

THE COMPLETE SLAVES OF THE PENTACLE

Volume
Two

Simon
Grail



SLAVES OF THE PENTACLE

COMPLETE EDITION

VOLUME 2 OF 2

By

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PART 5

Day One

Hannah, Roz, Lydia and Megan awoke in a state of confusion. Unyielding bands of cold metal were pinning their bodies and limbs down. They could not even turn their heads as more metal was pressing on their foreheads and temples. Gradually they became aware of a bad taste in their mouths, inexplicable slickness in their rectums, but most of all the fact that they were totally naked. Although their eyes were still bleary they heard the moans of the others. Adrenalin-fuelled panic surged through them, purging the remains of the drug from their systems and bringing their surroundings into painful focus.

They were in a large room with a stone slab floor and coursed stone walls, moodily lit by half a dozen flickering torches mounted on wall brackets. No, they were not living flames but in fact glowing translucent shades moulded into the shape of flames which were flickering yellow and white from within. Between the fake torches were niches in the walls with statues in them and other recesses that framed a large oak studded double door and several smaller ones opening off in all directions. Spaced about the chamber and mounted high on the walls were four grey hemispheres the size of beach balls which had oddly formed articulated arms depending from them, all of which were extended and pointing in their direction. On their ends were single large gold-tinted lenses with a pair of forward facing trumpet like horns mounted on either side, as though forming a monocular eye and ears.

The four of them were secured to “Y” shaped wooden frames, tilted half way to vertical. Their legs were spread wide, their arms were stretched up above their heads and their wrists were crossed. The frames were perforated by many holes like peg boards, and supported by waist-high pivoting mounts which were set at the corners of a stepped square podium in the middle of the room. Steel rods formed into hoops were slotted into the

holes in these frames and fastened by some means beneath them. The hoops, of differing sizes, went over their wrists, foreheads, neck, stomach, knees and ankles, leaving them unable to do much more than wiggle their fingers and toes.

Their nakedness and enforced postures meant that they were all of them utterly exposed, with their breasts pulled up high and outthrust and their groins totally open. Their horrified eyes swivelled round to meet those of their fellow captives but they could make no sound beyond frightened whimpers. Their mouths were plugged by rubber balls that had some internal toothed slot into which their tongues were clamped and ring handles that protruded between their stretched lips.

The Y-platforms were all tilted inward to face a rather grand high-backed swivel chair set in the very centre of the podium. As the captives' rolled their eyes downwards they saw Giles Durand was seated upon it. He was at the focus of their helpless bodies, where he could turn about and admire a continuous panorama of four pairs of shapely spread legs and look up into four gaping pubic clefts. Yet even as anger and acute shame washed over them his face brought memory flooding back and they saw the dawning realization in each other's eyes as they remembered...

* * *

Together they had stood with their bags by the big double doors while about them the *Ultimate Challenge* audition set was dismantled. The staging, background flats and Albion Media Production logos came down, returning the old south London warehouse to its previous shabby state. Over a long weekend they and thirty other women had run, dodged, dived and sweated their way through races, obstacle courses, endurance tests and mental puzzles. One by one the others had been eliminated until only the four of them were left. An hour ago they had said their goodbyes to the losers and accepted their wishes of good luck and now they were waiting to be taken directly on to the location where the pilot series itself would be recorded over the next five days.

They had been promised that the *Ultimate Challenge* would be something different, and win or lose they were guaranteed a generous fee for participating and in these uncertain times that would be very welcome. And if the concept was a success who knew what else might come from being its first contestants.

Harry Tamplyn, who had managed the auditions, strode past them checking items off on a clipboard.

Hannah said: 'Excuse me, Mr Tamplyn, but do you know exactly where we'll be going?'

'Sorry, no idea,' he said. 'I was only hired to run this show. I don't know anything about the final. I was get the last four of you ready for collection and then I'm done except for the cleaning up. Oh, and I've got to tell you if you want to make any calls you'd better do it now, because you won't be able to later. Closed set and all that. They probably don't want anybody to pinch the concept. Anyway, a car's on its way to fetch you. Should be here soon. Mr Durand's coming to collect you himself, apparently.'

The four looked at each in surprise and mounting excitement. Although they had never met him they had learned from gossip with stage crew and contestants during the weekend that Giles Durand was the head of Albion Media. He was also rumoured to be very rich.

They had just finished talking to their families and friends on their phones when a large white limousine drew up outside. A chauffeur in a white suit got out and came over to them. Instead of a tie he wore a full white cravat tucked into his jacket front and mirrored sunglasses over his eyes.

'Mr Durand asks if you would join him,' he said simply, indicating the car. 'I will take your bags.' His voice was almost toneless, which went with what they could see of his pale, impassive face.

They followed him back to the car and he held open the middle door. They clambered inside. The chauffeur closed the door behind them and then put their bags in the boot.

A man who could only have been Giles Durand lounged at ease on the back seat of the big car. He was slim and neat, perhaps in his late thirties, with deep green eyes, red hair and a close trimmed goatee beard. He wore a dark green velvet jacket and a red shirt with a silver clasped bolo tie, and ornate silver rings on his fingers. But the most striking thing about him was the aura of charm and total self-assurance he radiated. When he smiled highlights seemed to dance about his perfect white teeth.

‘Welcome, welcome, ladies,’ he said, waving an inviting hand to the seat opposite him. ‘Do make yourselves comfortable.’ His accent was educated but hard to place. There was an attaché case on the seat beside him. On a built-in drinks cabinet and chiller was a bucket of champagne on ice and a tray of glasses.

As they settled on the middle rear-facing seat, the big car pulled silently and smoothly away from the warehouse.

‘Before we enjoy ourselves there are a few tiresome formalities to get out the way,’ Durand continued. He opened his case and handed out four bound sheaves of paper with pens clipped to them. ‘These are your new contracts covering the final round. The appearance fees, summary of the commercial distribution rights and waivers as we previously discussed are listed on the last page if you’d like to check them.’

They checked, felt a thrill as they saw the sums mentioned, and dutifully signed. Durand’s smile grew even broader.

‘Now, how about some champagne to toast your future success?’ he asked.

‘Yes, please,’ they replied.

He poured out the champagne and passed the glasses round.

‘I really must congratulate you all,’ he said, beaming at them as they sipped. ‘You have demonstrated intelligence, physical fitness, courage and single-minded determination, which are exactly the qualities I want in my contestants if they are to pass the ultimate challenge.’

Roz asked: 'Are we going far?'

'Just down to Epsom.'

'You're filming the pilot there?'

Durand smiled. 'No, but you can get there most conveniently from Epsom. It's a kind of shortcut.'

'Can you tell us something about the final?' Lydia asked. 'Nobody seemed to know anything about it. Is it going to be like the qualifying events?'

He surveyed their half empty glasses and smiled. 'I can tell you now that it will not be like anything you have ever experienced before. The final has what you might call a reality theme shaped around the setting of a combined gladiatorial arena and dungeon complex. Your challenge is to try to escape from it if you can, evading your jailers and bypassing various tricks and traps while undergoing trials of stamina and endurance... in the course of which you will naturally be totally naked, heavily restrained by a variety of novel means and subjected to regular whippings, all manner of supplementary degradations and sexual depravities...'

By then it had been far too late, of course. They had heard his outrageous description of what lay ahead for them but they could not respond. By then the drug in the champagne was already taking effect and darkness was closing about them...

* * *

Durand had replaced his velvet jacket with a white robe decorated with golden sigils and belted at the waist with a golden sash. Hanging from his sash was a short cane with a spiked tip. On his head was a white skullcap. The bolo clasp of his tie now hung like an amulet about his neck. He was smiling at them as he had in the car but now, too late, they saw the smile concealed a darker, cruller, mocking side.

‘I am Giles T. Durand, MGTAM, FRAS, MFAMP, Thaumaturgist and Metamorphic Alchemist,’ he announced grandly. ‘Or to put it in terms such as you use in your world, I am a magician who can give you a makeover beyond your wildest dreams. Welcome to my dungeon. In fact it’s part of a temporary structure in my own private estate that I’ve created especially for this occasion. As you can see it’s a fairly traditional design with a few modern improvements. I do hope you enjoy it. Well, not actually *enjoy* as such, obviously, but I hope you will appreciate the effort that has gone into it. It was after all built with you in mind. Not you four specifically but whichever four girls survived the qualifying round. But don’t doubt that you have earned your place here. As to where “here” is I could explain but you would not believe me. You will just have to learn for yourselves as we go along.’

He pointed at the golden eyes on the ends of their strange extended arms that held them in their unblinking gaze.

‘While you are here your actions will be continually recorded by audivid monitors. Think of them as video cameras. They’re sited in every room and you’ll soon get used to them. They’re programmed, as you would say, to focus on motion, noise and bare female flesh.’

They shivered and strained to close their legs, but of course to no avail. Durand smiled. ‘You really are incredibly bashful. I think my guests will love you. Talking of which it’s almost time for our grand entrance and we don’t want to keep the audience waiting, do we?’

They became aware of a growing murmur coming from behind the big double doors. The last lingering paralysis of shock and surprise left them and they began squirming and jerking frantically at the hoops that pinned them down, snuffling and gurgling about their gags, their eyes rolling wildly.

‘You’ll have a chance to talk again shortly,’ Durand assured them. ‘Oh, and when you do, don’t be overwhelmed by the occasion. Speak your minds and don’t worry about giving offence. It will make no difference to how you’re going to suffer so rant and curse by all means.’

A pale figure entered the chamber through one of the side doors and

came over to the podium. It was their chauffeur, but now without his cap, cravat and dark glasses. The girls flinched away from him. They now saw that a silver screw cap was set in his chest. His face was an inhumanly impassive mask and his eyes were softly glowing golden orbs. Of course he was wearing a mask. It had to be a mask...

‘The recorders are ready and the audivid screens are active, Sir,’ he said.

‘Thank you, Albin,’ said Durand, swinging his chair round to face the big doors. ‘I think we shall make our entrance now.’

Albin crossed to a panel of levers set in the wall by the big double doors. He worked the controls. Silently the “Y” frame mounts rotated so that the girls were facing forward and sideways. The flickering fake torches faded. Then the big doors swung open, letting in daylight which seemed painfully brilliant. Silently the entire podium began to roll forward on hidden wheels, carrying the girls and Durand seated grandly in his chair, along with it.

To the girls’ horror there was a swell of applause as they emerged into what seemed to be a small sand-floored amphitheatre with an open floor area about the size of a tennis court. It was enclosed by half a dozen tiers of seats, the lowest of which was contained behind a parapet wall with a top three metres above the sandy floor. This was accessed by twin flights of gated stairs on either side of a small theatre box-like projection in the centre of the lowest tier. The stair gates and the parapet edge were all capped by inward facing spiked railings, and the whole space was covered by a lofty glass roof.

The seats were packed with ranks of oddly-dressed people, many wearing odd hats, as though playing parts in some costume drama. There might have been two hundred faces all staring down at their naked bound bodies. A handful were women but most were men.

But amongst them was also bare flesh.

There were a dozen or more naked collared women on the ends of leashes kneeling by people’s sides like attentive dogs. They had muzzles over

their mouths. Some even seemed to have doglike ears...

Confusion, shock and embarrassment hit the four captive girls like hammer blows and they turned their eyes aside, wishing that they could wake up from this nightmare, that they could be anywhere else but here. But every detail of their shame was being documented in pitiless detail. There were more of the audivid arms and camera eyes set around the walls of the amphitheatre and all were turning towards them. What was infinitely worse they were sharing what they saw with the crowd.

On the flat wall above the double doors through which they had emerged was an oval screen as wide as the doorway itself. On it was a split screen showing their confused and terrified features magnified so that the whole audience could see. On either side of the screen were bold signs bearing the words: *ULTRADOM: the Ultimate Challenge*. There were two smaller screens mounted at angles to the big one on the side walls of the amphitheatre just above the lowest tier of seats. This meant that everybody, including the girls, could see each lock of pubic hair as the lascivious cameras lowered their gaze to focus on their exposed groins.

The podium stopped in the middle of the amphitheatre floor. Durand rose from his chair and held up his hands in a solemn, calming gesture and the audience quietened.

‘Good day, Ladies and Gentlemen. Welcome to this first day of a unique pubic demonstration. I venture to suggest that there has been nothing quite like it in the entire history of alchemic thaumaturgy. When it is concluded you will see the efficacy of *Ultradom* demonstrated beyond doubt and understand how it will enhance the quality of your daily lives. Now if you think that is an extraordinary claim then you would be correct, but I intend to demonstrate its validity before your very eyes by a series of tests and physical demonstrations that you yourselves will have the opportunity of participating in directly.

‘These trials will be overseen by distinguished Mages from the Guild of Thaumaturgists and Alchemical Metamorphologists, who will be acting as independent adjudicators. Gentlemen, please...’

Four men in similar robes to Durand's rose from a block of seats in the lowest tier to the right of the box and gave tight bows to the audience, who welcomed them with a polite round of applause.

'And of course the event will also be documented by representatives from our major newssheets...' Durand indicated half a dozen men in broad brimmed hats who were seated on the opposite side to the Mages. They were holding notepads or bulky looking cameras.

'And finally I am making a full audivid recording of the experiment, the highlights of which will be made available for purchase after the demonstration has concluded.

'Now any experiment needs its test subjects so allow me to introduce you to ours...' The girls felt all eyes turning to them and burned with fresh shame and anger. 'Here they are, four attractive young females from the parallel dimension land known as "Great Britain", who have been specially chosen by competitive selection for their qualities of physical fitness, intelligence and determination. These were only brought to Albion a few hours ago and, as you can see, they are still confused by their surroundings and have no idea of the part they are going to play in our great experiment. In other words they are perfect natural subjects. Apart from the standard slave combined inoculation and contraceptive and, for the sake of cleanliness, the normal rectal modification, they are totally free of any submission potion or charm, as our adjudicators will now confirm. If you please, gentlemen...'

The mages made their way down the stairs to the amphitheatre floor and crossed to the podium.

From the pockets of their robes they took out devices the size of large fountain pens with pointed tips and ends capped by small hollow glass globes. Within the globes a pale white vapour could be seen. One mage lined up before each of the girls, who looked at them in wide-eyed horror. Together they jabbed the sharp tips into the undersides of the girls' breasts, drawing blood while making the girls yelp in pain and bringing tears to their eyes. The mages pulled the tips out of their soft pillows of flesh and held the devices up for all to see. The vapour in the globes had turned green.

‘Thank you, gentlemen,’ Durand said, as the mages resumed their seats. ‘Our adjudicators will check the girls every day. The only medication that will be administered to them will be normal healing cream, ensuring that they start each new session, out here or in the dungeons, fresh and fully fit with unblemished skins ready for a new set of lash stripes.’

‘Now we in Albion have obtained women for slaves from our sister parallel land for many years via expeditions made through pentacle gateways. No doubt you have all come across them and would agree they make fine slaves. But you have only seen women chosen from already tractable and vulnerable specimens, who are easily dominated and who have been prepared with potions and conditioning before they are offered for sale. Whereas I have journeyed into the parallel land and sought out their very opposites! These four are unbroken and free-spirited. They have been brought up to believe in the equality of the sexes, that slavery is wrong and they have things called fundamental human rights...’ There were a few sniggers of laughter and disbelief from the audience. ‘I know how odd that sounds but it is true. And over the next five days we are going to find out how strongly they hold to those convictions, during which time there will be draws to allow some of you the chance to test their will, and bodies, for yourselves.’

There was a murmur of approval at this announcement.

‘But first let our subjects introduce themselves to you...’

Durand circled the podium until he came to Hannah. All eyes focussed upon her while the big screen showed every detail of her body in loving close-up. She had long brunette hair, bold eyebrows and narrow dark, intelligent eyes. Her waist was wasp like which accentuated her hips and full pale pneumatic breasts, which were capped by neat bullet-like nipples, hard despite her state of misery, set in perfectly round red-brown areolas. Her pubic hair had been trimmed back into a fluffy dark wedge.

‘Now, I want you to tell our audience who you are, your age and where you came from, just like you would in one of your game shows,’ he told Hannah. He took hold of the ring of her ball gag, squeezed and pulled. The tongue clamp eased its grip and it slid from her mouth.

Hannah could feel the sickening fear rising inside her, rivalling her acute shame at being exposed like this, but it was anger that triumphed over both of those emotions. Whatever was going on Durand seemed to be at the heart of it.

‘Let us go you insane bastard!’ she spluttered. ‘Who are these perverts? Is this meant to be some sort of sick joke? You can’t treat us like this!’

The audience were drawing in their breaths as though shocked by her words.

Durand grinned. ‘You see how utterly uninhibited she is. She has no respect for her masters or the concept of justified enslavement. She honestly believes she still has “rights”. I’ll have to force her just to divulge the most elementary information.’

Unclipping the spiked cane from his belt he jabbed its tip into the gaping mouth of Hannah’s sex.

She shrieked in pain as what felt like a hundred hot needles stabbed into the soft wet inner valley of her pussy. Unprepared for such a shock she lost control of her bladder and peed over the sand.

The audience laughed while Hannah’s cheeks burned with redoubled shame. This could not be happening to her!

‘Now who are you?’ Durand asked again, moving the spiked cane tip up to her breasts and pressing it into the soft rotundity of her left mammary.

‘I... I’m Hannah Reeves... aged twenty-three... and I’m a solicitor’s receptionist...’ she moaned. Then she recovered enough of her self-respect to add: ‘Now go fuck yourself you miserable sadist!’

She screwed up her eyes expecting further punishment while the audience gasped, but Durand only nodded tolerantly. ‘Excuse her. She can’t help her manner. Also note that she was only temporarily subdued and I had to use the direct application of pain to make her cooperate at all. They are

instinctively resistant to commands that the most lax slavegirl would obey without demure. Which are exactly the qualities we are after for this test. Now who do we have next?’

He made his way round to Lydia.

She was a pale blonde with blue eyes, an open friendly face, and a compact figure. Her neat high conical breasts were capped with nipples that formed plump pink cones of their own. Despite her fear they were standing up in automatic response to her exposure. Her pubic bush was a full brown delta cleft by a pink gash where the tongue of her inner lips protruded impudently.

This time Durand pressed the spiked tip of his cane into her pussy mouth before he removed her gag.

‘And who are you?’ he asked.

Lydia took a deep breath to steady her voice. ‘I’m Lydia Horton, I’m twenty-one and I’m a checkout operative.’

‘What kind of occupation is that?’

‘I work in a shop... taking people’s money at a till.’

‘Ah, a shop slave.’

‘I’m not a slave!’

Durand winked at the audience. ‘No, of course you’re not.’

‘I’m not! And you fucking well can’t make me one!’

‘We’ll see,’ Durand said.

He came to Roz.

She had a perfect even light golden tan and shoulder length dark hair. Her face was bright and alive, with a strong straight nose and firm chin, clear,

direct hazel eyes and a wide quirky mouth. She had a lithe build with small but prominent breasts, each with pronounced domelike areolas with their own snub tips. Her pubic bush was trimmed back from around her outer labia which gaped wide with the stretching of her legs, exposing the isolated pink ridge of her inner lips. Durand took obvious delight in pressing the spiked pain-tip of his cane into them, making her wince visibly.

When her gag was removed Roz said contemptuously: ‘My Name is Roz Davies, I’m twenty-four and I work in a beauty salon. Now fuck you!’

By now some of the audience were looking seriously shocked by the captives’ language while others were leaning forward eagerly, almost daring them to offend them further.

Durand finally came to Megan.

She had long black hair and slightly olive skin. Her face was narrow and intelligent, with deep brown eyes and a sensuous mouth. Her breasts were full with proportionate sized red brown nipples. Her waist was trim and hips were wide. Her pubic bush was thick and dark with an inner tongue peeping through the curls.

When Durand freed her gag she said crisply: ‘I’m Megan Armstrong. I’m twenty-six and I’m a secretary in a county council office and I hope you rot in hell you cheating bastard!’

As the crowd winced once again Durand stepped away from the podium so all the girls could see him on the big screens.

‘For the record, although I may not have told you in advance what I planned for you, strictly speaking you did consent to this,’ he said with a broad smile, pulling out a folded sheaf of papers from a pocket of his robes and holding them up for the cameras to see. ‘You really should have read through those contracts thoroughly before signing. Clause thirteen part five reads: “During the course of the Ultimate Challenge event I hereby agree to wear whatever costume (or none) that is required by the organizers, and I also accept any necessary restraints, indignities, humiliations and suffering inflicted upon my person, as long as they are not life threatening.”’

The girls squirmed miserably while the audience laughed at their carelessness.

Durand turned to face the crowd. 'And so there you have them. Four attractive young women who would make excellent slaves were it not for their strange, alien and defiant attitudes. Of course they can be subdued by threats and crude physical force and beaten into submission, but the results are unreliable and often the girls never function properly again.

'Then why not simply dose them with regular slave potion until they obey, you might ask? But we all know potions do not affect all girls equally and that many build up a resistance to their effects over time, or else they become dull and uninteresting creatures with less personality than golems and who are no pleasure to own. Is there not a better third way, then? Yes there is, as you shall see in five days' time!'

'But first our subjects must be properly motivated.' He turned back to the girls. 'Listen well. These are the terms of the Ultimate Challenge. You must endure everything that is done to you in this arena or the dungeon chambers for five days. If any or all of you escape the dungeon or arena confines before the five days are up then you'll be given the opportunity to return to your home world, should they wish to take it, together with a bonus reward of a gold purse. If you survive the five days and then declare that you wish to be free you will be offered the chance to return home without the purse. If you make no such declaration you will be kept as slaves for a year. The same thing will happen if you admit you are broken and beg to be removed from the challenge before the five days are up. If you refuse to participate in any challenge you will also be enslaved for a year. At no time will submission potions be used on you to make you compliant. Do you understand?'

'This is insane!' Hannah said.

'You can't treat us like this!' said Roz.

'It's inhuman!' said Megan.

'We'll be missed. The police will find us!' Lydia said desperately.

‘Thanks to the messages you were good enough to send nobody will suspect anything is wrong for five days. And even if your “Police” were alerted, I guarantee they could not find you here. We’re in another world, remember? Now, you don’t have to like them but do you understand these terms?’

Confused and wretched, the girls nodded miserably. They had no other choice.

‘Good,’ said Durand. ‘Now we shall begin with an introductory mechanical violation and lashing, just to test their responses. As you can see they are perfectly positioned for punishment and penetration.’

He snapped his fingers at the podium.

Things unfolded from under each of the “Y” frames. They were shorter versions of the jointed arms like those that carried the cameras, but with different heads. Two arms extend from either side of their chests and hung over their breasts while one curled up from between their legs. The ones over their breasts had a fringe of rubber strips dangling from the rim of a small wheel, while the one between their legs had a realistically moulded but huge rubber penis on its end mounted on a bellows-like arrangement. They lined up with the mouths of their vaginas and began to pulsate while a bristle of rubber prongs projecting above the base of the shaft started to buzz and twirl.

‘No, please, you can’t...’ the girls began to protest.

‘Do you surrender so early and beg to serve as slaves for a year?’ Durand asked.

‘No!’

‘Then you must endure,’ Durand said. ‘It will end when you orgasm. But don’t imagine you can pretend or deceive us.’ He took four small items out from a pocket in his robes. They resembled drawing pins with coin-sized blue heads. ‘These are a little invention of mine: arousal monitors. Their heads become redder as sexual tension increases. Bright red signals an

orgasm. This will only hurt briefly...’

He moved round the girls pressing the devices into the middle of their pubic bushes, bringing forth yelps of pain as they felt the needle tips plunge deep into the fatty pads over their pubic bones. But the sensation quickly faded as the pin shafts softened and the caps pressed against their skin, dissolving the hairs under them and melding with their flesh. In a minute, as they could see in pitiless detail on the monitor screens, they all had bright blue buttons nestling in their pubic hair, although even as they watched they were beginning to turn purple.

‘Now we shall see how you respond to a little stimulation...’ and he snapped his fingers again.

The lash wheels began to spin and hiss as they were lowered across their breasts. There came the first smacks of rubber on flesh that grew into a torrent as eight cones and globes of flesh received the full force of their blows. The girls screeched and shrieked as their boobies were assailed. Roz and Lydia’s smaller mounds shivered while Megan and Hannah’s larger globes bounced and trembled. All rapidly began to turn pink as lash after lash stung and seared across them while the girls’ eyes filled with tears.

Meanwhile the pulsating phalluses slid into their helplessly inviting clefts, forcing apart their sex lips and making their lower bellies bulge as they filled their vaginal passages. In between their yelps of pain the girls groaned as they were filled. The buzzing bristles met the hoods of skin that hide their clitorises and began to torment them. Blood pulsed and, unwillingly, they began to swell and harden. Their arousal buttons were now a deep pink.

‘Of course normal slave girls would find this painful but arousing,’ Durand commentated over their sobs and moans. ‘It will be interesting to see how unmodified girls respond. A sensitized slave might only take a minute to orgasm but these are also fighting their natural responses out of shame.’

The watching crowd began to chant, softly at first but with growing force: ‘Cum, cum, cum!’

The girls were gasping and moaning as the lash wheels twisted and

angled about ensuring no square inch of their breasts escaped their attention. By now their mammaries were an even scarlet. At the same time the dildos were pumping remorselessly into their pussies which were beginning to slurp and dribble. Despite the pain of their lashed breasts they could not stop themselves responding. It was sick but it was true. They could smell their own arousal. The perverse thrill of their situation was stronger than their revulsion. The pussy buttons were becoming shocking pink. They wanted to disbelieve them but they knew they were honest. The only way it would end would be when they let themselves cum... in front of two hundred chanting strangers!

