



Lesbian Honeymoon Hell



FETISH WORLD BOOKS

Simon Grail

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Chapter One

Heather stirred and woke, feeling sick. Slowly she became aware of a dull pain in the side of her neck, like a bad insect sting. Had she been stung? When? And where was she? She realized she was not even sure if she was lying down or standing up. She opened her eyes and blinked about her.

The first thing she saw was the figure of a young woman, totally naked, lying spread flat on a door-sized rectangular slab covered by black plastic sheet with some kind of padding beneath it. The slab was tilted towards her at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The woman's arms were raised and bent at the elbows so that they rested on the slab above her head... No, not *rested*, Heather realized with a pang of alarm beginning to permeate her muzzy thoughts: *bound*. They were bound to the slab by hinged metal strap hoops about her wrists that were secured by a padlock that passed through a staple that rose up through the hasp of the strap. A second single larger metal hoop was locked over the woman's throat and a larger one still crossed over her waist, while another pair encircled her ankles. Her legs were spread wide and were drawn down to the bottom corners of the slab, where her bare feet rested against a wooden sill that ran along its lower edge. There was a single gap in the middle of this sill, from which a vertical groove in the plastic-covered padding ran up between her spread legs to vanish under her naked buttocks. Fitted beneath the lip of this gap was a funnel that hung over a plastic bucket.

Dazed as she was it took Heather a few seconds to realize that this body was one she knew very well. It was Kim: her lover and, as of only a few hours ago, her wife.

Kim had a lean figure, soft long blonde hair with a fringe and pale gold skin. When her eyes were open Heather knew they were an intense bright pale blue, set under pale brows. She had full wide pouting lips which were at the moment unnaturally stretched by a ball that filled her mouth, held in place by a rubber cord stretched across her cheeks and around the back of her head. Kim's neat high breasts, which rose and fell with her slow but regular breathing, were capped by large soft almond-tinted flat nipples. Her waist

was tight. She had a smooth rounded bottom, thin fluffy pale brown pubic hair and pouting inner labia.

The strange sense of detachment finally lifted from Heather's mind. That was Kim: naked, bound and defenceless! That was terribly wrong!

Heather tried to sit up, to reach her, to hold her, but she could not. A metal band was cutting into her neck.

Only then did Heather realize that she was lying naked, clamped and gagged on another sloping, padded, plastic-covered board in exactly the same way as Kim!

Kim was roused by the desperate moans and gurgles Heather was making about her gag.

She felt sick and confused. Her eyes were gummy. She tried to stretch but she couldn't move. What was the matter?

Only half awake she saw Heather's naked body, seemingly suspended in front of her and bound in place by metal clamps, and for a moment she was distracted by its loveliness.

Heather possessed a supple womanly figure and a natural creamy complexion. She had brunette shoulder-length hair, penetrating dark intelligent eyes set under bold, dark sardonic brows, neat, pursed lips and a firm nose. Her close-set breasts were full without being overlarge, with prominent bronze tinted, cherry-tipped nipples. Her waist was trim, her bottom smooth and fleshy, and she had a closely trimmed wedge of pubic curls over her tight pubic cleft.

Then Kim's mind cleared and her eyes met Heather's, sharing their alarm and confusion. Where were they? Who had stripped and bound them? Struggling to contain their rising fear they looked around them.

They were in a small dingy room with rough plaster walls and a bare

wooden floor. There was a single heavy wooden door and a single high diamond leaded window letting in daylight though its grimy panes. A single naked bulb hung from a ceiling rose. Resting in one corner was a bucket, mop and sponge. Dangling from hooks on the walls beside the head of each of their strange beds was a heavy red leather dog collar and chain leash. Next to them were other sinister items of chain and leather.

Once again they stared at each other helplessly, each probing their memories, trying to make sense of how they came to be here...

The marriage of two such high profile (and it had to be said very attractive) gay women was a significant media event in Britain. Heather Robinson, aged thirty five, was a well -liked and respected national television presenter and newsreader, and Kim Dancy, aged twenty four, was a talented and popular upcoming singer songwriter. Both had come out about their sexuality a few years before with relatively little fuss. But the announcement a few months ago that they were getting married had generated far more interest and had required more careful handling.

However Kim and Heather had survived the pressure, the doubts and tears and last-minute nerves and made it to the day itself. They had tied the knot and then held their reception at the Bellmere Park country hotel situated by the river Ock a little south and east of Oxford. Here they had done their duty to their families, friends, media and public by giving a single interview to a sympathetic reporter for wider distribution and posing for a small number of official pictures. Then it was time for them to leave on their honeymoon and a month just to themselves holidaying in the Caribbean.

At least that was the official plan. Only a privileged few knew where they were really going...

There was a gleaming limousine waiting at the front of the hotel, supposedly waiting to take them to Heathrow. As planned people were already gathering ready to see them off, attracting the attention of the media pack who were waiting by the main gate. Meanwhile around the back of the hotel, Kim and Heather, now in everyday clothes, were slipping into an

anonymous hire car and leaving by a discreet rear entrance that opened onto a farm track which led to a winding lane which would eventually lead to the main road to Cheltenham and in due course to Wales...

‘A month in a holiday let cottage in the Brecon Beacons is not quite as romantic as the Caribbean,’ Kim said as they sped through the gathering dusk. She was sitting in the passenger seat taking the batteries out of their mobile phones so there was no chance of them being tracked by underhand means.

‘It all depends on the company,’ Heather, who was driving, replied. ‘If we can last a month together in a cottage in Wales, we can survive anything.’

Kim grinned and leaned over and kissed her. ‘I was sort of looking forward to a big soft bed and lots of sex,’ Kim said

‘There’ll be plenty of that,’ Heather promised with a chuckle.

‘It won’t be as warm as the Caribbean.’

‘We can snuggle up. More fun that way. And they’ll be fewer paparazzi.’

‘No hot sandy beaches but plenty of fresh country air, long walks and the delights of home cooking...’ Kim mused and then added innocently, ‘can you cook?’

Heather contrived to look shocked. ‘I thought it was always a new wife’s duty to do the cooking.’

‘But I thought that was you!’ Kim countered.

Then they both laughed.

‘Everything is going to be fine,’ Heather promised.

Five minutes later on a deserted country lane the engine coughed and died and the car rolled lifelessly to a halt.

‘Don’t say a word,’ Heather warned her new wife.

‘What me to put my dungarees on and fix it like a self-sufficient lesbian should, or put the phone back together and call for help?’ Kim asked.

‘If we call the breakdown service then everything’s ruined,’ Heather said in despair. Then she glanced in the rear-view mirror where car headlights had appeared out of the night. They drew up right behind them.

‘We’ve got a good Samaritan,’ Kim commented.

‘I just hope they don’t recognise us...’ Heather said.

She saw two shadowy people get out of the car. They approached them on both sides. Heather wound down her window. ‘We’ve just got a little mechanical trouble...’ she began.

Then she saw the pistol in the figure’s gloved hand and heard the phut of compressed air being released and she felt something sting her neck, which burned and then went cold. She heard Kim scream and then came another phut... and then everything went black.

Now naked and helpless in the strange room, all they could do was squirm on their plastic beds as far as their restraints allowed and gaze at each other in despair, both trying not to let themselves be overwhelmed by stomach-churning fear. Where were they? How long had they been here? Who had taken them... and what did they plan to do with them next?

Then a key turned in a lock, the door creaked open and six sinister men strode into the little room.

They were identically dressed in scarlet robes that covered them from head to toe. The faces were masked so that only their eyes and mouths showed through slots cut the fabric. The masks tapered into cones like floppy dunce hats. They had belts about their waists from which dangled whips and electric cattle prods. Two of the men were holding cameras to the eye slots of

their masks which they immediately turned upon Kim and Heather. To add a surreal touch, pinned to the chests of their robes were badges, bearing a strange collection vaguely biblical sounding names: *Abdiel*, *Gabriel*, *Michael*, *Raphael*, *Uriel* and *Zadkiel*.

With their cheeks burning in shame at their exposure and stomachs flipping in fear, Heather and Kim tried to shrink away from them. But however hard they squirmed in their clamps there was no escape. They saw the eyes of the men sparkling within the slots of their masks as they took in their naked bodies.

Then the one bearing the nametag “Abdiel” spoke: ‘We are the Brotherhood of Righteousness,’ he announced grandly. ‘We are the guardians of morals, the scourge of sinners, harlots and whores, of perpetrators of unnatural acts and of those defiling the purity of marriage. Now you will stand before us to answer to your crimes!’

His words, spoken with a slight American twang, were more fitting to some ranting evangelist and in other circumstances might have seemed absurd, pompous and boastful. But with them being spat out over their naked helpless bodies they were all too powerful and terrifying.

Heather and Kim shook their heads and tried protest about their gags, but all that came out were incoherent moans and mumbles.

Abdiel continued: ‘We have seen you taking advantage of your celebrity to proclaim your unnatural love far and wide and decided that you should be made examples for those who would follow you into sin. Therefore, we intercepted you on your way to your perverse secret honeymoon and brought you here. And here you will stay until you renounce your unnatural love before our cameras and chastise each other as you deserve for your insult to God and promise in future to give yourselves to men alone! That is the price of your freedom. Are you ready here and now to pay it?’

The women looked at him in horror, shaking their heads.

‘Then you will suffer correction until you see the light.’

He sounded like a fanatic. Their struggles increased, cutting their flesh against the metal straps that bound them.

Abdiel chuckled. 'Do not waste your strength, you pitiful misguided Jezebel's. There is no escape from our holy purpose! You have condemned yourselves to suffer for your crimes... beginning now!'

He unhooked the cattle prod from his belt. The other men, except for the two holding cameras, did the same. They arranged themselves with two each side of Heather and Kim's sloping beds.

The women's eyes bulged in horror and saliva dribbled down the sides of their mouths stretched by their gags as they gurgled and splattered, trying to curse, plead and threaten at the same time.

Abdiel seem to guess what they were trying to say. 'No, there is no rescue for you. Nobody will find you here. Nor can we be deflected from our holy purpose. We are your jailers, your judges and your chastisers...'

He rammed the forked tip of his cattle prod into Heather's right breast, driving it square down over her hard bronze nipple. At the same time as Gabriel standing on the other side of the bed stabbed her left. In front of her Michael and Raphael dug their prods into Kim's pale globes, deeply indenting them. Then there came flashes and crackles as the prods pierced their soft flesh with their electric gimlets.

The two women screamed in pain about their gags, jerking their bodies against the unyielding steel bands that secured them to their beds.

The men pulled the prods back and stabbed them again and again into their breasts, pummelling their soft flesh and filling it with pain.

Kim and Heather's eyes filled with tears as they thrashed about, sobbing and moaning and choking in agony.

Only after half a dozen shocks did the men pull the cattle prods away, leaving the women trembling and their breasts stinging and sizzling with pain, crowned by perversely stimulated hard nipples.

‘Your breasts are there to serve and to suffer,’ Abdiel told them, flicking Heather’s erect nipples with a contemptuous finger. ‘But this is how you respond. Is the other one the same?’

Raphael pinched Kim’s swollen nipples. ‘She is...’

Abdiel slapped Heather’s simmering breasts hard, making them bounce against each other. ‘They are the givers of sustenance and the conduits of pain when we choose to make them so. There are not organs of lust... as are your portals of sin, your vents of filth and desire...’

The men moved their prods down their captive’s bodies and then thrust them into the outer lips of their vulvas.

Heather thought an electric hammer drill was gouging into her pussy. Her hips jerked convulsively as the ripples of pain coursed through her. Then Abdiel pressed his hand hard down on her lower belly. She felt her bladder give way and a hot stream of pee spurted from between her seared lips.

She heard the men laughing. Urine was also squirting from Kim’s gaping pussy. Their hot streams crossed in midair between their beds and splashed between each other’s legs. As the flow diminished it splattered down the sloping boards, trickling into the channels provided for it and dribbled into the hanging buckets.

‘That’s right,’ Abdiel said, ‘disgrace and soil yourselves like animals. But that is nothing compared to what is to come...’

Uriel camera zoomed in on her groin as Abdiel stabbed his cattle prod deep up into the moist warm depths of Heather’s vagina, even as opposite her, Zadkiel filmed Raphael violating Kim sweet golden pussy at the same manner.

Heather bit on her gag ball as she screamed and thought she was going to die. The pain was incredible and so immense, pulsating, fizzing and crackling within her most intimate organ. Abdiel cruelly twisted the head of the prod in her spasmodically clenching and dribbling sheath and sent another shock into her, then another...

Opposite her Kim was sobbing and jerking against the metal bands that held her down, setting her lovely breasts wobbling and jiggling, while Raphael gouged and twisted his prod in her pussy, filling her vagina and the folds of her streaming love mouth with electric pain. Yet she was not looking at him but at Heather, her eyes filled not just with pain but pleading.

Help me! She was shrieking silently.

What could she do for her wife and lover? The question spun in Heather's mind, filling her with rage and frustration that supplanted her own fear. Then the answer came: Make love to her!

Kim was naked and gorgeous and vulnerable. Her nipples were hard and so were Heather's. They had been made to walk the dangerous grey line between pleasure and pain. In another time and place they might have been playing some bondage game. Well they could make it into one now! The prods they shared joined them. They would not suffer but ride them for their own pleasure. They would turn pain into love and lust...

She fixed her eyes on Kim, trying to smile about her gag, pretending she was mounting her. Grunting with each terrible thrust of the cattle prod into her, pretending it was an instrument of Kim's will. She saw understanding dawn in Kim's red-rimmed and tear wet eyes, and she began to grunt and jerk back.

It was their only avenue of escape, their only means of defiance. Heather felt her tingling clitoris standing up and the surge of her juices poring over the terrible cattle prod.

Heather saw the men watching them in surprise and the eyes of the cameras focusing on their impaled clefts, which were now clenching about the thrusting heads of the cattle prods in between jolts of agony. But all they could do was keep shocking them...

And then her world exploded and a monstrous orgasm seized her and blotted out the pain and she jerked against the metal bands, feeling as if she was turning inside out. And then she lay limp. A shriek and a sob from Kim told that she had also reached her own climax.

Dimly Heather was aware of the prods being withdrawn from them and the men checking their slippery prongs now covered with their juices: juices which even now were trickling down the sloping bed into the waste bucket. But at least the pain had stopped, briefly blotted out by orgasmic bliss...

Abdiel look down on them in contempt. 'These are truly depraved women. This is proof of their deeply carnal and perverse nature. They deserve no mercy, Brothers. Let us give them none...'

Chapter Two

While Michael use the mop to clean the urine-stained floor between the beds, the others unlocked the strap hoop bound across Heather's throat so they could buckle and lock the red leather dog collar that had been hanging by her bed around her neck. Then they clipped the leash to it. She saw their fellows doing the same to Kim.

They opened up the hoops over her wrists and stomach and sat her up to they could bend her arms around behind her back and cuff her wrists together. They freed her ankles so they could fit them with cuffs linked by a hobble chain. Then they lifted her off the stained plastic bed.

Heather could hardly stand, horribly aware of her aching, urine-stained, throbbing and dripping pussy. She felt weak and numb from the pain, whatever drug had been used on her last night and the draining affect of her orgasm. She saw Kim, now also cuffed and hobbled, dragged onto her feet, wobbling and swaying and having to be held upright. Their eyes met, trying to give each other hope.

Abdiel took hold of both of them by the hair and twisted it until the girl's whimpered. 'Now I'm going to take your gags out. Permitting women like you to speak is a privilege only granted when necessary and can be revoked at any time. You will only speak when given permission and when you do, you will be polite and call me or any other Brother "Sir". You will not threaten, curse or insult me or any other Brother. You will not use profane or foul language. We do not want our minds tainted by your twisted passions. You will not beg for your freedom or protest that you are innocent or that any of this is wrong. I have the ultimate authority to do what is necessary, to do God's will, and you are sinners with contaminated minds and bodies here to be corrected and be redeemed by your suffering, do you understand?'

They nodded. They understood only too well.

He pulled their gags out, leaving the rubber balls dangling around their necks on their elastic cords.

He shook Heather's head by her hair. 'Will you be good?'

'I... I will be good... Sir,' she choked out.

He shook Kim. 'Will you be good?'

'I'll be good... Sir,' she muttered miserably.

'You are dirty;' he told them, 'spread your legs.'

They obeyed. Michael picked up the sponge and washed their groins and thighs clean. They shuddered at his intimate touch but gritted their teeth and held still.

When he was done Abdiel and Raphael took up the ends of their leashes and led them out the room, with the other brothers close behind.

They found they were in a large dusty hallway with bare floorboards, exposed dark woodwork and white plastered walls that were damp stained, mildewed and cracking. A large flight of stairs with barley twist balusters climbed up to another floor.

They were led stumbling across the hallway and through a heavy door into a large room with more exposed wood and stained plaster. Down one side of the room was a row of tall windows with diamond leaded panes and through them they glimpsed an overgrown garden bounded by a solid wall of trees. At one end of the room was a table covered by a white cloth set out with pairs of large candlesticks and crucifixes. Resting against the wall behind it was a large portable radio and CD player. Beside the table was a horizontal waist-high heavy wooden beam supported by metal stands at each end and with sinister straps and chains hung about it.

A narrow strip of red carpet ran the length of the room from the front of the table to the wall opposite. Kneeling on the far end of this carpet was a naked young woman, small of stature. She knelt with her shoulders stooped

and her head down. She also had a large red leather collar locked about her neck connected to a leash chain fastened to a ring in the wall. Set beside her was a wooden crate.

