the truck to the mobile brush units. These were two more slave girls who shuffled about the wide walkway on their hands and knees, cleaning up any stray dirt or litter.

They had large padded boards strapped to their shins and large round bristle brush heads strapped to their hands. The vacuum hoses ran under their bodies, held in place by straps and hooks plugged into their vaginas', held in place by expanding plugs and side bars through flesh piercings in their outer labia's, and wider more slender side bars that pierced their nipples. The hoses ended in wide narrow brush heads that the girls supported and moved with rods clamped between their teeth. These they swept to and fro as they shuffled forward in time with the machine to which they were so intimately linked.

The golem driver had direct and intimate control over his living machine components. A set of slender hydraulic tubes ran from a control panel in his cab backwards to the pump girls where they were slung through eyelets in the sides of their collars to flexible spiked rings that encircled their nipples. At the press of a plunger those rings would tighten painfully, telling them to pump harder. A second set of tubes were strapped to the sides of the

vacuum hoses. The ends of these plunged into the brush girls' anuses, where it anchored spiked rocker arms that jabbed left or right into their buttocks to direct their progress.

Lyn appeared hardly to give this degrading but ingenious device a second glance as she strode on past it, as a lady of her evident rank would have done. She was now wearing a smart bottle green dress with matching hat and shoes. Dawn trotted along at her heel. She now wore a matching green leash fastened to a green collar with green wrist and ankle cuffs and green sandals on her feet. Well naturally one's slave pet harness complimented one's outfit. Her wrists were cuffed behind her back and her ankles were loosely hobbled. She was also muzzled and chastity belted as she had been on yesterday's afternoon drive. The cups of the muzzle and belt were formed from a metal filigree mesh that moulded over her nose and mouth and across her pubic mound, with a spur plugging into her anus. A ring on the back of the belt was also padlocked to her wrist cuffs. Dawn was self-evidently totally constrained with access to her orifices under her Mistress's exclusive control.

Outwardly Lyn was self-assurance personified. Inwardly she was fighting down an attack of nerves as she contemplated what she was about to do.

She hardly knew anything about the manners and social conventions of this world and she was expected to talk a businessman into somehow parting with information that was probably classed as confidential. And now a new but uncertain deadline meant she had no more time to prepare. Durand might only be an hour behind them. That was why they had parked Wolff's distinctive car a few streets away from their destination. Before he arrived she would have to achieve her goal through brazen effrontery and bluff, together with Dawn's loyal assistance and a few extra's Lyn had decided she should carry metaphorically up her sleeve. There was also the growing realization that in this world she could dare to do anything if she did not succumb to shame. That was both a wonderful and frightening discovery.

A few hours ago she had massacred her pride and deliberately degraded herself to outwit a golem. What she had endured in the process would, back home, have qualified her for extensive counselling and the

mingled horror and sympathy of her friends. But there had been no time for such indulgence and so she had focused on her next goal. Wolff's magic healing cream had undoubtedly helped. She and Dawn had applied it liberally to their lash marks and within ten minutes they were completely gone. What was left was all in her mind, which she would deal with when she had the time. Dawn's cheerful attitude that such suffering was something slave girls accepted as a matter of fact and even got off on was another factor, albeit also a disturbing one.

Lyn had orgasmed during violent sex with a synthetic man after a savage lashing and then again hardly fifteen minutes later even as she was, effectively, poisoning him.

What was she becoming? Wolff may not have interfered with her mind, but what he had done to her body was having a perverse effect. Well, if so it was a tool she would have to put to good use.

Subconsciously Lyn had expected such a business as a slave house to be tucked away in a back alley, but she had still not fully adjusted her mind to altered values of Albion society. Valentine's Slave Emporium in fact occupied a wide frontage on a busy and evidently prosperous shopping street. And, like any large store, it had a window display showing off its particular wares. Lyn supposed it was, all things considered, in good, even restrained, taste.

The two big display windows on either side of the main entrance were not packed with bare flesh. Instead there were carefully draped swathes of black and red velvet with at the centre a single perfectly posed, coiffured and made-up naked slave girl in a little tableau. One stood with her back to an artfully broken fluted stone column with ivy coiled about it, to which her wrists were cuffed above her head by overlarge chains. Her head was hung humbly. Her legs were spread and crooked outward because her naked pussy was impaled on the extended forefinger of a huge carved hand, supposedly broken off from some monumental statue, which rested upright against the base of the column between her feet. The girl in the other window was on her hands and knees in a doglike pose on a strip of paving slabs. Her collar was studded with gems and her leash was held by a mannequin dressed as a fine lady. The girl even had a false tail and doglike ears. Lyn blinked and looked

again, recalling the pony girls. No, they were real ears and a tail.

What the display implied was that Valentine's had been selling slave girls of quality since antiquity right up until the present day. In fact, as her hasty research in the castle library that morning had revealed, Valentines had been started from scratch only twenty years ago by a self-made man named Harry Tupper who began selling girls from a stall in a street market.

‘Are you ready?’ she asked Dawn quietly.

‘Ready, Mistress,’

‘No idea exactly how it's going to work out. We'll have to wing it again.’

‘Yes, Mistress.’

Lyn gathered herself and then strode in through the main doors.

Within was a department store sized space filled with naked girls, no two it seemed displayed in quite the same way. There were girls in glass cases and cages of all sizes, suspended against walls, tied to posts, chained spread out within fake arches, bound to a section of wooden fence or bent over in stocks. Planters, trellis screens and arches created vignettes, nooks and vistas, like a home furnishing showroom where they sold bare bodies instead of bedroom suites and bathroom units. This was not a supermarket where the goods were stacked high and sold low, this was an exclusive saloon of variety and taste. Lyn had never seen so many bare bodies in one place before. She imagined she could smell their flesh. All those naked pussies on display... she fought down a sense of nausea.

Valentine's also boasted floorwalkers, superior attendants who would helpfully direct customers to the goods they were after. One approached Lyn as she was struggling with her feelings.

‘Was Madam looking for anything in particular?’ he enquired. He assessed Dawn with an experienced eye. ‘Our purchasing department is just through there.’

Lyn's experience in dealing with many businesses over the years, both large and small, had taught her to go straight to the top if you wanted something done. Besides, she had no time to waste.

She handed the attendant a calling card Wolff had prepared in anticipation of her presenting herself to Durand as a potential client. It had her name and an impressive address in Brightlingstone, from which any communications would be redirected to the castle.

'Please inform Mr Valentine that I wish to see him immediately,' she said.

The attendant coughed discretely. 'Regrettably, Madam, Mr Valentine only personally attends on old establish clients.'

'Well if he wants to keep those old established clients he will wish to see me, unless he wants the good name of his firm to be publically associated with a criminal act,' Lyn assured him.

The man's eyebrows rose. 'If you will wait here, Madam,' he said, indicating a chair.

He returned shortly. 'If you would follow me, Madam, Mr Valentine finds he can spare you five minutes.'

She had bluffed her way to the top. Now she had five minutes to make her case.

* * *

Valentines' office was decorated with paintings of well-dressed people standing in front of the vistas of country estates or mansion houses with slave girl pets at their feet. Perhaps they were prominent clients showing off girls purchased from Valentine's or ideals his clients should aspire to. In a corner was a living lampstand. A naked slave girl was strapped to a "T" shaped frame that supported, through her body, three of the ubiquitous

lighting globes. The handles of two of them she clasped in her hands, held out on each side of her shoulders, while the third and largest globe completely and unsettlingly enclosed her head down to her collar.

As for Artemis Valentine (aka Harry Tupper) he was well dressed, stout and balding. Seated behind his imposing desk with its inlaid green leather top, his initially stern expression softened as Lyn was shown in. He looked her over with an eye used to appraising the female form clothed or unclothed, appeared to reach a conclusion and hastily rose to greet her.

‘Do please take a seat, Mrs Caxton,’ he said graciously, holding onto her gloved hand a little longer than was necessary.

‘Thank you, Mr Valentine,’ Lyn said, seating herself while Dawn squatted down at her side. She clipped her accent and added a hint of haughtiness, suggesting private schools and privilege. ‘But it is “Miss”. I have no husband and I am of quite independent means.’

‘I’m sure you are, Miss Caxton,’ Valentine said, scrutinizing her more closely. ‘You rather alarmed my man with your talk about criminal acts. Perhaps you’d care to explain.’

Lyn launched into her prepared story. ‘I am sometimes requested to investigate, quite unofficially and without any connection with the police, certain problems for prominent individuals who wish them to be resolved discreetly. In this case it concerns the theft of five valuable slave girls on the third of July of this year. In the course of my enquiries, Valentine’s has come to my attention.’

‘I don’t touch stolen goods,’ Valentine said sharply, a hint of a rougher street accent suddenly evident in his tone.

‘I was not suggesting you do, Mr Valentine. But I believe on that day or the day after, somebody, no doubt using a false name and references, sold you five girls in one package. All I ask is that you check your records. If they were sold subsequently, then I’d like to know who purchased them as my client wishes to recover them.’

‘Our client lists are confidential,’ Valentine said.

‘Of course. But perhaps we can tackle that problem after we establish the girls did indeed pass through your establishment? If you would be so kind?’

Valentine picked up a speaking tube clipped to the side of the desk and spoke into it. ‘Albert: tell Watkins to bring up the July purchases and sales ledgers.’

In a minute a stooped greying man entered with two account books. Valentine laid them out before him and checked through the list of purchases. After a minute he said: ‘Yes, we did buy five girls from a single man on the third of July.’

Lyn felt a thrill of satisfaction. She had been right! ‘You have photographs of them?’

‘Of course. We record every girl who passes through our hands.’

Lyn produced the pictures Wolff had provided of the girls and Valentine compared them with his set.

‘Their names are different and their hair colours have changed, but it looks like them,’ he agreed. ‘But I want to make it clear that we bought them in good faith.’

‘My client is not suggesting otherwise and will happily indemnify you against any accusation of wrongdoing. May I ask if they have been sold?’

Valentine checked the girls’ reference numbers against entries in the second book.

‘Yes. They were good quality stock. All sold on inside ten days.’

‘And you have the names and addresses of the people who bought them?’

‘I do.’

‘And will you give them to me, Mr Valentine? I’m sure the person I represent would be very grateful to hear of your cooperation.’

Valentine smiled and shut the book. ‘Now that’s a different matter, Miss Caxton. We’ll have to see if we can come to an... understanding on that.’ He indicated a side door covered in padded green leather. ‘Perhaps you’d like to come through to my private chambers where we can negotiate in... confidence?’

Lyn glanced at the clock on the wall. ‘I can spare you an hour, Mr Valentine. Do you think that will be long enough?’

‘That should do.’

‘Can I leave my pet out here?’

Valentine indicated a row of sturdy snaphooks on the far wall. ‘Put her over there. I don’t like unattended slaves wandering about loose.’

‘I so agree, Mr Valentine,’ Lyn said as she led Dawn over to the hooks and clipped the loop of her leash firmly into place. ‘You should always find slaves exactly where you left them. But will she be safe? What if somebody comes in, or disturbs our... private negotiations?’

Valentine took up the speaking tube again. ‘Albert: no calls for the next hour.’ Then he went over to the outer door and locked it with a key from his own set. ‘There now, nobody will be getting in... or out... without my permission.’

Lyn smiled. ‘That’s most reassuring, Mr Valentine.’

Valentine ushered Lyn through the green door. It was the outer of a pair of heavily padded doors. The inner one opened into a very different room.

It was illuminated by a rose window filled with frosted glass. There was a pair of deep leather wingback armchairs with a low table between them loaded with drinks decanters. Hung on the walls was a comprehensive

selection of straps, chains, rods, canes and lashes. In the corners were a rope bedded rack and a set of stocks. Instead of the restrained paintings of the office, the walls were hung with framed photographs of slave girls undergoing punishments. Many were close-ups showing every detail of the injuries their tormentors had inflicted upon them, or else revealing their faces frozen in agony.

Valentine smiled at Lyn's reaction to the graphic display.

'I deal in girl flesh, Miss Caxton. I make no bones about how it gets used. In fact I enjoy it. That's the point of slave girls. They're in this world to give pleasure to men.'

'Are you trying to intimidate me, Mr Valentine?'

Valentine grinned. 'No, Miss Caxton. I'm sure it would take more than a few pictures to intimidate you. But let's have a drink first. Do take a seat...'

Lyn sat in the chair he indicated. As she sank into the deep padding something clicked deep in its frame.

Spring cuffs snapped out from the armrests over her forearms. Hoops swung out from under the chair, parting her feet and pulling them back against the front chair legs. A strap hoop flipped over from the back of the chair headrest. It went over her head and drew tight about her neck, pulling her head up and back and choking off her cry of alarm. Padded disks sprang out of the insides of the wingbacks and closed about the sides of her head, forcing her to look straight ahead.

As Lyn gasped and strained against the restraints, Valentine calmly poured himself a drink, and then stood over her sipping thoughtfully. 'You can scream all you want in here, Miss Caxton,' he told her. 'Nobody'll hear you.'

Lyn felt a cold hand clench her heart but she kept her voice level. 'You can't do this to me! I'm a free woman, not one of your slaves!' Lyn grunted.

‘Oh, I think I can because right now you’re playing outside the rules,’ Valentine said. He put down his drink and bent over her. ‘Rich independently minded women playing grown up man’s games have to take the rough with the smooth,’ he said, undoing the front of her dress. ‘Or do you want to run away crying back to mummy?’ he added, sliding a hand down her cleavage, inside her slip and cupping her breasts. ‘So, what are you prepared to do to get that list?’