Eagerly the cameras alternated between their bulging, sucking, dripping vulvas and their poor trembling, burning, scarlet breasts with sweat glistening between their bouncing hemispheres. And all the time the buttons in the middle of their pubic bushes grew redder until they were almost glowing. Terrible liquid pressure was growing inside them. Now the buttons were as scarlet as their breasts. They could not stop it overflowing. It was the only way to douse the pain.

Roz sobbed and let go first, but the others were close behind.

Inside thirty seconds they had all convulsed and sprayed their juices about the plunging phalluses and over their thighs, and every droplet was caught by the golden camera eyes. For a few seconds they were blissfully free of all cares. Then nightmare reality returned and they screwed up their red-rimmed eyes and hung on their frames limp and trebling and wracked with shame and wishing they could die.

The crowd however applauded with delight. Durand bowed as though accepting their appreciation on the girls' behalf.

‘That was most interesting. They responded rather sooner and more intensely than I had imagined. There is no doubt they have a healthy liking for sexual stimulus only held in check by their strange inhibitions. Now you have seen them, who would like to try them out in person?’

A forest of hands shot up while the girls felt their hearts freeze.

Durand chuckle amiably. ‘Unfortunately we cannot accommodate you all. Winners only, I’m, afraid. I hope you all have your draw tickets to hand. While the girls are recovering and being refreshed I shall entertain the winners to luncheon. Then you will each have an hour to enjoy yourselves in individual fully equipped cells we have set up on our special dungeon facility. All we ask is that you fill in a form afterwards describing how they responded. This will be most important data for the final experiment. Now, let us set up the great vulva draw...’

He snapped his fingers at the podium.

The phalluses and lash arms retracted back out of sight. The frames all rotated to face forward and then the mounts began to move round the base of the podium from where they had been on its corners. Lydia and Roz, who had occupied the front corners now moved sideways and closer together, while Hannah and Megan, who had been stationed on the rear corners, moved forward to take their places. In moments they were all lined up in a row along the podium’s front edge with their outstretched feet almost touching.

Funnels and tubes formed out of wire mesh swung out from under their frames, flowing and extending almost like living things. The funnels positioned themselves under the girls’ flushed and still sticky sexes while the tubes angled sideways. The ones running from Hannah and Megan’s frames passed under Lydia and Roz until they all merged into a manifold of downward curving open ends above another funnel and wire rack which had risen out of the middle front step of the podium. Beside it had also appeared a large wire mesh ball on a tumbler mounting filled with coloured and numbered table tennis balls which fed into four opaque metal tubes. They had open tops and plungers set in their bases, like huge syringes. Next to this was a large red master button

Durand stood over the mesh ball. ‘Let the numbers be randomised,’ he said, setting it spinning. The table tennis balls bounced about and then began to drop into one or the other of the metal tubes, which could take six at a time. When all the tubes were full he took the first one up, moved across to Hannah and pushed the mouth of the tube into her vagina.

‘No... don’t, please!’ she choked.

But of course he took no notice and drove the syringe plunger home. The crowd laughed and cheered while Hannah gasped as she felt the balls forced up into her sheath until it bulged with them. The other girls groaned and swore and jerked at their hoop clamps as the full horror of it began to dawn on them. It was an obscene perversion of a lottery draw with their vaginas being used as the ball dispensers. And there was nothing they could do to prevent it.

When Durand had filled each of their vaginas with a random selection of balls he pushed the mouths of the wire funnels against their clefts. Then he moved round to stand where the tubes converged and put his hand on the big red button. The screens showed close up images of the girls' trembling pussies bulging obscenely. To their shame their arousal buttons which had turned back to blue were now reddening again.

'And now we shall select today's four lucky winners,' Durand said, and pressed down hard.

The girls yelped in unison as they felt a shock from the wire mesh funnels that cupped their pubic mounds. Four glistening coloured balls popped out of their vulvas, ran along the tubes, dropped into the central funnel, jostled about briefly and then rattled into the rack.

'Who has a ticket with the numbers three, five, eleven and twenty-six on it?' Durand asked.

An excited hand went up on the top tier.

And so, one by one, the people who would torment them were chosen by the random order of numbered balls inside their own vaginas.

When the revolting process was over, Durand went along the line of miserable, shivering girls. 'How do you feel, knowing you have just helped select the men who will be ravishing and chastising your bodies for their pleasure?'

They retorted with a weary chorus of groans and insults.

‘Is this too much for you?’ Durand persisted. ‘Do you want to submit to a year’s slavery?’

They shook their heads, too shattered to find any more words.

He turned back to the audience. ‘There, still defiant! Are they not the most stubborn females you have ever seen? But can they last for five days? We shall see...’ He resumed his grand seat on the middle of the podium and said: ‘Now if the winners would wait behind for a few minutes my man will collect you shortly. Meanwhile that concludes the public part of our experiment for today. Please note the times the doors will be open tomorrow for day two, when you will see our subjects facing a new and even more painful challenge to their resolve to be free. After which there will be another draw. Thank you...’

To another round of applause the podium rolled back through the double doors which closed behind them.

Durand rose briskly, rubbing his hands. Albin, who had been working the door controls, came forward. ‘I believe that went excellently, Sir,’ he said.

‘Yes, it did,’ Durand agreed. He came round to the front of the podium to address the girls. ‘Well done. Your language was just right. People have never heard anything like it from the lips of slave girls.’

They gazed at him in disbelief through their stinging eyes. It was almost as if he was enlisting their cooperation as part of some perverted sales drive. What did he think they were?

‘We’re not slaves!’ Hannah said feebly.

‘That remains to be seen,’ Durand said. He bent over their scarlet breasts and tweaked their sore and throbbing nipples, bringing forth fresh gasps of pain. ‘But first we must freshen you up. The draw winners expect unmarked flesh to play with.’ He snapped his fingers. ‘Keepers attend!’

From the niches about the walls four figures they had assumed were

statues came to life and stepped forward.

Externally they appeared to be large grey humanoid figures with golden glowing eyes, rudimentary features and bodies without the normal contours of musculature. They were identical except for coloured diamonds painted about the silver caps on their chests. From hooks set in their sides hung lashes and clear flat flasks of some pale pinkish translucent cream. Between their legs were strange bulges that might have been representations of genitalia.

‘Now these are what we call golems: synthetic beings,’ Durand explained, as the things lined up one in front of each frame and girls goggled at them in disbelief. ‘Not as sophisticated as Albin but quite capable of looking after your needs for the next few days. They will take you to and from your cells, put you into whatever restraints are required, feed, clean, heal and if necessary punish you. They are equipped with a novel means of doing so. Display shock phalluses!’ he commanded.

The bulges between the golems’ legs swelled and grew into penis-like shafts of alarming size that rose up at stiff angles. And then the shafts split into twin forks, the lower being slightly more slender than the upper, and each with a silver ring about its bulbous tip.

‘Oh fucking hell!’ Roz exclaimed softly.

‘Exactly so, and they will use them to pacify you if you cause trouble or attempt to escape,’ Durand assured them as they gaped at the grotesque appendages in disbelief. ‘Put them in the show cells and prepare them for use.’

The golems worked some control under the frames and the binding hoops came loose. They lifted and twisted them aside and pulled the girls onto their feet. They sobbed as they lowered their arms for the first time in what might have been hours, while they could hardly bring their legs together to stand on. Far from having to prevent them escaping, the golems had to help them stay upright. Their touch was strange and hard but not cold or rough.

‘What’s going to happen now?’ Lydia asked desperately.

‘After I have given them a lunch you will entertain the winners of the draw in individual cells. They have been fitted out with a variety of different devices which should keep both you and they happily occupied for an hour. There will be some pain but also some pleasure. You’ll soon get used to it. But by all means resist as much as you can and feel free to insult your guest at every opportunity, if they do not leave you gagged, of course.’

‘You can’t do this to us!’ Hannah said.

‘Obviously I can. In Albion it’s what your kind is for.’

‘We’re not your whores!’ Roz raged.

‘Of course not. Whores are paid. You are doing this because you are slaves and I am using you to further the cause of science.’

‘You call this science?’ Roz retorted. ‘It’s crap and you’re a tosser!’

But instead of taking offence Durand only smiled. ‘Such fearless outspokenness. It would be a pity to muzzle you. Now take them away...’

The golems took them to a tiled washroom that opened off the main chamber and which was clearly fitted out for the special needs of slave girls. There was a rack containing sets of utilitarian metal combs, brushes, toothpastes, hair ties and perfumes. There were soft towels, soap and shampoo, a squat toilet pan where they could empty their bowels and a shower where the sweat was washed off them. Douche hoses with soft nozzles were pushed up their rectums and vaginas, leaving them spotless.

By contrast with their lottery winning human abusers, their golem keepers were almost gentle, as long as the girls obeyed and did not resist. They could speak, although their vocabulary seemed to be limited to: ‘Come this way... stop... bend over... open your legs...’ delivered in bass voices that matched their lumpen bodies.

But the most wonderful thing was the healing cream their keepers

carried. The flasks at their sides dispensed blobs of the cream on their big fingertips which they began to apply it to the girls' simmering scarlet breasts. For a few seconds the girls squirmed in fear, wincing as their sore skin was handled. But then the pain melted away and the simmering diminished. As they watched the raw tint of their flesh faded to pink. In a minute it was as though they had never been lashed.

When they were refreshed and presentable they were taken back into the main chamber. Hannah and Roz were led across to a pair of doors on the right side while Lydia and Megan were taken left. They cast agonised glances at each other before the doors of their torture cells closed behind them.

* * *

Roz's cell was the size of an average sitting room, with stone walls and a slab floor and more of the flickering fake torches for illumination, which filled the corners with dancing shadows. A small high barred window allowed in fresh air. There was a pair of the audivid arms mounted high up in opposite corners of the room. The golden eyes were looking her naked body up and down expectantly.

She stood spread-eagled between two stout black wooden posts that ran from floor to ceiling, and which were hung about with rings, chains and cuffs. Her golem keeper had clamped cuffs about her neck, wrists and ankles and pulled them tight. The cuff about her neck connected to two chains that pulled in opposite directions, keeping her head up. A rubber bar gag jammed her mouth open and muted her moans. To add to her misery she had the rubber tipped end of an iron rod up her backside, forcing her to stand with very straight legs. Its base was clipped to a ring set in the floor so it could not slip aside.

Roz had shouted and cursed at the golem while it had been pushing it up inside her it but it had taken no notice except to gag her. She was still clinging to the possibility that it was a man inside a costume because there were no such things as golems and all this had to be some sick stunt. Hadn't it? She did not know any more. She just wanted a chance to think for herself

in peace and quiet. This was the most time she had undisturbed in this nightmare of a day. But it was hard to concentrate. There was a rack on the wall opposite her that her eyes kept drifting back to. It was filled with terrible things.

She snivelled and fought back her fear. She would not give into it. But her pride was struggling. No, she would not be ground down. Somehow she would survive this and get back home and never audition for anything ever again.

The heavy cell door opened and a young man, no older than she was, entered. He had a well-scrubbed look and wore an odd long coat and a shirt with a high collar and had boots with buckles on the sides. He gazed at her in wonder and she could only stare back in fear and stomach churning embarrassment.

He walked around her, looking her over with fascination but no trace of guilt. Was he really used to seeing naked slave girls every day? He stroked her bottom and felt around the bulge of her anus where it was impaled. Then he squatted down in front of her and peered into her pussy, prying back its smooth pliant outer lips and sliding stiff fingers into her passages, which after being reamed out by the powered phallus and then stuffed with table tennis balls, swallowed them with disturbing ease.

To her intense shame her nipples, which had always been ready barometers of her state of arousal, were by standing up like rocks. She could not see her pussy button but she guessed it was well into the purple.

He rose and looked into her face. He looked nice. The sort of young man her father would approve of. Smiling he flicked her stiff nipples.

‘You’ve got lovely titty tips,’ he observed.

Even if she had been able to speak what was the right response to such a compliment?

‘Are you really from this “Great Britain” place?’

She nodded.

‘Only a friend of mine says the mages make it all up about the pentacle gates and you really come from the new lands on the other side of the Atlantius.’

She shook her head.

‘And they don’t have slaves there?’

Roz shook her head again. He sounded sympathetic. Was it possible she could talk him into helping her in some way? She made throaty noises, trying to show she wanted her gag removed. Cautiously he pulled it out of her mouth.

‘Oh, thank you,’ she said. ‘This has been a nightmare.’

He was looking at her in amazement. ‘You’re really are strange.’

‘Look, please can you help me? I’ve got to get away from Durand.’

‘Why would I do that?’

‘Because of what he’s done to me and my friends. He’s kidnapped us and made us slaves.’

‘Yes?’

‘Well it’s wrong to make people slaves.’

He laughed. ‘You can make jokes as well. Talking to you is almost like talking to a real person.’

Roz felt her slight hope slipping away from her. ‘But I am a real person!’

There was not the least hint of doubt in his face as he said: ‘No, you’re a just slave. I only wish I owned you. But I’m wasting time. I’ve only got an hour.’

He went to the rack and selected a long cane and swished it experimentally through the air. 'Now I'm going to make you scream and then I'm going to put my prodder up that hot wet hole of yours. Will you call me bad names while I do like you used outside?'

The first slashing stroke fell across her breasts and Roz screamed, not just in pain but in despair, knowing there would be neither mercy nor aid for her here. Then she called him every filthy name she could think of. And all the time he grinned back with delight.

* * *

Hannah's lottery winner did not bother to take her gag out but enjoyed her just the way she was. It offered him the use of all of her orifices that interested him.

He was a plump, fortyish greying man, who took off his jacket and trousers and hung them up behind the dungeon door on the hooks thoughtfully provided before making best use of his hour with her. Her golem jailer had left her in a most inviting posture and he did not have to strain his imagination.

Hannah was bent over backwards across a padded trestle with her arms pulled back behind her and her legs spread. Her wrists and ankles were roped to the base of its splayed legs. Two adjustable vertical posts rose from the ends of the trestle with swivel ring mounts bolted to their tops. From these two sets of light chains ran down to spring clamps closed about her nipples and outer labia. The tension on them was drawing her nipples out into tormented brown cones and lifting and parting her smooth heavy breasts and opening an unnatural cleavage. Her thick love lips were pulled painfully wide, opening up the moist cleft between them.

Her guest stood between her trembling spread thighs, hands braced on her hips, happily pumping his stubby cock into her taut, splayed pussy while looking down on her pretty face which was creased with pain. Smiling he slapped her stretched and elongated breasts, watching them vibrate on the

ends of their chains while she yelped in pain.

He twisted the screw socket bases of the side posts, which raised them by increments, tightening the chains still further. Hannah sobbed while her guest pumped into her with greater vigour.

* * *

Lydia was bound by heavy straps to a stout vertical post. She had been stood facing the post and then bent over painfully far until her head was down level with her knees and she was back looked through her spread legs. Her arms had been pulled up behind her back, brought together until her elbows touched and then they had been strapped flat against the post. Her ankles had been tied to rings set in the floor holding them apart.

This extreme posture blatantly exposed her pale buttocks and straining legs with their tendons stretched near to breaking point. The pucker of her anus was displayed with shameful clarity while the split peach of her pussy pouted below it. Her trembling breasts hung inverted while her flushed and frightened face hung upside down between her legs, staring up and back between her splayed calves.

From this position she had hardly seen the face of the lucky winner of the right to abuse her for an hour. Beyond the fact that he was a man with a beard she knew nothing of him. Did that matter? Except that she had always thought she would know more about anybody who did such intimate things to her.

He had looked her over from all direction, felt between her legs to assess the resilience of her buttocks and pubic flesh, then selected a cane with a rubber paddle blade head and beat her hindquarters until they blazed. She shrieked and sobbed about her gag and cried until her eyes were red and the tears had flowed upward into her brows.

Only then did he remove her gag and tell her what he wanted her to do. And she had obeyed not just because she had no choice but perversely

because it allowed her in a twisted way to give vent to her feelings of rage and resentment that were boiling inside her as hot as her toasted bottom.

And so, as he stood between her splayed legs ramming his cock first into her vagina and then into her rectum, she gasped out: 'Fuck me you bastard! Uh... yes... uhhh... shove it up my bum you miserable shit! Ugh... screw my pussy you wanker...'

* * *

Megan had the dubious honour of entertaining two guests simultaneously. The winner of the draw, a well-dressed man carrying a silver topped cane, had asked if he could bring his bother with him into the dungeon and apparently Albin (was he really a synthetic man?) had agreed. Why not? It was nothing to Durand or his helpers how she suffered, and this whole incredible, impossible (or was it?) disgusting charade had the feel of an overblown publicity stunt about it anyway, so the goodwill of a pair of evidently well to do men was welcome. She would be the one paying for it.

Under the flickering pseudo-torchlight of her dungeon room Megan knelt on the padded top of a low wooden block. Her wrists and ankles were cuffed to rings set in the sides of the block. A heavy chain dangling from the ceiling was padlocked about her neck, forcing her to hold her head up even as its links dug painfully into her skin. This tension was opposed by a pair of lighter chains that ran up from the front edge of the block to clamps that were screwed into her nipples, pulling them out into fat brown cones even as the stabbing pain brought tears to her eyes. Her whimpers were distorted by the ring gag wedged behind her teeth which held her mouth open wide. Her head was level with her rear and both were at groin height for anybody standing in front or behind her.

Quite unselfconsciously the brothers had stripped off. Then they took turns using each end of her body and comparing sensations.

'This is a bloody fine rump,' one brother said, slapping her full fleshy buttocks as he shafted her rear.

‘It goes with her udders,’ the other said with his cock in her throat. He bent over so he could cup them while she went dizzy gasping for air.

They used canes from the selecting of torture instruments provided to give her a thorough beating, laying down a lattice of red stripes across her rump, thighs and even the front slopes of her breasts, which heaved and jerked against their tether chains with every crack of bamboo on flesh.

When Megan sagged half fainting from the pain and almost choking herself on her collar chain, they slapped her cheeks to revive her.

‘Do you like that kind of thing?’ they asked. ‘Your muff button is going red, do you know that?’ (No, it couldn’t be, Megan thought!) ‘Do men do this to you where you come from? Or are you free to do what you like?’

And she choked curses back at them and they laughed and went on to fill her mouth and vagina and rectum with their sperm.

And to her incredulous shame, somewhere in the course of that perverse nightmare, she also came.

* * *

Finally the longest hours of the longest day of their lives came to an end.

The well-satisfied guests departed and the golem keepers moved into the dungeons to clean up the mess they had left behind, including four bloody and soiled slave girls. Once again they took them to the washroom, holding them firmly in their grasp although at that moment none of the girls had the physical strength to attempt any resistance. They seethed with resentment and anger and a blazing desire to take revenge for what they had suffered, but they were simply too exhausted to act upon it. The washroom was almost like heaven, ending in the bliss of the healing cream that closed cane welts and cleared burning skin. It was even applied into their sore vaginas and rectums and aches and bruises melted away.

Clean and refreshed once more they were put into a cell together that contained no restraining devices. It had a small high barred window that let in fading evening light and fresh air but no camera eyes. It was just large enough to accommodate four thin mattresses with blankets and pillows laid out on the floor. A simple tin water flask and mugs hung on the wall and there was a bucket for sanitary purposes. Almost immediately the solid cell door closed on them, trays of food with wooden utensils were slid under it. They fell upon the dishes and ate ravenously, because they were utterly drained and it was better to face the worst crises on a full stomach. When they were done they slide the trays back out again.

And then, finally, they were alone and as much at ease as it was possible to be in their circumstances. They could speak freely, but for a long moment they stared at each other in silence, not sure what to say after what they had each endured. They'd competed against each other and knew they were strong-willed, but had their ordeals in cells been too much? Were they going to break down in front of each other?

Roz broke the silence first: 'I wonder what's outside the window?'

They gave Lydia, the lightest of them, a leg-up to it and she reported that she could see part of a large well-kept garden outside. But the window bars were very solid and it did no offer much hope of escape that way.

They lowered her down again and looked at each other uncertainly.

Megan took a deep breath. 'OK, so we've all been screwed, and worse, but I'm fucking well not going to let it get to me. I'm not going to curl up in a ball and sob about it, right? If that's what that arsehole Durand's game is, trying to break us with rough sex and beating, then it's not going to work. And unless you can keep it positive don't say anything about what your bastards did to you, all right? He kept on about how he liked us being so strong and determined so we will be. It happened and we move on.'

The others nodded.

Lydia said: 'But is this all a game? I mean is this the real Ultimate Challenge? Is this all actually a sick game show for perverts that we've been

suckered into playing and they're messing with our minds with those golems and things, or are we really in another world? A... what do you call it... parallel dimension? Another version of England with a different history?'

'If it's a fake it's a bloody good one,' said Roz.

'I think we really are in another world,' Hannah said. 'I know it sounds fantastic but look at these pussy button things.' She tried to pull hers off but it seemed to be stuck to her skin. It had been hard when Durand pushed it into her but now it was pliant. 'Whoever heard of anything like them? They're insane but they actually work!'

'Don't forget the healing cream,' Megan said. 'Our tits were raw and that cream healed them perfectly in minutes. If anybody had anything like that in our world we'd all be using it and they'd have made a fortune.'

'Yeah, and did you notice when you did a shit it came out really cleanly and slickly?' Roz said.

The other's nodded.

'Didn't he say he'd done something rectal to us, along with inoculations?' Hannah reminded them. 'I think that's all part of his makeover.'

They all looked queasy.

Megan said: 'I know, it makes me feel sick as well, but if we've going to have more anal sex it probably makes sense.'

'So it's like he said: we're in another world with different rules,' Roz summed up.

'Where we're no better than sex slaves,' Lydia said miserably.

'But we've got a chance if we can escape,' Hannah pointed out. 'Or we just hold out for another four days and we can go back home.'

'If we can trust Durand to keep his word,' Lydia added.

‘He said it in front of a lot of people,’ Megan said. ‘It wouldn’t look good going back on it, not after he got us to sign up for it, even if it was in that tricky way. He’s trying to sell “Ultradom” to them, whatever that is, so he has to play fair. We’re part of the show: pussy candy guinea pigs to keep the punters interested.’

‘Christ! That’s a cynical way of putting it!’ Roz exclaimed.

‘But it makes sense,’ Hannah said. ‘But it doesn’t mean we have to like it.’

‘Is that the idea?’ Lydia wondered. ‘He shows he can magically turn us into happy slaves. It’s what all these people out there want. Certainly what the one who had me wanted. That and dirty talk, the slimy little shit!’

‘But Durand said he wasn’t going to use any “slave potions” on us,’ Hanna said. ‘And those freaky “mages” will be testing us. How can he do it?’

‘Nobody can turn me into a slave,’ Roz said firmly. ‘I’ll screw rather than be beaten but that doesn’t mean I want to.’

‘Best if we can get away before we find out what he plans to do,’ Megan said. ‘There has to be a way out. We only have to get out of here or the arena, he said. That’s not far. Ten seconds might be long enough. From now on we keep our eyes open for anything that might help us, agreed?’

‘But let’s do it tomorrow,’ Lydia pleaded. ‘Right now I’m totally fucked!’

And with that sentiment nobody could disagree.

Day Two

The women did not see Durand the next morning until just before they were due to go out into the amphitheatre.

The golems had woken them early and fed them and monitored them while they were in the washroom. They felt pangs of embarrassment peeing and emptying their bowels before those unblinking golden eyes, but perhaps not as much as they would have done if they had been human. It was already getting easier to accept that they were effectively robots who could be trusted to follow orders and not take advantage of them. So they took the opportunity to make themselves as smart as possible. They might be stark naked and about to face some new degrading ordeal, but it was surprising how much more confident they felt about it doing so with clean hair and a dab of perfume.

When they were ready the golems led them out into the main dungeon chamber.

There was no sign of the podium, so it seemed there was not going to be a simple repeat of yesterday's degrading performance, but there were four low cages on wheels covered by dustsheets, from inside which they could hear slight shuffling sounds. What they contained they dared not imagine, but had a horrible feeling they would find out soon enough.

Using cuffs and collars in hinged halves that seem to snap shut magnetically, the golems secured their wrists behind their backs and linked their necks with chains into a coffle. They gritted their teeth but there was no point in resisting. Megan glanced significantly at the others as they were cuffed, reminding them they had to keep their eyes open for anything that might help them escape.

They heard a growing buzz as of people gathering from the other side of the big doors and their stomachs began to churn with sick fear.

‘We do what we have to do and don’t feel ashamed about it afterwards,’ Megan reminded them.

As they waited they saw Albin as he moved quietly about the chamber, giving their keepers some instructions along the way.

‘He’s obviously more than Durand’s chauffeur,’ Hannah observed.

‘Doesn’t he have any human assistants?’ Roz wondered.

‘We haven’t seen any yet, have we?’ Lydia said.

‘Maybe golems just make more reliable servants,’ Megan suggested.

‘Or maybe Durand wants to be the star and not share the glory of this Ultradom thing with anybody else,’ Hannah said.

‘I can believe that,’ Roz said. ‘I think he’s an ambitious bastard.’

‘Am I really?’ Durand said right behind her.

The girl’s flinched and twisted about in a jangle of chains and Roz went pale. Durand laughed.