‘This is Bitch,’ Abdiel said, snapping his fingers to gain her attention.

The girl looked up at him fearfully and yet also giving the impression of being desperate to please.

She had pale skin and a slender figure and attractive heart-shaped face under a bobbed pixie cut. She had soft brown eyes and a straight firm slightly overlarge nose. She had small compact high-set breasts capped by firm bronze nipples with dimpled tips, slim hips and a neat little bottom bearing whip marks. Her thighs were splayed submissively wide exposing a deep pubic cleft shaven perfectly smooth.

‘She was also one your kind once,’ Abdiel explained. ‘But we found and corrected her and she has repented her sins and is now doing penance in our service. We keep her like this as a reminder and an example. When she has been purified we may even allow her a proper name again, isn’t that so, Bitch?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ she said with mouse-like meekness. ‘I’ve been a sinner, Sir. Thank you for saving me from evil...’ and she shuffled forward and kissed the toe of his boot where it protruded from under his robes.

Through the mouth slot of his mask, Abdiel could be seen smiling at this humiliating display of submission. Heather and Kim exchanged horrified glances, briefly forgetting their personal fears. What had they done to the poor girl to make her like this?

‘Now Bitch will help us bring you back to the way of purity and light,’ Abdiel continued, lifting his other foot and roughly pushing Bitch away from him so that she sprawled on her side. She did not utter a word of protest at this rough treatment but simply resumed her humble kneeling posture.

While Uriel and Zadkiel continued to film them, Michael and Raphael went to the box and began taking things out of it. There were two pairs of

garish red high-heeled shoes, two long lengths of chain with dildos on their ends, a pair of heavy iron balls on chains with rubber hooks on their ends and gauze veils and flower posies. These were hung with slimmer chains with crocodile clip ends.

Kim and Heather were positioned on the ends of the red carpet just in front of Bitch. The long gauze veils were placed on their heads and the red high-heeled shoes were strapped onto their feet. The posies were suspended from their nipples by the crocodile clips which bit into their tender flesh and made their eyes water as they dangled beneath the under-curves of their breasts.

Heather and Kim glanced at each other in rising horror, realising what ceremony they were about to re-enact. This was so sick...

The heavy iron balls were dragged over and placed behind their heels. 'Open wide,' Michael said, slapping their thighs so they spread their legs. Then the chains and hooks were passed up between their legs and the hooks were forced up into their vaginas, making them squeal and whimper in pain and fear as their lower bellies bulged from within.

It was too much the Kim. 'Stop it... stop it... you can't do this to us...' she wailed. Then she screamed as Abdiel unhooked the short whip coiled on his belt and slashed it across her buttocks.

It was made of soft braided rubber instead of harder leather so it did not cut her skin, but it delivered a sharp painful smack and left a stinging red stripe in its wake.

'We can do anything we want to you because we are doing God's work,' he warned her. Then he slashed his whip across Heather's bottom, making her yelp. 'Any time one of you disobeys or protests from now on, the other will be punished for your failure, do you understand?'

'Y... yes Sir,' they stammered.

Their leashes were removed and a single chain was clipped between their collars, pulling them close together until their shoulders and hips

touched. Then the dildos on ends of the long chains were forced up into their rectums. They whimpered as they felt their heads expanding inside them. Bitch was freed from the wall and made to kneel behind them. The ends of chains, joined to a single ring, were put in her mouth.

‘Now you have a bitch of honour carrying a train of chains symbolizing how you drag others into sin,’ Abdiel mocked them. ‘She is probably the kind of creature you would have liked to have been part of your twisted ceremony isn’t she, with you and all your lesbian friends ready to fornicate with her afterwards?’

‘No Sir, it was solemn and lovely,’ Heather protested and then winced as Kim yelped as the tip of his whip flicked across her breasts in warning.

‘No, we shall show everybody the truth behind your sinful lives,’ he told them. ‘Now you will do everything I tell you or else you will suffer far worse than a whipping!’

Abdiel and Gabriel took their places behind the table while Michael and Raphael took out their whips and cattle prods and stood ready on each side of the carpet. Uriel and Zadkiel moved around between and behind them, still filming Heather and Kim from every angle.

Raphael went to the sound system and pressed a button. The strains of “Here comes the bride,” filled the room.

‘Now approach the altar,’ Abdiel told them.

Chained and hobbled as they were they had no choice. Together, fighting back the tears, they started forward, tottering along the red carpet on their high heels and hobbled ankles. They had to walk in step to keep together, their naked shoulders and hips brushing against each other. Their posies swayed and bobbed beneath their breasts, swinging from their clipped nipples.

The iron balls rumbled and slithered across the carpet after them, tugging painfully at the hooks embedded in their vaginas. Whimpering they dragged them on. They felt tugs in their bottoms as the chains plugged into

them grew taut. And then Bitch began shuffling along after them as their slave maid of honour, carrying the chain ends meekly in her mouth.

And so Heather and Kim made their grotesque way along the makeshift isle towards the mockery of a church altar. It seemed an endless journey and to their horror as they dragged the iron balls after them, the grinding hooks in the pussies were beginning to arouse them once more. Helplessly they began to drip on the red carpet making their cheeks burn, while their nipples throbbed and hardened in the bite of their posy clips.

To their horror the cameramen saw all this and moved in closer to capture every shameful detail. The women snivelled and bit their lips. What must it look like?

Finally they stopped when they reached the altar. They could feel the heat of flames from the two big red candles burning in their silver sticks on either end of the table. This close to them Heather noticed that unusually they each had three wicks. The big crucifixes standing behind them were rather crudely made of plain round wooden rods tied in a cross.

Abdiel held up his hands dramatically and the music stopped. While Uriel continue to film the women, Zadkiel moved even closer to focus on Abdiel. He was looking at Heather and Kim but he spoke for the benefit of the cameras.

‘Do you admit that yesterday you each took the other for your “wife”, so-called, in full knowledge that it was a sin and perversion?’

Heather bit her lip and said, ‘We got married, if that’s what you mean, Sir, but we don’t think it’s a sin or a perversion...’

‘But do you admit it?’ Abdiel thundered.

‘Yes... but we love each other!’

‘By “love” do you mean that holy state of mutual devotion, or the gross and unnatural lust of one woman for the flesh of another?’ he demanded.

‘We’re lesbians and we don’t pretend we’re anything else and we’re not ashamed of it, Sir!’ Kim sobbed.

‘This is the Twenty-first century, not the Fourteenth!’ Heather said.

Abdiel turned to the nearest camera and said triumphantly: ‘You see, they admit their sins, but they are so deluded by the so-called freedoms and false tolerance of modern life that they do not even realize the terrible insult to the Almighty they have committed. It is our duty to bring them to the light and punish them for their crime in a suitable fashion...’

Michael and Raphael were pulling the chains out of their bottoms and then the hooks out of their pussies, making them gasp. Then Abdiel and Gabriel reached forward and took hold of them by the hair and dragged them backwards across the table so that their hobbled feet overhung one side and their heads the other. Chains pulled up from under the table were wrapped across their throats and drawn back down again, holding them in place. Meanwhile Michael and Raphael held their frantically kicking legs down, hooking more concealed chains from under the table to their hobble chains to control them. Then they ripped the posies from their breasts, the clips tearing at their nipples.

Uriel and Zadkiel moved closer, focusing their cameras on their heaving breasts, while Michael and Raphael picked up the large candles and held them over their chests.

Kim realized what they were going to do and shrieked: ‘No, you can’t you bastards... umphhh!’

Abdiel and Gabriel had forced their gag balls back into their mouths.

‘I told you that your freedom to speak was revocable and that your partner will be punished for any foul language...’ Abdiel said. He brought out his whip and cracked it across Heather’s breasts, flattening her soft globes and making her yelp.

The candles moved closer. The triple wick flames flickered and smoked and then streams of hot red wax began to fall over their bare breasts.

Heather and Kim yelled and squirmed and whimpered as it splashed over their trembling globes, forming red solidified blobs and trickles as it adhered to their nipples and ran down the sides of their breasts. They kicked their hobbled feet about futilely, rattling their chains, while Abdiel and Gabriel held their heads still. Fed by three flames each the big candles poured their rivulets of wax over them, which in minutes had solidified into hard red domes like helmets capping their breasts, drowning their nipples.

Then Abdul waved a hand and the candlesticks were placed back on the ends of the table.

Abdiel bent over the trembling whimpering women. ‘You say you are lovers. Are you willing to prove it? Dare you show us this “love” you claim for each other? Do you think it is pure? Or do you want more wax, perhaps on those carnal slots of yours?’ Then he pulled their ball gags out.

Dizzy with shock and fear, Heather and Kim nodded and gurgled frantically. ‘Yes... yes, we’ll prove it, Sir...’

Anything but more triple-wicked hot waxing!

The chains were unbound from their necks and the hobbles were removed from their ankles. The Brothers dragged Heather further onto the table and swung her round so that she lay along its length and then pulled her legs wide at the hips and bent her knees and pulled her feet up so that her groin was exposed. A cushion was produced from beneath the table and pushed under her bottom, lifting her hips high. More chains were pulled up from under the table and bound about her knees, holding them down so that she remained exposed. Then they lifted Kim up onto the table and positioned her kneeling over Heather so they were head to toe. Heather was looking up into Kim’s pussy while she was looking down on hers.

‘Show us this love or suffer more pain,’ Abdiel commanded, unhooking his cattle prod and waving it in front of Kim’s horrified face. Gabriel took out his prod and pressed it threateningly into Heather’s cheek.

Miserable and trembling with fear, Kim settled herself awkwardly down on top of Heather. Her dangling wax-encased breasts pressed against her

stomach and cracked into shards even as Heather's breast shells broke against Kim's stomach. Then Heather's nose and mouth rubbed into Kim's slot even as she buried her face in Heather's pussy.

For a few precious moments the intimate scent of their private parts filled their nostrils and thrilled their senses and lifted their hearts in delight. They felt a tingle deep in their loins and fresh surges of lustful juices filling the folds of their sex mouths. This was how it was meant at to be...

Then the cattle prods jabbed into Kim's buttocks and Heather's thighs.

'Do it!' Abdiel said. 'Show us that this unnatural love of yours is such a wonderful thing!'

They pressed their bodies against each other, while tonguing each other's slots and sucking and nibbling at their rising clitorises. Shards of broken wax from their breasts were ground between their sweaty bodies. As their faces were smothered in their up-welling juices they felt the familiar cocktail of love and desire warming them. They were so right together...

But Abdiel was not satisfied. 'Harder, harder!' he said. 'Do you need help? Bitch! Here...'

And then Bitch was bending over the side of the table and kissing Heather's bottom and then shifted sideways and began kissing Kim's. The feel of her strange lips intimately pressed against them was disconcerting and they lifted their faces out of their sopping hot groins in surprise.

'Is she not right for you?' Abdiel asked. 'But then she knows how evil she has been and does it only to punish herself. Do you need more stimulation?'

Michael and Raphael picked up the big wooden rod crucifixes resting on the ends of the table and jabbed them forward at the women as if they were thrusting spears.

Kim and Heather shrieked as the shafts of the crucifixes penetrated their own anuses while also passing before their noses as they penetrated the rear

passageways of their lovers. All the way up to cross bars they went, which banged against their buttocks, preventing further ingress. Then the Brothers began to pump and churn them back and forth, stretching their sphincters painfully.

The women sobbed in pain and shame. As they lifted their heads away from the pussies of their lovers, Bitch ducked in and licked and sucked frantically. Then she gave a squeal as Raphael swiped her small tight bottom with his whip.

‘Later, girl, later...’ he warned her as she cowered down on the floor.

‘If you don’t show us this love then we’ll find something larger to put inside you,’ Abdiel told Kim and Heather.

Snivelling in horror they resumed their desperate cunnilingus, trying to rekindle the familiar delight in each other’s intimate presence within them. They squeezed on the pumping wooden rods in their bottoms, trying to draw what pleasure they could from them. It was all sex and lust and passion and it could be good and wonderful and... ahhhh!

Kim sprayed Heather’s face with her discharge, while Heather’s pussy expelled its fine misty fountain of orgasmic juices into Kim’s face. Then they slumped limply across each other, spent once again. For a few seconds they and their passionate desire had been all that mattered in the world.

But it was not to last.

Abdiel took hold of Kim by her hair and lifted her face clear of Heather’s sopping pussy, while Gabriel lifted Kim’s hips clear of Heather’s face. With sucking pops the crucifix shafts were pulled out of their bottoms, leaving their groins exposed. Abdiel closely examined their slobbering engorged clefts, watched by the cameras of Uriel and Zadkiel.

‘So this is proof of you love, is it?’ he said at last. ‘This is just unnatural carnal lust. This is evil! It must be burned-out of you...’

Michael and Raphael had put down the crucifixes and picked up the

candles again. Before the women realized what they were doing they rammed them lance-like into their wet clefts.

They screamed as the triple flames scorched their flesh before they were extinguished with a hiss and a fizzle by their slippery wet lips, accompanied by a whiff of burning pubic hairs. Then the soft warm wax shafts were rammed on further up into their vaginas, squirting the remains of their orgasmic juices out of them. For a few seconds they were twisted and turned within them and then they were yanked out again, sucking sensuously on their insides. Heather and Kim sobbed and shivered with the shock of it. They had never imagined they could be used like this.

‘That is what you should feel when you have sexual congress,’ Abdiel said. ‘Not the unnatural thing you have done.’

‘B... but you... you forced us to show you what we felt... Sir...’ Heather choked.

‘Yes, and it was perverted and wicked,’ Abdul said. ‘That kind of pleasure should not be shared by two women. Now you will learn how to give pleasure naturally to men, as God decreed...’

They were freed from the table and hauled off it, dribbling their intimate hard won juices, wincing as their aching passageways were stretched and twisted. With their arms still strapped up behind their backs, they were dragged over to the freestanding beam. Bitch scuttled after them. Kim was bent over from one side of the beam and Heather from the other so that they looked sideways at each others bottoms. Their legs were pulled wide and their inner feet were dragged together under the beam and crossed over and then their ankles were strapped together, while their outer ankles were strapped to the supports of the beam. More straps went over the small of their backs, holding them down.

Then the Brothers lined up, three on each side of the beam, and parted the fronts of their robes, hooking them back to expose their groins. They wore nothing beneath them. Hard thick cock shafts jutted up from the hairy nests of heavy ball sacks straining to be emptied, and the smell of male desire came to their nostrils. Uriel and Zadkiel took up the cameras again and

recorded the expressions of horror on the women's faces.

'Now you will beg to pleasure us as your kind was intended,' Abdiel told them.

'No, never,' Heather sobbed. 'You're crazy... all of you...'

'Beg!' Abdiel said again.

'Go screw yourselves!' Kim gasped.

The men unhooked their cattle prods and whips and the blows rained down on the two women's defenceless backsides and the hot wet swollen pouches hanging between them. The prods jabbed and crackled, making them clench and jerk helplessly, while the whips cut searing stripes across their fleshy hemispheres. Their soft flesh rippled and shivered and jumped. Their dangling breasts were not overlooked and the whips slashed their tender globes, making them bounce and swing, and beating off the clinging remains of the candle wax. Exposed once more their hard nipples received their share of pain.

Cattle prods jabbed into their sore wet clefts and discharged their stabbing bolts of electric torment, while the long tongues of the whips rasped through them at a more leisurely pace. Kim and Heather screamed and jerked against their straps, making the beam sway and creak, while tears dripped from their eyes which were filled with the sight of hard male cocks bobbing impatiently before them as their owners slashed and stabbed down at their bodies. There was no escaping their fate...

And suddenly they were screaming, 'Yes! Yes! Screw us... fuck us... please sirs... we'll be good... we want to please you...'

The beating and prodding stopped. The men clustered around them.

'So, it seems your foolish pride has its limits,' Abdiel said, lifting them by their hair so you could look into their flushed and tear streaked faces. 'Let me hear it again...'

‘Please Sir; put your cock up inside me,’ Heather snivelled.

‘Please put your cock up inside me, Sir,’ Kim repeated.

Abdiel positioned himself and took hold of Heather’s hips and rammed his hard shaft into her while Gabriel took Kim. The women winced as their freshly beaten thighs and hips ground against their flaming buttocks, but it was nothing compared to what they just endured.

And such was the depth of their shameful surrender and pitiful desire to please, that they squeezed upon the hard flesh shafts as they pumped up inside them, fearfully giving all the pleasure of which their exhausted bodies were capable. At least in their highly aroused state the men came quickly. With grunts they squirted their sperm up into the women and then slumped across them.

For a few seconds Heather and Kim felt a strange kind of perverted peace, with the unfamiliar sensation of male cocks lodged deep inside them. They wanted to be sick and yet the relief from pain was so wonderful that it almost felt good...

Then the men pulled out of them. And as they did so Bitch, who had been crouched down beside the beam watching them suffer with wide fascinated eyes, scuttled forward and applied her lips to Heather’s pussy and then Kim’s, lapping the spent sperm and lingering juices from them, cleaning them out ready for the next Brother to take his turn...

Only when all the men had taken their pleasure and Bitch had dutifully licked them clean, were Heather and Kim released from the beam. Totally unable to walk and wincing with the pain of their throbbing backsides and bruised vaginas, they slumped to the floor.

The Brothers laughed at the pathetic sight they made. ‘If they cannot walk then drag them,’ Abdiel declared.

Their leashes were re-fastened to their collars and they were literally

dragged across the floor and out of the dining Hall, half-choked, slithering and kicking with their feet as they were taken along a corridor to an old-fashioned tiled bathroom with a freestanding enamelled bathtub rusting in places. Here they were forcibly stood up right and propped against a wall and their leashes were removed.