All she had on her was enough cash to cover incidental expenses. If she had time she would have opened negotiations with Valentine and then gone back and consulted with Wolff. Except that if Durand turned up in the meantime Valentine would be able to start a bidding war between them, assuming Durand didn’t use his powers to simply take the list from him. No, she only had an hour to get the list, no more... but also no less. There was a terrible inevitability about what was going to come. Once again she was reduced to using her body and guileful words to get what she wanted. She was becoming Wolff’s proxy whore.

‘Whatever’s necessary, Mr Valentine,’ she said, feeling her nipple swelling into his palm and her pussy wetting as they struck their perverse bargain.

He grinned and pinched her hardening nipple. ‘Oh, like a bit of rough, do you. Well I’ve had more rough than you can imagine. Think you can take a dose of that?’

‘I can take it. For an hour, remember, not a minute more, not a minute less. That was how long you said we’d be.’

‘Agreed.’

‘But can you let me take my dress off first? I don’t want to ruin another one today...’

* * *

The heavy split board of the stocks through which Lyn's head and hands were thrust were supported by a pair of side posts. From these posts brackets extending backwards at kneel height which carried narrow padded boards on which Lyn knelt, naked except for her stockings and garters, secured by straps over the backs of her knees and ankles, with her thighs widespread and the pouch of her sex completely exposed. Her breasts, hanging down from behind the stock board, had the ends of coat hanger-sized wire hooks screw-clamped to their nipples. On these hooks small lead weights had been hung, stretching out her nipples into dark pink cones and tapering the inverted bells of her breasts. This posture also placed her head and groin at waist height and meant Valentine could look down on her as he beat and screwed her.

He had changed into a purple silk dressing gown and slippers. The front of the gown was flapping loose, revealing a short thick straining penis bobbing under his pot belly. He had selected a springy cane from the array of punishment devices on the walls.

‘Didn’t you get any proper beatings when you were a young girl, slut? It might have taught you not to play games with big boys. Well?’

‘No, I didn’t get any beatings...’

He slashed the cane across her buttocks, making them jump. ‘Show proper respect, slut!’

‘No, Sir... I didn’t get any beatings!’

He was a self-made man who still resented his supposed betters and was taking delight in humiliating what he saw as a woman from the privileged class. If only she had not pretended to be so posh. But then if she hadn’t she might not have got this far. Now she had to stay here for just long enough.

‘Well I’m going to give you a proper beating now,’ Valentine promised, cracking the cane across her buttocks again. ‘And then you’re going to find out what having a real man inside you feels like, not those soft country house types you grew up with.’ He swiped the cane across her

bottom again making her shriek. 'Soon you're going to be begging me to put my cock up inside you. And I'm going to begin by tanning your arse until it glows!'

Valentine caned her methodically and unmercifully, the meaty cracks of cane on succulent flesh ringing out about the chamber of torment. While Lyn sobbed and yelped he went about cutting a dozen parallel welts across her pale twin hemispheres as they shivered and leapt about like milk jellies, pausing every few strokes to feel the unnatural heat he was driving into them. Gradually they became pink and then scarlet, crossed by raised purple welts that oozed blood.

When every square inch of her rump was spoiled he turned his attention to her pubic mound, swinging the cane up between her legs. The bamboo mashed her full pouting lips together, sending a jolt of searing pain up into her loins. This was too much to endure and with a shriek Lyn wet herself, sending a jet of urine hissing out of the depths of her gaping gash across the floor. Valentine laughed at her humiliation. He waited until the stream had ceased and then resumed his assault on her sex, now soaked with her own pee. His blows sent spatters across her thighs.

When her vulva was a throbbing blaze of scarlet he turned his attention to her breasts. He added more lead weights until they were drawn out like spear tips and then began beating their sides, making them bound and jerk, swinging into each other like bells and setting the weights jumping up and down like yoyo's from her elastic nipples.

Valentine only lowered his cane when Lyn had been reduced to a shuddering, trembling, sweating wreck. Her breasts, groin and buttocks were scarlet and purple. She would have fallen over if she had not been strapped and stocked in place. The breath was rasping in her throat which was sore from screaming and sobbing, her eyes were unfocussed and her cheeks were red and shiny with her tears.

Valentine took hold of her by the hair and pulled her head back so he could look into her glazed eyes. 'Now you're going to beg me to screw you. Then you're going to beg to suck me clean. Then I'm going to do it again up your privileged bum hole and you going to suck that clean as well, got it?'

She nodded wretchedly, hating the man for his mean prejudices.

‘Please Sir, I want you to screw me, Sir. I’ve been a bad girl and I need to have a real man up inside me to teach me my place, Sir...’

As she spoke he took up position behind her blazing outthrust rump, grasped her hips and drove his cock into her vagina. Lyn sobbed as her sore flesh was abused once again. And yet, despite herself, her sensitised organ began to respond, flowing with her juices and an inner warmth that had nothing to do with her beating. She began to clench about his pumping shaft, drawing all the pleasure she could out of it. This was her only reward for her suffering and she would make the most of it.

She came when he did, briefly obliterating her pain and dribbling her juices onto the floor. His cock came out of her clinging sheath with difficulty.

‘Please Sir, I want to suck your cock clean, Sir. Let me taste a real man, Sir...’

He pushed his cock glistening with his sperm and her juices into her mouth roughly, driving it deep into the back of her throat as though trying to frighten her. Of course he did not know about the alterations Wolff had made in her. Instead of choking she sucked him clean, restoring his hardness.

‘So, you can take a bit of rough,’ he said. ‘Well see if you like having it up your bum so much!’

‘Yes, Sir. Please have me up my bum, Sir. Do it hard, Sir...’

He used her behind with brutal delight, banging her shoulders against the inside of the stock board and setting her simmering, weighted breasts swaying painfully. But her sensitized, elastic, self-lubricating rectum accommodated him easily. He was also much smaller than Wolff. This time he came again before he did.

‘Please, Sir. I want to suck you clean again. I want to taste my bumhole on you, Sir...’

‘You really are a tough slut, Miss Caxton,’ Valentine declared, half in contempt, half in grudging admiration.

* * *

Almost exactly an hour to the minute after it had closed, the padded green leather door opened and Valentine, still wearing his gown, showed Lyn back out into his office. Lyn was fully dressed once more and was outwardly respectable, but her eyes were hollow and red-rimmed and she walked very stiffly. Dawn, who had been kneeling under the rack of wall hooks, stood up and looked at Lyn anxiously.

As Lyn unclipped Dawn’s leash from the hook, Valentine said: ‘Well, you were pretty good, Miss Caxton, I’ll say that for you. But unfortunately not good enough...’

‘What?’ Lyn looked at the sales books still resting on his desk. ‘But you said...’

‘I asked what you were prepared to do to get the list of buyer’s names. I never said I’d give it to you. You didn’t seriously think I’d let it go for an hour’s slutting after you’d shown me how valuable it was? I admire your guts but you’re not savvy enough for this kind of game. Call this establishing your good will. Now you trot back to your mystery client and say if he wants the list he’s got to make me a serious offer. Or you come back with a court order, but somehow I don’t think he’ll want the publicity.’ He unlocked the outer door. ‘Good day to you, Miss Caxton.’

* * *

When they were out in the street, Dawn asked anxiously: ‘Does it hurt a lot, Mistress?’

Lyn gritted her teeth. ‘Yes, but if he’s watching us from his office I’m

not going to give him the satisfaction of showing it. I can make it to the car.'

'He was a mean cheat, Mistress.'

'Well he'd probably say he was just being a tough businessman, but it amounts to the same thing. Good thing we had a plan B. Did you get it all?'

Dawn suddenly grinned. 'Yes, Mistress.'

Back in the car, shielded by its gold tinted windows, Lyn lowered herself gingerly onto the back seat on her side. She could feel her slip sticking to her bloody bottom. Meanwhile Dawn unsnapped the padlock which had appeared to secure her wrists to the back of her chastity belt, slid them down over her hips and stepped out of them. Then she sat back, spread her legs and reached for cup of the belt. She twisted aside an apparently solid section of the lattice over her pussy slot, reached in and drew out of her vagina a slender shiny pouch of soft rubber. Opening it up she emptied out a selection of small pens, erasers, phials of ink and others of clear fluid and a roll of paper that she handed to Lyn. It was a list of five slave names together with the names and addresses of the people who bought them.

'Dawn, that's brilliant!' Lyn said, her elation briefly eclipsing the simmering pain of her beating while causing the younger woman's nipples to stand up happily. 'You said you could carry stuff inside you and we needed a backup plan. Did you have enough time to do the rest as well?'

'You bought me the time, Mistress. It was so neat the way you got him to shut me in like that. After I copied the originals I wiped the buyers' names and addresses and put in fake ones. That ink erasing fluid from the Master's desk works really well. I don't think anybody could tell they'd been changed, so if Durand does see them it won't do him any good. Unless Valentine remembers any of them.'

'I doubt it. He only glanced across them to check they were listed. We've got what we came for!'

'Then can I tend your bottom now, Mistress? I can see he really hurt you.'

Lyn lay across the seat with her dress rolled up while Dawn applied healing cream to the welts Valentine's cane had left across her buttocks and pubes. Lyn reflected that if it was not for Wolff's magic cream she might have been in pain for a week and not healed completely for months. Had knowing it was there made her bolder and braver? As she waited for the cream to work she perused the list more closely.

'I see one of the girls, Theodora, was bought under her new name of Maysie by a firm called Tames Bridge Gynacabs. I suppose they're taxi carriages pulled by pony girls?'

'Yes, Mistress.'

'Is it far from here?'

'Only a couple of miles or so, Mistress.'

'Well she's the only one of the girls in the city. And that's the one business name that might just have stuck in Valentine's mind. We're here and we've a little time before we need to start back to Ravenstone. It's an off-chance but let's check out the cab office just in case.'

* * *

Half an hour later Lyn and Dawn were sitting in a light open two wheeled, two sweater carriage being pulled along the street by their pony Maysie, formerly Wolff's pentacle girl Theodora. Her hair was now red instead of blonde, which Dawn said could be done with a five minute potion. Dawn recognised her immediately. Theodora/Maysie, however, did not show any sign of knowing her. Evidently Durand had wiped her memory after he kidnapped her. Dawn could not conceal her anger.

'When this is over I hope the Master can get her back and restore her to normal, Mistress,' she said to Lyn quietly.

But at least this time everything had gone their way. There had been

no delay or drama. Maysie had been standing in the rank outside the cab office when they walked up. On Dawn's advice Lyn had hired her for "two hours plus full access," and had received a ticket and token in return. They had climbed aboard the carriage and directed Theodora to take them to the nearest park. She bowed her plumed head and set off.

Lyn watched Theodora's bare buttocks and thighs strain for a moment and then they picked up momentum and her horse-shoed feet clipped along lightly. Theodora's body had not been altered like the true pony girl chimeras she had seen the previous day, she had simply been built into the carriage's harness. Her arms were bolted to the shafts through the palms and forearms, which Lyn was beginning to accept was not as cruel here as it would have been back home. Rods were also bolted to the outside of her legs. These communicated their movements back through linkages in the shafts to crank arms and synthetic muscles on the sides of the carriage which turned the wheels and providing most of the driving force, leaving Theodora free to set the pace and steer.

She wore a high collar that kept her head up and a mesh muzzle that extended at the front to suggest a horse's snout. Her pubes were protected by the cup of a chastity belt which formed a broad belt about her waist with a heavy lock at the back. A fake horsetail bobbed above her rolling buttocks.

Lyn suddenly swore under her breath. 'I've just realised, I don't know how to get the code from her. Wolff didn't tell me. We never expected to find a girl today as well as get the list.'

'It's all right, Mistress,' Dawn said. 'You can get the code from her. It was one of the adjustments the Master made to you.'

Lyn felt queasy once again. 'How does it work?'

'You just have to couple with her, Mistress. Your pubes have a silver thread in them that will read the code that last went through her pussy. That will be the locking spell Durand used to close the pentacle. You've already paid for the right to use her. That's what the "full access" part meant. The token they gave you will unlock her belt.'

‘A cab drive and sex all in one package?’

‘Yes, Mistress.’

‘And I’m meant to have sex with her in a public park?’

‘Other people will have. We’ll find a secluded spot, Mistress. Remember what you do with slaves here doesn’t count the same way.’

It was mid-afternoon by now and being a weekday the park was not that busy. They found a space between the trees just off a meandering carriage track. Dawn got out and checked around.

‘This is a good, Mistress.’

Lyn got down and faced Theodora. She smiled politely through her muzzle. Lyn slipped the token into the slot in the lock in the small of her back and the cup of the chastity belt flipped open, revealing her pretty, clean shaven pubes. Theodora leaned back against the shafts and spread her legs invitingly.

Clenching her teeth, Lyn hitched up her skirt, stood between Theodora’s legs and pressed her pubes against the pony girls’ mound. Slick love lips slid through each other and their clitorises kissed... and suddenly stimulated nature took over, trampling on Lyn’s reservations. She embraced Theodora and ground her pussy hard into hers.

By the time she came she thought she might have felt a special tingle as something was transferred from the vulva she was rutting with to hers, but in truth at that moment she did not care.

When she was done, Lyn turned wearily to Dawn.

‘All right. Let’s take her back to the taxi rank and then head back to Ravenstone. It’s been a busy day.’

* * *

At six o'clock Pippa hung on the cellar rack with Wolff's cane clenched between her teeth. Wolff stood beside her, checking his watch impatiently. Before her the pentacle girls were undulating in their "Y" forked cages as they worked their hips over the big silver phalluses that rose from the corners of the gate, holding open the rift between the worlds so that the ghostly outline of the pentacle room of Castle Ravenstone could be seen shimmering about them.

But what was going through Pippa's mind was: God, what will Mum think of my new piercings? They were not exactly subtle, especially with her spread out with her tits and pussy on show like this. She'd have to play them down somehow.