‘Don’t worry, I prize your outspokenness, remember? Now, yesterday was a shorter day so your routine was abbreviated. From today, however, after you have entertained the draw winners, you will be put on an exercise frame for a couple of hours walking before you are shut away for the night. We want to keep you fit, after all.’

‘Do you really?’ Megan said scathingly.

‘But of course. What use is a feeble slave?’ A golem handed Durand the lead chain of their coffle. ‘Now I shall take you out for today’s demonstration and present you to our guests. You will kneel before them with your legs spread submissively wide, so you can be tested, but of course you will do so with as much bad grace as you can muster. Now, are you ready?’

‘Up yours!’ Megan said.

‘I’ll take that as an affirmative.’

With the girls lined up behind him, Durand led them out through the big doors into the amphitheatre. Behind them came the golems pushing the cages on wheels.

The crowd applauded their entrance and the girls felt a fresh blush of embarrassment. There were the adjudicator mages and the press again up front, with the crowd behind them. There seemed to be even more of them than last time. Again the golden audivid cameras focused upon them and their images flashed up on the big screens. However the girls fought their instinct to lower their eyes in shame at their exposure and searched their surroundings for some means of escape.

But the amphitheatre was as secure as it had appeared the day before. They noted that the narrow gaps between the outer ends of the arc of seats and the wall of the dungeon complex, presumably for staff access, were also closed at the far ends by gates topped by spiked railings.

However there were now additions to the floor of the arena. Several large blocks and freestanding screens made out of roughly sawn and nailed wooden slats had been scattered about. On them rested what looked like small wooden shields, clubs and swords.

While the golems positioned the cages in the middle of the open space, Durand led the girls forward and signalled for them to kneel down with a flick of his pain cane. When they did not spread their legs wide enough he flicked their inner thighs, making them yelp, and forcing them to shuffle their knees wider and exposing their sexes to a few hundred pairs of eyes. Then he addressed the crowd.

‘Thank you for joining us for the second day of the Ultradom Ultimate Challenge.

Our four lovely otherworld test subjects are still with us. You might think they would be chastened by yesterday’s introductory ordeals, however as you can see they are quite unchanged. The reports from the guests they entertained confirm they are lusty but also the most ill-mannered and

resentful slaves they have ever known. Will today's challenge soften them? Once again there will be a draw afterwards that will allow four lucky winners the chance to sample their strange delights for themselves, so have your tickets ready.

‘But before we start I would ask our independent adjudicators to test them for any submission potions...’

The four mages tramped down to the arena floor and once again jabbed their testing devices into the captive's breasts. This time Roz reacted angrily: ‘Do you have to keep stabbing that thing into my tits?’

The crowd gasped and then laughed while the man who had sampled her looked genuinely shocked, turning to Durand as though expecting him to discipline her.

Durand shrugged. ‘I apologise for her manners but then that is why they are here. We hardly need to see your displays, gentlemen, but if you could...’

The glass bulbs showing green again were held aloft and the mages returned to their seats.

‘Now, you will have noticed those four cages,’ Durand continued, addressing the crowd one again. ‘They hold specialized golem-based creatures of my own design, which our subjects are going to have to confront. Reveal them!’

The keepers pulled the covers off the cages and there was an audible intake of breath from the crowd, while the girls groaned and gulped in horror.

There were four large, scarlet, dog-shaped beasts inside with whiplike tails and alert ears but with toothless tapering snouts. Thick long wet forked tongues flicked out of them through the cage bars, as though testing the air. Between their back legs hung large ball sacks and long penis sheathes.

‘I call them vulvhounds,’ Durand said, walking round the cages proudly. The golden eyes of the hounds followed him alertly. ‘They have no

teeth and their claws are not sharp, but their tongues can deliver painful and paralysing shocks, which also have a certain stimulant effect if applied internally. And like all golems they are animated by motive essence. But their essence tanks are very small, only providing power for an hour or two, depending on how active they are. In other words they are always hungry for more essence.'

Durand strode back to the girls, taking out a white cotton handkerchief from his robes. 'Stand and spread your legs,' he commanded. Scowling they did so and he wiped the handkerchief deeply and vigorously through their clefts, one after another, making them gasp.

'And of course female orgasmic juices are a major component of motive essence,' Durand continued, taking the now crumpled and slightly damp handkerchief back to the cages. He shook it against the bars of each cage in turn and the hounds snuffled wildly at it.

'Now they are attuned to the particular individual patterns of aroma of our captive's sexes,' Durand said. 'Instinctively they know they can absorb some raw essence from them which can be merged with their supply and sustain them for a little longer.'

By now all the girls were staring at the vulvhounds in sick dismay.

Lydia was muttering under her breath: 'Oh God... oh fucking hell...'

'It's all right,' Megan said. 'We can do this.'

'The hounds will now try to couple with our captives as often as they can to stimulate the flow of their juices,' Durand explained. 'Now, if these were ordinary slave girls I could simply order them to lay down with their legs spread and allow the hounds to couple with them for our amusement. Shall I give that a try with these most obedient specimens?' he asked the crowd.

They laughed.

'I command you to lie down and offer yourselves!' Durand barked

sternly at the girls.

Of course by now they knew they were playing Durand's strange game but that made no difference to their response. 'No way.' 'Sod that!' 'In your dreams!'

'Do you beg for slavery to save yourself this painful challenge?'

'Let's get on with it!' Megan said.

Durand smiled. 'In which case they must prove their determination by holding the hounds off, if they can, until their minimal reservoirs of motive essence runs down.' He indicated the wooden blocks and weapons. 'As you can see we have provided them with some cover and elementary weapons. Let us see how well they do.'

Durand mounted the stairs, closed the spiked gate behind him, and took his seat in the central box between the mages and reporters. Meanwhile their golem keepers retired back through the double doors, closing them in their wake

'Like some Roman Emperor at the Coliseum,' Hannah said, looking up at Durand.

'Yeah, and we're the naked gladiators facing pussy hungry dogs.' Roz added.

Durand reached out and snapped his fingers. Their cuffs and collars popped open and fell to the ground.

'You have one minute to prepare,' he told them.

They ran to the boxes and snatched up weapons. The shields were simple round bucklers that slipped over their forearms. The swords were as wooden as the clubs but they had some weight in them.

'Keep together and watch each other's backs!' Megan said. 'Pull those other boxes over here so we've got some more cover. Quick!'

They had only just finished hauling the crates into a crude circle when Durand snapped his fingers again and the cages dropped open.

The vulvhounds sprang out like demonic greyhounds from their traps. They hurled themselves at the girls' crude box fort, hissing and snuffling. The girls beat at them with their swords and clubs, fending off their slithering tongues with buffets of their shields. The blows they landed did not sound or feel like they were hitting flesh but more like wood. Dents and grazes appeared on the hounds' hides and they seemed momentarily stunned, but they kept up the attack.

The crowd cheered, although the girls were not sure whether they were supporting them or the hounds.

For a few minutes the girls held the hounds back, forcing them to circle their tiny redoubt, their long glossy scarlet penises protruding ominously from their belly sheathes. Then a lunging hound managed to touch Lydia on her thigh with its tongue. She yelped at the stinging shock and dropped her guard. Instantly another dog grabbed her arm and pulled her out of the box fort while the first thrust its muzzle into the cleft of her vulva, twisted its head to pry it wide and then slid its long sinuous tongue right up inside her. Lydia shrieked as a searing shock tore through her and then went limp, twitching feebly while her eyes rolled helplessly. Grasping her by the arms the pair of hounds dragged her away across the sand.

Hannah, Roz and Megan sprang out of the fort after her. But away from cover they were instantly set upon by the remaining pair of dogs, whose forked tongues stung their thighs and bottoms. Shocked they tumbled back into the fort from where they could only watch helplessly as the hounds ravished Lydia to the cheers of the crowd.

Working together with unnatural intelligence they pulled Lydia onto her back and dragged her legs apart. Then the first one mounted Lydia, resting its paws on her breasts and driving its shaft into her with frantic thrusts like a demented sex toy until she moaned and bucked her hips and came. Its golden eyes seemed glow brighter as it ground its shaft into her depths. Then second dog drove the first one off her, its penis trailing a string of her juices. Lydia whimpered and tried feebly to close her legs. The second

dog plunged its snout into her wet, red-rimmed slot, pried it apart with its jaws and thrust its tongue into her sticky passage. Lydia shrieked and jerked and slumped back, semi-conscious. The second hound mounted her and set about forcing her to another climax with a blur of thrusts that set its whip tail thrashing about, wrenching the orgasm out of her.

Then the pair left Lydia sprawled on her back with dribble coming out of her raw gaping cleft and rejoined their companions who had been keeping the other girls at bay. Now it was four against three and together they launched a fresh attack

They got Hannah next, dragging her screaming away from the fort and stunning her with tongue thrusts. This time the first pair of satiated hounds held Megan and Roz at bay while the other pair mounted Hannah. She flopped about feebly under their scarlet thrusting bodies as they slid back and forth between her smooth thighs.

While they were occupied Roz and Megan tried a desperate rush at the other pair to try to disable them. But the hounds leaped on them, knocking them to the ground. Stinging tongue lashes numbed their legs, keeping them on their knees, flopping about and losing hold of their weapons. As they struggled to rise long snouts plunged into their pussies, twisted and spread them wide. Snake-like tongues slithered far up inside them and shocked them into helplessness even as they set their loins simmering with unnatural growing lust.

The battle was over and now the winners could take the spoils. While the crowd cheered the hounds pulled Roz and Megan onto their backs and dragged their legs wide and mounted them.

It was only then, as they lay in the sand, helpless and filled with disgust terror and uncontrolled stimulation boiling in their loins, with the hounds' hips grinding into their groins and their paws clawing at their breasts and inflamed nipples as they thrust their shafts deep into their vaginal tunnels, that they discovered the hounds did not simply try to suck their juices out of them. First they drove them to helpless orgasms, filling their passages with their precious juices. Then the hounds spent inside them, spurting thicker semen into their sopping pussies which mixed with their

juices and was only then drawn back through their multipurpose penises and up inside them to replenish their motive essence.

The crowd watched in fascination as the vulvhounds ravished the four naked women as they sprawled half insensible on their backs beneath them, driving them to orgasm after orgasm and dribbling their wastes into the sand. The reporters licked their pencils and snapped their pictures while the avid cameras dwelt lovingly each thrust of scarlet shaft into pink cleft, the clawed and pummelled breasts, the distraught faces and the rolling, pleading female eyes.

But soon there was no more the girls could give. The hounds had only prolonged the inevitable. They had gained a little extra life from their victims but it would only sustain them so far. One by one the glow faded from the hounds' eyes and they sank inanimate onto the girls' bodies with their shafts still embedded in them, feebly sucking at their insides as they tried to draw a few more minutes of life out of their bruised vaginal wells.

'And these women would rather suffer this than accept slavery,' Durand declared.

* * *

After the limp forms of the hounds had been dragged away, they found Durand had devised a variation on their pussy lottery.

While the girls were all still dazed and numb from their pseudo-canine violation, Durand ordered the golem keepers to cuff their wrists in front of them. A gibbet-like arm set on a low sturdy wooden base was rolled out from the main building. Resting on its base was a large hoop with four sets of cuffs fixed equidistantly about it and strung across with a close mesh net. The girls were lifted up and their cuffs were hung over a four pronged hook that dangled from the arm, with their faces inward so that their breasts mashed together and their toes dangled above the ground. Their legs were spread and cuffed to the round net so that it hung between them. In the middle of the net was a mesh funnel feeding into deep groove in the board

that ran out to the front edge of the base.

The lottery ball tumbler was brought out on its own small stand and used to load up the plunger tubes with random balls. After these had been pumped into them Durand went round beating their bottoms with his pain cane so they popped balls out of their vaginas. The wet balls fell into the net, down through the funnel and along the grove to the front where they could be read.

And so the winners were chosen once again.

* * *

While Durand was giving the lottery winners their complimentary lunch the girls were healed and refreshed in the washroom by their keepers. After the nightmare of the hounds it felt wonderful even though they knew they were only being prepared for fresh torments in their individual torture cells. The healing cream worked its magic on their numerous scratches and bruises and cleared their heads of the lingering effects of the hounds' tongue shocks.

With the physical signs wiped away it made it easier to talk about their ordeal. How could they not talk about something so bizarre? They all knew that it could not wait until later. By then they might give way to tears.

‘Was that as bad as being screwed by people... or worse... or better?’ Roz wondered, trying to sound offhand. ‘At least they weren’t real dogs...’

‘Don’t even go there!’ Megan warned her. ‘We survived, that’s the important thing. If we can take anything as... as obscene and crazy as that, we can take anything at all. We don’t let it get to us, agreed?’

The others nodded, but they could not leave it at that.

‘It was sort of exciting as well as frightening, fighting like that,’ Lydia said. ‘Until those things got hold of me... I hope I can sleep tonight.’

‘They’re not living things in the way we knew them,’ said Hannah, forcing her own words to sound level and considered. ‘They were cleverer than any dogs would have been. I suppose Durand can make them any way he wants to order. That’s a bit god-like.’

‘I hate what they did to me,’ Lydia said, ‘and if one tries to do it again I’ll smash its head in if I can. But... right at the end... they seemed sort of pathetic. Like they really were dying.’

‘This “motive essence” is their fuel, right, and it’s made out of girl juice?’ Roz said. ‘Ughhh!’

They looked at their golem keepers thoughtfully.

‘Do you need motive essence as well?’ Megan asked the nearest one, who had a blue chest blaze.

‘Yes,’ said Blue. ‘All golems need it to function. Now we must take you to the cells...’

* * *

Roz lay on her back on a low heavy wooden block.

Her arms were pulled straight down to her sides and bolted to the scarred and worn top of the block with hoop cuffs over her wrists. Another larger hoop was bolted across her neck. Her hips were painfully tightly bent forward and her legs were doubled over so that her knees almost touched the outsides of her shoulders and her feet were up past her ears. Short chains and cuffs about her knees and ankles which were bolted to the sides of the block held her legs in place.

Her extreme enforced posture meant she was looking up between her splayed thighs over the sharp cones of her breasts and the fleshy folds even her flat stomach had been forced into making, right at the mound of her gaping pink sex. Above that was the inward curving valley between her

glossy taut buttocks, punctuated by the crinkled mouth of her anus.

And above that was the face of her tormentor.

He was a respectable looking man perhaps in his early sixties. He had a large grey moustache and looked as though he should have been wearing something tweedy while out hunting, shooting and fishing. Instead he was showing an almost childlike fascination with every fold and furrow of her exposed groin while revealing a detailed knowledge of how to handle helpless slave girls. Durand had considerably provided him with all the tools he required to make his hour with her very rewarding.

Roz shook her head and bit on her gag as he forced a huge glass pear-shaped plug into her anus. She'd never had anything that size inside her before. She could see every detail as her sphincter was stretch obscenely wide into a thin pink lip. It felt like she was going to split open and her eyes pricked with tears. It was too much for her!

Suddenly her bottom was bulging as the plug was sliding inside her and her anus was closing over its tapering neck almost gratefully, while her pussy swelled from within as the weight and bulk of the plug pressed unnaturally against her already compressed lower stomach. Its thick ring base ground into her buttock cleft and she was filled.

'There, I said you could take it, girl,' her abuser said.

Roz whimpered even as she felt, and saw, her clit rising, teased into excitement by the strange internal pressure of the plug that implied there was more penetration to come. Her pussy button was turning purple and her nipples were standing up. Oh God how gross was that! And he could see it all to.

'Good, you enjoy that, girl,' he said, pinching and rubbing her clit and sending a shudder of dark delight coursing through her.

If she could have she would have pleaded with him to screw her instead. She would even have sucked off his ancient wrinkled cock rather than have anything else unnatural stuffed up inside her. But what she wanted

did not matter.

He took down a different plug from the selection. This was made of hard rubber and shaped like a string of large beads moulded together. It was not as fat as the anal plug but it was longer.

Prying apart her inner labia to expose the mouth of her vaginal tunnel he fed the plug into her until it was buried to its handle, just as her pussy button turned a dull red. Then he began to pump it in and out of her. It was good and bad at the same time, encouraging her to forget her inhibitions and enjoy the raw sensation. That was so sick. Yet hot slick cream was beginning to ooze through her sex lips and run into her inverted pubic bush.

Was that what “Ultredom” was about? Conditioning them by stealth? Well just because she could not help getting turned on a little by a bit of filth it didn’t mean she was a slave. Her loins surged and tingled dangerously. Surely she could not have another orgasm inside her after what the hounds had done. Her pussy button was bright red. That was not possible. She was plugged too tight anyway. She could not cum now...

But she was and it was all too much internally for her to contain. There was a hissing as she pissed into her own face and over her breasts and across her hair.

Her guest chuckled. ‘I’d like to own a hot natural one like you,’ he said.

* * *

Hannah sobbed and whimpered. Her left hip joint felt as though it was about to tear off while she could hardly feel her left leg at all. Desperately she pulled on her wrist cuffs, trying to ease the strain a fraction.

She was standing on the ball of her trembling right foot which was ankle cuffed to a floor ring. Her arms were drawn up above her head and her wrists were cuffed a large ring set in the ceiling. Her left ankle was cuffed to

the same ring above her head, forcing her to stretch her leg almost vertically upward. The extreme pressure bent her hips to the right and waist and upper body to the left. She had done some dance and ballet when she was younger and she was making use of any residual flexibility that remained to endure the terrible pose.

Her abuser, a solid unremarkable man who had come in wearing a dark suit that he had lost no time in stripping off, evidently loved the expression of pain that contorted her pretty face. She could judge his degree of appreciation from the angle of his cock. He also loved the fact that her posture totally exposed the pouch of her sex, twisting it round so that her red-lipped slot was almost horizontal. The tension had opened up her labia so that the mouth of her vagina gaped in dark invitation.

He swiped his light, whippy cane across the big straining inner muscles of her thighs, leaving another cut across her flesh. Strung as she was between the floor and ceiling, her body twisted from side to side as she yelped in pain, dribbling about her gag, but of course she could not fall over. Her pussy and the insides of her thighs were striped with a dozen earlier welts from his cane. Her right thigh was also wet from her juices as they ran down it. She could not stop them pouring out of her.

He gave her a second crack of the cane right across her livid lipped pussy, and then hugged her twisted body to him and pumped his cock into the hole in her poor stretched vulva half a dozen times. Then he pulled out, leaving her feeling cheated and empty. At least having a cock inside her took her mind off the agony of her legs and tendons.

She'd rather he came (so she might have a chance to) and got it over with than prolonged her distress. But there was still plenty of his hour to go and he was in no hurry.

* * *

Lydia's tormentor was, unusually, a woman.

She was perhaps in her early thirties and wore a straight black and white dress which looked like it had come from the nineteen twenties, with a matching hat and scrap of a veil, and outwardly appeared cool and respectable. As soon as she had closed the cell door, however, she hitched up her dress to reveal stockings held up by red garters but no knickers. Her sex was deep-cleft, pouting and smooth-shaven. The hem of her dress had a cord sewn through it that she tied about her waist, holding it in place and leaving her naked and exposed between hips and stocking tops.

How many times had she done this kind of thing before, Lydia thought?

The woman walked round Lydia curiously, stroking her head as though calming a potentially dangerous pet animal.

Lydia was squatting astride a leather saddle set on a low wheeled base. Her ankles were cuffed to rings set in the sides of the base, holding her in place. A pair of dildos mounted on reciprocating shafts protruded through a slot in the apex of the saddle and were lodged in her vagina and anus. Rising from either side of the base were a pair of waist high tubular rods with grips on their tops that contained the controls for some kind of motor under the saddle that drove the dildos. To add to Lydia's discomfort a pair of light chains ran tautly across from these rods to spring clamps that were pinched painfully tight about her plump nipples. This meant Lydia did not slouch in her saddle but sat very straight with her head high, aided by a very broad posture collar buckled about her neck that was also double chained to the side posts.

Her visitor walked round Lydia twice, inspecting her closely, and then bent and pulled Lydia's gag out.

'I understand you speak your mind without fear of giving offence, girl, even to you betters,' she said.

'You're not better than me,' Lydia said. 'You're just free and I'm not. And my name's Lydia.'

'Oh... I thought this might be some trick of Durand's.'

‘No, whatever his trying to do to us I’m still the real thing.’

‘So, you’d actually insult me to my face?’

‘Try me.’

‘Well... I want to make you lick my cunny until I spray in your face. What do you think of that?’

‘I’d think you were a cruel, heartless bitch who deserved a good slapping, and if I could do it right now I would.’

The woman gasped and shivered in illicit delight. ‘My... yes. You really are special. Keep talking like that...’

She took up position standing in front of Lydia, holding onto the rod grips and straddling the sides of the saddle base. She twisted the grips and the dildos began to plunge slowly but steadily in and out of Lydia’s orifices.

Lydia groaned as she stared at the soft perfumed sex slot before her eyes. She had lesbian sex just once before and it had not worked out. Now she had no choice but to try again.

The woman ground her silky pussy into Lydia’s face and Lydia slipped her tongue into her slot and began to lap. After a few licks and nibbles she pulled her head back and said: ‘You revolt me you miserable, stinking slag!’

‘Oh... yes, more of that, please...’

As the woman’s juices began to run down her cheeks and Lydia’s began to run down the saddle, Lydia thought: well at least I’m being honest. She hated the woman for the advantage she was taking of her and she was telling her so to her... well, not exactly to her face. But it was also true to say that she did have a very nice pussy.

* * *

Megan was multiply and tightly strapped upside-down to a stout post with her arms pulled round behind it and her legs held spread wide by a timber crossbar. She was positioned on the post so that her dark pubic delta was at head height, which meant that her head was a groin height. A naked man was pressed against her with his erect, but fortunately not very large, penis jammed up her throat. She struggled to breathe round it while the blood pounded in her temples. He had not taken it out of her since he had started, and his hour had to be very nearly up.

He had a dildo on a stick that he was pumping and stirring in her vagina and making her pussy overflow with reluctant juices that trickled down her belly and which he lapped up. Somehow he was spurting in her mouth every ten minutes. That could not be natural. Had he had a magical makeover?

He jerked his hips, grinding his cock into her, and spouted again. She gulped down his sperm and tried not to be sick.

* * *

As Durand had promised, immediately after they had entertained the winners their wrists were cuffed behind them and they were gagged and then taken out into the arena and hitched up to an exercise machine. Its frame resembled an overlarge four-armed rotary clothesline about three metres across. They were hooked onto the ends of the arms with heavy collars. Dangling from the arms were pear shaped plugs of rubber ringed with silver wires. These were pushed up their rears. They soon found they began to prick and burn unbearably if they did not start walking.

And so they trudged round and round, following each other's footsteps in the sand. As they could not speak any tales of their ordeals would have to wait until later. They could only guess what they had each suffered from the marks on their bodies and the way they moved. Apart from different patterns of beatings there were suggestive fluids oozing from most of their orifices while Hannah was limping distinctly.

Despite their discomfort it was easy to fall into a plodding trance, passing the time until the relief of the washroom. There was little distraction from the empty tiers of seats. The boxes and panels had been removed and the sand had been raked over but the arena still looked as depressingly secure as it had earlier in the day

* * *

That evening in their cell they sprawled exhausted on their mattresses.

‘Two days down, three to go,’ Megan said wearily.

The rest groaned.

Lydia said cautiously: ‘Don’t get me wrong, but I think we can survive this better if we treat it as a kind of game when we can. Because this afternoon I came again, and it’s confusing if I keep thinking how evil this all is and then have fireworks go off in my head. That doesn’t make it right – because it isn’t right – but it might make it easier. I mean there’s no rule that says we have to make everything even more miserable for ourselves, is there?’

‘I think I know what you mean,’ Hannah said, taking a deep breath. ‘Right at the end, even though I felt my leg was being pulled off, I came as well. But it might make us seem like we’re being sluts: like we really wanted to be treated like this all along.’

‘The best way to prove we’re not saying no when we mean yes is to escape and show that we’re better than all those shits who sit up there enjoying seeing us screwed!’ Megan said with passion.

‘Yeah,’ Roz said. ‘I agree with Lydia but we’ve also got to escape if we can. I’m worried about waiting to Day Five. Durand may play some kind of trick on us. I mean would he just let us go like that?’

‘I wish he’d screw us himself,’ Lydia said.

‘What?’ Megan exclaimed.

‘I don’t mean I want him to, but it would make me feel he cared about us more. We don’t see him except when he’s playing at being a host.’

‘Maybe he’s just too busy to screw us,’ Hannah suggested. ‘We’ve no idea what else he’s into.’

‘That might be it,’ Lydia said, ‘but it all still feels so cold and calculating.’

‘Perhaps that’s good,’ Roz said. ‘Once we’ve played whatever part he wanted in his scheme and he doesn’t want us for himself he won’t mind letting us go.’

‘To tell everybody back home what he did to us?’ Megan pointed out.

‘You mean playing sadistic sex games with us in another world which included being screwed by golem dogs?’ Roz said. ‘Who’d believe us?’

‘Still, it would feel good to escape,’ Megan said. ‘Maybe we can make something of this motive essence stuff. Our guards don’t seem very bright. If we could make them run out of fuel, they’ll stop like the hounds did. I suppose that’s what those filler caps on their chests are for. Can we puncture their tanks somehow, or suck them dry?’

‘Sucking off a golem?’ Lydia said, pulling a face. ‘Ughh!’

‘You know what I mean. Keep your eyes open for anything we could use as a tool which we can smuggle back in here.’