‘We shall be outside while Bitch takes care of your toilet needs,’ Abdiel said.

The men stood outside the door and left ajar while Bitch helped Heather over to the toilet and sat her down upon it.

Too wretched to care anymore, Heather gratefully emptied her wastes into it, wincing as it passed through her aching and bruised passageways. Bitch pulled over a modern rubber hose connected to the hand basin taps and use it like an enema tube to flush her passageways out. Then she performed the same service for Kim. Next, she helped them to stand in the old-fashioned bathtub which had a large brass shower rose overhanging one end. Climbing into the tub with them, Bitch carefully washed them down and soaped them and rinsed their aching bodies, meticulously cleaning every swell and fold of flesh. And her touch was so gentle that they let her handle them intimately and were grateful for it.

When she was done Bitch dried them with large soft white towels, and applied soothing cream to their worst whip marks and sorest orifices.

‘I have finished Sir,’ she declared meekly to the brothers outside the door.

They came back in, put their leashes back on and, while Bitch disappeared along a corridor in the other direction, they led Kim and Heather with dragging steps back through the entrance hall to the little room in which they had awoken. The light entering through their small window was now mellower as if evening was approaching. What time was it? They were totally disorientated.

The Brothers fastened them to their beds again, removing their cuffs and collars in reverse sequence until they were completely naked but totally

restrained by the unyielding metal hoops padlocked over their wrists, necks, stomachs and ankles. When they were done Bitch appeared once more. She was carrying a tray laden with two steaming bowls, plastic spoons, a jug of water, beakers, toothbrushes and toothpaste and a roll of paper towel. Together with these recognisable items was a pair of odd wedge shaped objects that seemed to be made of wire mesh, one side of which bristled with spikes

‘She will feed you and clean your teeth for you,’ Abdiel said. ‘We wish you to stay fit, clean and healthy to face your crimes. Then you will sleep. You will need your rest. Tomorrow you will have another chance to prove you know your proper place by giving men pleasure. And the next day and another and another... until you renounce your unnatural lust for each other and show your true contrition. Do you understand?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ they whimpered meekly.

The Brothers left them, leaving the door open.

Heather looked significantly at it at and then questioningly up at Bitch. She could not believe she was doing this voluntarily or had been so broken and brutalised that she no longer cared. Perhaps she could help them. But she shook her head and put a finger to her lips to signal silence.

Bitch rested the metal wedges on their chests. They were oven grille trays that had been bent over in the middle into forty-five degree wedges, and then had drawing pins taped to the bars of their lower halves. The pins dug into the upper slopes of Heather and Kim’s breasts making their eyes water. Then she put the bowls on the level upper halves of the wedges just beneath their chins, digging the pins deeper into their breasts. Heather and Kim whimpered and bit their lips. Bitch looked sorrowfully down at them and shrugged. She was only following orders. She glanced quickly at the door and then bent her head low and whispered:

‘Eat quickly and it will hurt less...’

It was a cruel way of making them appreciate their food.

The bowls contained a thick stew with bread broken in it. Bitch moved quickly between them giving them, feeding them a spoonful at a time. When they were finished she cleaned their teeth for them. Only then did she take the cruel feeding trays of their chests and carefully wiped up the little spots and trickles of blood they had drawn out of the soft upper slopes of their breasts. Then she loaded up her tray and, with a final sorrowful look, left. A Brother looked in to check them, and then the door was pulled shut and locked.

Heather and Kim stared at each other in a daze. Their gags were still hung up next to their leashes and collars so they could speak. Apparently, now they had learned not to insult them, their captors were not concerned about anybody hearing then if they called for help. But what could they possibly say?

Fighting off despair Heather forced a smile. 'Not quite the honeymoon we planned, is it?'

Then Kim began to cry helplessly.

Aching with a frustrated desire to take her in her arms and kiss and comfort her, all Heather could do was say: 'It's all right... it's all right... we'll get through this... we'll get out of here somehow...'

'But how?' Kim sobbed. She jerked against the unyielding hoops that bound her to the bed. 'We can't escape and nobody knows we're here. Everybody who knows we didn't go to the Caribbean will think we're in Wales keeping quietly to ourselves like we arranged. Nobody will think of looking for us for a month!'

And Heather had nothing to say in return because it was all too horribly true.

Chapter Three

Kim thought they must have slept for twelve hours solidly because the next thing she knew bright fresh morning sunlight was coming in through their window. For a moment she did not remember where she was, only a perverse dream that they had been kidnapped by masked men with absurd names...

Then she remembered.

She had slept not because their strange beds were particularly comfortable, but because she had been totally exhausted by fear, anguish and their day's cruel physical ordeal. And now they were going to face another one...

She looked at Heather clamped to her bed before her, and thought that despite everything that had been done to her she still looked lovely and coolly sexy. Were they to be tormented with the sight of each other naked and exposed and yet out of reach every day? Was that the intention of their fanatical captors and part of their punishment?

Then she realized Heather was awaked and looking back at her and was gripped by remorse.

'Sorry I lost it last night,' Kim said. She felt her eyes were crusted from her tears. Heather's also looked red.

'You just beat me to it,' Heather said. 'As long as you know that I love you and always will.'

'And I love you and always will,' Kim promised.

'These nutters are not going to break us, remember that...'

Then the door open to let Bitch in with another tray.

They gritted their teeth as she rested the feeding wedges on their chests

and fed them cereal and fruit juice. After she had cleaned their teeth then the Brothers came in.

Kim and Heather instinctively shrank back from them, recalling how they had violated them the previous evening. Yet even as they did so they felt their nipples standing up and their pussies tingle at the memory. If they wanted to do the same to them again, or even worse, there was absolutely nothing they could do to stop them.

‘Are you ready to serve us as women should?’ Abdiel asked.

Kim tried to screw up her courage to tell him to go to hell, but before she could speak, Heather said, ‘We’ll do what you make us do, Sir.’

That ambiguous answer seemed to satisfy him for the moment.

The men fitted their collars, leashes and hobbles to them as they freed them from their beds, and they were led out through the hall to the old bathroom. Bitch tended to them once more, giving them a quick flannel wash and combing their hair and tying it back into neat ponytails, then wiping them clean after they had evacuated their wastes. But this time there was one disturbing extra service. After she had flushed their bottoms out, she used a large syringe to squirt petroleum jelly up into their rectums.

Then they were taken out of the bathroom and, with Bitch trailing after them, led along a passage to a backdoor which opened onto the rear garden of the house. Bright morning sunshine and fresh air hit them and, despite their fears, they felt revived.

They saw weed covered lawns still wet with dew in shadowy corners, and overgrown flowerbeds and a few hedges grown wild and some tumbledown ornamental walls, all backed by a solid high green wall of sombre pine trees. If there were any inhabited houses or a road close by, the trees seemed to soak up the sight and sound of them. Looking back they saw the house itself was ancient and dilapidated with crumbling brickwork and growths of moss and ivy smothering its walls and even reaching up to the heavy slates of its roof, which was pierced through by tall chimneys.

But they did not have time to take in any more details. The Brothers led them along a gravel path to a separate single-storey building next to the house which looked slightly more modern in style and which abutted a sweep of overgrown gravel that must have been its front drive. A back door in this building was opened up and they glimpsed through it their hire car parked within, together with a pile of crates and boxes. Then an odd contraption was wheeled out of the garage.

It was a light tubular metal utility chair with a canvas seat set between two large bike wheels. A single tubular metal shaft curved up from under the seat to a waist high crossbar hung with rings and straps. Bundled up on its seat were two items of leather harness with shiny buckles and rings.

‘You are going to learn in the same way animals do to serve men,’ Abdiel said. ‘Horses are broken into serve men. They learn their proper place. Today you will be our horses... Or rather our ponygirls...’

Today it seemed that Michael and Raphael had the task of operating the cameras, and they dutifully recorded the process of putting them into their new pony girl harnesses.

There were straps that went across between their breasts and went over their shoulders and fastened to a broad belt buckled tight about their waists. At the back this supported a leather sheath laced down one side into which their arms were bound with their forearms pressed against each other and held tight by another strap pulling their upper arms together behind their backs. More straps dangled from the sides of the belt over their hips which fastened to leather garter straps about their upper thighs. Over these side straps hung large metal rings which fastened to sets of snap hooks on the crossbar of the strange little carriage.

Bridles were bound about their heads with finer straps pinching their skin. These held rubber bits in their mouths which stretched their lips and bared their teeth and blinker flaps on each side of their eyes. Straps went under their chins and others across the bridges of their noses. Another leather band that went across their foreheads supported a clip in which red feather plumes were fitted.

Then there came two sets of reins. These passed through D-rings on the shoulder straps and then through the round rings that dangled from their cheek straps and then down to their bare breasts, framed between the crossings straps of their harnesses, where crocodile clips were pinched to their nipples, clamping them firmly.

There were bent forward and false ponytails with spring clip plugs were forced up into their greased rectums. When they stood upright the tails arched free of their bare buttocks. Finally, their bare feet were shod with what appeared to be sandals with thick soles and high wedge cork heels that had small metal horseshoes nailed their undersides. The shoes made them stand taller, arching their backs and pushing their chests forward slightly to remain balanced. Michael and Raphael moved in close, capturing every detail of their unwilling new postures with their cameras.

Abdiel took first turned sitting in the carriage seat and gathering up their reins in one hand. In the other he held his whip.

‘You will obey my commands or else you will suffer,’ he told them simply, and flicked his whip across their buttocks as a warning. It skimmed their smooth hemispheres, flicking their tails up and leaving a thin red stripe across them. They flinched and yelped and chewed on their rubber bits and then nodded miserably, making their plumes bob. They understood they had no choice whatsoever.

Abdiel flicked the reins across their backs and called out, ‘Walk on!’

Kim and Heather leaned forward taking strain and the little cart rolled after them. Gradually they picked up speed and with plumes and tails bobbing, breasts bouncing and buttocks rolling, they set off along the path and round the house.

As they rounded the far end of the house, they saw before them the full extent of its overgrown front drive. A circle of gravel surrounded a lifeless ornamental fountain set in the middle of a round pool of dark water. A pair of high, rusty, wrought iron gates set in a stretch of crumbling, ivy-encrusted wall guarded the mouth of a drive that wound away out of sight between more gloomy pine trees.

What lay at the end of that drive? Where in the country were they?

They trotted across the drive and then round the other end of the house and passed the front of the garage and came back to where they started. Abdiel flicked his whip across their buttocks again. 'Faster!' he commanded.

Panting they obeyed.

Abdiel drove them twice more around the house and then Gabriel took his turn. Then Michael, then Raphael...

Each time they were forced to change drivers, Bitch shuffled forward and licked the sweat from their bodies. At first it was from the tips and undersides of their breasts and then was from their buttocks and finally it was from their sweaty groins and pubic furrows. Her deft little tongue tickled and made them squirm but the Brothers did not stop her. It was a shameful and intimate activity, disturbing and undeniably sensuous and suggestive when done to them by another woman. Was Bitch doing it to test their responses or under orders to torment herself? But soon they were soon too exhausted to care.

Round and round the big house they went, straining to pull the little carriage that seemed to get heavier each time.

'Lift your legs higher... make those tits bounce... let me see your bottoms rolling ...' commanded the Brothers as they trotted along, enforcing their words with flicks of their whips. And, snorting and dribbling about their bits, they strained to obey.

The sun rose higher and beat down on their backs. Soon they were blinded with sweat and Bitch took time from her licking to feed them water round their gag bit and wipe their eyes, for which they were grateful. Brother after Brother drove them on, steering them around every path in the gardens. Their whipped bottoms stung with sweat.

Hour after hour...

Then there came the circuit when Heather stumbled and went down on

her knees and could not get up. She was too exhausted to go another step. Kim went down on her knees beside her and rubbed her cheek against Heather's, giving her all the comfort she could. The Brother driving them (and they had lost track of who it was) whipped her bottom and then Kim's bottom, but there are at the end of their strength.

Abdiel strode up and used his whip on their sweaty breasts which made them scream and dribble about their gags and flinch and sob, but they would not get up.

'No more strength left?' he said contemptuously. 'You are a weak pair of pony girls. Clearly lesbians are not as tough as you would have us believe. Well I'm going to whip you until you bleed or get back on your feet... unless you can offer us some better and equally instructive activity instead...'

Blinking away her sweat, Heather saw Bitch hovering behind Abdiel. As she looked at her Bitch twisted about and mimed putting a finger up her bottom. Beside her she felt Kim shudder as she saw the gesture as well and understood its meaning.

Oh God no, Heather thought. Was that why Bitch had greased their bottoms earlier? Had she guessed this is going to happen or did she know they were going to be driven to this point? What other choice did they have? Her legs felt like rubber - or else like lead. She could not pull that carriage another step and she could not take any more whipping. What did it matter now? If they kept on going at this pace they would pass out from exhaustion or sunstroke. She turned to Kim who nodded miserably.

Heather gurgled feebly about her bit until Abdiel pulled it out of her mouth. What she had to say revolted her but there was no choice.

'P... please, Sir... would you like... to have us up our bottoms?'

She thought she saw his mouth smiling in the slot of his mask. 'That sounds promising and properly submissive. You are starting to learn your proper place...'

Heather tried not to be sick.

They uncoupled their harnesses from the shaft of the cart and half carried them back into the house. In the thankfully cool dining hall they dragged the beam out and laid them across it. So exhausted was Heather that feel of it taking the weight off her trembling legs was actually a relief. How awful was that!

As they were strapped down and their legs were pulled wide, Abdiel asked, 'Do you need to be reminded how to behave?'

Kim said miserably, forcing the words out, 'No, Sir. We'll be good, Sir. We've never had men in our bottoms so there'll be nice and tight... you'll enjoy us.'

The men lined up before them and parted their robes, once more revealing straining cocks no doubt already aroused by the sight of their sweaty ponygirl buttocks rolling in front of them for hours.

'Now beg us to sodomise you,' Abdiel said.

The women shuddered, but they knew they had no choice.

'I beg you to have me up my bum, Sir,' Kim said.

'I beg you to use my bottom as well, Sir,' Heather groaned.

And so one after another they plunged their stiff shafts into their lesbian captive's tight bottoms, forcing their sphincters open and delighting in their violation as they made the women sob and moan. And despite their distress and revulsion and gasped of pain, Heather and Kim could not help turn their heads to watch each other being penetrated again and again in lustful helpless fascination.

And the terrible thing was they gradually felt themselves responding to their sodomy. Their pussies grew wet as they bulged from the pounding cocks so close within them.

'They're learning to enjoy themselves like proper women,' Zadkiel laughed.

And the men rubbed their slippery discharge onto their cocks for lubrication and plunged into them again.

After every use, Bitch applied her deft tongue to their oozing anuses and licked them clean and then with a syringe and a bucket and sponge, flushed them out and applied more grease ready for the next cock.

And so their second day as captives of the Brotherhood ended in shame and despair.

Chapter Four

The next morning Heather awoke on her strange tilted bed, aching both inside and out.

She stretched as far as her clamps allowed, wondering if she would ever be able to bend her legs again after her ponygirl ordeal. And she didn't like think about the terrible dull throbbing in her bottom where she had been repeatedly sodomised...

She realized Kim was awake and looking at her.

Determined not to let her misery show Heather forced a smile. 'Good morning, wife. I wish I could hold you and kiss you as you deserve.'

'Me to!' said Kim fervently. 'I can't stop thinking about all the things we should be doing together instead of this!'

Heather tried to joke: 'That holiday cottage in Wales doesn't seem so bad now, does it?'

Kim laughed and then groaned. 'Oh, fuck, my bum hurts! Bloody crazy religious maniacs hiding behind their stupid names and masks! Not shy about showing us their cocks, though are they? I tried cocks in the past and found I could take or leave them. That's what I signed up for the pussy exclusive option...' She groaned again, biting her lip and clenching her buttocks. 'I really don't want any more cocks up my bottom! What's even worse, they're not even brave enough to show us their faces while they're doing it!'

'I think that's a good thing,' Heather said. 'While we don't know what they look like or their real names, that means there's still a good chance they'll let us go. I mean they want to "convert" us because we're celebrities. That will only work if they let us go in the end to tell the world we've had a change of heart.'

‘Once they’ve had their fun with us,’ Kim reminded her miserably. ‘And only after we’ve “seen the light” and renounced being gay and punished each other for it in front of their cameras. That’s what that Abdiel said, wasn’t it? They can’t believe we’d really do that, can they?’

‘Maybe in their minds they do,’ Heather said. ‘That’s what matters.’

‘Well I’ll never lay a finger on you, I swear!’ Kim said passionately.

‘And I’ll never hurt you either,’ Heather promised.

Just then the door was unlocked and Bitch came in with their breakfast, with the sinister red-cloaked figures of the Brothers waiting in the hall behind her.

After they had been cleaned and prepared in the bathroom, the Brothers took them out into the back garden again. It was overcast and slightly cooler than the previous day. At least we won’t dehydrate or burn quite so much, Heather thought, desperately trying to find some small shred of comfort.

Then she saw what awaited them and heard Kim groan.

There were two full-size wooden crosses standing facing each other in the middle of the overgrown lawn. Not regular crosses but inverted crosses of Lorraine, with a second shorter horizontal bar a little way below the first. Ropes dangled from rings bolted to the ends of the upper longer crossbar. The crosses had an array of straps and chains bolted both to their uprights and to their crossbars, and there were devices of some kind protruding up through their vertical shafts between the two horizontal arms. Beside the crosses stood a stepladder and a crate which seemed to have the butts of guns and the ends of bows protruding from its open top.