Then she saw shadows appearing from the mist and stepping across the pentacle. They solidified into her mother and Dawn, carrying between them what looked like a black statue with gold highlights. They set it down on its back in front of Wolff. It had a large erection. Her mother and Dawn went down onto their knees.

'Did Swarton malfunction?' Wolff asked suspiciously.

'Sort of, Master,' her mother said, sounding very tired. 'I'll tell you about it in a minute. But first here's the list of the people who bought your girls.' She handed him a slip of paper.

'Ah! So they were sold through Valentines. That is excellent! Well done!'

'And we found Theodora and I... did what was necessary. I have the first piece of code.'

'What? Even better! I knew you were the one for the task!'

By now her Mum had seen her piercings and was staring at them in horror. Pippa did her best to smile and shrug.

'You must pass the code on to one of my girls immediately,' Wolff

was saying. He operated the electric winch controller for the wire ropes from which the pentacle girls' cages were slung. The girls were lifted off their phalluses with groans of frustration, their sexes dripping as the ghostly outline of the other world vanished. Wolff selected one of the cages, swung it aside and lowered it to the ground onto its back. He undid the front of the cage, exposing the pretty blonde strapped within it with her legs spread wide.

Wolff snapped his fingers at Lyn. 'Go on, pass it on to her.'

Her mother looked at the girl and then at Pippa. 'Please, Master, not right now.'

Wolff looked at her in bemusement. 'What? You and your ridiculous inhibitions

You need some encouragement?' He strode over to Pippa, took the cane from her mouth and swiped it across the undersides of her breasts, making them jump and her rings sparkle.

'Do you need more?' he asked.

But her mother had already mounted the cage girl and was grinding her breasts and groin into hers.

'And tell me what happened to Swarton while you do,' he added. 'Tell me everything you did today!'

Learning the things her naked mother had endured that day while she was screwing another naked girl in a cage was almost too bizarre and nauseating for Pippa to endure, and yet she could not stop looking and listening.

Wolff snarled in anger and punched the wall when he found out Durand had turned Swarton into a double agent. Pippa would have applauded, had she not been chained spread-eagled, when her blushing mother told how she had turned the tables on the golem. She winced when she heard what she had to endure at Valentine's hands to get the list and then cheered at the trick Dawn had played.

And then her mother had come over the pretty blonde girl under her and Wolff declared the first piece of the locking code had been successfully passed on.

‘We shall all dine here together tonight in celebration!’ he announced.

Finally her mother was allowed to come over and hug Pippa. She looked at the piercings and shook her head. ‘Tell me later,’ she said simply.

Wolff had been examining the list of remaining names. ‘Now there’s a place I have heard of,’ he said. ‘If you go there next it might help to take Pippa with you.’

‘Is it somewhere dangerous, Master?’ Lyn asked anxiously.

‘No, not all,’ Wolff said. Then added: ‘Although she will need to be specially modified first. I hope you like cats...’

PART 4

Pippa knelt on the padded top of the examination table in the office of Honeydew's Girlcattery, while the proprietors Ferdinand and Viola Honeydew examined her naked body with experienced hands. Cuffs about Pippa's wrists and ankles held her in place while a chain hanging from the ceiling was hooked to a ring on the back of her thick leather collar, keeping her head up.

The walls about Pippa were covered with winners' rosettes, certificates, cups and awards and photographs of feline chimera's in various poses. A massive green safe stood in a corner. Her mother sat in a visitors' chair with Dawn on a leash kneeling at her side. Her mother wore an expensive red dress in the Albion style, which looked somewhat nineteen-twenties, and appeared every inch a rich local lady of leisure.

Pippa struggled not to flinch at the Honeydews' touch. Being naked and helpless while being intimately pawed over by a couple of strangers, however plump, rosy-cheeked and respectable they appeared, was hard enough to stomach, but she was also still getting used to her new body.

Her eyes were now a brilliant reflective green. The tip of her nose merged into a snout with delicate catlike retroussé nostrils. Below it was a pouting, bifurcated upper lip from which sprouted long whiskers and from under which sharp white canine fangs protruded. Her pointed fur-covered ears stood up on either side of her head, while her Brunette locks now looked more like a mane of thick dark fur, merging with the shorter fur that covered her shoulders. This pelt ran down to her ribs and back to her haunches, but leaving her buttocks bare. From the base of her spine rose a dark furry tail fifty centimetres long which was standing up in the air and weaving from side to side. Below it were the dark pucker of her anus and the full pout of her smooth pubic lips with an impudent tongue of inner labia peeping between them.

Pippa's breasts were unchanged, still prominent and heavy for her

build, but her ringed nipples were now dark brown, matching the dusky tint about her pubic cleft and up about her bottom cleavage, surrounding the dimple of her anus. The crown of pubic hair over her depilated labia was now close dark fur.

Her hands and feet had lengthened into fur covered paws, looking as though she was wearing long furry socks. Her thumbs had vanished and her fingers had shrunk into thick stumps with pads on their undersides and heavy curving claws where her nails had been.

She was still pretty, but now in a part feline way. And all this the Honeydew's examined with care, patting, stroking and squeezing, handling her like she was an animal. Which to them, of course, she was.

At length Ferdinand Honeydew turned to Lyn. 'Cocoa is a delightful girlcat, Mrs Caxton,' he said with an appreciative smile. 'May I enquire who did the work?'

'Leopold of Brighthelmstone.'

'Oh, yes. An accomplished metamorphasist.'

Viola Honeydew had slid a finger into Pippa's anus, testing its tightness. 'I take it she is self-lubricating and cleaning?'

'Naturally,' Lyn said, with a touch of hauteur. 'I would not have a slave in my house that was otherwise.'

'That is so very sensible,' Viola agreed. 'And has her voice been modified?'

'No. She is an affectionate and obedient creature and is generally very good about keeping silent unless required to speak. However she is having trouble adjusting to her new body and that is affecting her behaviour. I decided she needed some suitable re-training and you were recommended to me. I thought a week to teach her how to deport herself properly and meet with other adjusted girls so she can learn from them and generally become more self-assured. You do have other girls here she can mingle with?'

‘Of course,’ said Ferdinand. ‘Our pets are allowed to mix freely when they are not in training. We feel it is good for them. Would you care to inspect our facilities?’

‘I would be most interested to see them.’

They took Pippa down from the examination table. Lyn reconnected her leash and allowed herself to be ushered out on her tour.

* * *

The Honeydew’s Girlcattery, situated just outside the town of Wycombsfield which nestled in the Childern Hills of Bucklingshire, was situated in the grounds of an old manor house. A “U” of long low wooden buildings at the back of the house contained sleeping pens, washing and grooming rooms, a dining area and enclosed between them an outdoor exercise yard and play area. Everything Lyn saw was clean, neat and tidy.

The girlcats slept in large, blanket-lined, round wicker baskets in individual low wire mesh pens. There was a small latrine hole in the corner of each pen and water bottles hung on the mesh. In the grooming room there were shallow sunken tiled shower pans, hoses and racks of brushes and combs, colourful bottles of shampoo, scents and cleansers. There was also a pedicure table with clippers, files and assorted varnishes. In the feeding room, which doubled as a winter exercise space, a row of gleaming metal bowls was laid out down its centre with rubber mats laid out in front of each one.

‘We feed our kittens only the best quality slave meals and teach them to eat delicately and neatly,’ Ferdinand explained.

‘Cocoa could with some help with her eating,’ Lyn admitted.

‘We shall make a note to give her special lessons,’ he promised.

The exercise yard contained a rubber matt track with ramps, steps,

hoops and gates, and a device that looked like a low rotary washing line to which slave collars could be attached for. Half a dozen girlcats with differently coloured and patterned coats were being exercised by a couple of lads in flat caps. The lads carried long handled whips that they flicked lightly across the catgirls' bare buttocks to encourage them to greater efforts.

‘We also take them for walks in the woods every day,’ Viola explained. ‘We believe in keeping our kittens fit and healthy.’

In the adjacent play area were toy rings and balls, a sandpit, some small shade trees and scratching posts. Another batch of girlcats were sprawled about at ease on the grass. One girl in particular, a pretty blonde with large almond eyes, neat pointed breasts and the coat of a golden puma, caught Lyn's attention. At the same moment she felt Dawn, who was squatting alertly by her feet, quickly touch her leg. Lyn glanced down to see Pippa had also noticed her.

Lyn looked about her at the high spiked railings that enclosed the yards. ‘I see you take security seriously,’ she observed.

‘Of course, Mrs Caxton,’ said Ferdinand Honeydew. ‘Our guest kitties are all very valuable to us, to say nothing of our own personal show animals. Some of them would sell for many thousands. Far beyond the original cost of adjusting them.’

‘Really. I had no idea. Cocoa is my first cat girl.’

‘Then you must consider entering her for local pet shows,’ Viola said with hearty enthusiasm. ‘You’ll soon find what a rewarding hobby it can be.’

‘I’m sure I would,’ Lyn said. She eyed the lashes both Honeydews had hung from their belts. ‘I see you are also keen on discipline.’

‘Oh, the sight of them is usually quite enough to maintain discipline,’ Ferdinand said lightly. ‘Traditionally training of chimeras has focussed on dog-girls, which are more amenable and because of their pack heritage respond more readily. But girl cats are potentially more dangerous. They have sharper fangs and claws. It is part of their appeal. That hint of danger in

owning such an exotic animal. It can go to the heads even of girls who were quite docile before the change. And we find the normal submission potions don't work so well on hybrids. So they must be taught never to think about using their natural weapons. We pride ourselves that very few kitties entrusted to us for such training have ever needed to return.'

'We have many testimonials to that effect, if you would care to examine them,' Viola added.

'I don't think that will be necessary,' Lyn said. 'I've seen all I need to. I shall place Cocoa in your care for a week. But I don't want her to be strictly disciplined, just a little deportment training, perhaps. Most of all I want her to learn how to be comfortable in her new form. Let her mix with your other girls as much as possible. Make friends, that sort of thing.'

'You can rely on us to do what is best for her,' Viola assured her.

'If you would care to return to the office, Mrs Caxton,' said Ferdinand, 'we can take care of the paperwork...'

* * *

Fifteen minutes later the Honeydews saw Lyn and Dawn into her luxurious red and gold teardrop of a car, complete with its colour matched golem chauffeur. The door with its tinted window closed about her. The chauffeur climbed into the driver's cab and the car rolled smoothly and silently out of the gates of the Cattery.

Inside, safe from observation, Lyn pulled off her hat, buried her face in her hands and groaned heavily. Dawn was already mixing her a drink from the cabinet.

'You were brilliant, Mistress,' she said, passing Lyn the glass.

Lyn gulped half of it down in a single swallow. 'I have just handed my daughter, who has been magically mutated like something from the Island

of Doctor Moreau, over to people who think putting girls like her in shows can be a rewarding hobby! I don't feel all that brilliant right now.'

'I mean you played your part brilliantly, Mistress. Very convincing. And you were only following the Master's orders, Mistress. You had no choice.'

'I know, but it's Pippa I'm worried about.'

'I'm sure she'll be fine, Mistress. She's clever like you.'

'But now she's half cat!'

'I'm sorry, Mistress. You know I would have gone in her place, but I'm not suitable. The Master chose you and Pippa for this work.'

Lyn forced a smile and stroked the younger girl's hair. 'I know, but it doesn't make me feel any better. I only hope Pippa has no problems getting the code. That was Olwen – Zenobia as she is now – in the play area, wasn't it?'

'Yes, Mistress. Even changed I knew it was her. But she didn't show any sign of recognizing me. Durand's mind block must still be working.'

'Perhaps it's for the best. Pippa should be able to get close enough to... do what she has to. Then we get her out of there and Wolff can change her back to normal.'

Dawn was giggling. 'Sorry, Mistress, but you're so funny and shy when it comes to talking about sex.'

'Well you've had more time to adjust to this way of life. Talking about my daughter having to make love to another woman doesn't come easy.'

The ironic thing was, just two days ago, Lyn had been feeling elated by her success and the obstacles she had overcome, despite the pain and suffering it had cost her. She had obtained the list of stolen girls from Valentine's Slave Emporium where Durand had sold them so they would

effectively be lost, and then on her own initiative found one of the girls on it and copied the pentacle code fragment she held.

Then Wolff had recognized the name of the people who had innocently purchased Olwen, another of his missing girls...

* * *

‘I hope you like cats?’ Wolff asked. ‘Olwen has been bought by Ferdinand and Viola Honeydew. They own a notable girl cattery where they board and train them as pets and enter them for shows. As I recall Olwen was very pretty. She would have made a good cat. I hope whoever they got to adjust her made a good job of it. But that aside, the surest way to infiltrate their establishment would be if we gave them a girl cat to train. Yes, I can modify Pippa tomorrow, repair Swarton and you can be off to see the Honeydew’s the next morning. And, you, Carolyn can pose as her wealthy owner. It might take a few days, or course.’ He glanced at Pippa. ‘You had better record some of those “text message” things for your mother to send out to your friends while you’re gone.’

Pippa’s mouth was hanging open in horror while Lyn was thinking of the adjusted girls she had already seen in Albion. ‘You can’t do that to Pippa, Master!’ she pleaded.

‘I can and she will use her new body to her advantage,’ Wolff said. ‘I have equipped you both to survive all the challenges being my agents in Albion might bring. For instance have you worried for a moment since you have been here about sexually transmitted diseases or pregnancy?’

Pippa and Lyn looked at each other in sudden alarm, their stomachs knotting in fear as cold hands clutched at their hearts. ‘Oh God, how could we have forgotten about that?’ Pippa groaned.