‘How would we smuggle anything in?’ Hannah asked, indicating her naked form. ‘No pockets.’

‘Do I need to draw a diagram?’ Mega said. ‘We put our pussies to a use Durand didn’t plan for!’

Day Three

The next day they had to run a gauntlet of pain and humiliation in the arena.

An oval obstacle course had been laid out in the sand, except that the “obstacles” were like nothing seen in any normal sporting event. There were pairs of rotating posts they had to pass between that carried long strips of rubber that cracked across their skin like lashes. Then there were “jumps” that comprised large freely turning vertical inflated rubber wheel the size of large beach rings that were rimmed with rubber prongs and hooks of all sizes. They were framed by vertical posts fitted with an array of smaller, freely turning horizontal spike wheels, like huge spurs, which meant the jump could only be traversed by leaping and straddling the middle of it with enough momentum to set the big wheel turning, riding it over the top and then scrabbling off on the other side. Such a leap invariably meant impaling their pussies or anuses or both painfully hard on one of the prongs, which was then wrenched out of them moments later.

They were handicapped by having their wrists cuffed behind then, so they could not use their hand to vault any of the jumps. This also made them clumsier when they negotiated the obstacles and more like to fall. Bound arms made their hips and bottoms roll more alluringly as they ran, and added to the heave and bounce of their breasts, which was in a perverse way useful to them.

They had been fitted with another of Durand’s novelty torments. They looked a little like metal starfish clamped to their breasts with suckers on their undersides and with rings in the middle for their nipples to poke through. The rings were rimmed with inward facing needles pointing at their nipples. If they kept moving and jiggling their breasts about the needles remained retracted. But if they stopped for more than a few seconds the needles began to slide inward, stabbing their nipples.

They had to keep moving and the course, although terrible and sadistic, was their only choice. Members of the audience had been allowed

down onto the arena floor, given a variety of long whips to wield, and had been stationed about the outside of the course. Their job was to keep them running by whipping their bottoms as they passed. The inside of the course was patrolled by the girls' golem keepers. Their task was to carry the girls away when they collapsed.

‘You will run until you drop,’ Durand said, as the trembling girls were lined up at the start and the audience looked down on them with eager expectation. ‘If you fall you will have a count of ten to recover. If you do not you are removed from the track. The race ends when there is only one girl left standing. All the rest will be punished.’

And so they ran. The lash posts beat them from shoulders to knees, the whip-wielding crowd helpers attacked buttocks as they passed, and in a few laps had turned them scarlet. The prongs of the jumps stabbed at their groins, digging roughly into their unprotected orifices, gouging in, twisting and being torn out. The rubber hook fittings picked at their flesh lips and clitorises and tore out knots of pubic hair. And finally their breast stars jabbed at their nipples if they slowed down between an obstacle and the next whipper-on.

After ten laps they had bloody streaks about their breasts, burning whip-striped buttocks, they were dripping with sweat which stung their abused skin and were already beginning to stagger. Their pubic bushes and thighs were lathered not only in sweat but their own juices. The brief and brutal prongs of jumps had done their work in stimulating their pussies. Beyond the instinctive shame they felt there was a terrible dark thrill in being treated like this in public. The jump wheels became slippery with their juices which spread between their orifices, each unwillingly sharing it within them and adding to it. At least this natural lubrication made the prongs slightly easier to slip inside them and then slide out.

They began to trip and fall. When they did the crowd joined enthusiastically in the count while their breast stars jabbed their nipples until they struggled back onto their feet.

It was lap eighteen when Lydia fell and did not get up. The keepers dragged her to a frame set up in the middle of the track and hung her up by

her ankles and then lashed front and back.

Hannah went next and it became a two girl endurance contest between Roz and Megan until Roz fell after a jump and simply had not got the strength to rise again. While the keepers dragged her away Megan sank to her knees amid wild applause. For a moment in her dizzy state of exhaustion she felt the thrill of victory. Then she found Durand was beside her and remembered where she was

‘And how do you feel about winning this race?’ he asked.

‘We all won... and I hate all of you!’ she shrieked at the audience with all the strength she could muster. They cheered ironically.

* * *

When they had the strength to stand again the day’s lottery draw was made by yet another novel and humiliating means. Four pots were set out about the arena and the girls, with their sore pussies stuffed with lottery balls, had to visit each of them randomly, squat over them and “lay” their balls into the pots.

As the audience left and they were taken back into the dungeon and the washroom, which they were looking forward to with almost pathetic longing, Megan said guiltily: ‘Sorry I won and you all took a beating.’

‘That’s all right,’ Lydia said.

‘The weird thing is I’m totally shagged out but I’m also horny,’ Hannah admitted.

‘Me too,’ said Roz. ‘Have they done something to us?’

‘No, I think it’s natural after having our pussies pronged in public that many times,’ said Lydia. ‘It’s just a sick high.’

Megan took a deep breath. ‘Look, I haven’t got the strength to

compete anymore today. So like you suggested, let's pretend... whatever you want to pretend and come as many times as we can this afternoon. Get all the fun we can out of it. No guilt. That'll be our reward for surviving that fucking awful race.'

They nodded. They were very tired. Perhaps they could shelve their pride and let their guard down for an hour.

* * *

Megan was bound belly down over a short post with a padded top. It was not exactly comfortable but after the time she had spent on the track she wanted to rest anyway and the post wasn't so bad.

Her wrists and ankles were cuffed to its sides, while a strap had been pulled tight about her elbows and knees, pulling them tightly inwards and making her haunches seem to swell out over the back of her post. Her large breasts hung over a pair of scallops cut in the wood and had been individually strapped down across their roots with thinner straps, making them bulge out like pink balloons beneath them. Actually they were no longer pink as her ruddy-faced abuser for the afternoon had been trying out various whips, canes and lashes on her body and now they were scarlet and purple.

She had cried and some of her tears had trickled down onto them so they not only burned but stung. But she tried not to think of that. A dab of healing cream and they would be as good as new again. That put everything into perspective. Here this just counted as foreplay...

Megan shrieked as the man swiped the cane across her buttocks, raising another welt in her simmering backside. She just wanted him to get on with her main event. Wasn't her pussy hanging out from between her blazing buttocks sexy enough for him? God alone knew it was wet enough! In the small room she could smell her own excitement. Hell, she needed a cock inside her!

He rested his cane, yanked her head up by the hair and pulled the bit

out of her mouth.

‘Enjoying that, are you, girl?’ he demanded. ‘Think you can’t be broken to heel, do you? Durand says you can’t without Ultradom, not properly. But I think you just need the right handling. All this foul language and free thinking is only a front. Well?’

If she begged now he would think he had broken her and her pride would not let her go that far. But he could still be manipulated.

‘It’ll take a better man than you to break me, wanker! I haven’t seen your cock yet. Keeping it tucked away because it’s too small, are you?’

He gaped at her pop-eyed. ‘You insolent creature! I... I’ve never been so insulted! I...’

‘You’re still talking. I haven’t seen any proof...’

He fumbled with his trousers and freed a cock, a very large cock, which he proceeded to ram into her slot.

Oh... yes! That was good. You didn’t have to fight it. Maybe it really was all a crazy game...

* * *

Roz twirled at waist height from a ceiling chain. It was attached to a very broad, padded leather sling that went about her waist and under her back. Her wrists were cuffed to her ankles under her, so she hung like a bow in mid-air. Thin cords ran from the chain to spring clips that were clamped about her swollen nipple cones that pulsed in their grip. Another cord ran down from the chain to a hook that was dug deep into her cleft, spreading her labia so it could slide its bulbous tip deep into the passage of her vagina.

She groaned and drooled about her gag as her clit rubbed against the hook’s shaft, while the hook distended the mouth of her vagina into an elastic

oval. Her guest, who was standing between her spread thighs with his trousers about his ankles, was taking full advantage of this opening and was stretching it still further with his cock. She was dripping about his pumping shaft and onto the floor.

Forget the contest and enjoy the sex, she told herself. And it worked... if you didn't think more than an hour ahead.

* * *

Hannah sobbed as another thrust from the cock up her rear ground her breasts across the tray of spiked rollers again.

Her widespread feet were ankle-cuffed to rings in the floor. Her wrists were cuffed behind her back and her elbows were strapped together, wrenching her shoulders back. If that was not bad enough a ceiling chain was hooked to her wrists so that they were pulled upward so far that she had to bend over until her torso was level with the ground and her breasts swayed under her like fleshy inverted bells to stop her arms from being twisted off. A second chain running down at an angle from the ceiling hook was wrapped about her neck ensuring she did not bend any further forward.

It was in this posture that the table with the spiked roller tray had been slid under her chest. There were six wooden rollers each the thickness of kitchen rolling pins but twice as long. Pyramid-shaped metal studs had been hammered into them. They were set on spindles in a shallow tray so they were free to turn. Her full breasts had settled down onto the rows of studs making her gasp. Still as long as she held still they did not break her skin.

But then her user had taken up position behind her, slid his cock into her self-lubricating anus and began to pump into her. With every thrust up her bottom her breasts were ground across the tray, rippling in a fluid motion across the smooth ridges of the rollers which turned under them, stabbing her soft flesh as they went. Her hard nipples slipped down into the valleys between the rollers, catching the studs moving on both directions. The pain was exquisite. It was not the brute force of a beating, but the precise

application of pinpoints of agony.

Soon her breasts felt like pincushions, throbbing scarlet and studded with a hundred pricks of blood, which smeared the rollers. It was slight comfort that she knew the healing cream would fix them in minutes but that was later and here and now they hurt like hell.

She sobbed and whimpered about her gag, her tears running down her cheeks.

And all the time her user kept ramming into her rear, delighting in her suffering.

In a delirium she struggled to find something good about her torment for her own satisfaction. Her pussy was wet but that was all. She bet her pussy button was no more than purple. It was simply too bad to enjoy. Was there some way of turning pain into pleasure? Maybe for a natural submissive but it was beyond her nature. She was not that type. How could she be when her breasts were on fire and she was...uhhh!

Out of nowhere an orgasm ripped through her, leaving her dizzy with shock and for a few seconds blotting out the pain.

That was unexpected...

* * *

Lydia lay on her back on a narrow wooden bench with her legs in the air. Her ankles were cuffed to a spreader bar hung from a ceiling hook, while her arms were drawn down the sides of the bench and cuffed to a bracing strut. A strap was buckled across her neck and another across her belly, holding her down firmly so that her hips overhung the end of the bench. She looked through her spread knees into the face of her guest.

He was a pot-bellied man with a genial expression. His trousers had been hung up behind the door leaving him in shirt tails. In between holding

onto her raised ankles for bracing as he puffed and drove his penis into her anus, he lowered an arm to swipe her breasts with a studded spanking paddle. They jumped and wobbled under the blows, turning a blushing pink with an overlaid polka dot pattern of scarlet. Her pussy dribbled its juices onto his shaft, lubricating it as it penetrated her.

He pulled his cock out of her rectum and pushed it into her vagina.

‘Ahhh... yes... very nice,’ he said. ‘You’re different from the usual stock, I can tell. A bit raw and fresh but very responsive.’ He paused to tap her pussy button, which was bright red. ‘Durand should get more of you in.’ Lydia’s eyes widened as she felt her loins going into spasm. ‘That’s right you just let it all out...’

* * *

‘... and so in the end I came twice,’ Lydia concluded. ‘He said he’d like to buy me if Durand was selling.’

‘Well hold out for a good price,’ Roz said with a chuckle.

They were locked in their cell for the night recounting their experiences. Despite their ordeals they admitted that had all managed to cum at least once and were feeling quite pleased with themselves as they told their stories, even managing to joke about details of their suffering.

But as they chattered they realised Lydia’s face had fallen. Her animation had left her and she was suddenly looking at them despairingly.

‘But it’s wrong, isn’t it?’ she said. ‘Sorry, we’re fooling ourselves. We can’t make a joke out of it. I thought I was being brave and clever but we’re playing Durand’s game. We’re making being sex slaves seem a bit of a laugh, which wouldn’t matter if it was our choice but it isn’t! Maybe this is how it works. We can’t win either fucking way!’

As the others shrank back in alarm at this sudden outburst from the

quietest one of their number Lydia looked round for something to vent her anger on. She snatched the tin water flask off the wall and threw it down on the floor so that it clanged and bounced across the room and clattered into a corner.

Hannah held out her hands in a calming gesture. 'It's all right, Lydia. We understand. Just don't let it get to you...'

But Lydia's face had changed from despair to wonder. She picked up the by now battered flask and began tapping it on the stone floor.

'Did you hear that? It sounded different when it bounced here than over here. Durand said this was a temporary building. It may not have proper foundations. Who knows what it was put up over?'

The implications of what she was saying hit them and they hauled their mattresses and bedding aside, exposing as much of the solid floor as possible. Five minutes of tapping and knuckle rapping later they had determined that there was a narrow hollow space running under the floor that led across the room at a slight angle to the outside wall.

'Some sort of land drain?' Roz wondered.

'Big enough to crawl through?' Hannah wondered. 'But even if we could get in, how would we get out?'

'It can't be very deep,' said Roz. 'We could dig out way up once we got clear of the buildings.'

Megan was scrabbling at the edge of the stone slabs with her nails, but she could not get a purchase. 'We need some tool to get one of these slabs up. Then the rest would be easy.'

'Can we use the bottle or the mugs?' Lydia suggested.

'They're too thick and soft even if we could beat them into shape. No it has to be harder and narrower. A screwdriver, a tyre iron... something. Priority for tomorrow: Get something we can use as a lever and bring it back

here, anyway you can!’

Day Four

Their arena ordeal did not give them any opportunity to obtain the tool they needed.

After they were tested for submission drugs by the mages, they were put into a ring of stocks with their heads all facing inwards. Their dangling nipples were all linked by clips and chains to a bucket hung in the middle of the circle underneath another bucket filled with sand that was slowly running out of its base through a funnel, like an hourglass.

While the tension was building up in their breasts and nipples, their rears had been framed by halves of boards clamped about their waists with concentric target rings painted on them. Smaller bull's-eyes were also painted on their buttocks, but the prime targets were their pussies. Their lips were pulled back painfully wide by sets of hooks fastened to elastic cords tied to the board edges. This left the dark pits of their vagina mouths clearly visible to anybody standing behind them.

An outer circle had been drawn in the sand surrounding their ring of framed posteriors. Members of the audience who had a good eye were invited down and, for a few pennies, were given catapults and golfball-sized shots made out of heavy, tightly wadded wet paper and invite to try their luck. There was a prize for anybody who could send a shot right up one of the girls' pussy holes.

Soon the shots were smacking into their rears and distended and frighteningly vulnerable lovemouhths, even as their clamped nipples were dragging their breasts out into impossible trembling pink cones. What made this torment so hard to endure was that there was not enough of a sexual element to serve as a distraction. The anticipation was awful and a hit on a clitoris came as too much of a painful shock, usually triggering a loss of bladder control. Before the sand bucket was full and with their backsides and pussy mouths bruised and scoured they had all wet themselves in pain. Their only relief and distraction had come in between their shrieks and sobs when

they had cursed Durand and the audience until they were hoarse.

When all the shots were expended, the person with the best score was asked to pull the lottery balls at random from their sore pussies to generate the draw numbers.

Afterwards in the washroom, before they were taken to the cells to entertain the lottery winners, they exchanged urgent glances. After such a miserable time they knew they had to escape somehow. They must find a tool to lift the floor slabs. Perhaps they might get lucky in the cells...

* * *

Megan stood on tiptoe on two widely spaced wooden blocks, balancing precariously.

Her hands were tied behind her back and her only aid in keeping upright were the rope nooses tied about the roots of her breasts, which were in turn tied to rings in the ceiling set farther apart than her breasts, so the ropes angled up and sideways above her. The nooses were taut and the tension in them was pulling her breasts up into bulging balloons which were beginning to go purple. There were also ropes tied about her ankles. These went through pulley blocks secured to floor rings on either side of the wooden blocks on which she rested and then forward to the hands of her guest owner.

It was a woman, dressed in a dark dress with a gauzy dark veil pulled down over her eyes. But if Megan had expected any gentler treatment from her she was sadly disappointed.

She could see the corners of her mouth turn up in a cruel smile as she jerked on the ropes again. Megan's ankles were pulled sideways, sliding her toes off the blocks. She shrieked as her full weight was taken by her breasts, which bunched up into fat straining purple mushrooms while she kicked wildly in mid-air.

Then the tension on her ankle ropes slackened and by scrabbling about with her toes she found the blocks once again. While the blood flowed sluggishly back into her breasts Megan gazed through tear-filled eyes at her tormentor. She would have done virtually anything but this if she ordered her to. But it seemed all she wanted to do was watch her suffer.

And worse, she was using nothing Megan could possibly steal as a tool for their escape.

* * *

The man dragged Roz along the rail by a rod with spring clamps on the ends which were closed about her hard nipples, which had only just recovered from her morning's ordeal, with her sobbing and whimpering about her gag. Her hands were tied behind her back so she could not resist him. When she reached the end, he dragged her back to the start by her hair.

The rail was a crotch high horizontal bar like a section of fencing and was cut along its top edge into a series of polished scallops and knobs. Roz was straddling it so that her pussy ground across all of them, making her labia ripple and bulge as they were dragged over it. After the deprivations of the morning even this rough stimulation had its effect and soon the rail was shiny with her juices.

After a dozen runs up and down the rail, the man pulled Roz off the end and threw her down on her back onto the mattress provided.

‘Open!’ he said, and she did so, spreading her legs wide.

He mounted her and used her roughly and she could not help responding. But even as she came she felt a pang of despair as she realised there was nothing she could obtain in the cell to use as on the floor slabs.

* * *

Lydia was suspended in mid-air with her guests' cock up her rectum.

It was actually and shockingly quite a comfortable posture.

Her arms were strapped behind her back by a web of straps that also went about her waist, over her shoulders and between her breasts. To the shoulders of this harness were clipped rings from to which ceiling chains were hooked. Her legs were stretched out wide in front of her and supported at the knees and ankles by more cuffs and chains.

Her guest stood behind her, cupping her breasts in his hands and pinching her nipples as he rocked her back and forth on his cock. She dripped from her pussy onto the floor. This really was not that bad and she knew she was going to cum very soon... except that it was wrong! They had to escape before they came to accept this as normal. But they still needed a lever. She hoped one of the others was having better luck than she was.

* * *

Hannah howled about her ring gag as the lash cracked across her breasts where they bulged between the lattice of ropes in which she was trapped.

She was strung out within a rectangular wooden double frame that folded together like the covers of a book. Each frame was strung with a taut diamond rope lattice sandwiching her tightly between them, so that her flesh bulged through the gaps. The frame was carried on a swivelling forked mount allowing it to be flipped and rotated freely. Her guest was having fun spinning and twisting her about so that sometimes she was on her head and sometimes on her heels. As he did so he used his lash to flay her exposed flesh, beating a negative of the lattice pattern onto her body.

Every few minutes he stopped her to make use of whatever orifice was convenient. He seemed to be able to orgasm repeatedly and her anus and pussy were already dripping with his sperm, while she could taste her own juices which he had transferred via his cock to her mouth.

Ropes and whips and wood, she thought desperately. Why were there no jemmys or tire irons?

* * *

From their faces during their exercise period they could tell none of them had been successful. This was confirmed in the washroom after they had showered when they shook their heads and shrugged helplessly in response to the silent enquiry.

‘Fuck!’ Megan said softly as she combed her wet hair. ‘Well we’ll just have to think of something else.’

‘Or else hope Durand keeps his word tomorrow,’ Hannah said.

‘If only there was something we could use,’ Lydia sighed.

Then they saw Roz staring at them and biting her lip as if struggling to contain herself. Mutely she held up her steel comb and pointed at it. They looked at their own combs and for a moment they all felt incredibly foolish. Then they looked at the golems by the door.

‘We need a diversion!’ Megan whispered.

Lydia suddenly shrieked: ‘I can’t take this anymore! Let me out!’

And she made a dash for the door. Blue picked her up in his big hands but she beat on his chest and kicked him. His forked shock penis sprang up and he lowered her onto it. Lydia shrieked at the double prongs entered her vagina and rectum simultaneously. Her eyes bulged and her body convulsed as the probes crackled within her while pee hissed messily from her plugged slot over Blue’s legs.

His penis withdrew and Blue put her down. Lydia collapsed into a twitching heap on the ground.

Then the other girls were crowding round her.

‘It’s all right,’ Megan said. ‘We’ll take care of her. Just let us get back to our cell...’

Once they were securely locked inside their cell for the night the others hugged Lydia.

‘Are you all right?’

‘I’ll survive. Did you get them?’

In reply the three girls lay back, spread their legs and carefully drew the gleaming combs out of their vaginal passages.

‘Will they be strong enough?’ Hannah wondered.

‘If we use all three together they should be,’ Roz said. ‘We only need to raise a slab high enough to get our fingers under.’

‘When do we do it?’ Lydia asked.

‘Dead of night. Say three hours after the lights dim,’ Megan said. ‘Everybody should be asleep then.’

‘Even golems?’

‘We’ll have to risk it.’

‘If we do get out what do we do?’ Roz wondered. ‘Knock at the front door?’

‘No, we hide somewhere in the grounds until the morning games audience arrives, together with the newspaper men and those mages. Then we show ourselves. We want plenty of witnesses so Durand can’t go back on his word.’

‘And to show him up in front of them,’ Hannah added.

‘Yeah, that too.’

Day Five

They had discovered that the fake torches dimmed to faint red glows around what they guessed, without watches, to be about eleven at night. They took turns on watch and sleeping until they judged it was two in the morning. There was no sound from outside their barred window except the faint twitterings and rustles of night in the country. Then they set to work.

Carefully digging their combs into the crack of the most convenient floor slab they levered one side painfully slowly upward. Lydia was ready with the folded ends of a pillow slip and rammed it into the gap under the slab as soon it appeared so it could not drop back. Then they were able to heave it up and over onto the pillows they had ready.

Below was revealed part of a line of regular stone slabs that cut across a matt of dead turf like a pathway. It was easy to dig their fingers under one of them and lift to reveal a narrow, dry stone-lined channel.

‘It is some sort of land drain,’ Roz said.

‘And we could just get through it,’ Megan added.

They levered up the slab next to it to make a hole large enough to climb down into. Megan slithered down and checked a little way along the tunnel in each direction, backing up to climb out and turn round as there was no room in the tunnel.

‘That way’s blocked,’ she reported, pointing to where the tunnel neared the outer wall of the cell. ‘Looks like the roof collapsed. But there’s a faint pale light in the distance in the other direction. Not sure how far. Could be reflected moonlight. Is it up?’

They checked. The moon was not visible directly from their cell window but they could see its light shining through trees across the lawn outside.

‘Maybe it’s a drain cover. There’s a draft so there must be some sort of opening. I think we should try it.’

‘All of us at the same time?’ Roz wondered.

‘I think we should stick together,’ Megan said. ‘I’m the biggest so if I can get through you all can but if I get stuck you can pull me out.’

Lydia and Hannah nodded.

With Megan in the lead they squeezed down into the claustrophobic tunnel and began to edge their way along. It was both uncomfortable and slow work. Their knees, elbows, breasts and nipples scraped painfully over the rough stonework. They followed each other’s scrabbling feet as they inched their way forward. It was hard to judge how far they had come. It seemed like an hour before Megan called back.

‘Nearly there. It is a cover of some sort. I’ll see if I can move it,’

They heard her grunt and then there was squeak of metal.

‘Yes... I can get through... it’s all right... but we’re not outside.’

They slithered after her and clambered up through a hole left by a grille that had been hinged upright. They appeared to be inside some kind of chimney-like structure, not much over two metres across and perhaps twice that in height. The moonlight was shining through another grating at its summit. By its light they could just make out iron rungs or bars crossing the walls. There were also the thick tendrils and coils of some pliant material hanging from the walls, as though a large vine had grown up the inside of the chimney

‘What is this place?’ Hannah wondered.

‘No idea. Maybe we’ll see when we get to the top. I think we can climb it.’

They started up cautiously, climbing by feel in the faint light.

‘What is this stuff?’ Roz said, brushing one of the tendrils aside to get a better handhold.

They were halfway up when there was a rustle and the silhouette of a sinuous shape flicked across the grating above them. The rustle became slithering, growing louder and coming from both above and below.

‘What was that?’

‘Something moved.’

‘There’s something alive in here!’

‘Get down, get down!’

But it was too late. Numerous rubbery, half-seen tendrils as thick as hosepipes closed about them, twisting about their arms and legs and binding them to the bars. More tendrils slithered over their faces and into their mouths, stifling their screams. Tentacle-like probes wound up their thighs and forced their way into their vaginas and rectums. Some fluid that was both hot and cold was squirted deep into their bowels and flowed through them. Their terror faded as they slid into blissful unconsciousness...

* * *

When they awoke bright daylight was shining into the top of the chimney.

By its reflected light they could see each other tightly wrapped in the coils of the plant-thing that had bound to the inner framework of bars that lined the shaft. Their eyes showed wide in fear and confusion above the rubbery tentacles wrapped across their mouths.

They could hear a buzz and mutter from beyond the chimney. Something was moving outside, getting louder...

There was a rattle of fastenings being released and the outsides of the chimney fell away and crashed to the ground with a wooden thump, raising a

cloud of dust and flooding them with light. And then a cheer rose up.