The crosses were so stark and sinister that the women pulled back, only to be jerked painfully on by their leashes and then yelp as the Brothers following on behind them jabbed their cattle prods into their bottoms.

‘We’re going to teach you the way of the martyr reversed,’ Abdiel declared. ‘We shall see what effect a day spent on the cross has on your perverted desires. Recant them and undergo a ceremony of purification and mutual flagellation and you can go free.’

Kim and Heather looked at each other and bit their lips and shook their heads.

‘Very well. It shall be one small step at a time then. Prepare them...’

The Brothers pushed the ball gags into the women’s mouths once more, and then took protective goggles from the crate and put them over their eyes.

‘That is the only protection you will have today,’ Abdiel told them. ‘You are to be put on the crosses to suffer by every means possible...’

The crosses were hinged at their bases where they were supported by large ground spikes that had been hammered into lawn. The Brothers took the locking pins out and with the aid of the crossbar ropes they lowered them flat and Heather and Kim were laid across them.

Now they found out what those protrusions in the cross shafts were: metal-banded rubber phallus. They were angled up at an angle of forty-five degrees and slid out of slots passing through the shafts from front to back. They were pushed up into their bottoms, forcing their sphincters wide until they were lodged firmly in their rectums. Then they were locked in place.

Their arms were spread out along the upper longer horizontal arms of the crosses and bound tightly by straps across their wrists and elbows. Another strap went over the front of their collars across their throats, holding their heads upright. A broader strap went over their stomachs. Then their legs were pulled wide and their ankles were bound to the ends of the lower sets of crossbars. There were small wedges screwed to the beams just beneath the straps.

The Brothers took hold of the ropes trailing from the ends of the upper crossbars and hauled on them, pulling the crosses upright again until they could be locked into place once more. Now the women’s bare feet dangled a

good head height above the lawn, while their weight dragging down on their straps and impaled them more deeply on their anal phalluses until they could take more of it on the wedges under their feet. Fearfully they stared at each other's spread-eagled naked bodies across the short space between them, feeling terrifyingly exposed. They were going to witness each other's suffering.

Abdiel took a remote-control handset from the crates and held it up and pressed a button. Heather and Kim yelped as the dildos in their bottoms suddenly stabbed them with jolts of electricity, pulsating every few seconds. They moaned sobbed and squirmed against their straps, jerking helplessly as the jolts passed through them, but they could do nothing to prevent this relentless stimulation.

While Abdiel and Gabriel took up the cameras and began filming Kim and Heather from every angle, the other Brothers armed themselves with more items from the crate. Two of them had paintball guns and the other two bows and quivers of arrows. At first it seemed as if the arrows that were safely sucker-tipped were no more than children's toys, and the women saw a glint of metal in the middle of the cups.

The Brothers arrayed themselves about the crosses, one paintball gun and one bow to each.

'Begin!' Abdiel said.

Kim and Heather screamed about their gags as paintball pellets and arrows began to pour into them.

The arrows had pins in the rubber tips which dug into their flesh and sometimes stuck even if the greased suction cups did not adhere. The paintball pellets splashed in a multitude of colours when they struck them. Now they realize why paintballers wore heavy protective clothing. Each impact at such close range was extremely painful! To make their suffering worse (and what else did they expect?) the Brothers aimed their weapons at the most vulnerable parts of their bodies. Pellets splattered into the undersides of their trembling breasts, the impacts making shiver and quiver wildly. Then they lowered their sights and peppered their gaping pussy clefts.

A strike on the clitoris was agony while a pellet actually penetrating into the cleft or up their vaginal passage was terrifying, as if they were being penetrated by a bullet

The arrows also sought the same sensitive targets, sticking into their breasts and nipples and the outer lips of their labia until they were feathered with them like Saint Sebastian. One struck Kim full in her cleft, passing up into her vagina. She screamed and a jet of pee spurted out of her, splashing over the shaft of the arrow and splattering across the grass.

The Brothers laughed at her pain and humiliation. 'Let's try to get one up the other slot,' Gabriele suggested.

They fired at Heather's pussy until an arrow pierced her vagina and she screamed and peed in sympathy with Kim.

Paintballs followed the arrows into them and then dribbled out of their pussies in bizarre coloured streams. And all the while the electric dildos lodged in their rectums pulsed and tingled and stabbed, making them jerk and twitch.

It was not until lunchtime that they stopped using Heather and Kim as living targets.

Abdiel turned off the anal dildos and the girls sagged trembling from their straps. The Brothers pulled the arrows out of their flesh. A hose was run out from the garage across the lawn and a hard jet of water was sprayed up into them, washing the paintball splatters and streaks and the blood away. Then the jet was directed up between their legs so that it gurgled in their pussies, making them yelp and jerk against their straps, washing the blood and paint out of them.

'Let us eat,' Abdiel said.

Then the Brothers went inside the house, leaving Kim and Heather alone. A minute later Bitch appeared with a tray. She brought it across and

set it down between the crosses and then moved the stepladder close to Heather's cross so she could clamber up it. For a moment she looked at her with a strange mixture of fascination and pity. Then she bent and kissed her dripping hard nipples. Then she took the gag from her mouth and gave her a drink of water and then fed her a sandwich.

'Thank you,' Heather croaked as she ate. There was no one else in earshot. She had to take the chance while she could speak. 'Please... can you help us escape?' she whispered.

Bitch shook her head. 'There is no escape,' she said simply.

'You can come with us.'

'No I can't.'

'Don't you want to escape?'

'I'm a sinner. This is my penance. I did wicked things.'

'They were not wicked. There's nothing wrong with being gay.'

'It is against divine law. I deserve this.'

'But we don't! We were kidnapped! We were on our honeymoon!'

'That only makes your sin worse in the Brothers' eyes.'

'We aren't sinners! We don't believe in God!'

'But the brothers believe and that's all matters here. You are sinners in the eyes of their God.' Gently she stroked Heather's scratched and bruised breasts: 'Lovely sinners, but sinners nevertheless.'

'Please help us escape!' Heather sobbed.

Bitch looked into her eyes with gentle pity. 'There is no escape. Unless you give them what they want...'

‘We can’t!’

‘Then you will suffer far worse than this.’

After lunch their torment resumed. They were peppered by paintballs and stuck with arrows, all the while twitching and jerking as the electric dildos sparked and stabbed in their bottoms. They were so stiff and exhausted by now that they began fainting. When they did the bombardment temporarily ceased and the hose was brought into play, squirting cold water across their faces to revive them.

Occasionally they were teased when it seemed the Brothers lost interest in them, stopping filming. Then they walked away, only away only to circle round behind them and fire their arrows and paintball pellets into their buttocks. The pellets made bigger splashes while the arrows stuck into their smoothly curving backside flesh better.

By now their arms were numb from being outstretched and strapped down for hours, while the shoulders and hips burned and ached. They were covered in scratches and bruises and their pussies, bottoms and breasts throbbed and stung. Paint and blood dribbled from their sore and cruelly pummelled clefts.

At teatime Abdiel called another halt. The pins were pulled from the cross base hinges and they were lowered until their main shafts rested at angles against a pair of trestles the Brothers had brought out for the purpose. Abdiel pulled Heather and Kim’s gags out and stood between them, looking from one to the other.

‘Admit you are sinners,’ he told them. ‘Sincerely beg for forgiveness. Renounce your unnatural lust and deny your mockery of a marriage. As proof of your faith punish each other as you deserve. Then you can go free into the light...’

Kim and Heather were dazed and exhausted, but both said, ‘No... never!’

‘As you wish. Put them up again. We’ll leave them out overnight and see if they are more amenable tomorrow...’

Heather and Kim sobbed in dismay and gazed into each other’s horrified eyes. They could not endure being left out overnight on the crosses.

And then they saw Bitch again, bobbing about behind the row of watching Brothers. And she mimed putting a finger into her mouth.

‘If... if you let us sleep inside tonight, Sir...’ Heather croaked. ‘Then tomorrow... you can have our mouths... we’ll give you oral sex... and we’ll beg first... and we’ll thank you afterwards...’

Abdiel considered. ‘I suppose that for your kind that is another step towards the light: offering another orifice to the service of men. Very well, you may sleep inside. But don’t displease us tomorrow, or else you’ll be back on these crosses tomorrow night!’

The women shuddered.

Back in the cell that night, still sore and aching from their ordeal but at least clean and fed now, Heather told Kim about her whispered conversation with Bitch.

‘She sounds like she’s been brainwashed,’ Kim said at last.

‘But I think she’s sympathetic to us. Perhaps if we work on her some more any chance we get, she might help.’

‘You mean she’s still secretly gay and fancies us?’

‘Maybe. I mean she did suggest a way out of being left outside on the crosses all night.’

‘By giving those bastards blowjobs tomorrow!’

‘Would you’d rather have taken a night on the crosses?’

Wearily Kim shook her head. 'No... of course not. But cock sucking... that's another thing I thought I finished with when I came out!'

Heather bit her lip. 'Actually... I've never sucked a cock before in my life,' she admitted.

Kim blinked. 'But you still suggested it!'

'The lesser of two evils. You look so sick I didn't think you could take any more.'

Kim bit her lip as if struggling to hold back her tears and then changed it into a feeble smile. 'I never imagined I'd say this on my honeymoon to my wife, but would you like me to give you a few pointers on the technique of fellatio?'

'Yes please,' Heather replied.

Chapter Five

The next morning they were led into the dining Hall, where another new piece of bondage equipment had been set out on a square of black plastic sheeting.

Resting on a flat wooden base was a hollow wooden post standing about chest high with two levers protruding from its top. One pair of opposite sides on the post had handles and sets of straps bolted to them, while jutting out of slots in the opposing faces between them they were the ends of large rubber dildos, ringed and studded with electrical contacts. Beneath them were rubber mats.

At the sight of the device the women shuddered, but they had agreed to this.

Meekly they allowed themselves to be settled with their backs against opposite sides of the post kneeling on the rubber mats so that the dildos could slide up into their greased bottoms. As they moved about they realized there were not two dildos but one long double-headed dildo which passed completely through the post, held in place by some pivoting mount within it. They were now connected anus to anus.

Their arms were pulled back against the flat sides of the post and straps were bound across their elbows and wrists. The insides of their ankles were pressed against it and more straps went about them, holding their feet in place. Further straps went across the front of their collars, pulling their backs against the post and lifting their heads.

Bitch, holding her cleansing bucket, was hobbled and put a long leash connected to the post.

Then the men stood over their captives and parted their robes, revealing their straining erections.

‘What have you to say to us?’ Abdiel prompted them.

‘We beg you to use our mouths for your pleasure, Sir,’ Heather and Kim said together.

‘Which is only as it should be,’ Abdiel said.

‘Yes Sir,’ they agreed.

Pairs of rubber hooks on elastic cords were pulled round from the post sides and dug in the corners their mouths, forcing their jaws wide and stretching their lips backwards into false smiles of delight.

‘It is good that you will get a taste of sperm,’ Abdiel said. ‘It is the seed of life and a gift from God and uniquely man’s creation and you must learn to value it. These will be the rules. You will pleasure each of us as many times as we wish and swallow everything we spend in your mouth. Do not waste a drop. We will keep our penises in your mouth as long as we wish whether you need to breathe or not. It would be better for you to faint than spit us out. If you are pleasing you will be untouched, but if we think you’re not trying hard enough we will use our whips on your breasts. If you are displeasing in any way we will pull the levers on your post and your companion will suffer, do you understand?’

Heather and Kim gulped and nodded.

Abdiel and Gabriel took first turn, standing on either side of the post facing each other and grasping hold of its bracing handles and then thrusting their hard shafts into the women’s mouths.

Heather swallowed his penis head down as Kim had told her, trying not to choke while experiencing the taste and smell of him. It was not exactly unpleasant but it was shockingly intimate. She rolled her lips down over her parted teeth to caress the middle of his shaft to add to his pleasure. The sooner he came the sooner it would be over...

Then Abdiel began to pump into her, pummelling her gullet and then leaving his hard shaft in her mouth for increasing intervals. She thought she

was going to choke or faint. When he pulled it free she gasped for breath. She squeezed on her anal dildo for comfort and reassurance, knowing it connected her with Kim, and imagined she felt her squeezing back.

The Brothers not being serviced used their cameras to record every thrust down their captive's throats that swelled with the cocks within them and their flushed cheeks and the women's bulging fearful eyes going red as they struggled to breathe. And yet Heather's nipples were hard and her pussy was tingling. She was being aroused by her double penetration, but only mildly. Of course she didn't want to enjoy it, but it might have made it easier if she did...

She heard a whip crack and a yelp of pain came from other side of the post. Kim was being encouraged to try harder. Heather felt the anal dildo jerk inside her as she flinched. What was happening?

She led her attention waiver from Abdiel's cock, which should have been the focus of her attention. He pulled his hard shaft out of her mouth, stepped back, drew his whip and slashed it across her breasts, making her squeal between her parted lips as a burning stripe appeared across their upper slopes. Then he lunged forward again and filled her mouth once more, and desperately she sucked and tongued away.

And then she felt a jolt of electricity coursing up through her bottom, making her scream about Abdiel's shaft and then almost choke it. Gabriel had pulled the lever on his side of the post, punishing her for Kim's lack of effort.

Heather put all her mind to pleasing the hard pumping shaft of flesh in her mouth, sliding her tongue around the rim of his plum head, caressing his rolled back foreskin, imagining somehow that by doing this she was pleasing Kim. What was a penis but an overgrown clitoris after all?

Suddenly Abdiel grunted and a hot salty tangy jet spurted out of its tip down her throat.

With a gulp Heather swallowed the slimy stuff down and then she sucked and drew out the rest in a diminishing stream.

Behind her head the post was shaking as Gabriel pounded into Kim's throat and she feared he would hurt her. Then he gave a satisfied grunt and she knew he had come.

Abdul pulled his shaft out of Heather's mouth. He took hold of a fistful of her hair and used it to wipe his penis clean. Then he stepped back.

'Thank you thir,' Heather said as clearly she could about her cheek hooks.

Bitch shuffled forward. She wiped Heather's face and gave her a mug of water to wash her mouth out and then spit into the bucket, which she did messily about her wedged teeth.

Gabrielle pulled out of Kim and Bitch shuffled sideways to tend to her.

Then the next two Brothers moved forward with their cocks jutting impatiently before them...

By the time Heather and Kim had served each Brother twice, their throats were raw and sore from gasping for breath and swallowing burning sperm, their anuses tingled from numerous electric shocks and their breasts were each crossed by half a dozen scarlet whip marks. But at least the Brothers' store of semen had temporarily been drained.

While they went out to find refreshment, Bitch took the time to wipe their sweaty bodies down. Then she held a small bucket between their legs so they could pee into it.

They were alone in the room and Heather took her chance to speak to Bitch again. 'Please, can you do anything to help us?'

'I've done all I'm allowed,' Bitch replied.

'And we're grateful for it, but you know this is wrong.'

‘It is not wrong if it pleases the divine will.’

Kim suddenly asked, ‘what’s your name?’

‘Bitch is my name. It says all you need to know about me. I’m not worthy of any other name.’

‘All right, you’re Bitch.’ Kim conceded. ‘But before, when you had a different name, you were gay, weren’t you?’

‘Yes, and I was bad, very bad...’

‘Do you still like touching us?’

Bitch chewed her lip in obvious distress. ‘Yes I do,’ she admitted.

‘I promise that if you help us escape you can have both of us,’ Kim said.

Heather started at this shocking offer, but then said firmly, ‘Yes, you can have both of us if you help us escape...’

‘Don’t tempt me!’ Bitch sobbed. ‘That’s what they do! That’s how they keep me here, promising I’ll be absolved if I’m good and then make me do this and it fills me with all those wicked desires again...’

Then they heard footsteps in the corridor and all of them went silent as the Brothers returned ready to push their cocks down Heather and Kim’s throats one more time...

Heather hoped that once the Brothers were drained they would not bother them for a few hours at least. However that did not deter them from their twisted objective.

The Brothers freed them from the oral sex post only to subject them to a fresh humiliation, which this time intimately involved Bitch. They arranged the three of them lying on their left-hand sides on rubber mats laid out in a small ring with their right legs raised and bent inwards to the middle of the

ring where their feet were crossed and their ankles were strapped to the top of a small wooden block that raised them in the air. Their left arms were pulled out and down behind them to meet their left legs, which had been pulled outwards and bent upwards until their wrists and ankles touched so they could cuffed together. This left only their right arms were free.

They were all facing clockwise so that they were each looking into the exposed crotch and buttocks of the girl in front of them, with their heads pillowed on her inside left thigh. Heather was looking into Kim's golden pussy, and Kim was staring at Bitch's tight naked sex peach, while she was looking at Heather's dark thatch.

Their mouths were plugged by ball gags so they could not speak. Bound together as they were they could only look inward at the bare flesh before them: at naked clefts and cleavages exposing the most intimate orifices, and breasts lying together capped by nipples which were uncertainly stirring. Heather and Kim were uncomfortably aware of the warmth of their bodies and the scent of their exposed pussies, which had not been used so far that day.

There was a Brother standing beside each of them on the outside of the ring with his whip and cattle prod ready, while the other two Brothers filmed them. Kim and Heather looked at each other anxiously and then at a miserably expectant Bitch. What was going on?

Abdiel said for the benefit of the cameras, 'now you will see the unnatural way women such as these make love. Not being blessed with members of their own that were created for the purpose of female penetration, they must improvise by using their hands to give each other pleasure...'