‘Because you had no need to worry,’ Wolff assured them. ‘I took care of those trivial details the first day we met. You don’t think I wanted my agents burdened with such things, do you? We have few such diseases in

Albion and you are protected from them. Nor can you conceive by mischance. Standard slave treatment. I believe subconsciously you already knew they were no longer concerns.’ His face lit up and he stabbed a big finger dramatically. ‘Hah, you see! Without altering your minds I have changed your responses and priorities. Accept the fact that you are both now capable of more than you ever imagined. Carolyn has already demonstrated this. Now it is Pippa’s turn. She will adjust quickly and make a fine cat girl.’

Pippa tried to be brave about the prospect but Lyn could tell she was secretly terrified. Lyn tried to change Wolff’s mind, but to no avail. At breakfast, when he was still obdurate, she had begged at least to be allowed to be present while the procedure took place. Wolff permitted it, but on his terms. He knew she would see only horror and so he was determined to subvert her feelings while also ensuring she could not get in his way.

Lyn stood by his workbench with a gag in her mouth and her arms stretched over her head chained to a ceiling beam. Her legs were spread with the lower arms of a self-reciprocating “T” bar clipped to her ankle cuffs. The main shaft of the bar had what looked like a large terracotta coloured rubber penis and testes mounted on it, which was lodged so far up her vagina that it made her pubic mound bulge. Lyn groaned even as she felt her nipples spring up while a surge of hot slick juices flowed about the shaft, which her sheath clamped onto hungrily. She could not help the reaction. In this very lab a few days before Wolff had increased the sensitivity of her vagina until it responded to almost anything being pushed up it.

And the phallus began to respond in turn. Gently at first but growing steadily stronger it began to pulsate inside her. The phallus had the same semi-magical pseudo life as a golem and was stimulated by warmth and female juices. It was a sex toy that fed off her arousal, in turn generating further arousal building to an inevitable climax.

It was in this state that she was forced to look down on her daughter while Wolff mutated her.

Pippa was obscenely spitted as though she was on a rotisserie.

She was secured within a mechanism that did indeed resemble a huge

spit, large enough to roast a hog. Wolff had given her some potion to drink which had rendered her unconscious, but that made it no less frightening to Lyn. Pippa's lovely body was stretched out between disks mounted at each end of the spit that were as wide as her shoulders. Her head was tilted back and her mouth was open. The hollow axle rod of the spit vanished down her throat, making it bulge. The rod from the other end of the spit forked into two and plunged into her anus and vagina, which stretched about the rigid tubes. On the backs of the disks were clamped vials of coloured fluids feeding flexible tubes that ran into the hollow spit shafts and so deep into Pippa. Wires strung between the disks supported her body in their web, with thin ties binding her to them at her elbows, wrists, waist, thighs, knees and ankles.

‘Now you have an opportunity to observe a master metamorphosist at work,’ Wolff said. He did not suffer from false modesty.

While Lyn watched helplessly, Wolff turned back to Pippa and began the process of turning her into a cat girl. Not applying makeup or prostheses, but actually changing her body into a chimera: a hybrid of human and feline. It was the stuff of some mad dream and yet it was all so horribly real, like so much else about her.

Propped up in a corner of the laboratory between shelves of potion bottles and other bizarre devices, was the motionless form of Swarton, Wolff's golem chauffeur, who was awaiting re-energising and reprogramming. Lyn had immobilized him after he revealed he was as a sleeper agent of Durand's and tried to kidnap Dawn and herself. She could defeat golems but she could not save her little girl from this defilement.

Lyn moaned as she felt her juices begin to trickle down the sides of the phallus, which in turn made it pulsate faster.

Wolff was bent over Pippa's triply skewered and wire bound body, turning it over on the spit and applying creams and fluids from more bottles. He gave a commentary as he worked. He was enjoying Lyn's distress and his power over her, but he enjoyed even more the sound of his own voice.

‘The true art of metamorphic transformation is to know what to leave unchanged,’ he said. ‘We do not want a human sized cat but a delicate

balance between feline characteristics and human so the essential features of the female form remain, still desirable and fully functional...’

He began brushing some paste across Pippa’s back and hands and feet, muttering words in some cabalistic tongue as he did so. Whether this was magic or simply a science unknown to her world going by another name, Lyn was not sure. All she knew was that Wolff wielded a terrible power and both she and Pippa were his helpless victims. The thought made her clench her sheath even more tightly about the throbbing shaft inside her. Why was raw power so perversely exciting?

Coloured fluids began to ooze almost sensuously out of Pippa’s nose and mouth, anus and vagina. Lyn felt her own juices damming up behind the phallus which was swelling and filling her tight. She was losing herself to her gathering orgasm even as Pippa’s body began to change.

A pelt of close dark body hair was spreading across her shoulders and back. A tail was sprouting and growing out of her spine just above the cleft of her buttocks. Her hands and feet were lengthening and becoming fur covered paws, even as her fingers shortened and her thumbs shrank and vanished. Her ears were becoming pointed and flowing upwards, her nose was changing and whiskers were sprouting from her upper lip, which was dividing in the middle.

Lyn felt sick and simultaneously hot with lust. She wanted to look away but she could not because it was also the most incredible thing she had ever seen. She was jerking and grinding her hips about the phallus. Was this incredible horror exciting her or was she trying to distract her thoughts from it? She did not know. She could not stop herself.

As the transformation was completed Lyn sobbed and bucked her hips and sprayed her juices over her thighs and then hung limp in her chains. Through misty eyes she what Pippa had become with disgust while the high of her orgasm twisted her emotions with false delight.

Wolff pulled the rods out of Pippa’s body and freed her from the web of wires. As she lay on her back on the bench he snapped his fingers over her.

Pippa moaned and stirred and her eyes flickered open. They were no longer human eyes. Then she gasped suddenly and tried to sit up but wobbled and slid off onto the floor, twisting acrobatically as she did so to land on all fours. She looked down at herself in dismay and then up at Lyn.

‘Oh... Mum!’ she said with tears in her eyes.

The next few hours had been spent helping Pippa adapt to her new hybrid body. She found it hard to stand on two legs but moved quite easily on four. Wolff ordered Lyn to walk her about the back lawn on a leash. They both had their parts to play. Lyn felt sick but Pippa did her best. After a while Pippa found her balance and a rhythm to her four legged gait.

‘I think I’m getting the hang of this,’ Pippa said. ‘Do I look weird?’

Lyn glanced down and gulped. ‘Actually, dear, you’re making rather an exhibition of yourself.’

Pippa’s back legs seemed to be more flexible than they had been, bending and extending with lithe, fluid ease, while her longer hands lifted her upper body, although she still moved with her rear uppermost, rolling slowly and sensuously with every stride. With her tail held high it showed off the tight pucker of her anus and the pouting cleft of her vulva, as though she was putting them on display.

‘I can’t help it, Mum. This feels the normal way to move now.’

‘I know. It’s all right, I understand. And I’m sure nobody else in Albion will object if you waggle your private parts at them like that.’

‘I’ll really be doing that, won’t I?’

‘That and more, I’m afraid.’

They ate lunch in the dining room partly as practice for Pippa. While Lyn and Dawn sat at the big table attended by several of Wolff’s naked chained slaves, who in the Grange acted as his cooks, cleaners and gardeners, Pippa ate off a plate on the floor. She could no longer use cutlery even of any

had been provided so she did the best she could with her mouth alone.

‘You must get used to your new status,’ Wolff told her. ‘Girlcats do not eat off the table. Tomorrow your mother will take you to the Honeydews. We shall say you are newly transformed and need retraining. I shall supply you with the name of a competent mage you can say carried out the work if the Honeydew’s enquire. While there you will find an opportunity to couple with Olwen, who is now going by the name of Zenobia. Like your mother you have a silver wire in your vulva that will read the pentacle code latent in her. If she has been sold on you will find out the name of her new owner. Remember you will be restrained and confined so plan accordingly. Your mother has already shown some ingenuity in this respect. I will supply you with anything else you need to ensure success.’

That afternoon, while Lyn and Pippa were outside once more practising as mistress and slave, Swarton appeared at the back of the house, evidently fully restored and repaired. He came straight over to them, causing Pippa who had not met an active golem yet to shrink back. Lyn had become used to seeing golems in the castle in Albion but here in her world he seemed utterly alien and unnatural. And of course Swarton had kidnapped her and caused her considerable pain and suffering.

‘I must apologise for my actions of yesterday, Madam,’ Swarton said. ‘I could not help myself. But Master Wolff has removed all of Durand’s false instructions and has ensured nothing like it can happen again. He has also increased the range of my responses so I will be more flexible and efficient at my job.’

There was still no expression on his dark impassive face with its gold highlights and softly glowing eyes, but his speech did seem more fluid and nuanced.

‘That’s all right, Swarton,’ Lyn said guardedly. ‘I’m sorry I had to trick you like that.’

‘I was not myself, Madam, and you had to do what was necessary. Even so may I say it how pleasing it was to beat and copulate with you. However let me assure you I will never take such a liberty again. Unless the

Master instructs me to or you attempt to escape, of course.'

'Uhh... thank you,' Lyn said.

'Now the Master has commanded us all to come to the pentacle chamber. We shall be returning to Albion Magna shortly.'

Wolff was waiting in the cellar with Dawn. Beside them were two large jars with wire handles. One contained what looked like streaked rainbow paint, while the other held some grey fluid with twinkling flecks in it. The caged and conditioned pentacle girls hung above their respective silver phalluses with pussies literally dripping in anticipation, were filling the air with their scent, but as they were not impaled the bridge to the other world was not yet open. Lyn and Pippa knelt down respectfully before Wolff.

'You will take Pippa through to Albion and spend the rest of the day acquainting her with the castle and our way of life,' told Lyn. 'I'm allowing you both through together without holding one of you hostage this time because if you fail to return Pippa's transformation will be permanent. No other practitioner will be able to reverse it properly. In fact it would be inadvisable for them to try. Need I say more?'

'No, Master,' Lyn and Pippa said together.

'Swarton will accompany you. He has work to do on the car. Since Durand does not know where the remaining girls are he may try to follow any vehicle leaving Ravenstone. These modifications should confuse such an attempt. Dawn will join you tomorrow for your trip to the Honeydew's. By then Pippa must be comfortable with her new form and accept that this is quite normal in Albion.' He handed Lyn a dozen thin strips of plastic card perforated with rows of tiny holes, which served as programming for golems. 'Here are fresh instructions for Oranrod and the rest of the staff. They are all colour coded and you will see they are delivered properly. These will protect them from any further attempts at subversion.'

As she had learned from Dawn Lyn slipped the small bundle up into her vagina, which sometimes served as a slave girl's purse. Pippa glanced at her in surprise but she had done it before she realised how outrageous it

would have seemed only a week ago.

‘Let me know tonight about any extra items you need and I shall have them ready by morning.’

Wolff worked the controls that lowered the pentacle girl cages. Five ornate silver phalluses slipped into five wet and eager vaginas. The girls began to grind their hips and the pentacle chamber of Ravenstone shimmered into being around them.

Lyn took up Pippa’s leash while Swarton picked up the paint. Together they stepped across the pentacle into its counterpart in Albion.

The rest of the day and evening Lyn spent showing Pippa round the castle, trying to anticipate what she might need to have with her while in the cattery and giving her as much background as she could, based on her own slim experience. Perusing a selection of local papers helped give Pippa a feel for what passed in Albion as day to day life. The adverts for slaves and slave products made the most uncomfortable reading.

‘This is a very weird place, Mum,’ Pippa declared at length.

‘Yes it is.’

Pippa held up her paw-hand, flicked her new claws open and forced a grin.

‘So I should fit in with no trouble.’

The next morning they reported to the pentacle room. Dawn was sent through to join them and they received their last minute instructions from Wolff.

‘I have taken note of the concerns you raised the other day about a possible delay in contacting me through the pentacle in case of an emergency,’ he said. ‘During the day I will open the pentacle on the hour every hour for five minutes.’

‘It is essential that you do not reveal to anybody you have dealings

with that the girls were stolen or that they belonged to me. If that information should become public people may talk and alert Durand to the whereabouts of the remaining girls before you can reach them. My name is not to be mentioned. My clients in Albion have been informed I am away doing research in a remote land. They must not learn the truth. Is that understood?’

Because finding out Durand has marooned you here would also be highly embarrassing, Lyn thought, but aloud she simply said: ‘Yes, Master.’

‘Then go. And good luck.’

With Lyn dressed as a wealthy lady once again and with Pippa and Dawn wearing matching harness, they made their way to the garage where Swarton was waiting for them.

‘I don’t see anything different about the car, Swarton,’ Lyn said. ‘How’s it going to stop Durand having us followed?’

‘Because on the Master’s instructions I have applied a metamorphic base layer and a polychrome topcoat to the car, Madam,’ Swarton said. ‘I have also used some of the polychrome on myself. After leaving the castle I will drive along a secluded minor road and do this...’

He touched the side of the car. The black and gold bodywork shimmered and flowed like iridescent oil and became purple and silver, and then pure silver, then a graduated blue with white stripes. At the same time bits of trim, spoilers and fins appeared, shifted and vanished again, altering the profile of the car. And with each change Swarton’s body colour and highlights adjusted to match.

Finally the car and Swarton returned to their default livery.

‘That’s fantastic!’ Pippa exclaimed, briefly forgetting her own concerns.

‘Thank you, Slave Phillipa,’ Swarton said gravely. ‘Now please embark. I estimate our journey time to Wycombesfield to be ninety minutes...’

* * *

And now Lyn was in the magical transforming car once more heading back to the castle, but without Pippa.

Dawn knelt by Lyn's feet with her head resting sympathetically on her knees.

'I'm sure she'll be all right, Mistress,' Dawn said. 'The Honeydew's have the fake address you gave them. Any telegraph message they send will be relayed straight on to the castle. We can be back there in an hour and a half.'