They were in the middle of the arena and not in a chimney but a tower of bars, with its external false sheathing of wooden boards now lying on the ground about it. Below them was the grating that they had climbed through which had previously been covered by the sand of the arena floor. Around them were the pressmen taking their pictures and the adjudicators, while in the stands the crowd pointed and laughed at their predicament.

And of course there was Durand, beaming in triumph.

‘And here are our test subjects, Ladies and Gentlemen,’ he said. ‘So determined to escape that they ripped up the floor of their cell and crawled through a cramped tunnel in the dead of night. Very brave but foolhardy. As you can see they have been subdued and restrained by my patented guardian tangle vine, which has of course been placed here every night in anticipation of just such an attempt.’

Durand snapped his fingers. The vine-thing released its grip on the girls and lowered them to the base of the tower. Their golem keepers opened a gate in the bars and dragged them out.

They were too stuff and dazed to resist. Their sense of failure was crushing. It had all been for nothing. Durand had outthought them all along.

They were pushed down onto their knees beside him as he addressed the crowd.

‘This is a dramatic end to our demonstration and the final proof, if any were needed, of how strongly these four women want to be free. Remember that I selected them for their qualities of free will and determination from our sister world where they have no history of submission or submissive drug use. You have seen them tormented but unbroken. Our draw winners have personally tested their resolve and can testify that they are not natural slaves — which makes them the ideal subjects for the first public demonstration of “Ultradom” the ultimate slave control system!’

From somewhere came a trumpet fanfare. Banners unfurled on the

walls bearing the name *Ultradom*!

From out of the dungeon doors a red carpet unrolled itself and ended at Durand's feet. Then out into the sunlight and along the carpet crawled a beautiful naked slave girl. The audivid cameras focussed on her, throwing her image up onto the big screens. She was heavily chained between ankles, wrists and knees, forcing her to move on all fours. Silver bells hung from her painfully stretched nipples that chimed delicately. In her mouth she held the rim of a silver salver, and on it, on a small cushion of red velvet, were four small objects.

The slave girl reached Durand and held the salver out to him. He picked up one of the objects and held it aloft for all to see. It was a silvery device resembling the girls' pussy tell-tales but slightly larger and with more fine prongs.

'This is Ultradom,' he said: 'a triumph of the metamorphic and alchemical arts. Not a crude unselective slave potion but a precise controlling implant simply applied to the back of the neck and penetrating the skin to the nerves in much the same way as the female arousal monitors you have already seen in use. But with Ultradom in seconds the subject becomes attuned to her master's face and voice, and from then on he has absolute control over her. Now I must ask for your silence and complete attention as I turn our rebellious subjects into my faithful slaves...'

The horror of his plan became clear and the girls began to struggle in their keepers grip, but they were far too strong for them. The golems forced the girls' heads forward until they were staring at the sand and then bared the backs of their necks. Durand went along the line of them pushing the Ultradom devices into their skin just below the hairline.

They whimpered as the sharp pins stabbed and burned seemingly into their very spines. Then they felt the pain melt away as the strength drained from them. The golems released their grip but the girls remained hunched over and as helpless as puppets with cut strings. They wanted to move but it seemed to be beyond them. They were waiting for something...

Durand crouched down in front of Hannah and lifted her head so that

she stared into his face. Her pupils were dilated and huge.

‘I am Giles Durand,’ he said clearly. ‘Know my face, know my voice and know that I am your master. Who am I?’

Hannah wanted to spit in his face and tell him to screw himself, but instead she found herself saying: ‘You are Giles Durand and you are my master.’

He let her head drop and moved on to Lydia, Roz and Megan, where he repeated the same mantra and each of them gave the same reply. They did not want to but they could not help themselves.

‘They are not drugged,’ Durand told the crowd. ‘It is direct control of their voluntary functions through their minds.’ He motioned to the waiting adjudicators. ‘Please confirm this...’

The mages stabbed their testers into the girls’ breasts for the last time and held up the green indicator globes for all to see.

‘Notice that they have no bonds, not even collars. They could run but they do not. They are waiting for my command. Stand up!’

And they stood up. It was as if their strings had been re-tied. The horror of it was clear to see on their faces.

‘There you have it. From stubborn resistance to total, if unwilling, obedience in seconds,’ Durand said. ‘They know what they are doing but they cannot help themselves. They are as biddable as any golem, yet they still have their original personalities. The degree of their subservices is precisely controllable. Remember how amusing our draw winners found their protestations of anger and resentment when they were forced to serve them. You heard for yourself in this arena the language they used. You could see the struggle and suffering in their eyes and feel the thrill of unwilling capitulation. Imagine the games you could play with them. Now watch...’ He addressed the girls: ‘You may speak freely!’

It was as though their tongues had been unfrozen and all their fear and

hatred poured out. 'You sodding bastard!' 'Let us go!' 'You fucker.'
'Miserable wanker!'

'Silence!'

Their mouths closed, leaving only their despairing eyes as windows for their true feelings.

'How would you like your slaves to behave in the same way, at your whim, and yet still be totally under your control?' Durand asked his captivated audience. 'Because they are now under my absolute control. You saw how they fought for each other against the vulvhounds? Well now their only allegiance is to me. Face each other!' he commanded.

The girls moved to stand in a square, looking into each other's terrified faces.

'Hannah and Lydia: slap the face of the girl opposite you as hard as you can!' Durand commanded.

And Hannah slapped Roz and Lydia slapped Megan, making them stagger. Their cheeks burned with the imprint of their friends' hands.

'Now Roz and Megan slap back!'

And they did so, horrified but helpless.

'Pinch the nipples of the girl on each side of you as hard as you can!'

And they reached out and pinched each other's nipples, digging in their nails and whimpering in pain and bringing tears to their eyes, but quite unable to stop.

'Stop and form a line!' Durand commanded, and they did so, faces and nipples red. 'Wet yourselves!'

While their eyes widened in fresh horror, four streams of pee gushed from their clefts, down their thighs and over the sand.

By now the crowd were making ahh's and sighs of wonder.

'But they can also be made to please each other, even though they have no natural desire for female flesh. Couple passionately with the girl you have just slapped!' he commanded. 'Let us see your tongues in each other's vulvas! Forget your inhibitions. Orgasm as soon as you can.'

Hannah embraced Roz while Lydia grabbed Megan. Helpless to stop themselves they kissed hard on the lips and then sank to the ground, slithering about over each other's bodies until their tongues found their still pee-wet clefts and burrowed in. They rolled about on the sand, grinding into each other, shiny faces rubbing deep into streaming pussies. In a minute their hips were bucking and they sprayed their juices into each other's faces.

'Stand!' Durand commanded.

They did so, eyes haggard even as they stood flushed and dripping with their recent passion.

'Show the ladies and gentlemen your arousal monitors.'

With inward disgust they found themselves spreading their sticky pubic bushes apart so the cameras could see their pussy buttons. They were bright red.

'As you can see, although it was unwilling, their passion was genuine. But lovemaking is easy. Here is proof that they will do anything for me...' He snapped his fingers.

A low flat trolley rolled out of the dungeon door. It was the size of a double bed and had a low tray-like wooden rim about it. This contained a mattress on which was thickly strewn a layer of freshly cut holly sprigs.

'Dive onto it, roll over and climb out!' Durand commanded.

Sick with terror but unable to resist, one by one they threw themselves onto the holy mattress, shrieking with pain as they landed and rolled over, so that a thousand spikes stabbed their breasts, buttocks and bellies. They

crawled out sobbing in pain and feathered from head to toe with holly leaves that were embedded in their flesh which was now pinpricked and streaked in blood.

‘Roll in the sand to rub the leaves off!’

They rolled about like dogs, whimpering as they scraped the glossy leaves off them. Then they stood again filthy, blood streaked and trembling, but still utterly unable to resist their masters’ voice.

‘Tell everybody what you think of me...’ Durand said.

Their hatred and contempt poured out as they used every filthy word and allusion they could think of. Durand let this go on for a full minute before he stopped their mouths again.

‘As you can see their remarkable spirit is undimmed. But there is still a degree of subservience they have not reached. That of the total, devoted and perfect slave. Ultradom can give you this as well.’

He stepped up to each of the girls in turn and held their head so they stared into his eyes. ‘Look at me. Now you will love me and no other. Who do you love?’

It was if a veil had been drawn aside in their minds, as though black had become white and up down. Why had they ever hated Durand? He was their natural master. He had freed them from their pointless lives in another world to serve him. All this pain and suffering was for him, to prove their undying love and total obedience. How could it be any other way?

‘You, Master,’ they replied breathlessly, lovingly.

‘Now what do think of me?’

‘I love you Master!’ ‘Let me serve you, Master!’ ‘I’ll do anything for you, Master.’ ‘I am you slave, Master.’

‘I said you would be given the opportunity to return home if you wished and I am a man of my word. Do you wish to return?’

How absurd the suggestion was! Why had they ever wanted to leave him or this place where life was perfect?

‘No, Master,’ they said together. ‘Never.’

Durand smiled the smile of a man who truly was master of all he beheld. He stood on the end of the red carpet and pointed down. ‘Extend that with your bodies...’

Eagerly Hannah, Roz, Lydia and Megan lay down on their fronts in the sand facing in alternate directions with their arms stretched before them, interlocking their hips and waists so that their bottoms formed a row of fleshy stepping stones.

Durand walked on their buttocks which they clenched in anticipation, grinding their hips into the sand. They groaned in delight as they suffered once again for their wonderful master.

The cameras zoomed in, framing Durand as he stood on his living carpet of submissive flesh. He flung his arms wide.

‘Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you Ultradom! And it goes on sale today!’

PART 6

Durand stood on a carpet of soft flesh that was formed by the living bodies of four naked young women who had willingly laid themselves face down in the sand at his feet so he could walk over them. Four women who Durand had chosen for their strength of will and competitiveness and whom he transported to Albion for his experiment, and who only minutes earlier had been masters of their own minds. Now before an arena full of people and cameras they had declared their total slavish love for Durand, acknowledging him as their master, and were ready to undergo any suffering or humiliation to prove it.

Durand flung his arms wide, his green eyes shining with triumph. His white robes with their pattern of golden sigils were swirling about his slender body. A silver amulet glinted on his chest and mystic rings flashed on his fingers.

‘Ultradom!’ he said majestically. ‘The complete slave control system, tested and proven by independently adjudicated demonstration. A triumph of alchemic thaumaturgy and available now from all good slaveware outlets — ’

Crash!

The audivid screen and Durand’s image shattered into a thousand pieces like a broken mirror as a half empty bottle of wine smashed through it. The small essence battery clamped to the back of the screen which had been energizing the sound and image split open, its golden fluid mingling with the red wine as they both splashed across the carpet of the Grange’s sitting room.

Lyn, Pippa, Dawn and Olwen, who had been watching the playback of the recording, shrieked and leaped aside in a jingle of slave chains as the fragments of the screen and bottle rained down across their naked bodies. Papers fluttered in the air as the four women scattered. They had been sitting with sheaves of articles and cuttings taken from a dozen Albion newspapers on their laps, all of which featured Durand’s past exploits or else extolled the

virtues and advantages of Ultradom.

‘I will not hear his voice again in this house!’ Viktor Wolff bellowed.

Wolff was in many ways the physical antithesis of Durand. He was a big imposing man with a leonine mane of grey-shot hair and grey, intelligent and deep-set eyes that shone out from under a heavy brow. A close-trimmed beard followed the lines of his square jaw. He wore his usual black shirt and trousers. About his neck hung a large silver medallion while on every finger of both hands intricate silver rings glinted against his bronzed skin.

All the girls knew him as a manipulator of forces that could mould minds and bodies. He had a mercurial temperament, at times hearty and at others almost sadistically cruel, but always he radiated power and purpose. Except that today, for the first time, he looked diminished and uncertain. His eyes were bloodshot and shadowed. He had been the most famous mage in Albion and now he was trapped in another world while his rival basked in acclaim and new riches.

Lyn took a deep breath and rose from behind the shelter of an armchair. ‘I’m sorry, Master. I just thought there might be something we could learn from watching Durand —’

‘I will not hear that name spoken again, is that clear?’ Wolff said.

‘Yes, Master,’ Lyn said meekly. ‘I was researching the next targets for our search. Shall I bring you the files when they’re ready?’

‘If you wish,’ Wolff said, disinterestedly. He blinked at the glass in his hand, the mess on the floor and the remains of the audivid. ‘And clean that up!’ he added, and stumbled out.

As Dawn and Olwen went to find sponges and dustpans, Pippa turned a distraught face to her mother. ‘He’s totally lost it, Mum!’

‘I don’t think he’s ever been in this sort of position before,’ Lyn said. ‘He knows Durand has outmanoeuvred him. It wasn’t personal at all. Not really. It was just a means of getting him out of the way so Durand could

promote his latest invention without any interference. He must have known once he revealed this Ultradom thing that Wolff would try to run it down or else come up with something to top it.'

'Well if we don't sort this out and get him back to normal he'll never let us go.'

That was their agreement with Wolff. Just yards away, beyond the high hedges of the garden which was visible through the leaded windows of the sitting room, lay the everyday Hampshire countryside. But they were barred from returning to it by forces more restrictive than their slave chains. However if they helped Wolff recover the codes hidden in the vulvas of the five girls he once used to activate the pentacle gate, he would free them. So far their quest had been challenging and even to recover two fragments of the code Lyn and Pippa had been forced to do painful, shameful and degrading things they had never imagined they were capable of. But at least they had been making progress, until Durand's sudden revelation.

It had been three days since they had returned with Olwen. Fortunately Wolff had maintained his self-control long enough to reverse Pippa and Olwen's transformations into chimerical cat girls, which had been necessitated by their stay at Honeydew's slave girl cattery.

Recovering one of his missing pentacle girls in the flesh had also briefly cheered Wolff. It was a small but tangible victory against Durand's plotting. He also hoped she might have some inside knowledge of Durand's plans. But although Olwen was shaking off the effects of the mindwipe potion Durand had used on her and was recalling details of her life in Ravenstone before Durand's raid, she could tell Wolff nothing useful. And then papers that Wolff had arranged to be sent through from Albion by his golem staff to keep them up to date with events began to fill with articles and advertisements telling of the runaway success of Ultradom and they realised what Durand's plan had been all along.

The audivid recording of the Ultradom trial had been the last straw. Wolff had not ordered a copy. Instead it had been delivered to Castle Ravenstone as a mocking gift from Durand. Lyn had managed to convince Wolff that watching it might give them some useful intelligence. Gritting his

teeth he had sat through it once. Then he had started drinking.

Dawn and Olwen returned and began cleaning up the mess. Lyn and Pippa helped, gathering up scattered fragments of bottle glass and audivid screen.

‘Does he get like this often?’ Pippa asked Dawn.

Dawn had been Wolff’s favourite slave for more than a year. He had found her as a homeless runaway and improved her body and given her a purpose, even if it was as his sex slave. Even though her initial slave conditioning was fading she was still loyal to him. But now her face was creased in a troubled frown.

‘He has his moods, Mistress, but I’ve never seen him quite as bad as this. He was angry after he had to admit he couldn’t open the pentacle without the locking codes, but then got on with looking for agents he could use. He always had a plan. But now he seems to have given up before the fight’s half over.’ She chewed her lip. ‘And last night he didn’t take any girl to bed with him. Not one. I’ve never known him do that!’

Olwen, a pretty and petit almond-eyed blonde who was a native of Albion, asked meekly: ‘May I speak, Mistress?’

‘Of course you can, Olwen,’ Lyn said. ‘We’re all equal here.’

‘Oh no, Mistress. You and Mistress Pippa are far above us.’

‘I keep telling them that but they don’t believe it,’ Dawn confided with a wry smile.

Even though Wolff treated Lyn and Pippa as his sex slaves and lab animals when they were not out acting as his investigating agents, his dozen other conditioned slave girls, who cooked and tended the house and gardens, seemed to sense this difference in them. Wolff had wanted Lyn and Pippa clear headed and able to think for themselves when they went out after his missing girls, so although he had made some intimate improvements to their bodies he had never conditioned them to obey him. They had been motivated

by the hope of winning their freedom and by the threat of what he would do to the one he kept hostage if the other let him down.

‘What is it you want to say, Olwen?’ Lyn said.

‘Well, I think I remember the Master getting in a black mood like this a few years ago, Mistress. And I know what he needs to bring him out of it, to regain his belief in himself and get back his confidence in his own power.’

‘And what’s that?’

‘A night of the most intense pleasure and submission we can give him, Mistress. He needs to be reminded that he has power, at least over us, and that he’s still a master.’

Pippa sighed even as her abnormally sensitized nipples pricked up at the thought. ‘So he’s got to work off his frustrations by screwing and beating us. That’s going to hurt.’

‘Yes, Dear, I’m afraid it will,’ her mother agreed. ‘He told us at the beginning that he likes to see women suffer. But it makes sense. I’ll offer to sleep with him and do... whatever is necessary.’

‘Both of us, Mum. You know how many times he can cum before his balls are drained. At least we can share it between the two of us.’

‘Between the three of us, Mistress,’ Dawn insisted. ‘I know what he can do to a girl when he’s angry and I’m used to it.’

‘Please, Mistress, it will take all four of us at least,’ Olwen said. ‘We must tire him out completely so he has a proper night’s sleep. Then he’ll be back to normal in the morning.’

‘All right, all four of us then,’ Lyn sighed. ‘But are you sure you’re up to this?’

Owen looked puzzled at the question.

‘They’re always worried about how we feel,’ Dawn explained to her.

‘They care. That’s what makes them so special.’

Olwen’s gaze slipped shyly to Pippa for a second and she smiled. ‘I know they do.’

Olwen had been very grateful to Pippa for rescuing her from the cruelties of Honeydews and helping restore her true memories. During the past couple of days Pippa had caught her more than once looking at her in a way that could only be described as adoring. As she was learning slave girls in Albion had no sexual inhibitions, especially between themselves. But then after less than two weeks of slavery Pippa’s own natural inhibitions were not what they were. And Olwen was very pretty...

‘Is there any equipment that would help?’ Lyn asked.

‘I think there’s something in the storeroom we can use, Mistress,’ Dawn said. ‘If we set it up in the Master’s bedroom this evening and then present ourselves properly he can’t help making use of it.’

‘And us,’ Pippa added.

‘Of course, Mistress,’ Dawn said. ‘We all suffer for his pleasure. That’s what we’re here for.’

* * *

Lyn shrieked as Wolff’s taws cracked across her buttocks, biting on the rubber bit that was jammed between her teeth. Her haunches jerked by reflex under the impact of the blow, transmitting the spasm to the others in their mutual frame of suffering and adding to the sum of their woes.

I just hope this is all worth it, she thought, with tears streaming down her cheeks, as another searing wave of pain burned through her.

The torture frame, which rested on a rubber sheet on Wolff’s huge four poster bed, just accommodated the four of them as they lay across it face down with their bottoms in the air. Lyn was at left hand end and then came Dawn and Olwen with Pippa on the far right.

Their hips and bellies rested on a long padded tube, about six inches in diameter, held in place by straps across their waists. The tube was set on rotating bearings supported by a light wooden frame that extended forward and back from each end. The frame was bridged at the top by a crossbeam to which their wrists were cuffed by rubber cords, stretching their arms out in front of them. The lower frame struts were joined by a rope which ran through rings on their ankle cuffs. Lyn's left ankle was secured to the end of the frame strut so she could not pull her leg inwards. Her right ankle cuff was clipped to Dawn's left, so together they could slide their ankles sideways. In turn Dawn's right ankle was connected to Olwen's left, her right was bound to Pippa's left while Pippa's right ankle was clipped to the end of the other frame strut.

This arrangement meant Wolff could part wide the legs of whichever one of them he chose, opening up their thighs in turn as he worked his way down the line and back again, while they all remained secured in place. He was free to ram his cock into any of the row of eight orifices they presented to him, be it anus or vagina. He was equally free to use his taws, a long strip of leather cut into finer strips at one end, on their bare defenceless bottoms. Or of course he was free to do both, which he did with lusty, sadistic delight, forcing his huge shaft into whatever hole pleased him while lashing the behinds of those on either side.

If this was not agony enough their breasts were also made to suffer for their master's amusement. A long shallow tray was strung between the forward frame struts so that it passed under their chests, so that their breasts dangled in it. In the bottom of the tray were set a series of rollers and wheels spiked with short metal studs. With every thrust or taws blow they jerked forward in their straps and the tube rolled under them and they ground their breasts across the spike array. Drops of blood from the pincushions of their hot, trembling mammaries were already gathering in the tray.

Lyn turned her head to look at Dawn, Olwen and Pippa, seeing their red cheeks, screwed up eyes and white teeth clenched about their bits. Their pretty breasts, now bloodied, bunched and rippled as they were dragged and jerked across the spiked wheels and rollers. Saliva from their sobs and moans trickled down the sides of their mouths.

They were all suffering so beautifully, Lyn thought.

Shocked at herself she tried to crush that thought even as she recognised it was true. There was a terrible fascination about their suffering, to see it reshape their faces and bodies, to hear the pitiful yelps and howls they made. The power to cause that must be what excited Wolff.

Of course their suffering would have driven ordinary women to the depths of despair or hate or at least broken their spirit, but none of them were ordinary any longer. Wolff had used his potions and strange powers to sensitise their rectums, vaginas and nipples so they reacted more intensely to stimulation. Their rectums were now self-lubricating, passing excreta easily and without residue, leaving clean, hot, tight, elastic passages designed to delight an intruding cock shaft.

These adjustments not only magnified pain but at some point transmuted it into arousal. Their suffering became a twisted, perverse pleasure. Helplessly they orgasmed time after time on a cocktail of pain and raw lust, which for a few precious seconds gave them ease from their torment. The scent of their outpourings filled the air of the bedroom. But it was the sweet scent of a terrible trap. They had to love the horror that was being done to them to escape it, even if only briefly. How long would it take for it to become a necessity?

And so, long into that interminable night, Wolff shafted and lashed them, turning the row of upturned bottoms into raw, welted simmering flesh, with his sperm and their juices oozing out of distended bottom holes and red-lipped clefts, mingling with trickles of blood from their worst cuts to run down their thighs and onto the rubber mat. Sobbing and shuddering, bottoms burning, dizzy with pain and the lingering heady joy of multiple orgasms, they drifted into an unreal state of intense pain punctuated by brief explosive firebursts of the most wonderful pleasure imaginable.

This was why it took them so long to realize that they were waiting for the next crack of the taws lash or their master's cock to fill another of their bruised passageways, but nothing was happening. Instead snores gradually filled the air.

Blinking the tears from their crusted eyes they twisted their heads round. Wolff had fallen asleep face down kneeling across the end of the bed. Lyn sagged in her bonds. It was over.

‘Is he really asleep?’ Pippa hissed softly about her rubber bit.

‘Yes.’

Pippa shuddered. ‘Thank God for that! Oh... fuck my bum’s raw! And my tits are...’

‘I know, dear. Just think of healing cream in the morning,’ Lyn said. ‘Are you all right Dawn... Olwen?’

‘Yes, Mistress,’ they replied. Despite their red-rimmed eyes they almost looked cheerful. To them this was practically an everyday occurrence and they accepted it as such.

‘Well done Olwen,’ Lyn added. ‘It looks like it worked. Well, I suppose we’d better try to get some rest now ourselves.’

‘We can’t sleep like this, Mum!’ Pippa protested.

‘Yes we can, because we have to.’

And Lyn was right.

* * *

Painful as it had been for them, this strange therapy had its desired result. In the morning Wolff was restored to his normal larger than life ebullience and optimism in the same almost magical way that his healing cream restored their ravaged breasts and bottoms to their previous pristine smoothness. You would never have known what had been done to them. Only the memory lingered, reinforcing their sense of awe and explaining the humble show of subservience they offered to Wolff as they knelt before him in the sitting room the next morning. They knew that if he wished he could do the same to them every night. That was true power.

Of course on his part Wolff did not admit how depressed he had been and he beamed almost amiably down at them. ‘You’ve been good slaves,’ he declared generously. ‘That was just what I needed to clear my thoughts. Hah! I’ll show Durand he can’t keep me trapped here for long.’

He held up the folders of notes Lyn had compiled on their last three targets, based upon the list of names of the buyers of the stolen slave girls Dawn had copied from the sales book Valentine’s Emporium.

‘To save time I’ve decided you shall go after the next two girls simultaneously,’ he explained. ‘Lyn and Dawn will go to Longshore Beach to recover the code from Adeline, while Pippa will go to Raleigh Lodge to find Hortensia. You shall adopt the guise of a young lady and you shall take Olwen with you as your slave pet and advisor. You should blend in with their usual guests.’ At this news Olwen beamed happily. ‘In anticipation of this possibility I had already upgraded Indigo to serve as your chauffeur in the second car, which has also been modified so that it has chimerical exterior bodywork. It is still essential that you keep your true purpose secret from anybody you meet so Durand does not learn how far we have progressed. While you are all away I shall work on a new creation ready for my return that will knock his precious Ultradom off the front pages!’

He turned his eyes to Lyn and Pippa. ‘This time you will both be out of my immediate power and so I cannot hold one of you hostage to ensure the good behaviour of the other. However if you need motivation to continue serving as my agents, I suggest you recall what happened to your fellow countrywomen at the end of Durand’s so called experiment when they lost their free will. If you fail me and Durand cannot be stopped from spreading his invention far and wide, that is what will inevitably happen to the both of you. Do you understand?’

Lyn and Pippa shuddered and nodded. ‘Yes, Master. We won’t let you down.’

They did not like Wolff, but he seemed infinitely preferable to Durand and Ultradom.