Heather and Kim started, looking at each other across the tight circle of flesh. What had he said?

'They will now recreate a typical lesbian threesome where they are overcome by the uncontrollable lust for each other's bodies... begin!'

With a snivel, Bitch slid her slim hand across Heather's thigh and began

to twist her stiff fingers into the mouth of her cleft. She was going to fist her!

Heather flinched and tried to pull away. The Brother standing over her jabbed her right buttock with his cattle prod and she yelped in pain. Then he flicked his whip across her bare bowed back.

‘If they are unwilling to cooperate they will of course they were beaten until they do so,’ Abdiel commented. ‘Their reticence is not surprising given the shame they must feel for the perverted pleasure they get from such immoral acts...’

The Brother standing over Kim jabbed his prod into her buttock and she screamed in pain. Then he raised his whip menacingly.

‘If we do not see your hands inside each other up to the wrists, then you will be whipped until you bleed and shocked until you faint,’ Abdiel promised them.

For a moment Kim and Heather’s eyes met. They had no choice.

With a choking gasp Kim pushed her fingers into Bitch’s soft naked pussy while Heather pushed her hand up into Kim. All three of them were now joined in the most intimate way possible. For a few seconds they twisted their fingers about, opening up the mouths of these most intimate orifices, wincing as they felt the same thing being done to their own vulvas. Under this intimate double stimulation their clitorises swelled and hardened.

Then they yelped as the prods and whips beat down upon them, urging them on to greater efforts and deeper humiliation. Pain and pleasure met and mingled within them.

As their juices began to flow and their pussy lips engorged and grew hotter their fingers slid even further into the mouths of their companion’s vaginas, stretching and teasing them open wider. Heather gasped as she felt Bitch’s small hand penetrating her to the knuckles as she warmed within and grew ever wetter and more slippery. Then suddenly her hand was sliding up all the way inside her and her vulva was swallowing it down to the wrist.

With a sob she pushed her hand harder into Kim's wet cleft, desperate to give her no less of herself. Kim choked as she slid deeper inside and her, lifting her right leg so that Heather's knuckles could pass through the mouth of her vagina, which suddenly seemed to suck her inside. Kim's eyes bulged as she was penetrated the wrist and she bit down on her gag, dribbling helplessly as she was filled. Spurred on by Heather's presence within her, she thrust her hand all the way into Bitch's hot elastic pussy mouth.

And now they formed a perfect ring of flesh with their free hands buried in pussies before them and with their wrists clenched as tightly by their inner sheathes of flesh as the cuffs about their other wrists and ankles. The heady reek of excited female juices being discharged in front of their faces filled their nostrils. And then, despite their anger and shame at what they were being forced to do before the cameras of their twisted persecutors, raw instinct took over.

As if in a dream Kim and Heather pumped and twisted their hands within the hot wet dribbling vaginas before them, kissing the soft thighs on which their heads rested, even as they sucked on the hands penetrating them so intimately in return within their own love tunnels. The strange, exciting, shocking feel of having living hands inside their most intimate passageways, twirling and flexing and making their clefts bulge strangely from within, mingling with their own sensations of penetration as their hands moved inside the body next around their intimate ring.

Frantic desire overcame them and they pumped their fists harder into the clinging sheathes they had penetrated even fists were pumped into their own. Then they were cuming over each other's hands even as they clenched tight about the hand inside their own passageways. A wave of orgasmic release seemed to ripple round their ring of flesh as they were sobbing and moaning and jerking against their cuffs and straps, united in a three-way group orgasm.

Distantly it seemed, Heather heard Abdiel saying: '...and that is another example of the unnatural way that these sinful women make love, denying men their rightful place within them.'

That evening, alone and clamped to their plastic-covered tilted beds again, Heather and Kim were subdued by thoughts of what they had done; recognizing the lingering doubt and shame in each other's eyes but fearful of saying anything.

Finally Heather took a deep breath and voiced their mutual fears aloud. 'We didn't cheat on each other by making love to Bitch or cuming with her hand inside me or your hand inside her. She had no choice either. What matters is that I don't love you any the less for it. It was just a matter of survival. You were ready to bribe her with sex yesterday and that made sense and I would have gone along with it. Well she's had that now and it hasn't done any of us any good and she's probably feeling just as screwed up as we are, poor girl. So we mustn't blame ourselves or feel guilty about anything we have to do in this nightmare, right?'

Relief filled Kim's face. 'Ohh... I'm so glad you said that! And of course I still love you. I knew it's stupid but I feel so bad about... well, enjoying myself. For a few moments it felt amazing!'

'I know it did, Heather agreed. 'And I came as well. And nothing can change that and maybe some day we can cherish the good bits, but we must not let it destroy us!'

Kim looked at her with starry love-filled eyes as her nipples were visibly swelling and darkening with desire. 'Do know you say the most wonderful things? Oh fuck, how I'd love to screw you properly right now!'

Heather felt her own nipples rising with the same desperate yearning as she strained against the metal straps that held her down. But all she could do was look. Was that frustration part of their captors plan to break them? 'And I'd love to do the same to you! But until we get out of this mess we'll just have to take what comes while trying to find some way out.'

'I don't think we can count on any help from Bitch,' Kim said.

'No, she's completely under their power. They're playing games with her like they are with us. Playing on her guilt, telling her she's doing penance, and then forcing her to do the very thing she supposed to have

renounced. That is cruel!’

‘What else do you expect from screwed up religious fanatics? I think they’re secretly getting off on making us do weird sex tricks for them! This isn’t a record of our so-called sins; it’s a twisted propaganda video for their crazy ideas!’

‘I think you’re right,’ Heather agreed miserably. ‘And I hate to think of who they’re going to show to when it’s finished!’

Chapter Six

‘We have decided that since you are little better than animals at the mercy of your carnal lusts, that is how we shall treat you today,’ Abdiel announced. ‘Perhaps it will help you recognise the pitiful state of your morals and behaviour...’

It was the next morning and Kim and Heather were kneeling on the back lawn while the Brothers stood watch over them.

Bitch knelt a little way from with her head hung low, as usual looking pretty, nervous and vulnerable all at the same time. Next to her were three large red painted dog kennels: objects that in any other context would have been quite ordinary and homely, but here and now were decidedly sinister. They had names pinned over their metal grille doors: BITCH, KIM and HEATHER. Beside them was another box of accessories.

With their stomachs knotting up in fresh fear, the women listened as Abdiel explained. ‘Today you will not speak. Today you are no better than dogs that must be trained to obey without question. You will follow Bitch’s example. She knows her place. Hopefully you will learn yours, and in doing so recognise the extent of your sins. You will feel your shame and know that you brought this upon yourselves!’

Heather was not sure his convoluted and twisted reasoning made any sense at all, but they had no choice. She consoled herself with the thought that at least they were out in the garden again. While they were playing these stupid perverted games, there was a chance that they might see some way of escape.

The Brothers began taking items out of the accessory box and meekly Heather and Kim allowed themselves to be transformed along with Bitch.

Fake hollow rubber dog tails were plugged into their bottoms. They were stiffened inside so that they curled up over their bare buttocks and

wagged about to move. Fingerless black rubber gloves moulded to resemble dog paws were pulled on over their hands and feet and buckled tight about their wrists and ankles. Broad rubber belts were buckled about their waists and elastic cords stretched down from them to rings set in the cuffs of their rear sets of paws. They discovered that the tension on the cords forced them to keep their legs pulled forward and doubled up under them, making standing upright virtually impossible. Rubber dog noses and snouts complete with false whiskers were stuck on over their own, leaving their mouths clear. Finally false foam rubber dog-ears were glued to the upper rims of their own so that they jutted up alertly on either side of their heads.

When they had been turned into rubber girl dogs, Abdiel examined them in satisfaction, while Uriel and Zadkiel who had control of the cameras again, recorded every detail of their transformation. Then he said, 'now watch Bitch and copy her: Sit up and beg!'

Obediently Bitch sat back on her heels, spread her knees submissively wide to expose her naked pussy cleft, and lifted her upper body straight. She raised her arms with her elbows bent and tucked into her sides with her rubber-covered hands hanging limply from her wrists. These were pushed up under her small breasts, raising them invitingly. She tilted her head up, opened her mouth and panted, lolling her pink tongue over her teeth, and gazed at Abdiel with large soulful eyes.

Abdiel patted her on her head as you might a dog that had performed a clever trick. 'There is a good Bitch,' he said. Then he dug a small sweet out of a pocket in his robes and dropped it into her open mouth.

Miserably Kim and Heather copied her, desperately aware of the humiliating spectacle they made and yet feeling their nipples standing up and their pussies tingling as they did so. The Brothers all took turns patting them on their heads. 'Good bitches...' they said as they also feed them sweets.

And having no choice, they chewed them and then swallowed them down. They had accepted the first treats from their masters own hands.

The Brothers took a selection of coloured rubber balls and rubber toy bones out of the accessory box.

‘Now you will learn to run and fetch like dogs,’ Abdiel told them.

And the Brothers threw the bones and balls across the lawn.

Immediately Bitch bounded forward on all fours, her pale smooth bottom bobbing and her rubber tail wagging frantically and her little breasts shivering beneath her as she raced along. The hairless cleft of her pussy played peek-a-boo with her straining thighs.

So appalled were they at the sight of her degrading herself so enthusiastically, that Kim and Heather hesitated, only to be jabbed in their breasts by cattle prods, which made them yelp and flinch.

‘Obey like good bitches or suffer!’ Abdiel told them simply.

Snivelling wretchedly they turned and bounded away as best they could, feeling the elastic cords jerking on their hind legs as they stretched out behind them. Their rubber tails slapped their bare buttocks as they ran, churning their plugs within them. Being bustier than Bitch their breasts bounced and jiggled uncontrollably under them, making them even more acutely aware of their exposure.

Reaching the balls and bones they had to press their rubber snouts into the grass to pick them up with their mouths. Then they bounded back to the waiting Brothers. Bitch sat back on her heels again in begging posture, holding the ball she picked up out so that a brother could extend his hand and she neatly dropped it into his palm. Then he patted her on the head, told her she was good, gave her another treat, and then threw the ball for her to fetch once more...

Feeling sick, Heather and Kim copied her, enduring head pats and swallowing treats and then running back across the lawn again after more balls and bones.

After a solid hour of this Heather and Kim were exhausted. The bodies were shiny with sweat which dripped off their nipples and down the cleft of their

buttocks and fell from their sodden pubic curls while they were panting like real dogs. It was a good thing they were on all fours, because at that moment they did not think they could stand.

Abdiel seemed to appreciate their exertions. He called them into a line sitting up in their begging postures, produced a bottle of mineral water and fed it to them and they gulped it down eagerly. Then he said, 'now go over to that tree and cock your legs and show us how well you can pee against it like proper bitches...'

Bitch set off immediately towards the indicated tree, with Heather and Kim following miserably after her. The cameramen followed in their wake.

Bitch cocked her leg against tree and a clear stream of pee hissed out of her naked cleft and splashed over its lower trunk. When she was done she shuffled aside and turned to look at them expectantly.

Heather gritted her teeth and adopted the same posture, balancing awkwardly on her hands and one knee as she willed herself to perform the deed, horribly aware of the cameras watching her closely. It was a small triumph and relief to feel urine spurting out of her against the trunk. When she was done she moved aside and then reluctantly Kim took her turn. Heather found herself watching in fascination as Kim balanced just like a dog with the pee squirting out of her.

When they were all done Abdiel blew a whistle and Bitch bounded back across the grass to him, closely followed by the others. There were now three shiny metal dog bowls set out on the grass filled with pellets of mashed food the size of golf balls.

'Eat your lunch like good bitches,' he commanded. 'I want to see those heads down and those bottoms up...'

Bitch was already bending over the centre bowl so Heather and Kim took their places on either side of her. It wasn't hard to pick up the balls of food with their teeth, although their rubber dog snouts did get smeared. They were aware of the cameras focusing in on their raised hindquarters realising they were showing everything off.

And they felt two of the Brothers kneeling between their spread legs and taking hold of their hips. Then hard penises were rammed up into their pussies.

‘Keep eating!’ Abdiel said. ‘You will be whipped if you raise your heads from those bowls!’

And so they kept their heads buried in the bowls while the men and pumped away inside them, grinding through the membranes separating their passageways from the plugs in their anuses. At least they came quickly. They pulled out of them and there was a moment’s pause and then they squealed as the garden hose was used to wash their soiled vaginas clean. Then the next two Brothers took them. By then their nipples were hard and their pussies were flowing with juices.

‘Animals will keep eating while they’re being mounted,’ Abdiel said. ‘And that’s what you are today... bitches being mounted by their masters... and you can’t help feeling excited at the thought...’

It was not like that, but that was not what the cameras would record. But they could not speak to tell the truth. Sobbing they kept eating until the food was gone and the Brothers had taken their pleasure. They felt miserably aroused but they had not been brought a climax. As the last of the cocks were pulled out of them they felt as if they were being cheated. They turned to each other, looking past their rubber muzzles into their tearful eyes and flushed cheeks and tried to smile to reassure themselves that the bond between them was still secure.

The bowls were removed and the three of them lined up on their knees before Abdiel.

‘Now, Bitch must be feeling neglected,’ he said. ‘I think she got excited seeing the two of you being mounted. See if that’s true. Go on... sniff and lick her bottom and that filthy little slot of hers!’

Miserably Heather and Kim shuffled round behind Bitch who submissively spread her knees and bowed her head, offering her groin to them. Cautiously they sniffed her hindquarters, smelling the intimate spicy

scent of her excitement. Their cheeks burned with embarrassment.

‘She has been getting excited, hasn’t she?’ Abdiel observed, standing beside them and rubbing the tip of his cattle prod through Bitch’s cleft, making her shiver. Then he transferred the prod to Heather and Kim’s pussies and they flinched. ‘And I see so have you. Well now you can put that right like the animals you are. Lie on your sides with your legs pulled up and pleasure each other as you did yesterday, but this time just use your tongues...’

Heather and Kim looked each other in despair and shrugged helplessly. They had no choice. They lay in a sweaty triangle, closer than they had before, with Heather’s face pressed into Kim’s crotch and hers into Bitch’s naked vulva, and Bitch’s face nuzzling against Heather’s pussy. The rubber dog tails jutted grotesquely out of bare buttock clefts before their eyes. The Brothers stood over them and the whips and prods came out. A few flicks across their bottoms and a couple of low voltage jabs with electric prongs were all that were needed to make them perform.

As Heather nuzzled and licked up into Kim’s succulent pussy, her rubber muzzle and whiskers crumpling and rubbing into her bottom, she felt the Bitch perform the same service to her. Her little pointed tongue was nimble and supple, darting everywhere. She really was very good, and though Heather felt guilty she felt herself responding. We are allowed to do anything we need to in this situation, she reminded herself. If it keeps them happy and spares us pain then we do it.

Kim was drowning her face with her juices while apparently grinding her own nose into Bitch’s tight cleft. A wave of pleasure began to flow between them, electrifying their bodies. Heather was aware of her straining throbbing nipples that threatened to burst and the hot liquid lust filling her loins. As it did so her sense of place and self seemed to melt away, and all that remained was the pussy in front of her and the tongue in her own cleft and the closeness of warm female bodies and nothing else mattered and it was just joyful delight...

A starburst of delight exploding inside her and she spent over Bitch’s face even as Kim sprayed her own special gift across her own.

And then cutting through her dizzy pleasure she heard Abdiel exclaiming for the benefit of the cameras: 'Look at these women rutting like animals! This is what the evil of unnatural lesbian lust does to them! They should be put in kennels like the beasts they are!'

The Brothers took hum at his word. They dragged the three women apart and led them over by their hair to the kennels, still dazed from their orgasms and dripping juices from their pussies.

The kennels were not much bigger than ordinary dog kennels but they were mounted on low wooden plinths and had little ramps leading up to their front doors. The floors within were covered with rubber matting. The women were turned around and made to shuffle backwards up these ramps and through the kennel doors which were just large enough to take them.

'Back in all the way!' they were told.

As Kim shuffled back into her kennel she felt a horizontal padded bar pressing into the gap between her calves and the undersides of her thighs. Then there was a second one, set slightly higher up than the first, forcing her to lift her bottom as she went further back into the kennel. Then her feet slid down into a little trough let into the floor at the back of the kennel so that they rested with her toes pointing downward. Then her raised buttocks pressed against the back wall of the kennel and she could go no further. It was a tight fit and her head was only just inside the front of the kennel. The Brothers closed and locked its grilled doorway in her face. Uriel and Zadkiel, holding their cameras, went along the line of kennels recording their faces as they peered out through the bars. Then they and the others went round the back of the kennels.

'Open them up,' she heard Abdiel command.

Kim suddenly felt the pressure against her buttocks release as a small door was pulled open at the back wall of the kennel. Her bottom pushed out through this door until felt the rim of its frame pressing about the undersides of her thighs and hips. An unseen hand slapped her exposed buttocks and she yelped. Then she heard yelps from the other kennels.

‘I think this is their best aspect,’ Abdiel said, and the other Brothers laughed.

Kim groaned. She imagined how it must look from the other side, seeing her naked buttocks, together with those of Heather and Bitch, all bulging out of the back walls of the kennels. They would make inviting targets...

Swish, crack! The whips beat against their bare bottoms. Then the cattle prods jabbed into them, making them yelp and sob and jerk within their imprisoning kennels, so that the wood creaked.

‘Do you offer us your backsides for our pleasure?’ Abdiel called out.

‘Yes Sir, yes sir... we do!’ they screamed back from within their kennels.