'This is where I miss mobile phones,' said Lyn. 'I've never been out of contact with Pippa for a week before. It's not going to be easy waiting around that long doing nothing. Maybe I should ask Wolff if we can go after one of the other girls in the meantime. At least I'll be doing something positive. It might get this quest finished before Wolff can turn us into anything else.'

'That sounds like a good idea, Mistress.'

Lyn glanced at the car clock and frowned.

'Are you going to worry like this all the way back to Ravenstone, Mistress?'

Lyn forced a smile. 'Yes, probably. Sorry.'

'You don't have to apologise to me, Mistress. I just don't like to see you unhappy. Do you want me to pleasure you to help pass the time?' As Lyn blinked Dawn added hastily: 'A lady of Albion would and you are meant to be a lady. I know you're worried about Pippa, but that doesn't mean you have to feel guilty about enjoying yourself, Mistress.'

As she looked into Dawn's bright, hopeful face, Lyn knew it was a

simple, honest offer to give her relief which was perfectly normal by local standards. Nobody outside could see into the car and Swarton was separated from them by a partition, but nevertheless she hesitated. Two nights before she and Dawn had been forced by the castle golems, acting on Wolff's instructions, to couple. Due to the alterations Wolff had made to her if she had responded passionately, even though she had never slept with another woman before. And yet now she felt herself growing excited by the idea. Of course, it had been a day since she had orgasmed in the laboratory and during that time her thoughts had been totally focussed on helping Pippa adjust. Suddenly she felt the need coming upon her and a slippery heat began seeping between her love lips. She could not last an hour and a half of this. She'd never done anything like this before, but then she's never been in such a mad situation before.

‘What the hell,’ she said.

She wriggled up her dress, exposing her panty-less pussy, spread her thighs and pulled Dawn's head down into her groin.

As Dawn's tongue probed her slot, making her shudder, Lyn hoped Pippa was also having fun. She hastily corrected herself. No, don't think about her having *this* sort of fun because that would be perverse. Just imagine she was simply getting to know the other cat girls. Pretend she was at a spar being pampered for a week. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad after all. Experienced people to take care of her and a little healthy exercise...

* * *

The lash cracked against Pippa's buttocks making her howl through the rubber gag bar that had been forced into her mouth, into which her long canines were sinking deeply. With another crack, lashes coiled about her breasts, making them bounce even as a scarlet blaze spread across their twin mounts. They were matched by the fire spreading across her rear cheeks as they suffered a similar assault.

Pippa was in a large room in the manor house they had not been

shown on their tour of inspection and which contained a number of devices designed to restrain and torment catgirls. She was bent over a high trestle set on a rubber sheet. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. A cord from a ceiling hook was tied to the end of Pippa's tail, holding it out of the way of the lash, so it could only whip helplessly from side to side. Ferdinand stood in front of her and Viola behind. Both were laying their lashes across her body with eager vigour, Ferdinand attacking her dangling breasts and Viola her rear. The comfortable, easy-going demeanour and kitten talk they had presented to her mother earlier had proven to be a thin mask for strict disciplinarians.

‘Cats are wilful creatures and girl cats are doubly so,’ Viola said, angling her lash up between Pippa's spread thighs so its thongs could curl almost lovingly about the soft mound of her pubes which shivered under the impact. The crisp whack of leather on flesh rang out, sending a burning stab of pain deep into Pippa's loins. ‘It means they need to be taught their place from the start...’ Whack! ‘...we've only got you for a week so we've no time to lose...’ Whack!

The final crack of the lash across her pussy was too much to bear and with a sob Pippa lost control and wet herself messily.

Viola laughed as the fitful stream hissed from between Pippa's burning sex lips and splattered across the rubber mat below. When the flow had reduced to drips she thrust her stiff fingers up into Pippa's simmering cleft, ignoring the wetness of urine and felt about to see how readily her juices were flowing. She was not disappointed. Despite her suffering Pippa had responded to the stimulation as Wolff had engineered her to do and she was already seeping.

‘She's ready, dear,’ Viola told her husband. ‘And a nice slippery, hot little cat-tart she is.’

Ferdinand Honeydew lowered his lash and cupped Pippa's burning breasts and squeezing them together until her eyes bulged. ‘So this is how is will be, Cocoa. Our little kitties are always purr-fect: perfectly behaved and perfectly obedient. Because they know their hides will be tanned off them if they're not! Of course we'll use the cream to put it right so there won't be a

mark on you when we hand you back to your owner. They all say don't be too strict on their pets but we know they don't mean it. They just want a well behaved cat girl at the end of it and don't really care how we achieve the result. That's why we don't put marked girls out on display when somebody is having a guided tour because it spoils the illusion. Do you know why we hardly get any girls coming back to us for corrective training? Because the kitties know that'll make us look bad, which damages our reputation and that will mean we'll be even harder on them the second time round. Do you understand?'

'Yes, Master,' Pippa sobbed about her gag.

'No, you don't speak here. A little meow is all we want to hear.'

'Meow,' Pippa whimpered plaintively.

'And you behave yourself. You do what you're told when you're told and you don't give us any trouble. We're going to leave these tan marks on you as a reminder for the rest of the day. Understood?'

'Meow.'

'That's better. Now, apparently you're still having problems with your deportment after your change. Not moving gracefully like a cat should, are you? Well we can start to correct that right away...'

* * *

The treadmill was a drum of plank treads extending from one side of the rim of wooden disk hung from a horizontal axel mounted on a sturdy "A" frame. It was powered by a catgirl with tiger-striped fur turning a crank handle, to which her paws were cuffed, connected to the other end of the axel. She had to half stand to work the crank, with her ankles chained wide to a base board. In the middle of this was bolted a metal bearing and a wheel powered by a small golem engine, which was connected to an upright rod that slid through a pivot. The end of the rod was hooked to rings the catgirl

wore in her naked labia. As the rod tip described a small circle she had to move her body in time with it to make a bigger one to avoid her labia being painfully stretched, thus, effectively amplifying its power.

Even though she saved her pussy from the worst of the pain it was clearly stimulated by the steady tugging it got. Dark drip marks from her gaping slot could be seen on base board.

The other side of the wheel was open, allowing subjects to be put inside it. Pippa was secured on all fours below the projecting axle. Adjustable chains with hooked ends ran down from it to the back of her collar and to her rear. This hook was mounted on a ring through which her tail was threaded and had a bulbous tip that was deeply embedded into her rectum. A continuous series of oval rubber pads, like a trail of footprints, was nailed to the inside of the tread drum. By moving her paw-hands and feet in a regular stride pattern she could step from one to the next. She was encouraged not to miss her step by the sharp-headed studs that were nailed into the wood around the pads. As the drum rotated Pippa had to place her paws exactly on the footprint pads or else stab her pads with a stud.

At slower speeds this was not too hard, but as the treadmill speeded up she began to miss steps, jabbing her paws painfully. Soon she was sweating with effort while all her attention was taken up with keeping to her rhythm. If she had still been purely human her back and hips would have been in agony by now, moving in such a posture, but Wolff must have modified her joints in some way because they felt no worse than the rest of her.

For this lesson the Honeydews had handed Pippa over to the cattery assistants, three youths whose names she soon learned were Egbert, Hugh and Seth, who took turns coming in from the yard to check her progress. They seemed to comprise the cattery's entire hired staff. She had seen them during their earlier tour when they had appeared to be treating the girls quite gently by local standards. And before the Honeydews they were stiffly polite and respectful. Now, left alone with them, she experienced their cocky and casually sadistic side. They flicked her flanks and rear with their switches as she ran her endless race, thus making her lose her stride. As they did so they also made comments about her physical appearance.

‘Nice bouncy titties on this one!’ Egbert observed.

‘That arse could do with a good seeing to,’ Hugh said.

‘Her pussy-hole looks properly juicy,’ Seth commented. He reached between Pippa’s pumping thighs to test its slickness, fingering and pinching her sore red lips and making her miss another pad.

‘What do you think? Give her a try this afternoon?’

‘Sounds like a good idea.’

They only let Pippa off the wheel when she was too tired and blinded by sweat to put one limb in front of the other. They gave her a dink and took her outside to the rest area where she sank down gratefully onto the grass. There were a couple of other girls in there already but they hardly stirred. Zenobia was no longer among them. What had appeared as lazy rest earlier now seemed to Pippa more like exhaustion. She saw whip marks on their breasts and buttocks. What torments had they been enduring? Pippa felt like crying but fought back the impulse. This was not going to be pleasant or easy, but she was determined to succeed. After what her mother had already been through in Albion she was going to show she could play an equal part in their quest. At least she knew Zenobia was here. Now all she had to do was work out how she could couple with her. When she had the strength...

She was roused from a semi-slumber for lunch and taken with the other girls into the dining hall. They lined up in front of the metal bowls, which were individually named. For the first time Pippa saw all the girls together. She counted seventeen of them. All were pretty, some even striking. Well what would be the point in having a plain girlcat after what they must cost to alter? No two had quite the same colour fur or markings. Most were monochrome but there were also leopard spots, mottled streaks and tiger stripes.

They were all silent and kept their eyes low, but she saw some were surreptitiously looking her over with cautious interest. She noticed five of them had the same pattern and colours of collar: green and silver, which matched the sign by the cattery gate. They were all the prettiest girls and she

guessed they must be personally owned by the Honeydews. Olwen/Zenobia was one of them. She was kneeling across from Pippa and three bowls down, so she could observe her easily. Zenobia had a lovely slightly mischievous face, although currently looking a little glum, and a lithe, neat but also curvy figure. Wolff could be reassured she had been skilfully transformed. And that was the girl she had to make love to. It could have been worse. But when would she get the chance?

Egbert brought in a big cooking pot and ladled out what looked like a pile of steaming dumplings into each one. They smelt of mixed vegetables and gravy. Although they eyed their food hungrily none of the girls made any attempt to start feeding. They waited until every bowl was filled and then looked expectantly at Hugh, who was standing over them with his cane raised. Clearly enjoying the power he held over them he kept them waiting for what seemed an age before rapping his cane on the floor.

‘Eat up, Pussies!’ he commanded.

They dipped their heads, lifted their tails and stuck out their bottoms and began to feed, neatly nipping up the balls of food between their teeth. It was bland but not bad. By then Pippa was hungry enough to have eaten something ten times worse. They literally licked their bowls clean with long pink tongues.

As they ate the lads walked up and down behind them, rubbing the tips of their canes into the mouths of their exposed sexes. The girls shuddered, occasionally making little throaty whimpers, but they did not stop eating. When it came to Pippa’s turn the cane tips dug deep into her, twisting and stretching her labia. Then they probed the tighter ring of her anus, holding her tail up as they did so. To her shame but not total surprise she felt herself responding to this crude stimulation as hot slickness flowed between her lips. Then the canes were removed leaving her feeling suddenly deprived of their dark promise.

The boys laughed and muttered something between them.

There was a second course of steaming balls of some kind of sweet fruit-flavoured sponge with a thin coating of custard. Pippa gobbled that

down with equal gusto.

Once the meal was over the girls were led out of the room in batches according to whatever was planned for their afternoon. It was only then as Pippa glimpsed Zenobia's buttocks twinkling ahead of her that she saw she had a fine mesh chastity cup over her sex. It was anchored at its base by a curving rod that plunged into her anus and higher up by rings set in her inner labia that protruded through a slot in the mesh and which were secured by a padlock.

Pippa blinked as she now saw all of the green collared girls had their sexes guarded by the same devices. Oh shit! Pippa thought. This was going to be even harder than she had thought.

* * *

That afternoon Egbert took Pippa, along with five other girls, for a walk in the woods that surrounded the manor house. A spike-topped gate at the back of the yard and a right turn led to a solid wooden door set in the tall outer wall of the manor grounds which opened directly onto a pathway which ran along the side of the estate into the woods. Unfortunately Zenobia was not in her group but Pippa was still pleased to get out. The woods were not quite as thick as the forests Pippa had seen on the drive up to Wycombsfield but they were still filled with many majestic trees, mainly beech and oak, with clumps of holly, broom, woodrush and ferns lower down. It all felt very old. They made their way along what was clearly a familiar and well-used path that wound between the trees, many shaggy with moss and ivy. It seemed to run in a big loop through the woods and eventually run back the starting point.

The girls were all on long leashes and Egbert seemed to be in no hurry. At first Pippa was cringing with anticipatory shame at the thought of meeting somebody else out for a walk. But they seemed to have the woods to themselves and after a while she told herself that the sight of half a dozen naked collared half cat women roaming through the woods with their tails curling and tits bobbing was probably normal around here.

It was actually quite pleasant being allowed to roam about at an easy pace. The girls pawed playfully at sticks and clumps of mushrooms and exercised their claws on dead branches. With her nose close to the ground Pippa began noticing scents she would never have done had she been upright. Had Wolff boosted her sense of smell when he adjusted her?

A couple of times girls stopped to relieve themselves, squatting and peeing quickly or else scraping a hole in the leaf litter with their claws and defecating into it. They must have had the same rectal modifications she had because their excreta came out cleanly and quickly and was soon buried. Although Egbert grinned as he watched them perform it was all done quite unselfconsciously on their part. If I remained a catgirl for long would I get like that, Pippa wondered?

For the first time Pippa managed to exchange a few whispered words with one of her fellow catgirls called Coralie, who had leopard-spotted fur, and who she learned was once again boarding at the cattery for a couple of weeks while her owners were away.

‘Do we have these walks often?’ Pippa asked.

‘Every day when it’s fine,’ said Coralie.

‘I suppose the Honeydews want us to get plenty of fresh air and exercise.’

‘I suppose so. And they send us out if we’ve got punishment marks on us and they’ve got some new owner to show round.’