‘Good. Now, before you go down to the Pentacle chamber you will

need certain items...'

* * *

An hour later Lyn and Pippa, now both dressed as wealthy Albion ladies, stood in Castle Ravenston's garage. On the ends of matching leashes Dawn and Pippa crouched by their sides like faithful pets.

Swarton stood by Lyn's car while Indigo, a deep blue golem who used to be the attendant in Wolff's laboratory in the castle, was positioned by the spare car. Indigo had been externally reshaped into a copy of Swarton's chauffeur uniform, complete with integral peaked cap. The second car was slightly smaller than the one Lyn had been using, but it was still undoubtedly the transport of a wealthy woman. Both had sleek lines and mirror tinted windows.

Lyn and Pippa hugged.

'Take care of yourself, Pip,' Lyn said with feeling. 'Remember they're class conscious here so act the part and play up the posh accent. Use the telegraph to keep Wolff up to date if you're delayed.'

'I'll be all right, Mum. This lodge place sounds like fun... in a sick kind of way, I mean. It might take a day or two but I should be able to find this Hortensia easily enough. Olwen says she remembers her face and she is there for the guests to use after all. Good luck with your lady.'

'Yes, she might be more of a problem. But I'll think of something. Take care...'

With Dawn and Olwen at their heels they climbed into their respective cars. Their inhuman chauffeurs closed the door behind them and then climbed into their separate driver's cabs. With Lyn's car leading they pulled out of the garage and made their way out of the castle gate and into the thick woods that surrounded it. Along a narrow winding lane out of sight of any possible spying eyes both cars underwent external transformations, changing both their colour and trim details so that in seconds they were unrecognisable as the vehicles that had just left Castle Ravenstone.

They reached the main highway and went their separate ways, Pippa turning south and west while Lyn headed east.

* * *

This was certainly the way to travel, Lyn thought as she reclined on the luxurious backseat of her car as it sped smoothly along the highway, sipping an orange juice while re-reading her notes about her target for today. Her skirt was rolled up and her legs were lazily splayed. Like any proper Albion lady she was not wearing any underwear above the garters that held up her stockings. Dawn was kneeling on a cushion between her feet with her head between Lyn's thighs gently kissing and nuzzling her pussy.

After last night's ordeal during which Lyn came three times it seemed incredible that she should want more sex in any form for a week, but thanks to Wolff's adjustments to her body it seemed that now twelve hours was the most she could go without feeling aroused once more. It would be at least a two hour journey and the tinted windows shielded the interior from outside eyes, so to avoid unnecessary distractions later it seemed best to keep her lust under control. Dawn had been delighted to be asked to satisfy her need.

Actually it had become impossible to ignore Dawn's seemingly genuine affection for her so Lyn thought she would give up trying and accept her slavish attentions. It had been disturbingly easy. She was beginning to see why the natives of Albion had apparently embraced slavery so totally. It was a wonderful system, she decided, as long as you were the master and could temporarily shelve your conscience. And if she interpreted Olwen's glances at Pippa then her daughter was soon going to have to cope with the same dilemma. If they ever came out of this incredible adventure their moral values would be shot to hell.

Despite Dawn's pleasing attention's, however, re-reading her notes brought a frown to Lyn's brow. Gently she pulled Dawn's head from between her thighs and looked into her bright-eyed, shiny-cheeked face. 'Take a break. I need your mind not your tongue for a moment.'

'Yes, Mistress,' Dawn said, sitting back on her cushion, spreading her knees, folding her arms behind her back and looking attentive and shameless.

‘Adeline was sold under the name “Vyda” to Marjory Langland, of “Pebbleview”, Longshore Beach, Canvyness, which from the map is about equivalent to our Southend,’ Lyn recounted. ‘Marjory is a single, independent and successful writer of histories and historical novels and what we would call a feminist. I could pose as a fan of her work which might get me through the front door but what possible excuse can I have for coming out of nowhere and saying I want to buy Adeline, or at least asking Miss Langland to let me have sex with her? Unless we use commando tactics I don’t see any way in.’

‘If you were her guest overnight, Mistress, it would be good manners for her to offer you one of her house slaves to warm your bed,’ Dawn suggested. ‘If you’ve already seen Adeline and show interest in her then it’s a good chance she’d be offered to you.’

‘Really? Even if I had you with me?’

‘Yes, Mistress. Or you could offer to swap me for Adeline for the night, if she likes those sorts of arrangements.’

‘You wouldn’t mind?’

‘Of course not, Mistress.’

‘Hmm. Still I’d have to get invited to stay first so I still need to ingratiate myself with her somehow. I wish I’d read some of her books. This is when you miss the internet. All I’ve seen are a couple of newspaper reviews of her latest and a mention of a few past titles. If I pretend to know too much she’ll soon find me out. The best I can do is show I’m sympathetic to her principles, I suppose. Though how she can sound like a feminist and still buy slave girls from Valentines doesn’t quite fit.’

‘Oh, you can keep slaves and still be radical by Albion standards, Mistress.’

‘Well I’ll just have to play it by ear and see if there’s anything I can latch onto. It might take a few days to work on her. We may have to stay at a local hotel to start with. Have I got everything I need for that?’ She checked her bag.

Wolff had given her plenty of money. There was also a false ID with the contact address Wolff had previously arranged, a document saying Dawn was her slave, calling cards and an essence donation card, looking very official, filled out in her name and half full of stamps.

Some days earlier Dawn had explained the history behind these cards. By Albion law all free women over eighteen had to donate a certain quantity of essence — female orgasmic juice — every month, unless they were married. Since the juices were the raw material from which, after complex alchemical processing, motive essence was derived, which powered all golems and golem type devices, it was a valuable product.

Lyn frowned at the card. ‘Somewhere I saw Marjory has written about the problems of making essence donations. Is it so bad?’

‘For a single free woman, yes, Mistress, only nobody talks about it much as it’s a humiliating procedure.’

‘I can guess. Pippa mentioned Wolff taking some from her the second day we were here. She said it was pretty stressful. I was worried if Wolff would want some from me as well... only I suppose we’d both handle it better now. God how we’ve changed in a couple of weeks!’

Dawn grinned and glanced at Lyn’s still wet and exposed sex. ‘I’m glad about some of those changes, Mistress. But giving alone like that in a lab is not so bad. The centres are public. You see most Albion men don’t really approve of unattached free-thinking women and the essence centres are good places to show it.’

‘You mean the male members of staff aren’t very sensitive.’

‘There are only male members of staff, Mistress. They say female staff might contaminate the product. It’s where they have power over any woman, however rich or important she is.’

Lyn sighed. ‘I’m beginning to get the idea. Go on.’

‘Some married women are also driven to make extra donations in

somebody else's place for money, either to be more independent or to pay off a debt. You get paid for providing more than the legal minimum, you see. Sometimes their husbands make them. There's a lot of shame involved. The centres want as much essence as they can so they don't turn women away in any circumstances, but they don't make it easy for them either.'

'I see. What about slave girls making donations?'

'Oh, Master Wolff takes care of that for us, Mistress,' Dawn said lightly. 'He's a licensed harvester. What he didn't need for his experiments he sent off to the local centre. We easily produced plenty for him and them. We've no pride or shame to worry about, you see.'

Lyn looked thoughtful. 'Maybe this is what I was after. Tell me everything you know about these places...'

* * *

Pebbleview was a comfortable, slightly rambling three-story house set in its own secluded grounds on a slight rise overlooking what was known in Albion as the Tames Estuary.

In response to her knock the front door was opened by a naked chained slave maid. Lyn handed over her calling card.

'Please tell your Mistress I am calling about the scandal concerning the organisation of Essence Collection Centres.'

That seemed to strike a chord with the lady of the house. In two minutes the maid was ushering Lyn, with Dawn on her leash at her heels, into a study with a view over the sea. The room was lined with groaning bookshelves and centred about a large desk on which sat a large manual typewriter, which was the latest thing in Albion word processing technology.

Lyn was not exactly sure what she had been expecting but Marjory Langland turned out to be an attractive woman in her mid-thirties. She had blonde bobbed shoulder length hair, quizzical lips, deep intelligent eyes and a bust that seemed large in comparison to her build. She was wearing a loose

flowing dress and sandals. Her only concession to the typical image of a writer was the large pair of glasses she wore.

Marjory Langland shook hands with Lyn and offered her a seat. Then she regarded her thoughtfully. 'Well, Miss Caxton, you've got my attention. You know how I feel about the essence centres. Unless it was just a ploy and you're actually a reporter trying to research another of those disgusting character assassination pieces about me?'

'I promise you I'm no reporter, Miss Langland,' Lyn said carefully.

'No, your car and chauffeur do look rather too expensive for a reporter to run. What are you, then?'

Lyn launched into the explanation she had prepared during her journey. 'I know of you by reputation only, Miss Langland. I do not pretend to have read your books, but I have recently learned of your opinions concerning the running of the public Essence Collection Centres, which is something I also feel strongly about.'

'Go on.'

'I believe it is intolerable that free women should be treated in such a demeaning manner. If motive essence is so precious its gathering should be made easier for us women who produce it. We should petition for centres staffed by women only, or else a national network of licensed collectors who could harvest from private homes. And I was hoping you would support this effort.'

'I've been trying to institute such changes for years to no avail. What makes you think you can succeed, Miss Caxton?'

'Because you've failed once, doesn't mean you shouldn't try again, Miss Langland. I believe you should never give up on a worthy cause.'

For the first time her hostess smiled. 'Call me Marjory.' She rang a bell on her desk. 'Let's have some tea and cake sent in and we can talk some more...'

Lyn thought she recognized the face of the girl who brought in the tea tray from the photo's Wolff had of his missing girls, even though her hair was now a different colour. Dawn, kneeling beside her chair, touched her leg in confirmation that it was Adeline/Vyda. At last they knew their target was on the premises. The next step was to get invited to stay the night. Lyn dragged her attention back to what Marjory was saying.

‘...but the trouble is, Carolyn, most women put up with things as they are. I suppose we have no choice. The weight of tradition is too much to shift and we are all told that nothing must threaten the continued supply of essence. And with the increasing mechanisation of the country there's talk of essence shortages and increasing the donation schedule to fortnightly or even weekly, or else widening the age band. Of course this will only reinforce the argument that it must be collected in the same way under controlled conditions, when in fact women could easily gather it themselves in private or else with a little help from a slave girl. But men say this would not be reliable enough.’

‘Which is of course nonsense,’ Lyn agreed. ‘Women can read dates on a calendar as well as they can. Well, that's another alternative we can promote.’

Marjory pinched her lips and glanced at her own desk calendar. ‘Speaking of dates, I've been putting off making this month's donation. I only have a couple of days left.’

Lyn barely concealed her delight at this slice of luck.

‘Then may I offer you a lift to your local centre, Marjory? We shall make our donations together and afterwards we can pool our experiences into a narrative that makes it clear exactly why the process is so unnecessarily degrading. You can write it up, pulling no punches, and I shall see it reaches the attention of some influential people.’

Lyn knew that last step was unlikely because she did not know any influential people in Albion, unless you counted Wolff. She did not want to lie to Marjory because she agreed with her cause, but she had her own even more pressing worries. At least Marjory was not in imminent danger of being

turned into a total slave.

Marjory appeared taken back by her offer. 'Would you really do that? I would be grateful for the company. It hasn't been easy of late. They know my views at the local centre and they've been particularly unpleasant. I have... problems donating, you see. And yet I've no choice but to... perform as they demand. Well, you know what I mean.'

Lyn didn't personally, of course, but hoped what Dawn had told her would be enough to get her through. 'Well we'll face them together and let them hang themselves with their unpleasantness when right-minded people can read about it.'

'But... do you really mean we should reveal publically *everything* that we undergo? Won't that be too shocking?'

'You wouldn't hesitate describing a slave girl's most intimate experiences, would you?'

'Of course not, but we're free women. It's different.'

'Why? And anyway, so what? These men can't hide behind our shame any longer. Let's tell it like it is and risk shocking a few people!'

Marjory took a deep breath. 'You're quite right, Carolyn. We shall. My, you're so bold! I've never met anyone quite like you before.'

Lyn smiled. 'That's probably true.'

* * *

Longshore Beach was a pleasant looking seaside town with a pier and promenade. However its Essence Extraction Clinic was tucked away down a backstreet and was signed only by a small inconspicuous plaque, which gave it disreputable air. As they arrived Lyn saw a well-dressed woman with a large hat pulled down over her face slip furtively in through its doors. This is a weird world, Lyn thought. Why should women be made to feel guilty about something they were being made to do for the greater good? Maybe to help

keep them in their place?

Swarton parked the car a little way down the street and opened the door for Lyn and Marjory.

‘You stay here, Dawn,’ Lyn told her. ‘We’re on show today.’

Together she and Marjory marched in through the front door with their heads held high.

Inside was a small reception desk manned by a tubby man with thinning hair. He was dressed in a blue uniform shirt with epaulettes and gold buttons and a tie with an embroidered badge on it. Of course, Lyn thought, a uniform gave them all the power they needed. The man had been reading from a magazine but looked up as they entered. As he saw Marjory a condescending smirk began to spread across his face.

Lyn cut in before he could speak, boldly laying down their record cards on counter in front of him. ‘Good Afternoon. We are here to make our monthly donations according to the law and our civic duty,’ she said. ‘You will note that I live in Brightlingstone but I have chosen to make this month’s donation here with my friend Marjory. I trust you have no problems with that?’

The man clearly recognised Marjory but was thrown by Lyn’s forceful presence. ‘Uhh... no, lady, that won’t be a problem.’

‘Good. I hope we shall have none. I expect to be treated as well as I am at my local centre.’

‘We treat you all the same, lady,’ the man assured her.

‘We shall see, won’t we?’

He noted down their details in a register and then handed them both a numbered card on a loop of string and a black domino mask.

‘You will be known to the collection staff only by the donor numbers 37 and 38,’ he said, ignoring Marjory’s disbelieving sniff. He pointed to a

large framed yellowing declaration hung on the wall behind him and recited in a flat tone that was the result of endless repetition. 'According to the motive Essence Harvesting Act of 1923, your bodily rights as free women are temporarily suspended while in this building during the collection process. All necessary means of restraint and stimulation may be used to ensure you produce the minimum quantity of essence required by law. You may not leave until you have done so. Proceed through to the changing room and remove all your clothing. Put on your masks and place your numbers about your necks and then enter the extraction chamber. Obey all directions given to you by the staff. Thank you for your cooperation.'

They went through to a small changing room lit by a high frosted glass window. The only other door bore the sign: EXTRACTION CHAMBER. In a corner was a toilet stall fitted with a bidet and basin. The room was lined by rows of hooks and racks for shoes. A dozen or so had clothes hung on them. An attractive fortyish woman was dressing as they entered. She looked haggard, kept her eyes down and said nothing. Marjory did not try to strike up a conversation and Lyn followed her lead. She could sense the air of shame that hung in the room and guessed the women did not want to talk them.

They found pegs that matched their card numbers and began to undress.

Marjory had a nice body, Lyn observed. Being a lady of leisure it did not have the underlying musculature of a working slave girl so there was a slight softness about her waist, adding depth to her belly button, but she still had fine full pale breasts capped by large pale nipples and round fleshy buttocks. The hair of her pubic delta flowed inward to a thick tuft about her cleft.

The other woman finished dressing, pulled the veil of her hat down over her eyes and left.

Lyn and Marjory hung the numbered card about their necks and then Marjory held up her mask. She looked about her guiltily, as though about to break some taboo, and whispered: 'Silly, aren't they? Token concessions to modesty and anonymity. A sham compromise concocted years ago to make

the process a little more tolerable.'

Lyn put her own mask on and peered out through its eye slots. 'I suppose they help a bit.'

Marjory donned her mask. 'Oh, it might you. But like all the local women they know who I am, mask or no mask. I know that from the looks I get in the street, even if I don't know their faces. But then the tappermen's masks are hoods, really. Supposedly that ensures mutual anonymity. It's a joke.'

Lyn had not known that the staff were masked as well, but of course she did not admit it. 'Oh, I agree. That's another point to raise in the article: both... er, tappermen and donating women to be equally fully masked or not at all. See if they like being stared back at on the street. Share the shame.'

Marjory blinked. 'You really do say the most extraordinary things, Carolyn. You're so bold whereas I seem to freeze up at the worst moments.' She took a deep breath. 'Right, let's get this over with...'

They went through the door. There was a short corridor and then a second door. Marjory opened this and wave of sensations washed over Lyn.

It was a large room, paved with cold quarry tiles and lit by more high narrow frosted glass windows. Closest to the door through which they had entered was a tiled rectangular block the size and height of a kitchen table with a set of wooden steps resting against one side. In the top of the block were set a pair of squat toilet pans. Above them at about head height ran a metal rail supported by a post at each end of the block.

Clipped to the post ends were rubber hoses with long nozzles and pans containing soap and sponges.

Taking up the centre of the room were two freestanding lengths of what might have been tubular metal fencing with posts the width of a door apart and about as high. The voids between the posts were filled with straps and chains. About half of them were bound about the bodies of naked women, holding them with their hands pulled out from their sides, their heads

up and feet spread. They had large rubber plugs in their mouths with ring ends that made them look like oversized baby dummies. These were tied by light chains to the frame sides.

The women were standing raised above the ground on wooden blocks. Between the blocks were what looked like small motors connected to vertical rods on the ends of which were mounted glass cylinders with graduated scales on their sides. These rose up between the spread thighs of the women until the heads buried themselves in their vulvas. As the motors hummed the cylinders pumped up and down while vibrating rapidly.

The air was heavy with the scent of female juices, gasps and moans and the soft buzz and hum of the motors.

Three men in uniform shirts with their sleeves rolled up were directing the proceedings, moving round the frames in which the women were secured. These must be the tappersmen Marjory had spoken of, Lyn thought. God, that made the women seem like rubber trees being cut and drained of their latex. The process looked about as pleasant. The men carried clipboards and had canes hung on their belts. Their heads were covered by leather hoods with necks flaps and front edges that came down over their noses to their cheeks, leaving only their mouths clearly visible. They were mismatched types, she noticed, one fat, the second tall and stringy and the last short. Odd sorts for a very odd job?

It was the short one who came over to Marjory and Lyn as they stood by the door. The peak of his hood only reached Lyn's shoulder. Marjory immediately lowered her eyes and folded her hands over her pubes submissively. Lyn copied her.

'Right, a pair of pussies for draining,' the tapperman said cheerily, looking them up and down with every sign of pleasure and not the slightest hint of concern for their feelings. 'Together, are you?'

Still looking at the floor Marjory nodded.

'Well we'll see who gives most juice. Let's see your numbers...' he wrote them on his sheet, then said briskly: 'Right, 37 and 38: up on the toilet

block and empty yourselves out. We don't want your juices contaminated, do we?'

Lyn's stomach did a flip flop but she knew she had no choice. She followed Marjory's example as she clambered up onto the podium and stood over the toilet holes, facing the rows of naked women bizarrely riding their vibrating glass phallus tubes. There were angled raised tiles to indicate where they should place their feet. She and Marjory took hold of the rail to brace themselves, squatted down and spread their crooked legs wide. Taking deep breaths they closed their eyes and strained and relieved themselves of their solid and liquid wastes before the grinning form of the tapperman.

When the last drips had fallen from their pussies Marjory held her position, although Lyn saw her bow her head and clench her lips. She realized why when the tapperman slid the rubber hose first up into their vaginas and then their anuses, making them gasp as he flushed them out with a jet of soapy warm water.

'Any coughs, colds or other illnesses in the last week, 37 and 38?' he asked.

They shuddered and shook their heads. In an attempt to distract herself Lyn was staring at the other women being drained of their essence. To her dismay she found it at once revolting and darkly fascinating. Was there no indignity this world could not contrive for them? She felt her nipples standing up and her pussy lubricating as the tapperman worked the hose round inside her. Her abnormally sensitized body was preparing for what was to come. I'm meant to be a lady, she reminded herself. For God's sake don't respond like a slut in front of him.

He wiped their groins dry with a cloth that smelled of disinfectant. It was like cows having their udders cleaned before milking. Lyn thought. They squirmed and whimpered as he fingered their clefts.

'Just warming you up,' he said with a chuckle. 'You want to give good measure, don't you?'

And then Lyn felt a cruelly sensuous finger greased with some

lubricating jelly sliding up into her bottom. Marjory whimpered. He had his fingers up both their rectums at the same time.

‘This is just in case we need to give you some extra encouragement later on.’

He’s enjoying this so much, Lyn thought with a shudder. The trouble is, so am I.

‘Over to the racks and we’ll get you strapped in,’ he told them, pulling his fingers out of their rears and wiping them clean.

They clambered off the toilet block and passed between the double row of groaning, sighing women in their frames being forcefully masturbated by the motor-driven devices buzzing and pumping between their thighs, making their lower stomachs alternately bulge and then suck inwards. Lyn now saw the glass collecting tubes had sculpted upper ends, with a plumb-shaped hollow heads then a short ribbed shaft. Below this cups had been cast about the tubes feeding slots in the tube sides. With each upward thrust the thick contoured lips of the cups pressed into the soft swells of their pubic mounds, completely enclosing it. Evidently nothing was going to be wasted when they orgasmed and sprayed out their precious juices.

Their straps held them impaled but allowed enough freedom of their upper bodies for their breasts to move. Fleishy globes of all sizes jiggled, shivered and swayed with the thrust of the tubes and their owners’ spontaneous jerks and bucks. Nipples of pink, russet, tan and brown blossomed into unwilling cones, domes or buttons. They could not deny or resist their bodily responses. Perhaps they were just trying to get the whole process over and done with as quickly as possible. However all the women kept their heads bowed and eyes shamefully lowered or else tightly screwed up, not meeting the gaze of the tappers or their sister donors.

One sweating, moaning woman with large glossy breasts that were bouncing with her exertions sudden came as they were passing, spraying her juices into the collecting tube. The tapperman monitoring her checked the level on the gauge. ‘Good girl, number 23. You’ve reached your quota,’ he declared.

He pulled the tube head out of her flushed and red-lipped vulva while she sagged in her straps limp with relief.

With their bare feet slapping on the tiles their tapperman guided Lyn and Marjory over to the end of the row where two empty frames faced each other.

‘There, 37 and 38, you can watch each other donating,’ he said. ‘That’ll be fun, won’t it?’

Miserably they stood on the wooden blocks within their respective frames and held their arms out to the sides. He busied himself securing them in place, buckling the broad straps about their upper arms, wrists, thighs and ankles.

‘Why do you have to strap us in?’ Lyn asked suddenly. ‘Why can’t we just stand here and do all this for ourselves? Why do we need you?’

He blinked in surprise and his colleagues looked round sharply. Marjory gave a little gasp while several of the women next to them, despite being in the throes of imminent orgasms, turned their heads towards her. Evidently women did not usually speak in the collecting room.

The tapperman was momentarily disconcerted: ‘Uh.... because that’s how it’s done, 38. It’s the law... and it works better this way. You should know that by now.’

Hastily the man pushed the rubber dummy into Lyn’s mouth to stop her asking any more awkward questions. The dummy had a broad flange about its base that spread out behind her teeth, making it impossible to spit out. In fact Lyn would not have said more in case they became suspicious. Anyway his answer had already confirmed her suspicions.

When both she and Marjory were secured the tapperman slid fresh collecting phallus tubes into the clips of the motor mounts and then adjusted the clamps so that the heads slid up into them. They shivered as the cold bulbous glass pushed the lips of their lovemouhths wide and formed hard alien presences in their vaginal passages.

He turned on the motors beneath them and the tubes began to buzz and pump, sliding in and out of their clefts. Lyn and Marjory groaned and rolled up their eyes.

‘That’s right,’ he said with relish, enjoying their helpless reactions. ‘You do your duty and cum like good girls.’

His two comrades smirked in agreement.

Lyn felt the glass phallus pumping into her warming and becoming slippery with her lubrication and knew she would soon do her duty just as he said. Just like Marjory and all the other naked, groaning, sweating women about them.

In any other society Lyn was sure such treatment of free women would never have been accepted. But in Albion, with abused slave girls all around them, it must have been less shocking and easier to institute. Now it was part of everyday life, if a shameful part. This was not to say that the process was not deeply humiliating and degrading: all the things Marjory had implied. And yet Lyn was rapidly getting perversely excited by it all. If you looked at it coldly maybe it was more effective like this. There was a sick thrill at being helpless and handled and bound by strangers and made to perform so intimately before them. Maybe it was necessary to ensure the supply of vital motive essence. But Lyn suspected the greatest appeal of the collection process was to those men who wanted their women kept in their place. Not only that but it also provided employment for odd types like their overseers.

The confidence of the three in charge of them seemed to increase now they were all strapped down and gagged. They were free to do whatever they wished to make their captives spend. Helplessly Lyn watched as they moved about their charges, using their canes and fingers to stimulate them. They flicked their canes across the undersides of trembling breasts or clenching buttocks, while hot pulsing nipples were pinched and tweaked into greater hardness. If greater stimulus was needed they moved round behind the women and slid stiff fingers into their greased anal mouths and thrust in time with the collecting tubes.

‘Come on, girl, pump that juice out!’

If that was not enough they reached round their captives, sank their fingers into their soft breasts and squeezed and twisted until they yelped in pain.

‘You don’t like that, number 28? Then give us some juice!’

Dazedly Lyn wondered how long the waiting list was for a job as a tappermen.