The brothers knelt at the backs of the kennels, braced their hands on their roofs, and rammed their hard cocks up into the peachy clefts of their pussy mounds that hung innovatively beneath the sore and blushing hemispheres of their beaten bottoms.

Kim sobbed as she was taken again and again. They had been reduced to disembodied bottoms poking out of the back of cramped dog kennels for the amusement and pleasure of their masters.

And there they remained for the rest of the day.

That evening back on their restraining beds, squirming as their sore bottoms pressed against the plastic sheet, Kim fumed, letting her anger overwhelm her shame: ‘They dress us up like fetish girl dogs, they film us acting out their twisted little script doing perverted doggy things, then they say that proves we are no better than animals and put us in kennels only to screw us again! That is so crazy!’

‘I know,’ Heather agreed, ‘and I think Bitch knows it as well. For all her supposed guilt and repentance she still cums very easily. Maybe she lets them

use her, even if she wouldn't admit it. Maybe the Brothers know it as well, but she is useful to them this way.'

'It still means they've screwed her life up!' Kim said fiercely. Then in a quieter voice she asked hesitantly, 'you know I had to tongue her out, don't you?'

Heather tried to sound as offhand she could manage. 'I know, and you know I had to let her do the same to me. We've agreed it's not like cheating or anything, just doing what we have to do to survive.'

Kim smiled gratefully.

Despite her fear and despair, Heather managed to add innocently, 'But did she taste better than me?'

Kim laughed helplessly until she was choking and snivelling. Blinking the tears from her eyes she asked: 'Do you...do you think if they keep treating us like this we'd end up like her: like an obedient animal? I mean I got a sort of tingle from it, in a sick sort of way. But only because I kept telling myself it was just a game. But seeing the way she behaved... '

'We'll never be like her,' Heather said with more certainty in her voice than she felt. 'There are two of us whereas she seems to be on her own, which must have made her more vulnerable when the Brothers first got hold of her. But I do think it means they'll keep playing with us for as long as they can because they enjoy it too much – and they won't be satisfied until we give them what they want!'

'But we can't give them that... I won't hurt you! If I did that it would be like denying what I am... who we are. It would mean those mediaeval bastards had won!'

'I know. We'll just have to be brave.'

'I wonder what they've got planned for tomorrow?' Kim wondered. Trying to cheer herself up she added, 'It can't be worse than being the dog girls, can it?'

Chapter Seven

The dining room table had been covered with a black plastic sheet with a rim around it, forming in effect a huge shallow tray. The sides of the rim were fitted with straps and cuffs. More plastic sheet was laid out on the floor under it. A wooden crossbeam hung diagonally across the table, supported at opposite corners by tall vertical wooden posts clamped to the table legs. From a swivel joint in the middle of the crossbeam dangled a pole with several sets of cuffs and straps hanging from it. The swivel joint was hung on the end of a wire rope that ran through sets of pulleys along the crossbeam to one of the corner posts where it was attached to a hand winch. Two more posts rose from the other table legs and they were joined together at each end of the table by more crossbeams, forming what might have been miniature goalposts. These beams and posts were hung with more straps and cuffs.

Taped to one of the upright posts was a length of garden hose that then ran along the crossbar that spanned the middle of the table until it reached the pulley from which the dangling pole was suspended. Here the hose was plugged into the rose from a watering can that hung downwards over the table. The other end of the hose ran down to the floor where it was connected to an old fashion stirrup pump which sat in a bucket of water.

Beside the table was another box of accessories.

Bitch shuffled into the room after Kim and Heather on their leashes and then gave a whimper as she saw what had been arranged.

‘It’s your turn to be a living fountain again, Bitch,’ Abdiel said.

Bitch hung her head and trembled and mumbled: ‘Yes, Sir...’

While Heather and Kim watched on, two of the Brothers took hold of Bitch and dragged her over to the table. They lowered the suspended pole and sat Bitch under it. They drew her forearms out wide and fastened cuffs to her wrists and upper arms. Then they pulled her slender legs out wide parallel

with her arms until it seemed as if she was doing the splits. Then they buckled more cuffs about her ankles and knees. Two elastic cords set midway along the pole were pulled downwards to her breasts. They had crocodile clips on their ends and these were pinched about her nipples, stretching them upwards. Two more even shorter elastic cords set inside the first two were dragged down on either side of the head and crocodile clips were pinched to the tops of Bitch's ears, pulling her head upright. Now she had become a puppet suspended from her master's controlling bar

From the accessory box the Brothers took out one of those split-sided transparent plastic funnels that were sometimes put about dogs' necks to stop them from chewing injuries, and a reel of silver repair tape. They unbuckled Bitch's leather collar, leaving her neck bare, and then fitted the plastic funnel collar in its place, binding the tape about its lower rim and her neck until it stood up around the lower half of her head, completely enclosing it to the level of her eyes. She looked down through it and shivered.

They cranked up the dangling pole until Bitch was suspended beneath the crossbar, swinging lightly in the air with her gaping naked sex lips pouting downwards. Now the dangling watering can rose hung just above her head. Heather drew in her breath, beginning to see an unpleasant possibility.

The Brothers pulled Kim and Heather across to the table and bent them back across its ends so their heads almost met in the middle. They sat on the rim that had been built up around the table under the black plastic and realized that it was made from foam rubber strips that gave way under their buttocks. The Brothers pulled their legs up and out wide towards the corners of the frames built around the ends of the table and strapped their ankles in place. More straps went over their waists. Their arms were pulled out wide and fastened to the middle sides of the table.

Now their bare buttocks overhung the ends of the table with their groins exposed, while they were left staring upwards into the Bitch's tight bottom parted by the tension on her legs and the cleft of her pretty, naked groin as it swayed above them.

There were gagged and could not speak, but Heather heard Kim whimper as she realized what was going to happen.

‘This is a demonstration to show you what we think of you,’ Abdiel said. ‘This is all you are worth because of your sins. Unless you want more days like this, you will think about repentance...’

One of the Brothers began to work the stirrup pump and water started spraying out of the watering can rose above Bitch’s head. It ran down over her face and was caught in the funnel about her neck, forming a little ring-like pool. Soon the level started to rise up over her chin and then her mouth. She began drinking it down to stop it covering her nose.

From below Kim and Heather saw her gulping and her tight stomach begin to swell.

Abdiel caught hold of the end of the pole from which Bitch hung, and gave it push, setting her spinning around and round like a fleshy ceiling fan. At the same time two of the Brothers took up position between Kim and Heather’s splayed legs. They had new devices in their hands, rubber paddle blades on bamboo handles. They swung them at their exposed buttocks and groins.

Kim and Heather screamed as the rubber smacked against their flesh, making it ripple and tremble as startlingly loud smacks rang out.

Swish, smack! Again and again the paddles beat on their buttocks and inner thighs until they felt as if they were on fire while raw red blushes spread across them. Then the brothers laid the spanking paddles over the women stomachs, parted their robes to free their straining erections, took hold of their raised thighs and rammed their stiff shafts up into their dribbling clefts, parting their simmering pussy lips.

After a few hard thrusts they picked the paddles up again and began to beat Kim and Heather’s upraised breasts. Their hard nipples were driven down into their soft fleshy cushions again and again by the smacking blows, while the women whimpered and yelped and sobbed under the onslaught.

Then above them with a moan Bitch lost control of her overfilled bladder and her hot pee spurted out of her. It rained down over Heather and Kim’s faces and breasts like the jet of a rotating garden sprinkler as she spun

above them, making a spiral in the air.

It must have gone on for a full minute before the flow diminished to a few drips.

Then the Brothers resumed their paddling of their breasts, this time beating they wet urine-stained mounds which only added to the stinging impacts and burning the paddle blades left behind.

The Brother who had been working the stirrup pump resumed his task and the water rained down over the Bitch's head, beginning to fill her collar up once again.

The Brothers using them grunted and spouted their hot seed up into their vaginas. Then they pulled out of them. There was no Bitch to tend to them this time so they used a squeezezy bottle plugged into a short hose to flush them out and then wiped them clean themselves before a second pair took their place.

'This is how it going to be how it will be for you all day,' Abdiel told them. 'And this is your future as well, unless you confess your sins and beg for forgiveness...'

As the hours passed the mixture of pee and water pooled under their bodies, trapped by the table rim and adding to their wretched state of distress. The urine stung their faces and eyes and was soaked into their hair. The regularly replenished sprinkling of it across their bodies accentuated every paddle blow on their breasts. When enough had pooled on the table, their abusers deliberately dipped the paddle blades into it and then used them on their buttocks and pussies, adding an extra wet sharp slap to each stinging blow so that it was driven into their raw simmering flesh, making it burn and sting even more fiercely.

As a change they swung a few extra wet paddle blows up into Bitch's dangling buttocks, making her yelp and bounce and sway.

Eventually Heather and Kim succumbed to the relentless pounding of the cocks inside them and briefly lost themselves to unexpectedly powerful orgasms which made them jerk on their straps so hard the table posts creaked.

These respites were short lived, however, and soon they were returned to their miserable state of anticipation and dread, staring upwards at Bitch's naked body turning slowly above them, watching her belly swell and waiting for the next time she had to loose her bladder over them.

At the end of this most miserable day, Kim and Heather were deeply subdued as they were clamped back onto their beds once more. Bitch, freed from the humiliation of the table and with her collar back on it instead of the awful funnel, had taken a long time spraying and shampooing them and scrubbing them down in the bathroom to get the smell of urine out of their hair. She herself looked even more downcast than usual, not meeting their gaze.

'I'm so sorry,' she whispered.

They were even sorrier for her. The crocodile clips had left red marks on her ears and nipples and she moved stiffly from her hours of suspension and spreading, to say nothing of red spanking blushes on her own buttocks. When she was done at least they smelt fresh, but a lingering sense of dirtiness remained in their minds. She had also applied healing cream to their burning breasts and bottoms, which had eased their pain a little, but again not the pain deep within them.

When they were alone once more, strapped on their tilted beds gazing at each other but unable to touch, Kim said miserably, 'they made us feel like to dirt. I thought being treated like animals was bad but this was worse. They really are perfect shits, aren't they?'

'Yes... although of course they would disagree with you,' Heater said. 'They think they're on some sort of holy crusade to purify the world by making us into perfect hetero women.'

'By forcing us to take a day-long golden rain shower while being

screwed and paddled?’ Kim exclaimed.

‘We both had orgasms though, didn’t we?’ Heather said. ‘Two celebrity lesbians cuming with cocks up inside them. That’s what they wanted and they even filmed us doing it.’

‘What about it? We survived. And cuming was just desperation. It proves nothing. I don’t hate cocks I just prefer clits. But I’ll use one if it distracts me from thinking about a woman peeing on me again, or when my arse was going to get another wet tanning!’

Heather frowned. ‘Maybe it was really about that: getting us used to rough sex and cuming the usual way, even when we were in pain or being humiliated. The only time we can have sex is on their terms and they’re getting pain and pleasure mixed up in our minds and even making it feel good about it – at least for a few moments. Maybe they think it’ll make us more ready to give them what they want in the end.’

‘But we can’t!’ Kim sobbed. ‘We won’t!’ She sighed. ‘Tomorrow we’ll have been here a week! It’ll be another three before anybody will miss us. Can we last that long? Or will they run out of things to do to us first?’

‘I hope so,’ Heather said with feeling, but little conviction. This week had seemed like a month measured by its quantity of suffering and fear. On that scale their nightmare felt as if it would never end.

Chapter Eight

They next day, leashed, gagged and cuffed, they were taken out in the back garden again.

Bitch was led out with them. She was still subdued and hung her head. The women wished there was some way they could reassure her that that did not blame her for what she had been forced to do yesterday.

After the claustrophobic day on the pee table it was a relief to get back out into the fresh air. And there seemed to be no elaborate devices awaiting them, just two folding tables and chairs set up at opposite ends of the garden with small round wicker baskets beside them. The tables had what looked like an array of ornaments set out on them. Beside the one at which Abdiel was sitting there were also two old single mattresses lying on the grass close by. They had straps stitched to their corners and narrow slots cut in their middles that had been rimmed and lined with repair tape.

A kind of winding, snakelike path had been laid out on the lawn between the two tables with little marker cones, effectively trebling the distance between them.

As they were led up to Abdiel's table they saw the "ornaments" were actually an array of dildos and china eggs of assorted sizes. A large tub of petroleum jelly sat next to them. Beside the table were two fist-sized iron balls on short lengths of chain. The wicker baskets, they now saw, were lined with straw. There were also several bottles of mineral water.

Bitch's leash was hooked to one of the chairs by the table and she crouched down beside it like a dog.

While Kim and Heather contemplated this curious array of items doubtfully, Abdiel spoke. 'Today you will exercise your private parts by carrying these items in them between these two tables. You should learn how many different uses your passageways can be put to apart from serving men.'

That is why God made you as you are. You are beasts of burden both inside and out...'

Heather and Kim shuddered, but of course they knew they had no choice.

Gabriel sat at the other table, while the other four Brothers positioned themselves on the course between them, ready to film the women or whip them along as was necessary.

Heather and Kim bent over and greased china eggs the size of the hen's egg's were pushed up into their vaginas, while an equally slippery dildo was pushed up into their anuses. From a ring on the dildo base the iron ball was hung so that it dangled between their thighs.

'Now follow the course to Brother Gabriel,' Abdul told them. 'And do not drop the dildo or the egg on the way, or else you will be punished...'

Miserably, they waddled off along the winding pathway.

They had only gone a few steps before they realized this task was going to far harder than their imagined. They had to clench their passageways tight about both the egg and dildo to keep them in place. Their tight rings of anal sphincters should have made holding the dildo inside them the easiest task, except for the iron weight dangling from it which was constantly trying to pull it out of them. It also forced them to waddle like ducks with their legs splayed and the weight bobbing and swaying between their thighs like a clapper of a bell.

They looked at each other in despair and then shrugged and staggered on. Finally they reach the end of the snaking path. Here Gabriel pointed to the wicker basket beside his table.

'Lay your eggs in there,' he told them, 'and then kneel beside me with your bottoms up so I can remove your dildos...'

With their cheeks burning they took turns squatted over the wicker basket and squeezed the eggs out of them. They popped out with a

disturbingly sensuous sensation, almost plopping into the nest of straw. They felt shivers of relief and even pleasure to be free of their burdens. Unfortunately the Brother filming them caught every detail of their eggs' intimate expulsion. With their cheeks burning as he did so they realised that they were being made to act like hens!

Then they had to present their bottoms for the dildos to be pulled out of them. A fresh dildo was then inserted and the iron weight was transferred to its ring. A newly greased egg was also pushed up into their vaginas. Then Gabriel gave their bottoms smack.

'Now make your way back to Brother Abdiel,' he commanded.

They set off back along the winding path again. When reached the first table the process was repeated: they had to squeeze their eggs out into the wicker basket and let Abdiel pulled the dildos out of them, only to insert a new greasy egg and dildo back up into their passages.

They could not help moaning as he did so, exchanging resigned glances between them. Although they hated the shameful process, it was hard not to feel some kind of primal thrill as the smooth but hard and unyielding objects were forced so intimately back up inside them again.

Was that a deliberate part of their humiliation, Kim wondered? Not just exercising their pussies and rectums but also forcing them to respond sexually at the same time. This constant squeezing out and pushing back up inside them, and then having clench them tight inside themselves while they walked between the tables was relentlessly stimulating their pussies.

By the third trip they were dripping freely from their heavily laden clefts. Unfortunately this made it even harder to keep the eggs and dildos inside them, and they had to squeeze on them more tightly and walk with greater care, clenching their thighs together which made the dangling iron weight bounce against them either from the front or back.

Soon they were sweating profusely from their exertions. Seemingly solicitously, Abdiel made sure they had a good drink on their next stop. A few trips later they realized he had deliberately filled their bladders which

were already under considerable pressure from the double insertions within them.

‘You can pee by the side of the track,’ Brother Michael told them it as they began to squirm with need. ‘But you’ve got to keep those eggs and dildos inside you while you do it.’

Awkwardly they squatted down, resting the dangling iron balls on the grass and struggling to open their bladders yet not squirted out the eggs from their vaginas while they did so. The cameras zoomed in close, recording every contorted expression on their faces and clenching of their groins. Messily their pee squirted out of them and over their thighs, yet it felt so good to relieve themselves they hardly cared. And so yet another degradation was heaped upon them.

It took them a few more trips to realize that the eggs and dildos being pushed up inside them at each table stop were getting steadily larger. It was only by a few millimetres of girth each time so it had not been noticeable at first. Each journey stretched their orifices slightly so that they were able to take a little more. They were working their way up from a regular sized dildo and an egg a normal hen might have laid, to things the size of squashes and large lemons; far bigger than anything they had yet had to endure being inserted in their rectums in this ongoing nightmare. It began to be painful to have the things pushed up inside them, to say nothing of the extra weight they had to carry.

Together with that increasing load they were getting tired. Midday had passed and the Brothers had eaten. Even Bitch had been fed, but they had only been given water. They began to get lightheaded and inevitably they began dropping dildos or eggs, as the two competed for space within them. Immediately the watching Brothers descended upon them, pushing them face down into the grass with their bottoms up so they could whip them and jab them with their cattle prods. After they had been thrashed and while they were still sobbing and dripping with tears, the lost egg or dildo was pushed back up inside them and they had to continue on again.

These incidents meant that they no longer walked side-by-side and became separated along the course. Soon they began to pass each other on the

way back between tables. They tried to smile encouraging about their gags, but it wasn't easy.