‘That figures. Do your owners know they treat you like that?’

Coralie looked puzzled. ‘How would they know?’

‘Well you could tell them. Complain.’

Coralie looked as though Pippa was suddenly talking a foreign language. ‘Me... complain?’

Pippa realized a gulf had opened up between them. Coralie was a

slave with a slave's mentality. Suffering was accepted as normal. You did not complain. That mind-set must also be why they were walked in batches on leashes controlled by a single man. They hadn't got the will to escape. Anyway in a slave owning society where would they run to? They weren't real big cats. How well could they look after themselves in the wild with paws instead of hands?

Pippa changed the subject. 'Do the green-collar girls wear those chastity belts all the time?'

'Oh yes, except when they have to relieve themselves. They even sleep with the cups on so they can't give play with themselves. It makes them more eager to please when they're taken off and more responsive in pet shows. There's nothing like a girl spraying her juices while a judge is examining her.'

Pippa felt sick, at the same time wondering what that would feel like. 'I suppose we should feel lucky they don't make us all wear chastity belts. And at least out here we're not being whipped or anything.'

Coralie flashed Pippa a sympathetic glance. 'Sorry. You're the new girl today.'

'What do you mean?'

They had reached just about the farthest point on the path from the manor. Egbert led them off the beaten track and around a screen of holly trees and bracken. The other girls suddenly became subdued. They came to a spot where an old oak had fallen. Egbert tied the other girls' leashes in a bundle to one of its stiff branches and then led Pippa along to a spot where the great trunk lay about waist high.

'On your hind legs, Pussy, and lean back against it,' Egbert command. 'With your legs wide. And put your arms back out behind you.'

She had no choice but to obey, of course, even though she suspected the Honeydews knew nothing about this little diversion. Slave girls did not complain. Awkwardly, with her heart thudding, Pippa lay back across the

rough bark, spreading her legs and bending her arms back and down the far curve of the trunk. Egbert reached under the trunk and pulled out some lengths of old rope that had been hidden under the dead leaves. With them he bound her wrists and ankles, pulling her tight against the trunk. Then he put a loop of rope across her neck, making sure she could not lift her upper body.

Pippa's tail hung limp and unresisting between her legs. She knew what he was going to do to her, of course, and she felt her stomach churning in fear even as her nipples became rock hard and her throbbing sex began to weep. Her upgraded and sensitised body was simply reacting to this as another challenge. A strange giddy surge of self-confidence seemed to bubble up within her that did not deny her fear but seemed to embrace it. She'd survived having Wolff's huge cock inside her. She could handle anything this boy was packing with no trouble.

Egbert stood between Pippa's roped and spread legs, grinning and fondling her bowed body. He knelt down, hooked his thumbs into her cleft and pulled it painfully wide, exposing her shiny pink valley with its dark dripping pothole at its lowest end. He was looking right up her vaginal passage! He slid his fingers into it and brought them out wet and sticky.

'You smell good, Kitty,' he said.

He dipped a forefinger into her simmering pot until it was thoroughly wet and then transferred it to her anus, plunging it in an out until it was well lubricated.

'We don't like dry bumholes,' he told her. 'But yours feels juicy already. Have you got one of those self-lubricating ones?'

'Meow,' said Pippa trying to make it sound like yes.

'It's all right. You can speak with us. It's only the Honeydrips who want you to talk like cats.'

'Yes, Master, my pussy is self-lubricating and cleaning,' she said.

Hell, was she sounding just a little bit proud?

Egbert stood up and turned his attention to her breasts, squeezing and slapping them until her pliant mounds bounced and smacked against each other. He tugged on her nipple rings, drawing out her cones until they were as taut as rubber bands.

‘Anything special about these?’ he asked, grinning at the tortured expression creasing her face.

‘They’re made to be especially sensitive so they erect easily, Master,’ she said through gritted teeth.

‘So this really hurts?’ he said, giving her rings a twist.

‘Ahhh...yes, Master.’

‘That’s good,’ said the young sadist, not letting go. ‘We like to give every new kitty a special welcome. Just to make sure she remembers us. We’ve got this game we play with them.’

‘Uhhh... please play it with me, Master,’ she said.

He let go of her nipple rings so that her fleshy faucets snapped back into place and looked at her curiously. ‘You’re different from the usual girls we get here.’

‘I was made to be special, Master,’ Pippa said.

‘We’ll see about that.’

Taking out a pliant rubber ball from his pocket he pulled Pippa’s mouth open and forced it between her teeth, so that it was jammed in place behind her canines. Then he walked across to the nearest holly bush, pulled out a penknife and cut off a small branch. He trimmed down its stalk to form the handle of what was effectively a holly paddle and then he returned to stand before Pippa. He stroked the glossy green spiky spray across Pippa’s upturned body, curling it round the mounds of her tremulous breasts, across her stomach and down between her legs to the soft flesh of her inner thighs, leaving fine white scratches on her skin. A bulge grew in the front of his

trousers. Pippa shuddered as the spines brushed across the smooth pouting cleft of her vulva. And yet despite her instinctive fear, she felt a fresh surge of hot juices within her that coated the lips of her furrow with a new glisten.

‘I want to hear a rich woman’s pet begging me to riddle her out,’ Egbert told her.

‘I want you to mean it, understand?’

Steeling herself Pippa nodded.

The holy switch hissed through the air and smacked into the breasts with a rattle of hard leaves. Pippa shrieked and bit down on her gag as a hundred spines stabbed into her soft mammary hills. She felt a hundred hot/cold pinpricks creating a shocking wave of pain that hammered through her. Her nipples throbbed even as their crinkled cones of sensitized flesh were stabbed. Egbert swiped her breasts again, making them tremble, and spots and streaks of blood appeared across their shivering mounds. Then Egbert began to work his way down her body, lashing the bow of her stomach.

Through her tears Pippa saw Egbert’s face: hungry and elated, filled with the raw joy of power and of making a thing otherwise unobtainable briefly his own; of the simple lust of a young man for a pretty woman.

The holy switch slashed up into Pippa’s gaping sex. The spins stabbed into her love lips, the dripping mouth of her vagina and the straining nub of her clitoris.

The dreadful thrilling obscene pain of the blow was almost indescribable and certainly irresistible. All in one she shrieked about her gag, arched her bound body, loosed a hissing jet of pee and came.

The next thing she knew Egbert was holding her limp head up by her mane and glaring into her eyes. ‘What kind of girl are you?’ he demanded.

He pulled the ball from her mouth. Incredibly the aching need deep inside her was still there. She had to be filled to be satisfied.

‘A rich woman’s pet who wants you inside her now, Master!’ she croaked.

Egbert undid his flies, freed his straining cock and rammed it into her hot, pee-stained vulva.

He ravaged her vagina and then her anus, delivering a few bruising thrusts in each and then switching between them with ease and total unconcern. Her anus bulged with his shaft and then her vagina. Whichever passage he was in Pippa clamped onto him, trying to suck all the pleasure she could out of his cock. She had never felt such a need to be filled. It was even worse than her performance in Wolff’s back garden.

Egbert spouted when he was only halfway back into her pussy, spraying droplets of sperm over her furry pubes. But he remained hard enough for her to bring herself off a few seconds later while he was still plunging about deep inside her.

For a minute Egbert sprawled across her hot stinging body, pillowing his head on her smarting breasts and smearing the blood he had drawn from her. Finally he recovered enough to pull out of her and button up. Then he grinned foolishly.

‘You’re good. Hugh and Seth will be along with their packs of kitties soon for their turn. Afterwards we’ll use the cream on you so there’ll be no marks. You do this and we’ll be nice to you the rest of the time you’re here. Leastwise, better than the Honeydrips, anyway. You’re so hungry for tugging!’ He pushed the rubber ball back between her teeth. ‘Here, have something else to suck on while you wait...’

Picking up the end of her tail he forced it into her still gaping anus. Then he pushed the rough handle end of the holly switch into her vagina until it jutted out of her like a strange growth. Gathering up the rest of the girls, who had been watching in silent fascination, he led them back to the path, leaving Pippa alone in the wood bound across the tree trunk.

In a daze Pippa clenched her sheath about the holly stick inside her making it twitch, even as Egbert’s sperm trickled out of her cleft and soaked

into her tail. She felt the odd sensation of her own damp furry tail tip inside her rear. How crazy was this? What was happening to her? She had not been able to stop herself. Was she becoming a nymphomaniac? Worse, was she becoming a masochist? Was this what Wolff had meant when he said he had equipped her to survive the challenges of Albion? By giving her the instincts and responses of a slut?

It was ten minutes later when Hugh appeared with another half dozen girls on leashes. He tied them to the fallen tree branch and then looked Pippa over with amusement.

‘Looks like Egbert had some fun with you,’ he said, pulling the holly switch and the end of her tail out of her. ‘Now it’s my go.’

Fifteen minutes later Hugh left whistling cheerfully while Pippa was left in fresh burning pain with even more bloody pricks and scratches decorating her body. He had cum very satisfyingly inside her by now bruised rectum and she had orgasmed yet again. The tree trunk and ground beneath her feet was becoming wet with sperm and juices.

Alone again she tried to gather her thoughts. Back home the way she was reacting would have been abnormal but here she was beginning to accept that it was hardly more than was expected of a slave girl. In fact she would have been suffering far worse right now if she still had her normal responses to pain and sexual stimulation. Now she could smother pain and fear with pleasure. Perhaps she could even turn them into pleasure. But did that make it right? She supposed it was an advantage of sorts.

Not that it made being where she was as a whole any more pleasant. She did not like the Honeydews or the cattery. She wanted to get out of there as soon as possible. That meant she had to get the code from Zenobia. But how could she screw her if she wore a chastity belt all the time?

Seth’s arrival with his group of girls put an end to her musings. Somehow she managed to ride the pain of her third holly lashing, beg convincingly to be screwed and cum once again, sucking on Seth’s cock with her vagina, which clearly impressed him enough to fill her passage with his youthful semen.

‘You’re a bit special,’ he said, after her had pulled out of her, admiring the mess they had made of her body. Her breasts, stomach, inner thighs and pussy mound were all dotted with pinpricks of blood, streaks and scratches. They had briefly marked her as their own in defiance of their employers. Now he had come with a cloth, a bottle of water and some healing cream to remove all traces of their mischief.

He washed her front down and then applied the cream. Immediately the burning stinging began to fade. Then he untied her. She sank down onto her paws, hardly able to stand. He added her to his pack of girls and led them back to the cattery. By the time she got there her injuries had healed.

Meeting in the yard the three lads exchanged secret satisfied smiles. Pippa knew she had made a hit with them if nothing else. But it was not bringing her any closer to Zenobia.

* * *

‘You have been fretting about Pippa all evening,’ Wolff complained to Lyn, almost sounding like a petulant child. ‘I tell you she’ll be all right. She has every advantage we could give her and a week to do her work. In the meantime you may research the remaining girls. But for tonight you’ll pay proper attention to me. I’m your master, remember. Your first duty is to serve my pleasure.’

‘Yes, Master,’ Lyn said meekly. She had no choice.

She was bound naked on her back to a padded disk the size of a small table that sat on Wolff’s huge four poster bed. The sides of the disk were hung with straps and snaphooks, and it was to these that Lyn was tied. Her arms were pulled up on either side of her head, which overhung the padded edge of the disk, and were cuffed in place. Her legs were doubled up and spread wide and her ankle cuffs were hooked to the disk sides. Diagonal straps were bound across the insides of her thighs and calves, pressing them painfully flat, so that her buttocks overhung the bottom of the disk. A final strap went across her stomach.

Dawn was secured a little more loosely lying over Lyn head to toe. Her ankles were cuffed beside Lyn's hands and her wrists were cuffed next to Lyn's ankles. Lyn looked up into Dawn's pussy while Dawn looked down at Lyn's taut spread thighs and swell of her mons and the deep wet cleft that split it in two.

Yes, Lyn knew it was wet. She could not help it. She was weeping and could smell her own arousal. It had been about midday when she had cum all over Dawn's face in the car with less guilt than she had feared. Now it was over ten hours later and her body was overdue for more. Knowing what was coming had brought on the inevitable response that was getting harder to suppress.

Wolff knelt beside the disk, naked and powerful. His huge manhood was already stiff. The disk was mounted on a round wooden base of the same diameter on which it could swivel about, turning smoothly on an internal ball race. Wolff spun the disk round, admiring his captive girls from all angles. He stopped it when Dawn's rear was presented to him with Lyn's head underneath.

Taking hold of Dawn's hips he rammed his shaft into her eager cleft which swelled to accommodate him. Lyn saw the shaft slide in to the hilt in front of her eyes with a swing of his huge hairy testes. She felt Dawn grunt as her body was pressed down on Lyn's and dribble from Dawn's pussy fell on her cheek. Then she did her duty and began to kiss her master's ball sack as it swayed back and forth above her nose.

After a dozen thrusts Wolff pulled out of Dawn's vagina and moved up to her anus, which also bulged but took him in. Lyn craned her neck and continued to bestow kisses on the bouncing testicles. And then he pulled out of Dawn's behind and rammed his shaft into Lyn's mouth and down her gullet. Thanks to his prior adjustments to her body she did not choke. In a strange mix of resignation and despair she let him use her throat like another vagina. It was easier that way. Then he pulled out returned to Dawn's pussy. With a grunt he came inside her. Lyn lapped up the overspill from their conjoined organs that dripped on to her face.

After a minute's rest Wolff began again: vagina, anus, mouth, freely

swapping between each one as the fancy took him, spinning the bound girls round to take their counterparts at the other ends of their bodies, because each of his slaves' orifices belonged to him to use as he pleased. And each had to suck and squeeze and lap on his shaft as hard as it could.