One by one their donors achieved orgasm, filling their tubes to the minimum required and were then released. They stumbled back through to the changing room with heads hung in shame while clutching at their sore and sticky pubes. A few more naked, masked and numbered women came in and were put into the frames to do their duty in turn.

In between all this the three men toyed with Lyn and Marjory as they were carried along to their first orgasms. However Marjory was struggling. She said she froze up. Perhaps she was fighting deep inhibitions. Lyn could guess why but also realized that this was one time when it would better to let go of her pride. As she seemed to have done already.... uhhhh!

Lyn climaxed with perverse ease, ejaculating a copious quantity of juice as an orgasm ripped through her that temporarily blotted out her surroundings. When she recovered she found her tapperman was both impressed and annoyed as he removed the tube and recorded her output.

‘Hah! Reached your quota in one, have you? You’re a hot one.’ He squeezed her breasts. ‘And great tits too! But don’t make it too easy. It’s no fun if we don’t have to encourage you. I have to let you go now.’

Lyn shook her head and indicated Marjory struggling opposite her.

‘Oh... all right, Tits. You can wait for her if you want. Say you’re giving us a voluntary extra donation.’ He put a fresh tube between her legs and started the vibrator motor again.

The fact that the tuppermen knew exactly who Marjory was became apparent when one by one the other women in the room achieved their quotas and were released until there were only five of them left with Marjory still struggling to achieve her first orgasm. All three tappermen now had the time to crowd round her, squeezing, tweaking and pinching her flesh.

‘Come on, Marg. We know you can do better than this,’ they said.

Marjory moaned and rolled her head from side to side and bit on her gag plug.

‘That’s right you chew on it and make those faces like you’ve stepped in something nasty. You don’t want to show you’re enjoying it too much, do you?’

Marjory shook her head in desperate denial. They laughed.

‘We know different. We think this is highlight of your month, what with living in that big house all alone and having no men to give you a proper seeing to. You may act all ashamed but we know you like it really.’ They flicked her swollen nipples.

‘Look at your nips standing up. You know you want to cum. Of course you’re not as hot as your mouthy friend, Tits over there. She’s on her second bottle. Maybe you need a bit of special encouragement?’

Marjory’s eyes bulged and she sobbed and shook her head. The men ignored her.

‘Whose turn is it?’ one asked.

‘Mine,’ their tupperman insisted. ‘You two had her the last times. Why not play with her friend? Maybe it’ll help encourage her.’

He moved behind Marjory, undoing his flies as he went. Lyn saw a stiff cock spring out. Taking up position behind Marjory he reached round her bound body and pulled himself against her. Lyn read in Marjory’s eyes the moment his cock slid up her rear passage.

‘Now push all that juice out!’ he told her with a jerk of his hips.

Then the other two men were crowding round Lyn. They handled her breasts with their shamelessly hard nipples.

‘All right, Tits. Are you ready to help Marg cum?’

Lyn growled angrily at them about her plug gag.

‘Don’t you go getting all annoyed. Remember we can do whatever we need to get a woman to spend. That’s the law. You’re just helping loosen Marg up.’

The fat one continued to play with her breasts while the thin one moved around behind her. She felt him take hold of her hips and then head of his cock was nuzzling between her buttocks. A wave of disgust filled her as his shaft slid into her greased anus. The pumping collector tube head pushed against it from her vaginal sheath through the thin membranes that separated her front and rear passages.

The fat man moved to one side so that she could see Marjory: red faced, breasts jumping as the short tapperman rammed into her from behind.

‘Unless you want to see your friend hurt, you’d better let it all out now,’ he growled in Marjory’s ear.

As Lyn’s violator began to pump hard into her the fat tapperman began to swing his cane across her heaving breasts, catching them on their heavy undersides and making them jump even higher. Marjory looked distraught at the sight and screwed up her eyes.

The fat tapperman change the angle of his swipes so that the cane cut across her straining nipples.

Lyn shrieked and slobbered about her gag. But even as she did so she felt her hatred of the men and what they were doing to her blurring. With her burning breasts being caned and a cock pounding away up her own rectum she should have been outraged beyond measure, but instead she felt them

becoming insignificant. They were the sources of powerful sensations, nothing more. What she did with them was up to her, and all that mattered to her right now was the liquid heat building in her loins that she knew would soon burst into fireworks of delight.

Through bleary eyes she watched Marjory's suffering, guiltily delighting in the convulsions of her pretty, pale, sweaty body as it writhed in her straps. It was horrible but utterly compelling and, in a room saturated with the scent of female arousal, unavoidably exciting. It was terrible to admit to herself that if she had to she could have done this every day. She despised it on principle and felt Marjory's pain, but it seemed her body did not listen to reason now when it came to sex. She had to think of that as a strength and not a weakness, as long as it did not take her over.

Uhhhh.... Lyn came again, clenching on the cock up her rear and glass plumb up her vagina as she poured out her precious essence into the collector cup.

A moment later with a wail Marjory finally came herself, discharging copiously into her tube.

‘At bloody last!’ the short tupperman exclaimed.

* * *

Back in the changing room, after they had used the bidet and cleaned themselves up, Lyn helped Marjory dress. She was still stiff from straining against her straps for so long and then enduring her sodomizing. Thanks to Wolff's adjustments and integral anal lubrication to soothe her passage, Lyn's body had recovered at abnormal speed. In her mind she still felt the warm pink cloud of bliss from her orgasms floating there blatantly guilt free. Unfortunately Marjory did not have her advantages.

‘Do you have a problem with sex?’ Lyn asked Marjory gently.

‘No, not at all,’ Marjory insisted. ‘At least, not with my slave girls. But men...I just don't feel anything for them in that way.’

‘It’s all right. You don’t have to say any more.’ Lyn knew they did not think of lesbianism in Albion in the same way as England, since both free men and women used slave girls for pleasure without a second thought as to its naturalness, but she suspected that was what Marjory was by nature. ‘I’m just sorry you have to go through all this every month.’

‘Oh... I’ll survive. It’s not the first time they’ve done that to me. I know it makes sense to get it over with as soon as possible but somehow I can’t make myself. I wish I was more like you. How can you do it so easily?’

‘That’s a long a long story. Meanwhile we’ve got plenty of material to work on. Let’s go back to your house. Try not to let it get to you. Think of how they’ll feel when we tell everybody how they behaved in there. Also I’ve got some healing cream in my car and I think we could both do with some of that.’

Marjory smiled weakly.

* * *

They emerged from the collection centre to the sounds of raised voices. There was a knot of half a dozen men in slightly shabby dark clothes standing about the car. Swarton and Dawn were standing between them and it apparently embroiled in an argument. A few passers-by were either observing the confrontation from a safe distance or else sidling past pretending not to notice.

Lyn strode quickly over with Marjory, still walking stiffly, trailing behind. ‘Is there a problem?’

A scrawny man dressed in a black frock coat and silver buckled shoes swung about to face her. He had narrow suspicious eyes, a beak of a nose and a lick of thin hair plastered across his forehead. ‘Is this abomination yours, woman?’ he demanded.

‘What are you talking about?’

He stabbed a finger. ‘This vehicle and the unnatural creature driving

it!' he declaimed dramatically.

Lyn had no idea what he could find to take offence in as both were common in Albion. 'Yes, they're mine and so is this slave girl and I'll thank you not to shout at her. Now what's your problem?'

'This is Simeon Luther,' Marjory explained, catching up with Lyn. 'He and his good for nothing friends call themselves "The Restorers". They don't approve of golems or antonymous golem-powered devices. They'd like to have them banned.'

Luther scowled at Marjory. 'Oh, I should have known this perverse female would be associated with you, Marjory Langland. Still leading your unnatural life despite knowing what it will lead to?'

'Nor do they approve of free unmarried women,' Marjory added. She glared at Luther. 'And if you mean I am still happily single and independent, then yes I am!'

'The only natural powered mechanisms are those actuated by the properly controlled bodies of slave girls!' Luther pronounced, striking a pose like some hellfire and damnation preacher. 'They are living beings fashioned to obey men's commands. That is the purpose of their existence.' He jabbed a finger at Swarton. 'Mechanical things that move by themselves in a parody of life are not natural. Nor are unattached women! Like vehicles they need men to guide them.'

'Well I'm also unattached and I'm doing fine on my own,' Lyn said caustically. 'I also like my car and chauffeur just as they are. Now get out of my way you stupid man or else I'm going to call a watchman!'

Luther's thin cheeks flushed. 'How dare you speak to me like that, woman!' he said, and jabbed a finger into Lyn's chest.

Swarton's arm shot out. He caught hold of Luther's wrist and squeezed.

With a yelp Luther went down onto his knees while his men flinched

back. Before they could get over their surprise Lyn said loudly: 'Do the rest of you want to find out how strong my chauffeur is as well? He has an inhibition against hurting people but it isn't absolute. Want to see if he can crack bones?' Luther's companions wavered uncertainly. They didn't look like great fighters but there were a pack of them. Before they were pushed too far Lyn said: 'Thank you, Swarton, you can let him go now.'

Luther scrambled to his feet cradling his injured arm. 'See!' he rasped. 'This monster is out of control. It is a rogue unnatural being. It ought to be smashed up along with all the rest of its kind!'

'He was not out of control, he was acting on my command,' Lyn insisted.

'Lying female! I heard no command!'

'Well perhaps if you talked less and listened more you would have!' Lyn said. 'Now unless you want to try to stop my car with your bare hands, I suggest you all clear the road because we're leaving.'

* * *

As they headed back to Pebbleview, Dawn explained what had happened.

'We were just sitting quietly when they started banging on the windows and shouting at Swarton, Mistress. I thought I could reason with them but they wouldn't listen to a slave. Swarton got out when they started getting angry at me.'

'That's all right, Dawn,' Lyn assured her. 'You couldn't have done any more. It's not your fault there are nutters like them roaming the streets.' She glanced at Marjory. 'It seems that you have more problems around here than just the essence centres.'

'Yes. I'm sorry you had to meet Luther. He's been a thorn in my side for years.'

‘With everything so awkward why don’t you move?’

‘Why should I? I’ve always lived here.’

‘You’re right, I’m sorry. But something’s got to give around here. Things change naturally but there are always reactionaries who try to keep everything just as it is. The essence centres are a symptom of this attitude and Luther and his Restorers are another. But we have a lever to use. You said because of increased mechanization the need for essence is growing. Well doesn’t that make women more important as producers of its most vital ingredient? Donations are keeping the wheels of trade and commerce turning. If essence is valuable then so are its creators. That should give us more power, not less. This car won’t run without us, nor will golems like my driver. That should make men think differently.’

Marjory smiled wearily and shook her head. ‘You’re making me dizzy with all these ideas. Can start with the centres first before we move on to overthrowing the whole social structure of Albion?’

Lyn grinned back. ‘Sorry. You’re right, we’ll begin with the centres. You saw how just the two of us coming in together threw that man at the desk. If women started going in groups at the same time and making it a social occasion that might give them strength in numbers. In fact why not turn it all on its head? Act like you’re using the centres for fun. Don’t let those sleazy tappermen make you feel ashamed about what you’re doing. Sex is meant to be enjoyed. Use them for your pleasure.’

‘Going in large groups might help,’ Marjory mused. ‘But suggesting to free women they should publically show they enjoy the process... that would be too much.’

‘Not if they adjust their mind-set! You said you liked sex with slave girls serving you. Treat the centres as another type of recreational sex. A bit kinky and S&M, maybe, but even that can be fun.’

Marjory was blinking at her. ‘Pardon?’

Some of those words and phrases were obviously not known here. ‘I

mean you can make almost anything fun if you allow yourself to change your attitude towards it.'

'Is that how you climaxed so easily?'

'Yes, in a way. I certainly have changed my views about certain sexual practices recently.'

Kneeling at her feet Dawn smiled.

Marjory sighed. 'My head feels fit to burst. But we must talk more. Where are you staying?'

'I have nowhere planned yet. Can you recommend a good hotel?'

'Nonsense, you must stay with me.'

Result! Lyn thought silently. There was nothing like a little shared mechanical masturbation with a sprinkling of sodomy and sadism to win you a bed for the night.

Aloud she said: 'That's very kind of you, Marjory. I'll just have to let somebody know I'm changing my plans. Can we stop at a telegraph office on the way back?'

* * *

Marjory was a considerate hostess. While Swarton was housed with the car in her garage, which was empty save for her slave girl-powered tricycle, her house slaves prepared a fine dinner for Lyn and Dawn. While Dawn ate out of a bowl beside Lyn's chair, she and Marjory planned the article she was going to write revealing the shocking treatment of women in essence extraction centres.

Adeline/Vyda was one of their servers. Casually Lyn commented on her looks and asked Marjory where she had bought her. Vyda was very pretty, with a short dark bob of hair, bright eyes and prominent upward tilted nipples, so it was not hard to feign a convincing interest.

Almost carelessly Marjory said: ‘Oh, if you like her then you must have her for the night. Vyda’s a really excellent bed warmer.’

‘Thank you. And would you like to try Dawn? I can recommend her tongue.’

‘That’s very good of you, I’d be delighted.’

Two elegant free women exchanging their slave girls for the night during after dinner drinks, Lyn thought. How very civilized it all seemed.

* * *

Lyn felt a pang of guilt taking Vyda to bed with her instead of Dawn, even though she knew Dawn would not expect her to hold such feelings. Nor would Dawn mind serving Marjory for the night. After all she had practically suggested it and it was all for the cause they were both serving.

Lyn felt slightly less guilty but a lot more confused when she replayed those sentiments and the activities they encompassed in her mind. What had happened to her? How could she accept such things as normal? When in Rome, of course, but should she enjoy it so much? Did it matter if it all came down to mutual consent? Adeline/Vyda was certainly willing. In fact as a native of Albion this was perfectly normal to her. As to Lyn herself she knew what she had to do, so why not enjoy it?

In her bedroom Lyn rode Vyda to a very satisfying climax. Their breasts pressed into each other as they ground their slippery sex mouths together. Lyn felt their hard clitorises kissing, initiating the copying of the pentacle code fragment lingering in Vyda’s pussy by the alchemically activated silver wire recorder Wolff had implanted in her own vulva.

Oh God this was all madness!

Afterwards Lyn assured Vyda that she had served her perfectly but that now she just wanted to sleep. She allowed the girl to curl up in her arms. It was not unpleasant. Vyda seemed perfectly happy and showed none of the doubts or memory flashbacks Olwen had displayed when Pippa had found

her at Honeydew's girl cattery. Evidently the mindwipe Durand had worked on her was still holding. For the moment it would be best to leave her in Marjory's care.

Tomorrow Lyn knew she would have to return to Ravestone, but somehow she would try to help Marjory's cause. It was true that she could not overturn Albion's social system single handed, but she could perhaps give it a nudge in the right direction. And she had a feeling that if free women recognized certain realities about sex it might help slaves as well. Perhaps one day both free women and their slaves would make donations at essence centres together and both would be applauded as benefactors of society.

* * *

Lyn awoke as the bedclothes were pulled back and a rough hand was clamped across her lips. A brilliant torch beam shone full into her face, temporarily dazzling her. As she opened her mouth to cry out a ball gag was forced between her teeth, stifling her shriek of alarm.

She tried to claw it away but other hands took hold of her wrists and twisted her over onto her face. Her arms were pulled behind her back and her wrists were bound with coarse rope. While this was going on she was dimly aware of a struggle going on beside her. She heard Vyda's muffle shriek and felt a frantic kicking as she was dragged from the other side of the bed.

A man snarled urgently: 'Lock the slave in with the other one! We'll take this bitch downstairs.'

A rope leash was pulled over Lyn's head and by it she was hauled from the bed. It was still dark about the curtains and the weaving torch was the only illumination in the room. By its light Lyn saw four looming figures swathed in long grey robes and hoods, leaving only slots for their eyes. Sinister stuffed grey horns rose from the sides of their heads while coils of rope, bamboo canes and straps hung from their belts. She tried to kick out at her half-seen assailants and received a stinging slap across her face that left her dizzy with shock.

While two of them took Vyda along the landing to another bedroom

the others dragged Lyn down the stairs to the ground floor and across the hall to the living room. Its wall light globes were turned up full and its heavy curtains were drawn.

There were three more grey-robed and hooded men in the room. Marjory, stark naked, was kneeling on a rug in the middle of the floor. Like Lyn she had a ball gag in her mouth, her arms were bound and she had a leash about her neck, held by one of the hooded man who stood behind her. His other hand held a fistful of her hair, bending her head back.

Swarton lay in a corner. He was bound with thick ropes from shoulders to ankles and there were numerous dents and grazes all over his body. A trickle of milky golden motive essence was running out from under his buckled chest filler cap and his normally glowing eyes were dimmed. A second grey man was standing over him holding a heavy club studded with nails.

A third hooded man was seated in an armchair chair facing them. Unlike the others he had a third shorter stuffed horn stitched to the front of his hood.

The robed men holding Lyn pushed her down onto her knees next to Marjory and stood behind her, holding a fistful of her hair. Marjory swivelled her eyes round to look at Lyn, stark fear shining out of their depths. Lyn wished she could give her some sign of reassurance, but she was still too shocked to think clearly. What was going on? Who were these people? In the light their costumes appeared roughly stitched from assorted grey blankets, but that made them no less menacing and frighteningly at odds with such a comfortable domestic setting.

The other pair of grey men came in. Now there were seven of them in the room.

‘The rest of the house slaves are locked up in their cage, Leader,’ he reported to the seated triple-horned man. ‘They won’t be giving us any trouble.’

‘Good,’ triple horn said, his voice muffled by his hood. ‘Then I think

we can remove their gags. Nobody's going to hear them out here.' The eye slot of his hood turned on Lyn and Marjory. Lyn sensed he was savouring his power over them. 'When permitted you will call me "Sir" and you will speak respectfully, or you will be punished as you deserve for being an unholy pair of shameless, deluded tarts whose inflamed nipples even now betray your perverse natures!'

Lyn was horrified to discover her nipples were swelling and hardening. Why did they have to be so easily excited? And Marjory's were not much behind her.

'Slovenly, deceiving creatures!' three horns continued. 'Well we're true men and we're here this night to teach you your proper place!'

Their gags were pulled out. Lyn licked her lips, trying to get her still sleepy mind into gear. She glanced at the bound form of Swarton. Was there some way she could free him? How badly was he damaged? How much motive essence had he lost?

Marjory spoke up first. She was trembling in fear and gulped before she could speak, but when she did her words were scathing. 'I know it's you, Luther. I can recognize your shoes, man!'

The triple-horned man suddenly tucked his in feet awkwardly. But Lyn had seen saw what Marjory meant. From under the bottom of his robes had peeped the distinctive silver buckles she had seen outside the extraction centre only hours earlier. Several of the robed men muttered and shuffled uneasily.

Lyn gaped at him. 'All this over women's rights and golems and whether cars should have slave girl engines?' she exclaimed. 'You're bloody mad — ahhh!'

Luther had made a sign to the men holding her and Marjory. They unhooked their canes, pulled the women's hair until their heads were tilted painfully backwards, exposing their chests and the soft flowing mounds of the upper slopes of their breasts and then swiped downwards.

The women shrieked as their breasts leaped and shivered under the impact of a rain of swishing cuts: downward backhand slashes and sideways slices. The bamboos seared their flesh and bruised the harder cones of their nipples, flattening them into their parent globes only for them to pop back up again. As the room rang with their sobs and shrieks of pain their breasts turned from pink to rosy red like apples ripened in the sun.

Luther signalled again and the caning ceased, leaving Lyn and Marjory sobbing and snivelling as they twisting from the hanks of hair their guards still held in their fists. Salty tears dripped onto their simmering breasts and stung cruelly.

‘Your tits hurt, do they?’ Luther said with triumphant relish. ‘Well you’ve only yourselves to blame. I warned you what would happen if you spoke out of turn and without proper respect. You won’t do it again, will you?’

Miserably, blinking back their tears, Lyn and Marjory shook their heads. This was not to time for any more pointless gestures of defiance.

Luther looked round at his men. ‘You see, you do not need to fear these women. They are easily cowed. We are the masters here!’ He looked back at Lyn and Marjory. ‘Names are not important so do not trouble yourself with them. If you know what’s good for you, you will not speculate on mine now or later. I... we, are merely the instruments of rightness and natural justice and that is all you need to know. You, Marjory Langland, have been on our list to receive a corrective visit for some time. The appearance of this friend of yours with her unnatural vehicle and mage-wrought servant merely advanced the date. Now I am here to teach you both the grievous error of your ways. Do you understand?’

They nodded fearfully.

‘You are both the fonts of dangerous ideas. If you are allowed to continue to behave as you wish so brazenly, other women might follow your example. They will fill the world with heartless, soulless machines and golems will take the jobs men used to fill.’ He jabbed a finger at Swarton. ‘That is why it will be smashed before your eyes!’

‘No!’ Lyn said, and then, although the words stuck in her throat, she added: ‘Please... Sir... don’t do that. I don’t know how it happened but he is more than a simple machine. He has feelings.’

‘That thing has no life and no gender!’ Luther thundered. ‘And yet you plead for mercy for an unnatural device with such passion! One might even suspect you of harbouring desires for it. Say you have never had relations with it.’

Lyn hesitated, thinking of the desperate actions she had taken when Swarton, operating under Durand’s secret command, had kidnapped her. There had been “relations”. It was enough for Luther to assume the worst.

‘You harlot! You traitoress to your kind! You are even worse than her and will need even more correction. Well, the night is still young. You may yet see the error of your ways. We shall begin with an act of contrition. You have lost your place in the natural order of things. Your place, as women, are as pleasure givers to men. Desires solely for slave girls or lifeless creatures cannot be permitted. You must acknowledge the penis as your master and sole provider of joy. You will begin by begging to pleasure all of us.’

Marjory gave a whimper of dismay. ‘No... please... Sir... not that!’

‘You brought it upon yourself, girl!’

Lyn, who had been expecting something like this, glared at Luther. ‘You can screw us, Sir, but you can’t get away with it? You can’t keep us prisoners for very long. Marjory is well known locally and I have friend who know where I’m staying.’

‘But we only need one night!’ Luther retorted. ‘After that shame will seal your lips. Like all free women who aspire to fill men’s shoes you are secretly burdened by it. Look at your friend. Already she is a broken reed. In any case whoever you think we are you will have no proof. Make accusations at your peril. It will be your word against ours! Now you have ensured your first lesson will be even more painful than it would have been.’

He rose from his chair. The men holding Lyn and Marjory hauled

them onto their feet. Luther cupped and squeezed their sore breasts as though he was testing the ripeness of some rear fruit.

‘Such fine mammaries,’ he observed as they squirmed. ‘They are both the pride and burden of your sex. And so sensitive...’ he dug his thumbnails into their nipples until they whimpered in pain. ‘They must suffer further to teach you the error of your ways. Put them across the table!’

They dragged Lyn and Marjory over to the solid oak dining table and bent them backwards across opposite ends so that their heads almost touched in the middle. The edge of the table top cut into their buttocks. The men pulled their legs apart and bound their ankles to the table legs, lifting their feet off the floor and pulling their calves backwards under the table top. Then they tied their rope leashes together so they could not lift their upper bodies, but were left arched over the table ends resting on their bound arms that were pressing into the hollows of their backs. Their legs were spread painfully wide, the backs of their knees almost touching the table corners, exposing the gaping clefts of their outthrust sex mounds that overhung the edges of the table.

While they were being bound one of the men had brought in a water jug, pan and sponges, which he set down on the table.

Luther walked around Lyn and Marjory’s naked bound bodies, patting and stroking them and nodding in satisfaction, while his men closed in about the table after him. Lyn saw gleams in their eyes within their hoods and growing bulges showing through their robes as their cocks stiffened. She could almost smell their righteous lust. They were a pack of little, insignificant men given an inflated sense of self-importance and purpose by Luther’s twisted ideals and prejudice. Now they had suitably sinful victims on whom to demonstrate their superiority.

With resignation Lyn felt her pussy getting slick in anticipation of what was to come. This is my strength, she told herself. It’s what Wolff anticipated when he adjusted me. I just hope Marjory doesn’t freeze up.

‘Something extra to drive home the lesson, I think,’ Luther said. ‘They must be totally filled. He went to the fruit bowl on the sideboard and

brought back a pair of bananas. 'With these up your arseholes you will appreciate what it means to be properly filled by real men.'

Lyn whimpered at the sight of them. Lyn knew her self-lubricating rectum would ease their passage but for Marjory's sake said: 'Please, Sir, will you at least put some butter on them?'

Luther swelled with delight, revelling in his mastery of her. 'Do you beg, girl?'

She was beyond saving her pride. This was now a matter of surviving as best she could until morning. 'Yes, Sir, I beg you.'

'As you ask so nicely....' He sent one of his men to the kitchen and he returned with a pat of butter. Luther rubbed it over the fruits and then, leaving them in their skins he forced the slippery phallic forms into Marjory's and then Lyn's anuses, making their sphincters stretch until they closed over the stalks and the bananas were fully lodged in their rectums. Lyn felt the thrill of penetration as the banana forced its way through her abnormally sensitized anus. She hated the man doing it to her but her body did not care.

'Now you will both strain your utmost to please me because that is your natural function in the order of things,' Luther instructed them. 'Afterwards you will thank me. Then you will serve all my men and thank them. Do you understand?'

'Yes Sir,' Lyn and Marjory said meekly.

'As an incentive we will cane your breasts while we are coupling with you. The harder you work to quicken us until we spend our seed inside you the less you will suffer.'