Then Abdiel changed the order of things. He pushed a fresh dildo up into their vaginas and a new egg up into their rectums. They sobbed as their anal sphincters were stretched about its pointed end until they swallowed it up inside them with a groan of relief. It was easier to hold the egg inside their rears but harder now to keep the dildo within their vaginas, especially as the iron ball bobbed uncomfortably against the fronts of their thighs as they clenched together to hold the insertions inside them. This made the dildo wiggle and churn inside their vaginas as they walked and added to their stimulation.

The hotter and slipperier they became the more they had to clench on the dildos. And inevitably with sobs and whimpers they slid out of their pussies onto the grass. Then trembling they bent over to receive their due punishment. They did not have to be told of forced because after hours walking up and down the same path across the lawn until the shaggy grass had been flattened into a well-worn groove by their feet, they knew it was coming. They actually presented themselves with their heads down and bottoms up before the Brothers reach them to save themselves needless manhandling. Was this also a kind conditioning?

By now their bottoms were rosy red and crisscrossed by whip stripes. As the sweat ran off them over their clenching buttocks it stung and burned. The Brothers use their cattle prods with equal eagerness, leaving tingling prong indentations in their pussies and breasts.

Their brief stops at the tables for emptying and refilling, even though they only took a minute or so, became desperately needed breaks in what had become a marathon walk in a country garden, even though the larger dildos and eggs made it more of a strain to take inside them. And yet paradoxically the pleasure of squatting over baskets and squirting the fat eggs out of them, after that painful moment of maximum dilation, or having the dildo pulled out of their passageways with a slurping sucking pop that seemed to try to pull their stomachs with it, was also a greater relief by contrast, which filled their minds with conflicting emotions. It was more perverted pleasure in the middle of pain and humiliation and was very confusing.

In fact by mid-afternoon everything was becoming confusing. They had reached the limits of their endurance and were stumbling back and forth along the path.

And then Heather simply collapsed onto the grass, her dildo weight pulling the fat shaft out of her dripping pussy as she did so. Kim tried to run over to her, dropping her own dildo out of her pussy and squeezing to expel the egg from her bottom as she did so. She dropped down onto her knees and then collapsed next to Heather. She saw her feebly trying to smile around her gag even as she was shaking her head as if to say this was it: she could go no further.

The Brothers were gathering round them and they huddled up, expecting more punishment. But instead Abdiel said, 'Now you have been properly stretched, you can serve your appointed female function with even greater pleasure

What did he mean?

The Brothers half carried them over to the mattresses. Then they saw that Bitch was now lying between them, with their sides pressed against her thighs and shoulders. Her arms were stretched out sideways and slid under the mattresses. They saw that her slender hands were protruding up through the slots in their middles with her fingers, shiny with a fresh coating of petroleum jelly, clenched tight together into points.

Heather and Kim began to struggle but they were far too weak.

They were sat down on their backs on mattresses on either side of Bitch, who lay on the grass between them, and their legs were pulled wide and strapped to their bottom corners. Their buttocks were positioned over the slots cut through the mattresses and they felt Bitch's fingertips brushing across them, searching for their tight anal puckers. They twisted their heads to look at her, but she had her eyes closed and her teeth clenched. Raphael was standing over her head, jabbing her small breasts cruelly with his cattle prod. Of course she had no choice...

The Brothers held their hips down and Bitch's slender fingers slid up

into their rectums, forcing their sphincters open in the way the china eggs and dildos had prepared. Kim and Heather whimpered as she opened them up until her knuckles were passing through their sphincters. And then the rest of her hands slid up inside them to the wrists, and they sobbed and shuddered at the feel of her hands moving in their tight rectums. It was if in some bizarre manner she was now wearing them like fleshy glove puppets.

It was frightening and perverted and yet impossibly arousing, and as if they were miniature puppets themselves they felt their clitorises standing up to attention

The Brothers pushed them flat and Gabriel and Abdiel stood at their feet, parting their robes to reveal their by now familiar straining erections.

‘Now we will use you and bitch for our pleasure at the same time. You will provide the passageways and she will caress us from within as we fill them.’

And they felt Bitch wriggle her fingers within their rectums.

Kim and Heather gasped and shook their heads and gurgling in wide-eyed horror. This was not possible! They had fisted each other’s front passages, but vaginas were designed to take babies. Bottoms were not designed to hands, especially not when the vaginal passages next to them were filled with cocks! They were terrified they would be injured.

But what they wanted countered for nothing.

The Brothers knelt between the spread legs and thrust their hard cocks up into their aching, painfully well stretched and lubricated but now unnaturally compressed vaginas. The women gasped as the men forced their way into them up to the hilt and then began to pump vigorously. They felt Bitch’s fingers moving within them, pressing against the thrusting shafts through what seemed to be paper-thin membranes dividing their front and back passageways.

Kim and Heather whimpered and wailed. It was too much! They thought they were going to split open. They couldn’t take it, they couldn’t...

And then they screamed about their gags as a monstrous orgasm took possession of them and they squeezed their vagina's tightly around the pumping cocks ramming into them and clenched their bottom mouths about Bitch's slender wrists. And for a few moments they entered a blissful world beyond earthly cares.

Back in their room that night clamped to their beds again, Heather and Kim, still dazed and exhausted from their exertions and shocking sexual high, looked at each other's groins in fear, horror and fascination, expecting to see signs terrible damage. But apart from looking a little flushed, their vulvas did not seem very different than they had that morning. Even the puckers of their anuses seemed to have tightened up once more after their ordeal. Inside they felt bruised and strangely sensitive.

'I never thought I could take that,' Kim admitted feebly. 'It was worse than the pussy fisting! I thought those bloody eggs and dildos would split me open... and then her hand... Oh God, are you all right?'

'I'm aching in places I never imagined I would, but it seems like I'm more stretchable than I thought,' Heather admitted, trying to force a brave smile.

'The shits! Putting us through that! Being screwed with a girl's hand up our backsides...'

'The same girl's hand up both our backsides,' Heather said. 'Like we were joined by her. I think that was another joke about us being married. At least Bitch has small hands...'

'Oh yes, that was really kind of them to have girl was small hands shoving them up our bums so it only *nearly* split us open!' Kim spat out scathingly. 'And then screwing us with them still inside! Of all the cruel, mean, humiliating things to do...'

'But we came again, didn't we,' Heather pointed out.

‘Oh, yeah, like sluts on heat! That was something to be grateful for!’ Kim groaned. ‘Though I’d have passed on that if I could also have missed the dildos and china eggs being stuffed up my cunt and bum, and then having to lay them like a fucking hen just for their amusement!’

‘I mean despite it all we came again,’ Heather persisted. ‘In a week they’ve got us used to cumming even when they’re doing the most awful, disgusting things to us. I really think we’re being conditioned to accept being treated like that and even enjoy it.’

‘Not enjoy it, endure it!’ Kim said desperately.

‘But if this goes on long enough, will we know the difference?’ Heather wondered.

Chapter Nine

The next morning, after Kim and Heather had eaten and Bitch had carefully prepared them, they were taken into the big dining Hall and made to kneel with their leashes tethered to a ring in the wall, while the Brothers sat at the long table facing them, as if in judgement.

‘You have been with us for a week being educated about your proper place in the world of men,’ Abdiel said. ‘You have learned to give your bodies as they should be given, and to respond to the mastery of males as God and nature decreed. We have tried to show you the error of your ways and teach you the evil of your unnatural love for each other. But you still display stubborn resistance. Have you anything to say to us?’

Heather said, ‘if you don’t like what we are, Sir, then you should question the person who you would say made us like this: God!’

‘God made you perfect, but you listened to the whisperings of the Devil and allowed him to corrupt you,’ Abdiel countered.

‘Then why didn’t God make us deaf to the devil’s whispering?’

‘Don’t question the ways of the Almighty!’ Abdiel said angrily.

Heather shrugged. What was the point of arguing with somebody who thought like that?

Abdiel pointed at Kim. ‘What have you got to say for yourself, woman?’

‘If we’d known how much fun all this was going to be, Sir, we’d have booked this place for our honeymoon instead of Wales.’

‘Ah, a display of gallows humour that some might mistake for bravery, but wiser minds know is simple foolishness masking fear and insecurity,’ Abdiel said. ‘We must do something about that. We have been merciful with you so far, but it seems we must take firmer measures...’

Kim and Heather looked at each other in horror. They thought they had been *merciful*...?

The Brothers rose, took up the women's leashes again, and led them out into the hall and for the first time out through the front door of the house. They stood on the edge of its overgrown circle of gravel drive surrounding the disused and dilapidated ornamental fountain in its centre.

Except that now it had a strange device beside it.

Supported by a low sturdy wheeled base was a timber A-frame that carried a sturdy metal swivel mount in which was set a long horizontal timber beam. The beam had a sliding counterweight and handles hung on one end while from the other dangled a set of ropes and loops of leather strapping.

'The principle is similar to that of the ducking stool,' Abdiel said. 'Except that we have adapted it for use on women...'

The Brothers led them over to it and set about their task.

Heather and Kim's wrists were uncuffed only for them to be pushed back to back, so that their bare buttocks were pressed together, and their arms were then pulled back around each other's bodies. Then their wrists were re-cuffed with their hands pressed against each other's stomachs. A broad strap went around their waists and two more about their knees and ankles, binding them rigidly together. The counterweight was adjusted and the end of the beam was dipped to the ground and the harness dangling from it unhooked so that it could be fitted to them

Four loops of leather strap went about their breasts and were pulled tight, making them whimper. Ropes tied to the loops were passed over their shoulders and threaded down between their bound bodies through the cleft of their buttocks and down between their legs within the encircling straps until they came out under their feet. The women were laid on their sides and these ropes were all tied to an iron ring which was hung once more on the end of the beam.

A couple of Brothers went to the counterweighted end of the beam and

slid the counterweight back and then pulled on the handles. The end of the beam lifted, dragging Heather and Kim with it until they dangled upside down. They whimpered in pain as their weight was taken by their strap-bound breasts, which were being squeezed into taut pink fleshy balloons and then dragged upwards by the ropes passing over their shoulders which cut into their flesh, and then ran down between their bound bodies.

The beam was swung round until they were suspended over the fountain pool. Hanging upside-down just above it they saw it had been cleaned out and topped up to overflowing. Now its water was clear they could see it was over half a metre deep.

‘The first time we will leave your heads underwater the ten seconds, then pull you up for ten seconds to breathe,’ Abdiel said. ‘The next time you will be under for fifteen seconds, then twenty and so on. Every time you are above the water we will whip and prod you, do you understand?’

‘You’re crazy monsters!’ Kim sobbed, ‘you can’t do this to us you... eek!’

Abdiel had unhooked his cattle prod and jabbed it into her stomach.

‘We will do whatever is necessary to save you from your sins,’ he said simply. ‘You can end this ordeal anytime you wish if you show us that you are making progress towards the light by an act that demonstrates your submission to the male penis as the natural organ of pleasure.’

Nervously Heather asked, ‘What kind of act, Sir?’

‘You would have to beg us to use you by every orifice you possess at the same time. A three-way as it is called. A perversion of course when done for simple hedonistic pleasure, but a necessary tool for use against committed sinners like you.’

Kim snivelled and shook her head. ‘In your dreams... awww!’

Abdiel had prodded her again. ‘Then you have sealed your own fate. Now you must choose between pain and pleasure. We shall give you

something to help you make up your minds...’

Michael came forward with a pair of large silver and black vibrators that he pushed down between their strapped thighs into their pussies and taped them in position with duct tape. Then he switched them on.

Kim and Heather shuddered as the alluring vibrations buzzed within them.

The beam dipped with a splash Heather and Kim were dunked headfirst into the chilly pool.

They twisted and squirmed under water for ten seconds that seemed far longer, and then the beam lifted and they were hauled out again to the dangle dripping over the pool spluttering and gasping for breath.

Swish, crack, stab! The Brothers leaned out over the pool and whipped their wet bodies and jabbed their cattle prods into them as they struggled for breath.

Splash! They were dunked back in again, with the vibrators still buzzing away inside them.

Fifteen seconds passed and then they were hauled out again. Swish crack, jab crackle! Another flurry of whips and cattle prods rained down upon them, making them jerk and whimper and twist in mid air. They beat their ballooning and distended breasts, their quaking stomachs and the bulging lips of their pussies and in response they squeezed so hard that the vibrators would have popped out of them if they had not been taped in place.

Splash! Back in the pool again. The water filled their ears and noses as they wriggled like gaffed fish. And yet at the same time their sore pussies were clenching wildly about the buzzing vibrates inside them as if their lives depended on it. Heather wondered if they were actually taking pleasure from their fear or were they simply sucking on the vibrators as a desperate diversion from it. It was getting harder to tell the difference anymore.

This time twenty seconds went by before they were pulled out to be

beaten and shocked as they gasped for breath.

By the time they had spent thirty seconds underwater the fronts of their bodies were crisscrossed by whip marks while cattle prods jabbed at their bulging strap-noosed breasts, which were gradually turning purple, and into their vibrator-plugged pussy clefts, which perversely were oozing with juices that ran down their palpitating stomachs across their whip stripes.

As they were enduring fifty seconds under the water, Kim wet herself in fear, the urine arcing out of her cleft beneath its impaling vibrator as if the fountain had briefly come back to life, and then splattering into the water in which they were submerged. Heather heard Kim's pee falling like rain and knew what it meant. What would happen when they were under for five seconds longer? Would she wet herself in fear? Would they be dunked in their own pee? At what point did survival overrule pride?

And yet she felt intensely alive and aware of herself from her noose-strapped and half strangled and stretched breasts to her hot dripping, buzzing pussy. And even the tingles from the cattle prods and the whip stripes were feeding into that sensation. She could no longer contain it and yet it terrified her. What if she had an orgasm with her head underwater?

When they were pulled back out of the pool Kim coughed up water and screamed:

‘No... No more... please... I b... beg you!’

The Brothers held back their whips and prods as they dangled upside down before them, dripping with water from their streaming hair and purple breast tips and the juices flowing from their engorged vulvas that shivered and clenched about the relentless vibrators. ‘What have you to say?’ Abdiel demanded.

But now Kim was choking too badly to speak.

‘We’ll do it!’ said Heather, as she also gasped for breath. There, she had said it first. Kim must not think she was alone.

‘What will you do?’ Abdiel asked.

‘We will have... three penises inside us... at the same time, Sir,’ Heather panted miserably, even as her treacherous pussy squeezed on the buzzing vibrator inside it. But they had no choice.

‘And what about you?’ Abdiel asked, jabbing Kim with his cattle prod.

‘Yes... Please screw me Sir... all of you....up every hole I’ve got... Please!’

‘And do you promise to try your hardest to serve us, as is your duty as women?’

‘Yes Sir, we’ll do anything you want!’ Heather sobbed.

The frames stood facing each other in the dining Hall, simple and yet perversely ingenious symbols of their surrender.

At the ends of low wooden base boards stood two tall wooden posts fitted with the usual array of straps and chains, between which Heather and Kim stood part spread-eagled, with their right arms tied high above their heads and the left low down to rings set at waist height. This was so that one of the Brothers could stand on small wooden platforms fitted to the posts at knee height on their left sides, straddling their lowered arms and shoulders. From this position they could twist the women’s heads around so that they could give them oral pleasure without getting in the way of their fellows.

Heather and Kim did not resist as they were secured within them. Their pussies ached and their breasts were still tingling and pricking from returning circulation after their strap nooses had been removed. They had begged for this and promised to give the Brothers their sick pleasure. There was no retreat now.

The Brothers filming them zoomed in on their faces, recording their looks of a weary submission and surrender. Their expressions were distorted

by the rubber hook straps wedged between their back teeth holding their jaws apart and stretching their lips back into bizarre grimaces. They were going to have to accept every cock pushed into their mouths, while there were mats on the bases of the frames in front behind the women where Brothers could stand to take them by their other passages.

Bitch was brought in again and stationed between the two frames on a long leash, together with her bucket, sponge, tub of lubricating jelly and enema syringe.

When Heather and Kim were secured, Abdiel said, 'you will be here for the rest of the day. We are each going to have you by every pleasure orifice you possess, and so we will need time to recover our potency. You should be grateful. Few women are blessed with the opportunity to take so much divine seed within them!'

Heather and Kim gazed at him in horror, whimpering helplessly. Blessed! Six violations of each of their orifices: they would be screwed eighteen times! Feebly they squirmed and tugged on their cuffs but they knew it was futile. This was going to happen and nothing could stop it. They looked across at each other with their stomachs churning in fear and yet already seeing their nipples standing up and feeling the terrible anticipation in their loins as their bodies prepared for the inevitable...

The Brothers parted their robes revealing their straining manhoods, and then they took up position in front and behind and beside them. Kim and Heather had to look into their masked faces as pairs of them held them from the front and rear and felt their penis heads rubbing through the clefts of their pussies and the furrows of their buttocks. They could see each other being surrounded. Then their heads were twisted sideways by the Brother standing on the platform to their left and a third penis head was rubbed across their faces and into their gaping mouths.

There was a simultaneous thrust from every Brother up into their helpless bodies and their sobs of fear were choked off as they were each triply impaled and skewered on hard merciless manhoods. And then their ordeal began...

There were two cocks fighting for space within Kim, pumping up and down and stretching her anus and rectum and vagina to splitting point. She would have liked to scream but there was a third cock wedged down her throat and it took all her concentration to breathe when it briefly withdrew...

A Brother spurted hot salty sperm down Heather's throat that she must gulp down before it was wasted and then suck desperately on the cock that had delivered it before it was withdrawn. Then its owner dismounted to make way for her next violator...