Helpless under Dawn's soft, sweaty, grinding body, Lyn could taste in her mouth both Dawn's juices and her own mingling with Wolff's seed, repeatedly mixed and blended within the depths of their pussies and rectums. It was disgusting and yet so matter of fact. She felt a little more of her pride and freedom ebb away as she gave herself up to the service of her master's cock. Please don't let this happen to Pippa, she thought.

* * *

That evening after supper and a wash, Pippa was not allowed to settle with the other girls in the sleeping pens, although she already had a basket and cage assigned to her. The lads left her out for Ferdinand Honeydew to collect when made his final rounds for the night. He took up her leash and took her with him as he checked the pens and outer doors were secure. Pippa shivered when she saw the outwardly plump and amiable man look her over hungrily, but there was nothing she could do about it.

She would rather have given herself over to the tender mercies of the lads again. Egbert, Hugh and Seth lived on the premises, sharing a loft room above the catgirls dormitory, but for obvious reasons they had no access to it at night. When his rounds were completed Ferdinand led Pippa to the manor house where he took her upstairs to the master bedroom.

Inside there was a massive four poster bed very like Wolff's, lit by pink tinted lighting globes. Perhaps it was the style in Albion. However it had some devices laid out along its foot that made Pippa cringe.

Viola Honeydew was stood beside it dressed in a nightgown with a mob cap on her head. She smiled as her husband brought Pippa in.

'So how has our new kittie been doing?'

‘Settling in well, I’d say,’ Ferdinand said, tickling Pippa’s ear. ‘Haven’t you, Cocoa?’

‘Meow,’ said Pippa wretchedly.

‘And now you’re going to show us how grateful you are to us for taking care of you like this.’ She patted the covers. ‘Up!’

Pippa clambered up onto the big bed. Meanwhile Ferdinand went through a door into a dressing room.

‘Sit back on your heels and hold your paws up,’ Viola commended.

Pippa obeyed. Viola picked up a bamboo rod with cuffs on each end. She clipped the middle of the rod to the ring at the back of Pippa’s collar and closed the cuffs about her wrists, forming a yoke.

‘That’ll keep those claws out of the way. Now we’ll see about your fangs.’

She buckled a close mesh muzzle over Pippa’s nose and mouth. It seemed the Honeydews were very wary of the catgirls they cared for. Was this why they had talked to her mother about the danger they posed? Perhaps if they were kinder to them they would not have to take such precautions.

‘That’s better,’ Viola said. She took hold of Pippa’s nipples, pinched and twisted. ‘Now you’re going to be a good kitten and try you best to please us, aren’t you?’

‘Me...meow,’ Pippa gasped. Yet despite her revulsion her nipples were hard and her pussy was wet.

Ferdinand came back in wearing a robe loosely enough to show he was naked underneath. He clambered onto the bed and lay back, smiling broadly. He undid his robe and pulled it wide, exposing his grizzle haired, bulging belly and a large stiff penis.

‘Come over here and climb onto this, kitten,’ he told Pippa, pulling her across him.

Miserably Pippa shuffled about and straddled his waist, gingerly lowering herself onto his cock. It slid easily up into her slick sheath.

‘She really is a hot one,’ Ferdinand observed. He cupped and squeezed her hot breasts and then amused himself slapping them together. Her nipple rings sparkled on the ends of nubs of flesh that were by now standing up like hatpegs.

Meanwhile Viola had shed her gown to reveal her naked body, with pendulous breasts, chubby buttocks and a thick delta of pubic hair. She took up another device from the selection on the bed. It was a large strap-on rubber dildo bristling with ribs and prongs.

Ferdinand pulled Pippa forward until her head rested on his shoulder and her breasts flattened against his chest. Reaching around her hips he grasped her buttocks and pulled them wide, spreading her thighs invitingly and exposing her filled vagina and the dark stretched mouth of her anus.

‘Come on then, dear. Don’t make me start without you.’

Viola climbed onto the bed between her husband and Pippa’s spread legs. Bracing herself on Pippa’s hips, she guided the head of the phallus into Pippa’s dark glistening anal pit. Pippa’s eyes bulged and she groaned as the huge phallus slid slowly up inside her, its prongs and ribs rippling and tugging at her taut sphincter mouth, and then felt an insane sense of relief when it passed into the less constricted depths of her rectal tunnel which it plugged to the full, pressing against Ferdinand’s cock through the thin membrane that divided them as it filled her front passage. Viola’s large hot breasts pressed against the fur of Pippa’s back. She was sandwiched between them and doubly penetrated.

Viola began to thrust into Pippa’s bottom, grinding the phallus against the pliant walls of her back passage. Pippa whimpered even as the ripples of delight from her unnaturally sensitized anus thrilled through her.

Ferdinand pulled Pippa’s head up so he could look into her pain-filled eyes, enjoying her discomfort. ‘You can do better than that,’ he said. ‘Go on,

kitten, sing out'

'Meowww...' Pippa crooned. 'Meoooww... aowwww!'

* * *

Briefly the next morning Pippa thought the Honeydews had taken pity on her for their previous harsh treatment.

After breakfast eaten with the other girls the husband and wife personally attended to her in the grooming room, washing and combing her fur, cleaning her nails and applying healing cream to her inside and out. When she was totally spick and span they finished off with dabs of perfume.

'We want you looking your best for the Inspector,' Ferdinand said.

'He's from the local Alderman's Office,' Viola explained. 'He's got to check personally on the health of our girls. You be a good kitten for him and do everything he wants.'

They took her into the manor house and up to a small room on the first floor. Inside a rubber matt had been laid over bare boards. On it stood a sturdy waist-high post with an ankle-high crossbeam and a "T" bar padded top mounted on a flat baseplate. Straps hung about the post and a chain hung from a ceiling beam above it. In front of the post was a small table. Through the window Pippa could hear the girls in the yard being exercised.

They bent Pippa over the post so that her stomach rested on the padded top. A strap from the ends of the bar went over her back, holding her in place. They spread and bound her ankles to the ends of the lower crossbeam and pulled her arms up behind her back and bound her wrists together. The ceiling chain was hooked to the back of her collar, holding her head up. Ferdinand produced a gag ball from his pocket and pushed it between her teeth.

'Now you be good for the Inspector,' Viola said once again as they

closed the door, leaving Pippa on her own.

She supposed it made sense that slave girls were inspected from time to time. This world might operate as a slave owning society but they clearly had some standards. And back home people often seemed to pay more attention to animal welfare than human. Since they were part cat perhaps they had to be checked up on more often. Was there a local version of the RSPCA for catgirls? But why do it up here and not in the pens or with the other girls?

Her thoughts were interrupted by the entry of a small man in a tightly buttoned and rather faded black frock coat and a stovepipe hat, carrying a battered leather satchel.

Unhurriedly he hung up his coat and hat on the hook behind the door, leaving him in shirtsleeves. He carried his satchel over to the small table in front of Pippa, opened it up and took out a dog-eared blue notebook and pen. Then he walked round Pippa consulting it closely.

‘Yes, I see. And you would be the feline chimera girl known as “Cocoa”, is that correct?’

Pippa gave a grunt of assent.

He made a tick on a page in the notebook.

‘Well you have nothing to worry about. This is all just routine. We have to check on the physical nature of girls like you in our borough.’ He reached out a hand and stroked it along Pippa’s hip and down her thigh. ‘My you are a fine specimen, aren’t you?’ he said with a tremor. ‘But to work, to work...’

He had a whining, slightly strained voice, as though he was trying to sound more educated than it was.

From the satchel he took out and laid on the table a large pair of wooden dividers with needle-like metal points, a long wooden ruler and a pair of tapering wooden rods, like slender cones with bulbous tips, ring handles and grooved graduations marked along their sides. ‘I have to take

some measurements of your body,' he said. 'Just routine...'

This was getting weird, Pippa thought. But perhaps it was normal practice in Albion. Maybe every culture had its equivalent of the fussy minor bureaucrat.

The man took up the dividers and spread them. 'Yes, first the mammary regions, I think...'

He cupped Pippa's breasts, testing their weight. Automatically her ringed nipples rose, pressing into his palms.

'Ah, pronounced nipple erection,' the man said, making a note in his book. 'Good, good. Now I must just measure the spread of these...'

And he jabbed the tips of the dividers deep into opposite edges of the areola of her left nipple.

Pippa screeched in pain as the tips sank into her sensitized flesh. As they pulled out she felt hot blood seeping out of the wounds.

'Good, good,' said the little man, laying the divider tips along the ruler and making a note of their spread. 'And now the other one...'

Pippa gasped as she was stabbed in the right areola. By now tears were trickling down her cheeks.

Then he spread the dividers wide. 'And now for the distance between the nipple crowns...'

Pippa bit on her gag as he drove the divider tips simultaneously right up into the domes of her nipples. For a moment she thought she would faint, even as they gave a reflexive surge of blood that briefly turned them into little rocks. Then he pulled the tips out and watched the blood well up about them as though she was delivering it instead of milk.

He made another note in his book and then, ignoring her sobs of pain and the blood dripping from her breasts, he moved round her bound body to stand facing her spread hindquarters. No, please don't, Pippa thought in

horror, even as her pussy pulsed and oozed wetly.

The man ran his fingers through her cleft, pinching her lips and testing their pliancy. He pulled them apart and examined them flesh petal by flesh petal. Then he used the dividers to measure the dimensions from top to bottom of her furrow, the spacing between each lip, their depth and thickness. And every time he stabbed her tender flesh, drawing blood which ran into her flowing juices and tinted them pink.

‘And now the width of the clitoris...’

As the dividers stabbed into her pleasure nub Pippa screamed about her gag and lost control of her bladder, spurting over the rubber matt. To her shame she felt a mini orgasm rip through her at the same moment, which left her dizzy, pleasure drunk and light-headed.

She realised the little man had not been phased by her display.

‘Bladder response normal,’ he said, making another note. ‘Now for your internal dimensions...’

He put down the terrible dividers and picked up the pair of measuring rods. These he forced into her anus and bloody vulva, twisting them and working them deeper. The first few centimetres were easy enough to take, but then the girth of the cones began to stretch her painfully wide as each graduated groove popped into her. Her bottom and vulva were bulging and she began to sob and shake her head. This was too much, even with Wolff’s adjustments. She’d burst!

He stopped, leaving the handle rings of the rods jutting out of her straining, trembling orifices. Carefully he noted the depth and breadth of their distension.

‘Good, deep and elastic.’

He pulled the rods out of her slowly, leaving her anus and vagina still stretched, gaping and empty, their clenching pink and purple depths exposed to the air, while she groaned in pitiful relief.

‘But your buttocks are not pink enough,’ he declared. ‘However I can correct that...’

Taking up the flat ruler he began to beat her buttocks, making ringing, fleshy smacks with each blow. Pippa’s blood-streaked breasts jiggled and danced about as the impacts rippled through her bottom. Pippa sobbed and tossed her head. This was insane! What was he doing?

It was not until her buttocks were burning scarlet that she heard the ruler drop to the floor. The inspector’s hands grasped her hips and he rammed another rod up into her vagina. Except this was not a wooden rod but his cock.

For a minute he grunted and jiggled about frantically, grinding against her toasted buttocks. Then she felt hot sperm blossom within her and could not help adding a spray of her juices to his outflow as she came again.

While she was still recovering, sweaty and panting, the man lay happily across her haunches, reaching round her and idly fondling her nipple rings and bloody breasts. She heard him mutter softly: ‘Ahhh... yes... worth every penny.’

After he finally pulled his limp shaft out of her the little man methodically gathered up his things and put his hat and coat back on. He opened the door, turned and tipped his hat to her. ‘You are perfectly satisfactory and up to standard,’ he announced.

* * *

Pippa’s bottom still stung at lunchtime. The other pinpricks had been healed, leaving only their terrible memory, but the Honeydews had left her simmering bottom as they thought it looked pretty.

She saw there was a new cat girl at the feeding bowls called Lola and selfishly she hoped that might take pressure off her.

During that afternoon's walk she managed to talk to Coralie about the "Inspector" she had entertained.

'Oh yes, inspectors are always calling round here,' Coralie said. 'Most days. They inspected me last week.'

'What did he do?'

'Just the usual. He examined me and I pleased him.'

'And did you think he was genuine?'

Coralie frowned. 'Why wouldn't he be genuine?'

'Because it's bloody obvious that these so-called "inspectors" are fakes! I bet they're paying the Honeydews to have sex with us. We're being used like slave whores in a brothel!'

Now Coralie looked baffled. 'What do you mean?'

'I mean they have no right to use us.' It sounded terrible to qualify that but she had to. 'They're not staff and they're not from any official body. They're customers with a thing for catgirls playing out sick little fantasies of power.'

Coralie shrugged. 'Does it make any difference why a cock is put up inside us? If it's right or wrong if somebody has paid to use us or not is something for our owners to work out. It's nothing to do with us. We just do what we're told.'

'But it's dishonest! The Honeydews are cheating us and our owners. This is meant to be a training and boarding cattery. They're not meant to hire out the use of our pussies on the side.'

'But it's not our place to say.'

There was that gulf again. Coralie had been a slave too long. All she knew was obedience. Pippa's blazing resentment and sense of injustice meant nothing to her. And she was right in a way: it wasn't Pippa's business either.

She had her own concerns and priorities without adding resentment of the Honeydews to the list. But it still felt bad.

* * *

That night, with Lola scheduled to have the dubious honour of entertaining the Honeydews in their bedchamber, Pippa decided she had to become more proactive and get closer to Zenobia. Unfortunately her pen was situated on the other side of the room. Fortunately, however, Pippa had come prepared. While the lads were getting the sleeping quarters ready and the girls were still milling around the washroom, she slid a claw into the bottom edge of her collar and hooked something out from a tiny pocket sewn inside it.