Kim felt two Brothers coming inside her simultaneously and she sobbed wretchedly joining them as she felt a searing orgasm tear through her: either in a gesture of defiant triumph or a desperate desire to show how much she was enjoying her despoilment. They squeezed and pinched her sore breasts and slapped her bare buttocks before pulling out to make way for the next ones. Did that mean they were happy? She desperately wanted them to be happy...

At some point Heather realized that she must have fainted but was revived by a beaker of water being thrown into her face. Then another cock was pushed into her mouth...

Kim saw through misty, dulled eyes Heather hanging limp, sweating and shockingly lovely from her straps with sperm dripping out of her front and rear with Bitch kneeling between her spread legs lovingly tending her and kissing her aching pussy... No, that was Bitch tending to Kim herself and kissing her own sore pussy and dribbling bottom and hook-stretched lips as she scuttled and scrambled like a naked monkey about the frames to clean

them out and feed them water as they poured out bodily fluids in their tears and juices. She was everywhere. She was the only kindly touch they knew...

Then the cocks returned...

Daylight was softening and growing golden outside the dining hall windows.

Kim and Heather were standing facing each other strung out within the post frames, as they seemed to have been for an eternity. They were trembling in exhausted anticipation ready to serve again. After all that was their purpose, the only reason for their existence... But there were no more cocks being pushed up inside them.

They looked each other in hollow-eyed disbelief. Had they taken all eighteen inside them? Was it... over?

‘Do you know your place now?’ Abdiel asked them.

Wretchedly they nodded.

That night, back on their restraining beds, after a meticulous but gentle flushing out and wash from Bitch, they were too shocked and weary to look at each other for a long time. They knew what they had each suffered and did not want to think about it. They simply wanted to sleep, but the shame and shock within them would not allow it. Every orifice they possessed ached and felt raw while the fronts of their bodies were crisscrossed with whip marks. Today they had known true fear and total despair. They had been pushed to their limits and beyond. They had experienced orgasmic highs and pain-filled lows, which had left them numbed and confused.

Finally Kim sobbed through her raw aching throat: ‘I can’t go on any more. I’m sorry. I thought I was braver than this. I kept saying I’d never give them what they wanted... but after the pond... and that three-way... all those cocks time after time... I don’t think I could do that again.’

For what seemed like the hundredth time since this nightmare it started, Heather wanted desperately to take Kim in her arms as a wife and lover should and hug and kissed her and tell all was going to be well. But all she had to console her were words... and she was also frightened that she had lost belief in them.

‘You mean, we should forget our pride and agree to do anything to end this?’ Heather asked huskily.

‘Yes,’ Kim said simply. ‘I’d rather get it over with by doing *something*, instead of just breaking down and loosing it totally.’

‘Even... denying what we are... even punishing each other, as they want?’

‘Yes... Oh God, I’m so sorry but I think that’s the only way out. And of course we won’t mean it. It’ll only be pretend...’

‘But it will have to *look* as if we mean it, you know that,’ Heather said. ‘It won’t simply be promising that we’ll be good God-fearing girls from now on and will screw men only; they want us to punish each other for our past sins: for daring to be in love! You know it’s going to hurt... and I don’t mean just physically.’

‘I know, but it might hurt less than letting them fuck with us for another week still not knowing if they’ll release is in the end.’ Kim snivelled. ‘I’ve got to do now! At least this time we’ll be in control... sort of.’

‘We’ll have to be prepared to hurt each other. It won’t be a game, it’ll be for real.’

‘You know it’s the last thing in the world I want to do, but I’m ready to do it if it gets us out of here. I know it won’t destroy what we feel for each other. We’re stronger than that! But...will you forgive me in advance?’

Heather took a deep breath. ‘Yes, I will. Always. And I’m ready to do the same to you.’

Kim smiled feebly. 'You're forgiven...'

Heather smiled grimly back. 'You're right, there's no other choice. We'll tell them tomorrow.'

Kim sighed. 'Thank you... maybe I can sleep now...'

'No,' Heather said. 'First we've got to get some practice in acting contrite and masochistic. To convince them that we've been converted we'll have to believe it... really believe it!'

Chapter Ten

The next morning Kim and Heather knelt humbly and meekly before the Brothers as they sat behind the table decked out as an altar once more, complete with the candles and crucifixes that they knew only too intimately. They were ever present reminders of their earlier submission. And now, they reminded themselves, they understood and accepted their power: the power that all phallic things had over them as women. They felt their pussies tingling at the thought and that was good. It was also good that there were going to suffer, because they had been very bad and wicked. And they were so grateful to the Brothers for saving them from evil...

Michael and Raphael began filming them. Abdiel said, 'you have asked to speak to us. What have you to say?'

'Please Sirs, we want to say we are very sorry,' Heather said.

'Sorry for what?' Abdiel asked.

'For committing the sin of lesbianism, Sir,' Kim said, 'for despoiling the sanctity of marriage and for performing unnatural acts.'

'We have seen the light, Sir!' Heather said fervently.

'We know we have been wicked and want to make up for it, Sir,' Kim said.

'Are you telling us that you are ready to renounce your unnatural love, with our cameras as your witnesses, and punish each other as you deserve for your insult to God? Will you promise in future to give yourselves to men alone?'

'We do, sir all of that, Sir.'

'Are you ready to perform your penance now before us?'

‘Yes, Sir.’

The Brothers conferred in low tones for a moment, and then Abdiel said: ‘Very well, you will be given a chance to prove that you are truly contrite. But if we doubt you are sincere, then we will start your correction from the beginning again...’

Heather and Kim shivered at the prospect. But that was not going to happen because they were sincere, they really were...

The Brothers dragged a box of sadomasochistic accessories out in front of them and then pulled the freestanding beam over.

‘These will be your tools,’ Abdiel said. Bitch was brought in and pushed down onto her knees before them. ‘Whatever you do to each other, you will do to her as well to prove your earnestness.’ The Brothers spread out around them with cameras, whips and prods at the ready. Kim and Heather’s hands were un-cuffed and their leashes were removed. ‘Now show us how much you regret what you have done...’

Nervously Kim and Heather examined the items in the box. Some were familiar and others were new. They felt their stomachs knotting and churning in fear as they handled them, while at the same time their nipples pricked up and their clitorises began to harden. They looked at each other and they nodded. It was time to suffer...

They wore three monstrous absurd vibrators plugged into their groins. They had metallic red rubber shafts like giant screws that, like the best power drills, both rotated and hammered. Their battery packs and motor were plugged deep into their anuses, stretching them painfully wide once more. These were attached to a hollow ring that encircled the base of their pussy clefts, stabilised by spring clamps that bit into their outer labia, peeling them wide and leaving the passageway to their vaginas open. The ring carried the motors power via heavy gear cables to drive the screw shafts that jutted up like pseudo-penises from between their thighs, brushing the lips of their labia and clitorises. When they spun and pumped they ground into them even as

they threatened perverse pain and pleasure to any other orifice they might be plugged into.

Heather groaned as she turned her vibrator on. It gave her a heady sense of perverted power, and this was good because she was going to have to be so very cruel...

She pushed Kim and Bitch over the beam so that their bottoms were presented to her. She swiped a spanking paddle she had selected across her buttocks, making leap and ripple and blush. They sobbed and kicked their legs about but they did not try to escape. They knew their only true release was by suffering...

Heather swiped the paddle between their thighs, smacking into their clamped pussies framed within the drive rings, beating the sensitive lips hard.

They wailed and sobbed and then parted their legs submissively. She took hold of Kim's hips and rammed the whirring pulsating rubber screw up into her pussy. Kim screamed as the thing churned inside her. Heather pulled her head up by her hair and slapped her. Then she pulled the whirring head out of Kim and moved sideways to plunge it into Bitch's tight pussy cleft. The girl bucked and wailed as she was penetrated and stretched. Heather smacked her buttocks... and it felt good.

Then Heather pulled her vibrator out of Bitch and laid herself across the end of the beam. Kim rose from the other end, her eyes red, wincing as her beaten buttocks pained her. She also held a paddle and beat Bitch's bottom and rammed her vibrator up into her. After half a dozen thrusts she pulled out and moved to Heather. Dizzy with desire and submissive lust, Heather parted her legs wide, inviting her in.

'Yes, please do it!' she sobbed.

Swish, smack! The paddle beat down on Heather's buttocks and thighs and up between them, adding to the incredible heat that seemed to be growing within her pussy.

Kim took hold of her hips and rammed her swivelling, pulsating screw

shaft up into Heather's vagina. The churning rubber compressed as it was forced up into her but continued to pump and rotate so its head went in all the way, feeling much bigger because of the motor and battery pack already filling her rectum. Heather feared she would be split open, and then she embraced that fear because she remembered the ever-larger sets of dildos and china legs that had stretched and trained her passageways so well to accept everything that was put inside them.

Of course it hurt but that was as it should be...

And then Kim pulled out of her and bent over the beam from the other side and Bitch got up and rammed her whirring screw shaft into Heather's pussy. She clenched tight about it and felt her loins burst and sprayed her juices joyfully over the churning screw shaft.

And so the three of them chased each other around the beam, spanking and dribbling and sobbing and screwing and then being screwed, and then screaming as a fresh orgasm overcame them.

Finally the three of them were totally exhausted and slumped limply over the beam, dripping with tears saliva and juices, their blazing bottoms on show to all, while their vibrators continued to spin and pump madly.

The Brothers closed in upon them and their heads were dragged up by their hair.

'Do you renounce your unnatural love, confess your sins as lesbians and promise to serve men only from now on?' Abdiel asked.

'Yes, yes... Sir... we do we do!' Kim and Heather sobbed and whimpered.

'Beg to take us inside you once more...'

'Please fuck us, Sir... screw us... we deserve it Sir...We want it!'

'Up your pussies or your bums?'

'Both... both Sir!'

‘What about your tits?’

‘They’re yours! Smack and slap them... beat them... look... our nipples hard... They want it... please Sir!

They were bent back across the beam and their vibrators were pulled out of them, leaving them feeling horribly empty and emasculated. But then real flesh penises were rammed up into their anuses and vaginas indiscriminately, and they felt wonderful! At the same time they were taken from behind they were taken from the front by Brothers holding onto their hair and squeezing and slapping their dangling breasts as they pounded their cocks into their throats. Then the same fistfuls of hair were used to wipe their shafts clean once they were done. It made them feel so dirty, but then that was what they were...

The beam rocked and cut painfully into their stomachs and thighs as they were pounded against it. The Brothers grinding into them from the rear rasped their thrusting thighs across their glowing beaten buttocks, adding to their pain.

And that was good because they deserved it.

The Brothers jabbed the women’s bottoms and pussies and dangling breasts with their cattle prods and the familiar flashes and crackles accompanied each jolt of pain.

They sobbed and screamed but that was also good because they deserved it...

As they sobbed and groaned and dribbled and cried, suddenly Bitch was there for them one more time. She had a bottle of mineral water and fed it into their dry lips, and they gulped it down gratefully. Then she kissed them as if saying farewell.

And her kisses were good because they deserved them...

Then Bitch smiled and cupped their breasts and pinched and twisted

their nipples so that they yelped.

But that was also good because pain was good....

Gradually the room was growing dark, leaving just the pounding of cocks inside them.

Then there was just the darkness...

Heather stirred. Her head ached, her pussy ached, her anus ached and almost every part of her stung or simmered. On top of all that she felt sick and confused and there was a strange taste in her mouth. It took her a minute to realize she was lying on something soft and there was a female body lying on top of her. Warm naked breasts were mashed against her own.

It was Kim, with her face pillowed on her shoulder.

Still only half-awake and not thinking what she was doing, Heather raised a hand to stroke Kim's head. Nothing prevented her. She could move! Her collar was still padlocked about her neck linked to Kim's by the short chain they had worn during their mock wedding ceremony, but otherwise she was not strapped, clamped, tied or chained down. For the first time in over a week she was free!

In a mad passion she began kissing and hugging Kim, as she had wanted to for so many days. And Kim stirred and responded to her before she was fully awake, grinding her body against hers by instinct, their aching pussies throbbing and slippery until with a mutual spasm they both came with dizzying intensity.

For a timeless interval they lay in each other's arms dizzy with delight. Then cautiously they looked about them.

They were lying on one of the old mattresses in the big hall but it was otherwise it was almost empty. There was no sign of the Brothers or Bitch. There was a peculiar stillness about the house as if it was deserted.

The only other thing in the room was set out next to their mattress. It was a tray on which sat a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket with a metallic red heart-shaped balloon tied to it, two glasses and a large envelope. It was addressed: *To Kim and Heather.*

With trembling fingers Heather opened it. Within was a large shiny greetings card with *Congratulations!* splashed across the front. Inside had been written:

Dear Kim and Heather,

It's been great fun and now we've got what we wanted it's time for us to leave. Hope you don't have too much of a headache from the knockout drops we had to give you, but obviously we couldn't have you awake while we cleaned up and cleared out.

It seems that you bought the whole anti-gay, religious fanatic thing just as we hoped. Did the trace of American accents help make it seem convincing? I mean we'll believe anything crazy Americans get up to, right? Anyway, we thought it gave us a bit of a dark and dangerous edge, besides giving us an excuse to wear masks and do some amazingly perverted things to you. Of course we're really just horny geeks and fan boys who wanted to have fun with two hot celebrity lesbians and make the best porno movie ever at the same time. Don't worry, you won't see anything we recorded online or anything: it's just for us, so we'll have something to look back on in our old age.

You see we don't hate lesbians at all or care if they get married, as long as we can video them when they do it to each other. You were both amazing screws, by the way! Maybe being lesbians made you even hotter. Anyway, you keep on just as you are.

Don't worry about Bitch: she's one of us. She was the one who found out from one of your staff about your secret honeymoon in Wales, which was how we were able to fix your car and stage the kidnapping. Bitch will do anything to lick famous lesbian pussies, and having them screw her or even get the chance to pee all over them was even better. She had the time of her

life!

Your clothes, phones, collar keys and hire car keys are buried under a tree in the woods close to the edge of the grounds. It has a red cross marked on its trunk on the side facing away from the house. It may take you a while to find but there's no rush. The house was rented for a month so you shouldn't be disturbed.

Whether you tell anybody about all this or not is up to you. By the time you get the chance we really will be long gone.

Best wishes and good luck,

Abdiel, Gabriel, Michael, Raphael, Uriel, Zadkiel, and Bitch.

Heather and Kim exchanged numb disbelieving glances.

‘All that was just so a bunch of losers could screw us and make a porno movie with us as the stars?’ Kim said in disbelief.

‘Why would they lie about it now?’ said Heather. ‘It makes sense. They manipulated us from start to finish by playing on our fears about anti-gay prejudice. And we fell for it.’

‘And Bitch was one of them? But we were *sorry* for her!’

‘I think that was the idea. It made it easier for her to get us to do what they really wanted. And it gave her the chance to get really intimate with us...’ she thought of all the washing and pussy licking Bitch had done to them and shivered ‘...and we even thanked her!’

‘The... the *bitch*... the devious, cheating lying bastards!’ Kim exclaimed. ‘The robes and masks, all the religious talk... all one big con!’

‘You mean you’d rather that we’d have been kidnapped and screwed by *real* anti-gay religious maniacs?’ Heather wondered.

Kim blinked. ‘What? No, of course, I...’

Then she saw Heather grinning slightly manically and she grinned as well. Then they both began to laugh, even though it hurt their aching bodies, because there was nothing else left they could do. And they laughed so much that they cried and got dizzy and hugged each other to stay upright.

Finally they wiped their tears away and tried to think clearly.

‘Well, what are we going to do now?’ Heather wondered.

‘Find those keys and get back our clothes and things, of course.’

Heather frowned. ‘I mean... what are we going to do about us?’

Kim suddenly looked horrified and cupped Heather’s cheeks in her hands and looked her intently in the eyes. ‘This hasn’t changed anything,’ she told her with solemn passion. ‘It doesn’t matter what they really were, I still love you.’

‘And I still love you too,’ Heather assured her. ‘But we’re not same people we were a week ago. We can find the keys to unlock these collars, but they’re only the bonds that show on the outside. Abdiel, or whatever his name really was, and his friends might be able to walk away from all this wishing us good luck, but we’ll never be the same again, not inside, not after what they did to us...’ she lowered her eyes ‘...and what we did to each other.’

‘That doesn’t make any difference. We had to do it! It was about survival. And we even managed to cum a few times.’

‘That’s what’s worrying me!’ Heather said passionately. ‘We did cum a lot even from the start. Even when it was really bad... *especially* when it was really bad. Almost as if secretly we liked it...’

‘That was just so we could bear it!’ Kim countered. ‘Our bodies were trying to give us a better alternative to pain. Some kind of self-preservation reflex. It doesn’t mean we liked it’.

Heather frowned. ‘I’m not sure anymore... maybe I did at the end... a

little bit...'

Kim put a finger over her lips. 'Let's find our things first and then we'll talk some more later, OK?'

'OK,' Heather smiled.

Kim got stiffly to her feet, pulling Heather up with her so they did not jerk on their short collar chain. As they held each other they realized that incredibly, despite everything they had been through, their pussies were still dripping shamelessly. They looked into each other's eyes and felt their nipples hardening, pressing into each other's breasts.

'You see, it won't turn off,' Heather said. 'We should be totally drained but we're not.'

'But it's *our* choice now what we do with it,' Kim said firmly. 'Just ours and nobody else's!'

As they made their way to the front door, Heather wondered idly: 'Do you think you can buy power screw dildos in Wales?'

Naked, hand-in-hand, with their collars still chained together, they went to find out.

THE END

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