As Egbert came past her pen she said: ‘Master Egbert, can I show you something?’

He bent down and she parted her legs to reveal a golden sovereign peeping half out of her slot. ‘I have an itch in my pussy,’ she said. ‘Could you scratch it, please?’ More softly she said: ‘This is yours if you can find an excuse to put me in that empty pen next to Zenobia.’

Egbert blinked at the coin in wonder. Pippa had some idea of its relative value. As much as he made in a week for sure. Before he could collect his wits she pressed on. ‘Do you have the key to her chastity belt?’

‘Err... no. Only the Honeydews carry them.’

Another problem for another time. First things first. ‘Please scratch me, Master. ’

He ran his finger through her cleft and the coin vanished.

‘Thank you, Master,’ she said.

Egbert grinned back foolishly.

When Ferdinand Honeydew came round half an hour later to lock up

and collect Lola, Egbert mentioned that he had moved Pippa from her assigned pen because he thought its toilet pit was blocking up.

Pippa waited for the lights to dim and the door to be locked before trying to talk to Zenobia. Some other girls were still chatting so nobody took much notice. Fortunately Zenobia's manner gave her a ready excuse. She had looked unhappy yesterday and now there were shadows under her eyes and she seem twitchy and frightened.

Pippa had earlier edged her basket closer to the wire partition that separated her pen from Zenobia's. Now she leaned her head against the wire and said softly and sympathetically: 'Are you feeling all right? I thought I heard you... talking to yourself.'

In the dim light she saw Zenobia stir in her basket. 'I'm sorry. Was I that loud?'

'No, I just thought you looked unwell. Is something bothering you?'

'Why do you want to know?'

'I just don't like seeing people suffer. Do you want to talk about it?'

Zenobia hesitated and then squirmed round in her basket. 'I haven't dared tell anybody but it started about week ago,' she whispered. 'I began getting these strange dreams. Like it's me but not me. There's a tower with a wolf outside it. And a man with a beard. And golems falling over. And a name: Olwen. It seems important, but I've never known any Olwens. It's getting worse. I think I'm going mad. Will the Master take me to an apothecary if I tell him? If I'm not well I won't be able to go to the next show and I must go to the next show.'

Pippa felt a surge of anger at so called magicians who thought it was fine to mess about with slaves' minds and bodies. First Durand had wiped Olwen's past from her mind and then presumably substituted some false memories along with her new name. Then the Honeydews had bought her and she had been changed into a cat girl and subjected to their cruel treatment. Pippa knew how traumatic that felt. Now it was all coming to

pieces and Olwen was having flashbacks to her life in Ravenstone. Would it get worse until she had a complete breakdown? She needed psychiatric treatment or at least counselling. Did they have such things here or was it all left to mages and apothecaries and their bloody potions? What if Olwen started mentioning the names of Wolff or Durand? They were famous in their own field and might be recognized, which was exactly what Wolf did not want. Her plans had to change: somehow she would have to get Olwen/Zenobia out of here.

Carefully she said: ‘Do you remember anything about a five-sided star?’

Zenobia gasped. ‘Oh... yes, I do! But I didn’t say it. How did you know about it?’

Pippa beckoned Zenobia closer to the wire lowered her voice still further. ‘Because I’ve seen it. Those memories are real. You’re not going mad. You are Olwen, you did live in a tower and I was sent here to find you.’

‘What... really?’

‘Yes, I promise you.’

‘B... but how did it happen?’

‘It’s too complicated to explain right now but you got involved in a fight between rival mages and your memory got screwed up. For now don’t let on to anybody else. Try to act normally while I work out what we’re going to do. Can you do that?’

‘Yes, of course... oh thank you...’

Much later, when Olwen had finally fallen asleep, Pippa lay in her basket with her own mind too active to let her rest.

The Honeydews had already mentioned how expensive their prize catgirls were. Did Wolff have enough funds in Albion to buy Olwen? In any case they’d be suspicious if Lyn suddenly began making offers for her. And

anyway, they didn't deserve to own girls like Olwen. She had to get her out of here but it had to be done carefully. She had a few more sovereigns but was that enough to bribe the boys to help with Olwen's escape? They already disliked the Honeydews, which was a start, but after an escape suspicion would be bound to fall on them. She could not expect them to risk their jobs or worse for a small return. No, there had to be something much bigger in it for all of them with minimal risk involved. What else had she got to work with? Cups and rosettes... chains and leashes... a green safe... catgirls walking in the woods... fake inspectors... a bit of misdirection... ah, yes.

* * *

The next afternoon during their walk in the woods, Pippa talked to Egbert. He'd been watching her curiously all morning, presumably wondering if she was going to spout more gold from her pussy so it wasn't hard to draw him aside.

'How would you, Hugh and Seth like to make more money than you do in a year and see the Honeydews hurt at the same time?' she asked.

He looked at her in amazement. 'What are you, girl?'

'An undercover bare-assed secret agent,' Pippa said. 'Now are you interested?'

He frowned. This was not the type of thinking he was used to. 'What'll we have to do?'

'You three decide which girls are walked together, right?'

'That's right.'

'So you can put me with Zenobia.'

'Yes.'

'You do that and supply a few small items and then play your parts as

I tell you. Hardly any risk and a big reward. Well?’

‘Uhh... I dunno. I’ll talk to the others.’

‘Tell them there’s more gold in it... in me, for them up front. Literally...’

* * *

That evening, while the girls were washing, Egbert led Pippa back into the empty dining hall. Aloud he said: ‘Come on, girl, we want to see if your pussy’s still bruised.’

In the hall Hugh and Seth were waiting nervously. Pippa laid down on her back and spread her legs. ‘If you want to feel around, Masters...’

They probed her sticky sex purse, making Pippa shudder with a strange feeling of shame and excitement, and pulled out two more sovereigns. Their eyes lit up with golden highlights. Got them, Pippa thought.

‘You can earn yourselves a lot more if you do as I suggest,’ Pippa said aloud. ‘And you’ll see the Honeydews suffer.’

The lads looked at each other and then nodded. ‘What do we have to do?’

‘Get a few things ready: pencil and paper, a knife, wire cutters, a sack and some rope, and a couple of old perfume or shampoo bottles from the grooming room. Can you find them?’

‘Yeah, I suppose so,’ Hugh said. ‘But how do they help?’

‘I’ll tell you...’

* * *

Later in the dark Pippa whispered to Olwen/Zenobia as she held her ear to the wire mesh pen wall.

‘... so that’s the plan,’ Pippa concluded. ‘I’m not promising afterwards that you’ll be free, but at least you’ll have your mind sorted out and be back to what you were. Can you do that? You’re not going to be too frightened to run away from here or anything like that?’

‘No, I’ll do it. I don’t want to stay here a day longer. You see... I don’t like the Honeydews very much. Is that a bad thing to say about your masters?’

‘No, in this case it’s absolutely fine.’

Apparently messing with slaves minds could lead to rebellious notions, Pippa thought. It also proved magic had its limits. A free will could not be suppressed forever. As she was going to demonstrate to the Honeydews.

* * *

The next afternoon the Honeydews were working in their office when they heard a commotion from the cattery yard so loud that they both hurried out to investigate.

All three packs of girls who had been taken out for a walk in the woods not long before were pouring back in through the yard gate in an excited state. Egbert, who had taken his pack out ahead of the others, was in the lead, red-faced and panting. But whereas he had taken out six girls with him, he now had only four. In his hands he held up a pair of long leashes which had been cut at their ends.

‘Cocoa and Zenobia, Sir,’ he spluttered at the Honeydews. ‘They just went round a holly bush, to pee as I thought. But when they didn’t come out after a while I looked and their leashed were cut and the ends were tied together and there was no sign of them!’

‘Oh... not Zenobia!’ Viola exclaimed.

‘Where did it happen? Show me!’ Ferdinand said.

Just then some small sparkling object flew over the low roof of the washroom wing from the direction of the woodland path and crashed into the rotary exercise frame. The milling mass of catgirls squealed and tried to scramble away from it. Cautiously Ferdinand edged over to the object and picked it up.

It was a stone wrapped about with a sheet of paper which in turn had Zenobia’s chastity belt, minus its padlock, tied about it. When smoothed out the paper read in scrawled capital letters: HAVE FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS READY FOR COLLECTION IN THE YARD IN TEN MINUTES OR THE NEXT THING WE CUT OFF ZENOBIA WILL BE HER TAIL.

‘Get the kitties inside!’ Ferdinand snapped at the lads.

As they hustled the girls out of the yard, Viola read the note over his shoulder.

‘My perfect kitten’s been kidnapped!’ she shrieked. ‘What do we do?’

‘We can’t get watchmen here from town in that time,’ Ferdinand said. ‘They must know that. But we can call their bluff.’

‘But what if they mutilate her? Tails never grow back properly. She’ll be worthless for shows.’

‘But five hundred!’

‘No, Ferdinand! We’ve got that much in the safe. Zenobia is worth ten times as much! We can hunt them down afterwards.’

Ten minutes later they stood in the yard with a bundle of banknotes tied in ribbon. Egbert and Hugh stood anxiously to one side while Seth was watching over the girls now locked in their pens. Ferdinand was holding a heavy walking stick that he tapped impatiently on the ground.

‘How is it going to be collected?’ Viola wondered.

As if in answer there came an urgent knocking on the outside gate.

Cautiously Ferdinand opened it. Pippa shuffled awkwardly in on her paws. She appeared bedraggled and her eyes were red as though she had been crying. She moved awkwardly because the ends of two small glass bottle with some coloured fluid inside them were protruding from her anus and vagina, which both bulged obscenely tautly about them.

‘Don’t touch them or they’ll burn me, Master!’ Pippa sobbed. ‘Only they can take them out safely! I’ve got to take the money back to them before the seals melt. I was told to say don’t follow me or they’ll cut her tail off!’

Viola ran up to her. ‘Is Zenobia all right?’

‘For now, Mistress, but not if they don’t get paid!’

‘Who did this, girl?’ Ferdinand demanded.

‘Men with black hoods on! Now please give me the money, Master!’

They put a loop of the ribbon about the bundle of notes in her mouth and she scrambled back into the woods.

Another half hour passed. Then a second rock with a paper tied round it flew over the wall into the yard. The note read: GO TO THE OLD FALLEN OAK.

‘Where’s that?’ Ferdinand said.

‘I know where it is, Sir,’ Egbert volunteered.

‘Stay here!’ Ferdinand commanded his wife.

With Ferdinand at his heels clasping his stick tightly, Egbert led the way deeper into the woods. As they came to the old oak they heard a whimpering, scrabbling sound. Lying behind it was an old sack tied with rope that was squirming and thrashing about. Feverishly Ferdinand undid the sack.

Pippa: bound, gagged and tearful, flopped out of it. There was no sign of Zenobia or the ransom money, just another note tucked into Pippa's collar.

WE NEVER SAID WE'D GIVE ZENOBIA BACK, JUST THAT WE WOULDN'T CUT OFF HER TAIL. THE MONEY HAS GONE TO A GOOD CAUSE. FREEDOM FOR ALL OPPRESSED SLAVES!

Egbert pulled Pippa's gag out. 'Please, I want to go home!' she bawled. 'Send a message to my Mistress right now!'

* * *

Lyn arrived little more than two hours later.

They found a dark car with a gold badge and crown stencilled on its side in the driveway and men in uniforms looking round and taking notes.

The Honeydews looked stunned as they handed Pippa over to Lyn with profuse apologies. 'A most unfortunate incident but she's not been harmed, Mrs Caxton,' Ferdinand assured her. 'The watch have taken a statement. She's free to go. We would have been happy to keep her here but she made such a fuss. It's nothing, really.'

Pippa, red-eyed and haggard, chose that moment to start crying again.

'I'll be the judge of that, Mr Honeydew,' Lyn said haughtily, taking Pippa's leash from him.

'In the circumstances we shall only be charging you for four days board...' Viola began, but she trailed off at the withering glance Lyn gave her.

It was only when they were safely back behind the tinted windows of their car and it was turning out of the cattery drive that Lyn and Pippa could relax their pretence.

'Are you all right, dear?' Lyn asked anxiously, hugging Pippa close

while Dawn rested her head on her knee.

‘I’m fine, Mum. Rubbing a little shampoo into your eyes makes them red, that’s all.’

‘I take it that somehow all this was your doing?’

‘Yes, Mum.’

‘Have you got the pentacle code?’

‘Not on me, Mum. I was too busy staging a fake kidnapping, throwing ransom rocks, burying some extorted money for three lads to use sparingly (if they’ve any sense) and laying a false trail deep into the woods for the police and angry cat owners to follow while their prize girlcat actually went in the other direction... can you tell Swarton to stop here?’

The big car drew up round a bend from the cattery entrance where the woods came right down to the road. Pippa opened the door and called out: ‘It’s all right, Olwen it’s me...’

A blonde cat girl bounded out of the trees and clambered into the car.

‘But I did get the code still in its original pussy,’ Pippa said triumphantly.

Dawn hugged and kissed Olwen in welcome. ‘It’s so good to see you again!’

Overwhelmed Olwen struggled for breath. ‘Oh... I think I remember you... is it... Dawn?’

‘Yes!’

Lyn hugged Pippa again in slightly more restrained fashion. ‘Well done, dear.’

‘Two down and three to go,’ Pippa said wearily. ‘Now can we please go home so I can get back to normal? I’m not cut out to be a cat.’

‘We will, dear. But while you’ve been away I’m afraid things have got a bit more complicated...’

She unfolded a local paper that had been lying on the seat and showed Pippa the big centre page advert it carried.

‘Now we know what Durand has been doing all this time.’ Lyn said. ‘It looks like he had another motive for trapping Wolff in our world...’

THE END OF VOLUME 1

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