Marjory began to sob. 'It's all right,' Lyn said, trying to comfort her. 'Don't fight it. Just let it happen.'

Lyn knew they had to survive and also play for time. There were still Luther's plans for Swarton to be faced somehow. Until then they must conserve their energy.

‘Yes, girl,’ Luther told Marjory. ‘You can’t fight this. We’re too strong for you and our cause is just. Submit and pray for redemption!’

Luther positioned himself between Marjory’s straining spread thighs and lifted the front of his robes. He slid a long thin cock into her pink wet cleft. She shivered as he filled her front passage, made tighter by her banana stuffed rectum. Lyn heard his barely stifled sigh of satisfaction. Unhitching his cane he began to swipe it across her breasts, making them jump and shiver like pink jellies. Marjory yipped and whimpered.

Hoping Marjory would understand what she really meant, Lyn said aloud: ‘Marjory, this isn’t like in the Essence Centre. This is for our masters’ pleasure. It’s their time to give and ours to receive! You must help them fulfil their true natures!’

‘Yes, girl, we are your masters!’ Luther grunted in triumph, lashing Marjory’s breasts in a lustful frenzy.

No, you’re deluded sickos who just want to get off on dominating women, Lyn thought bitterly. It’s about you getting your rocks off inside us and feeling masterful. Just squeeze him until he spurts, Marjory. That was all they really wanted.

Luther gave a sudden gasp and hunched over Marjory, thudding his hips wildly into her groin, and then lay still, his masked face resting in her burning breasts. How long since he’s had a woman, Lyn wondered? I hope he’s that quick with me. There was a moment’s silence and then he rose triumphantly. ‘She has fulfilled her proper purpose as a woman!’ he declared.

The other Restorers applauded.

Luther pulled out of Marjory, gesturing to his followers. ‘Wash her out so she is fresh for each of you. Start on her while I breach the other one. Fill her well and make sure she pleases you!’

They scrambled to wash Marjory’s sex out and then jostled like schoolboys to be next. Meanwhile Luther moved round to stand between Lyn’s thighs. ‘Are you ready to serve me, girl?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ Lyn assured him.

He ran a finger through her cleft and brought it away shiny with her lubrication.

‘You are a wanton creature!’ he declared.

‘Wanton, Sir,’ she agreed. ‘But now for your pleasure.’

He lashed his cane across her breasts. ‘And don’t you forget it!’ Then he rammed his shaft, still wet with Marjory’s juices, into Lyn’s pussy. Lyn gasped as he filled her passage, already compressed by her banana-filled rectum. Then, with cane swinging, he began to ride her. She felt the other side of the table begin to shudder as the first of his men rammed into Marjory’s vagina.

The next half hour dissolved into a blur of frantically thrusting cocks, swishing canes and her burning, throbbing breasts, crisscrossed with a web of purple and scarlet welts. Trying not to feel any shame Lyn came twice. The Restorers thought this was some sign of their prowess and cheered and mocked her as she bucked under them and sprayed her juices about their cocks. But really it was her little victory over them.

And then suddenly her aching sex was empty, dribbling juices and sperm onto the floor. Lyn twisted her head round, blinking through her crusted eyes. The Restorers were all slumped in chairs or else resting across their backs. Hah! They’d drained them.

Then Luther loomed over her, taking hold of her chin and Marjory’s and twisting them round to look at him. ‘What is the most perfect source of sexual pleasure for a woman to take inside her?’ he demanded.

They were both too dazed to respond instantly and he slapped their stinging breasts until they yelped and choked out: ‘The cock of a real man!’

‘And what is the function of womankind?’

‘To serve and please man,’ they said wretchedly.

‘That’s better. You see, they can be cured of these delusions.’

Groggily Lyn wondered if Luther actually believed he had “cured” them or not as easily as that. Perhaps this was just a show to impress his followers and an ego trip for him. Maybe he did not want all women to be perfectly behaved. He was the sort who needed have something to be angry about and blame for his own failings.

‘Now to deal with your golem lover!’ Luther declared. ‘We must cure you of that unnatural infatuation next. Untie them and put it on the table! Let us judge the true depths of her perversion.’

They untied Lyn and Marjory’s ankles and leashes and pulled them off the table. They were so stiff by then that they could hardly stand. The last sperm pumped into them began to trickle down their aching thighs.

Four of the Restorers lifted Swarton between them and laid him on his back on the table in their place. He seemed almost lifeless. Lyn was shocked to see there was hardly any glow left in his eyes. The seal about his damaged chest filler cap was still leaking fluid. How much had he lost? Would he just freeze up as he had before when she had contaminated it with her pee or would he die? Could he die? Was he really alive?

A couple of the Restorers got their spiked clubs ready. They were going to destroy Swarton before her eyes. Perhaps it would be a mercy if he was not conscious when they smashed him up. No, it was not his fault he was what he was. There must be something she could do. But what?

Luther took hold of Lyn’s leash and looked her in the eye. ‘Now, do you admit you have had carnal relations with this creature?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ Lyn said.

‘I had heard rumours that perverted single women sometimes use creatures like this for their pleasure, forsaking the cocks of real men,’ Luther said with contempt. ‘I had not expected one to admit it so freely.’ He looked about at his men. ‘Do you see what we are fighting? Do you see the threat such things pose?’

They nodded and muttered agreement, at the same time looking at Lyn and then Swarton thoughtfully.

They enjoy being disgusted at such stories, Lyn thought. It helps them feel superior and enlivens otherwise dull lives. At the same time they secretly wanted to witness an example of exactly what it was they should be so revolted about. But how much did they really know about what golems got out of sex with a woman? Perhaps there was a slim chance...

‘Before you destroy him, Sir, wouldn’t you like to see what it was I did? Then you’ll know why women like golems... and what you can do to prevent them forming such attachments in future.’

It was an empty hook, but she had them on its end. They were already high on female shame but still wanted more. In any case it would not be wrong. It was necessary research into depravity.

Luther was thrown by her suggestion. She guessed he did not know what she was talking about but would not admit his ignorance. ‘Er... yes, that would be useful, girl.’

‘I’ll need Marjory to help me, Sir. It takes two women to satisfy a golem. At least that is the way it should be done properly to get the right results.’

That last was for Swarton’s ears. Could he hear her? Did he understand?

Marjory, hollow eyed and bedraggled with sperm matting her pubic bush, looked at her in sudden horror. By now the Restorers were also watching intently. Even the ones with the clubs had lowered them. She imagined them licking their lips in anticipation.

‘We both mount him, Sir, one over his penis and the other his filler hole while facing each other. Then we ride him and... well, you’ll see.’

Oh, yes, they wanted to see. They had to fill themselves with first hand righteous indignation of such a filthy practice.

‘Yes... well, this will be instructive,’ Luther said. ‘Get on with it, girl.’

Just then Swarton groaned. There was a stirring between his bound legs and his penis, concealed between the cast folds of his uniform jacket unfolded. Its bulbous tip was hollow. Lyn bit her lip to stifle her cry of hope. He understands. As long as the Restorers didn’t know or think about its double purpose.

Then Swarton opened his lips and his tongue protruded. And protruded... It was extending and furling into a tube six inches long that curled about sinuously. Lyn gaped at it. She knew golems had tongues to shape words but she had never seen them do this before. Was it one final outrageous erotic invitation or a desperate sign of his need for life giving fluid?

‘Well bugger that!’ one of the Restorers exclaimed.

She said quickly: ‘Ohh... this is rare. Perhaps it’s because he’s damaged. One girl sits on his tongue and —’

‘I’ll do it,’ Marjory said quickly.

‘Do it!’ Luther snapped.

Lyn and Marjory clambered stiffly onto the table. Facing each other they straddled and squatted down over the recumbent golem. History was repeating itself with a bizarre twist, thought Lyn as she impaled herself on the hard smooth amber-like penis. Last time she had had her anus plugged with a length of rubber hose, this time it was with a banana. With a look of determination and wonder on her face Marjory settled over Swarton’s head. His phallic tongue slid up into her cleft and she gave a gasp of surprise.

Lyn leaned forward and kissed Marjory passionately full on the lips. She heard the Restorer’s groan. She moved her lips round her cheek to her ear and whispered: ‘Now make the biggest donation of your life!’

They began to work their hips, grinding their groins across the hard

but not cold body under them. Their vaginas clenched about Swarton's erect penis and tongue which seemed to swell within them as they pumped and sucked upon them, coating them with a thick film of their intimate lubrication. As they worked harder they began to make shameless squelching noises. Seven pairs of incredulous, affronted, envious male eyes watched every twist of their hips and clench of their buttocks.

Lyn felt the hot liquid pressure in her loins growing. Please make this a good one, she thought.

Marjory, looking amazed at herself, was panting and moaning loudly while frantically jerking her hips up and down, setting her sweaty breasts bouncing. Her nipples were huge and proudly hard.

Then they were gasping and shuddering together as orgasmic fireworks burst in their brains and they discharged themselves in copious desperation. Hot juices filled their vaginal sheathes and were then sucked down through phallus and tongue. Marjory fell forward against Lyn's chest. Over the curve of her back and the swelling cleavage of her plump buttocks Lyn saw Swarton's eyes glow.

Lyn felt a strange crawling movement where her thighs squeezed about his hips and bound arms. His fingers were changing shape.

Lyn forced herself to resist the urge to sink into a blissful haze of delight and whispered into Marjory's ear: 'Now we get clear and he does the rest....'

With slurping, sucking sounds they hauled themselves off his cock and tongue and rolled unsteadily onto the floor and then curled up under the table.

There came a sharp snick of parting fibres and Swarton burst free of his ropes and sat upright. The men gasped. His penis and tongue had retracted but the outer fingers of his hands had become sharp as knife blades. One of the Restorers swung his club at his head but Swarton caught it and tore it from his hands. Swarton's feet thudded onto the floor and suddenly he was standing upright, swinging his big fists left and right. There came the sound

of meaty smacks of flesh followed by sudden shrieks and moans of pain.

There was an undignified stampede of grey clad forms for the doorway, some now splattered with blood, with Swarton clumping along remorselessly in their wake. The Restorers, with Luther in the lead, piled out into the hall. They tore the big front door was torn open and fled into the night with their nemesis at their heels.

When the sound of running feet had died away Lyn and Marjory cautiously crawled out from under the table and followed on after them. The hall lights cast a fan of radiance out of the door and across the front steps. There was no trace of the Restorers on the drive except for a discarded cloak and a crumpled hood with a torn stuffed horn.

Beside this lay Swarton sprawled face down.

‘Oh no,’ Lyn groaned. ‘He got a shot in the arm from sucking up our juices but it doesn’t last long. He needs a proper refill of motive essence.’

Swarton was making feeble noises. ‘Car... cab...flask under seat...’

Lyn twisted round and rubbed her bound hands against the knife blade of his fingers.

‘I didn’t know golems could do that,’ Marjory said.

‘Neither did I,’ Lyn admitted.

The ropes parted and Lyn dashed off round the side of the house to the garage. It took her a minute to scrabble about in the car cabin and find the flask of essence. When she got back to the front steps she found Marjory had also cut herself free and was rolling Swarton onto his back. There was hardly any life in his eyes. Lyn forced the damaged chest filler cap off and began to pour the golden fluid. Deep down the golem’s eyes began to glow and he gave a very human groan.

‘Thank... you... Mistress Carolyn...’ he said faintly.

‘No, thank you,’ Lyn said. ‘How did you do that trick with your

tongue and hands?’

‘The metamorphic car body fluid... the master had me apply the other day, Mistress. I spilt some onto me... it seems to have had... an unexpected effect.’

‘You can say that again.’

Marjory suddenly laughed. ‘What must we look like?’ she exclaimed. ‘Two respectable free women, both as naked as slave girls, tending an injured golem on the front steps in the middle of the night?’

‘What will the neighbours think?’ Lyn agreed.

‘Well I don’t care,’ Marjory said decisively. ‘After tonight I don’t care what anybody thinks about me, or what’s proper or not!’

‘Are you alright?’ Lyn asked anxiously. ‘You’ve had a bit of a shock.’

‘Not a bit of a shock, I’ve been beaten and multiply violated and had sex with a golem,’ Marjory said. ‘And you know it puts everything into perspective. I will write that article about the essence centres including every sordid detail and shame them into changing their ways.’

‘That’s the spirit!’

Marjory looked at Swarton thoughtfully. ‘And then I’m going to write a novel about a love affair between a free woman and a golem. I expect it will also cause a scandal.’ She hesitated. ‘Just for the purposes of research, you understand, where did you get Swarton from?’

‘I can give you the address of the mage who built him,’ Lyn said, ‘but I happen to know he’s out of the country right now.’

‘Oh dear. Will he be gone long?’

‘Not one minute longer than I can help,’ Lyn promised.

PART 7

Pippa, reclining on the back seat of the car, scanned the sheaf of notes her mother had so methodically compiled. Pinned to the top was a picture of a pretty, naked brown haired young woman taken from Wolff's files. It was labelled: "Hortensia".

Pippa was dressed as a wealthy Albion lady, where fashions roughly resembled those of the nineteen twenties and thirties back in her native world. Consequently she wore a lilac jacket with a large collar and a skirt that reached below her knees. Matching gloves, handbag and a broad brimmed felt hat rested on the seat beside her. She had slipped off her buckled leather shoes and she was resting her stockinged feet on the naked body of Olwen who lay on her back on a bed of cushions in the footwell of the car.

Olwen, a pretty slender blonde with fine pert breasts, wore only a lilac leather collar and cuffs on her wrists and ankles that matched Pippa's outfit. Olwen was playing the part of a slave maid seriously. She seemed perfectly willing, indeed very happy to be used as a living footwarmer, hugging Pippa's feet in her arms while her big adoring eyes were fixed on Pippa's face as she summarised the task ahead of them.

Pippa was well aware of the passion bubbling under the surface of that look. During the process of rescuing Olwen from the miseries of Honeydew's Girl Cattery and helping restore her memories Owen seemed to have formed a strong attachment to her, which in an uninhibited and by necessity bisexual Albion slave girl naturally expressed itself in an offer to provide bodily pleasure. Pippa was not sure how long she could keep her at bay by allowing small intimacies such as foot massage. It was not that she was not tempted. Olwen was very pretty and her own inhibitions had been seriously weakened after exposure to Albion society. They had both the night before served Wolff's sexually bound side by side. But this was hardly the time to embark upon a lesbian relationship.

As it was Pippa faced the prospect of having to make love to

Hortensia to copy the code fragment she held in some mystical way in her vagina, and which Pippa could copy into the enchanted silver wire Wolff had embedded in her own vulva. It was another aspect of the mad world she now inhabited. But that would be a necessity. Her mother had already done it and she had to be just as brave and determined. However her relationship with Olwen, if she allowed one to develop, would be more personal.

The trouble was Olwen could not understand her reluctance. Free Albion women had no qualms about using slave girls for their pleasure, and although Pippa and Lyn were in effect Wolff's slaves he had not used any conditioning potions on them, wanting them to be able to think for themselves when they faced the challenges of the quest. Olwen sensed this power of free thought in Pippa and slavishly submitted to her will. The emphasis she put into the simple word "Mistress" said it all. Pippa knew her mother was having similar problems with Dawn.

'Right,' Pippa said, briskly. 'Hortensia, who Durand renamed "Marian" when he mindwiped her and sold her to Valentines, was bought by somebody called Mathias Sterne, who's listed as the slavemaster and head keeper of Raleigh Lodge which is located in what I'd call the New Forest but you call the Forest of Beauford.' She took a colourful brochure from the file and unfolded it. 'Mum had them send us their details and now we're booked in for a week's stay. It's all pretty exclusive and you have to have a recommendation from a member before you can join. A contact of Wolff's who owed him a favour has fixed that, which is why I'm booked in as Esmeralda Stanhope, the supposed friend of Marcia Campbell-Stuart who was so good as to "vouch" for her — and who we know is out of the country right now and so will never know we've misappropriated her name until we're long gone. We'd both better get used to it from now on.'

Olwen held up her collar tag which had stamped on it: "Property of Esmeralda Stanhope, 3 Cedar Avenue, Brightlingstone." It was a prop Wolff had provided them along with suitable forged documents in the same name. The property was empty and telegraph messages sent to it would be rerouted to Wolff's castle. It was how she and her mother were staying in touch with base. 'Yes, Mistress Esmeralda,' Olwen said with a cheerful grin.

'Anyway it's a hunting lodge with luxury accommodation, where

guests can hunt a pack of slave girls in the woods using anaesthetic dart guns. The girls are modified with some potion that makes them behave like wild animals so they're not easy targets. If you do catch a girl as a reward they can be used as a pleasure slave for the night.'

Not long ago such an advertisement would have seemed not only deeply shocking to Pippa but unbelievable. However after what she had experienced during the last few weeks she was ready to believe almost any practice, however perverse, was possible in Albion. It did not mean she approved, but she knew she had to accept the reality of the situation if she and Lyn were ever to win their freedom from Wolff's power.

'We don't know what Hortensia aka Marian will be doing in the lodge,' Pippa continued, 'or even if she's still there, but we've got to try to find her if we're ever going to open up the pentacle again. I hope Marian, as we'd better call her from now on, is on the domestic pleasure staff and I can simply book session with her. But if she's in this pack, I'll have to try to hunt her down. That's why it might take a week. '

'I'm quite happy to spend a week in the lodge pretending to be your slave, Mistress,' Olwen said earnestly. Her eyes grew bigger. 'In fact... you know I don't have to pretend, Mistress, if you don't want me to.'

'I know,' Pippa said, 'but remember I'm not from round here. We don't do girl on girl sex as casually as you do. It's not that I don't like you but... look, you've got to be patient, all right?'

Olwen could not quite conceal her disappointment. 'As you wish, Mistress.'

Pippa looked out of the window to avoid further awkwardness. She knew by local standards her response must seem strange. Olwen was very pretty and passionate and her offer of pleasure was heartfelt. Why should she not accept it? Perhaps she would wear her down eventually. But when so much else had been forced upon her she wanted at least one thing she could take on at her own speed.

Through the silvered windows she saw the wall of trees of the thick

woods that still covered much of Albion sliding past. Between the road and the woods was a marching line of semaphore telegraph boxes with multiple lamps and shutters set on tall towers that served Albion instead of a telephone and internet service.

A car overtook them in the outside lane. It might have been a local version of a sports coupe, with pontoon wheel nacelles and a long streamlined engine section and a small two person cab at the rear. But being Albion the side panels of the engine compartment were transparent revealing the engine to be three naked sweating women confined in tandem. They were hunched over and peddling at a big gear chain. Pistons and joints clamped to their legs, powered by motive essence, amplified their efforts, turning them into living engines. She could see control rods plugged into their vaginas and anuses and cables clamped to their nipples running back to the cabin of the vehicle.

Many mechanical devices in Albion were controlled through the bodies of slave girls. The system was different to Pippa's car, which had an engine without any human components controlled by a golem chauffeur seated in a separate driver's cab. But both were still energised by motive essence, a major ingredient of which was refined female orgasmic juices. I'm riding in a car powered by girl-cum and driven by a synthetic man with my feet resting on a slave girl who's got a crush on me, Pippa thought. This really is a crazy world.

* * *

Raleigh Lodge was a large, sprawling timber construction set in a clearing in the woods at the end of a mile-long driveway. It had many sharply pitched shingled roofs, sheltered verandas and balconies with heavy fretwork ornamentation on its gable ends and several belfry towers.

Adjacent to the main building, tucked away amongst the trees, were several expensive looking cars sheltering under a continuous carport roof structure. According to the plan in the brochure the hunting ground was a fenced area extending from the rear gardens of the hotel, which also contained an outdoor shooting range and covered swimming pool.

Pippa's car drew up in front of the impressive main entrance, which had heavy timber columns supporting an outthrust sheltering roof. A golem with a body shell fashioned to resemble a doorman in grand red and gold livery, came down the steps to greet Pippa as Indigo opened the car door for her.

'Welcome to Raleigh Lodge, Madam,' he said. 'Allow me to take care of your baggage.'

He snapped his fingers. A naked slave girl harnessed to a baggage cart hurried down the ramp that flanked the steps. Pippa's bags were unloaded from the boot and piled in the cart.

Pippa turned to Indigo. 'We may be here several days. Will you be all right?'

'I shall wait with the car until called, Madam.'

'You won't get bored?'

'I shall polish the car, Madam.'

'For a week?'

'I have a sufficient supply of motive essence to sustain me, Madam. When not polishing I shall sit and wait. My kind are good at waiting.'

Pippa supposed he knew best. Taking Olwen's leash firmly in hand, she led her up the steps with the baggage cart slave following at her heels. The golem doorman held open the door and bowed them through into the cool gloom of a large lobby, heavy with the smell of wood polish on every richly gleaming floor board, wall panel, newel post and fretwork screen. Several large spreading shrubs in pots gave it a suitably arboreal atmosphere in keeping with the many paintings of hunting scenes on the walls, depicting wild looking slave girls being pursued through the woods.

To one side of the main flight of stairs was an imposing reception desk and Pippa made her way across to it. Hung on the wall behind the desk

was another tribute to the sporting theme of the lodge. Like a stuffed trophy fish on display in a glass case, a naked girl was slung under a pole that was supported at each end by heavy hooks and brackets. Broad leather straps bound her to the pole at her wrists and ankles, with her body hanging in an arc between them. Except that she was no dummy but very evidently a flesh and blood woman. Her body was marked with several bright purple star-like splashes, like compact paintball strikes. Perhaps as decoration or else as an additional torment, she had a sprig of holly growing out of her vaginal cleft, which had left scratches on her inner thighs. Maybe it was a reminder not to struggle. She hung very still in her bonds, her eyes closed and her breasts, blotched with red stripes from a caning, were rising and falling in a shallow steady rhythm.

A short rod had been inserted into her anus so that it jutted out clear of her buttocks, which were also lacerated with cane marks. Hanging from the rod a little like a tiny flag was a white card on which was neatly inscribed:

“First kill of the day. Brought down by Mr Sebastian Greystock.” followed by the previous day’s date.

Pippa wrenched her eyes off this living hunting trophy and forced a smile at the neat man in the stiff collar and dark suit behind the desk.

‘Good morning,’ she said. ‘I have a reservation: Esmeralda Stanhope. You were recommended by my friend Marcia Campbell-Stuart,’ she added, name dropping heavily. ‘She said it was such fun here so I thought I must give it a try.’

The man consulted the bookings list before him. ‘Ah... yes, Madam. Miss Stanhope and pet for one week. If you would be so good as to sign in. And if I might have your papers for the records...’

Pippa passed over her fake ID and Olwen’s slave certificate and then signed Esmeralda’s name with a flourish.

The man checked her papers and then glanced at something under the counter.

‘Ah... I see we have an urgent message for you, Madam.’ He indicated a door to one side of the desk which bore the notice: *B. Oliphant, Manager*. ‘If you would just to step into the manager’s office. By all means bring your pet with you...’

Pippa frowned. Perhaps mum had sent a telegram care of the lodge. Or was it from the castle? She hoped nothing had gone wrong.

Within was a wood-panelled room decorated with more slave hunting scenes in between the file cabinets and bookshelves. A dignified middle-aged man with greying hair and a flower in his buttonhole looked up from where he was seated behind a large desk.

‘This is Miss Stanhope, Mr Oliphant,’ the receptionist said. He placed Pippa’s papers on his desk and then withdrew.

Oliphant rose and indicated the chair in front of his desk. ‘Do take a seat, Miss Stanhope.’

Pippa sat while Olwen squatted down beside her like a dog. ‘I understand you have an urgent message for me, Mr Oliphant?’ Pippa said.

‘Yes, Madam, I do,’ said Oliphant, resuming his seat and looking at her intently. ‘And the message is this: what’s your real name and what are you doing here?’

Pippa went cold inside. But she kept her voice level as she replied: ‘What do you mean? It’s Esmeralda Stanhope, of course.’

Oliphant had picked up what looked a large silver salt cellar from his pen tray and was shaking it over her identity papers. They sparkled with an incriminating red light. ‘Fakes!’ he declared. ‘The product of some dark mage work, I’d say. We had a warning that somebody might try to enter the lodge using forged documents in the name of Stanhope. I’ve already had the home address you gave investigated. It’s an empty house!’

‘There must be some mistake,’ Pippa protested.

‘Yes, Madam, and you’ve made it by coming here under false pretences, whoever you are!’

Pippa contrived to appear haughtily offended. ‘Well, if I’m going to be insulted like this I shall take my custom elsewhere. Come along, Olwen...’

She made to rise. Oliphant pulled out a chunky looking pistol from under his desk and calmly shot Pippa and Olwen: Pippa in the leg and Olwen in the buttock. The pistol made a heavy phutt! as it discharged.

Pippa squealed in shock as she felt a stinging pain and clutched at her leg where a bright green star was spreading across her calf which burned hot and then cold as numbness flowed up through her body, sucking the strength from her. Pippa collapsed back into her chair while Olwen slumped onto the floor beside her with a whimper. Gurgling and moaning Pippa tried to get up but all she could do was twitch feebly and roll her eyes.

Oliphant came round from behind his desk and held the gun up for her to see. There were gas cylinders in its butt and a transparent drum magazine filled with large green capsules.

‘This fires a lower tranquilizing dose than the ones we use in the hunt but it’s enough to keep you from running away,’ he explained. ‘It’ll wear off in an hour. By then we should have discovered the truth. You can still talk if you try hard. Now who are you? And don’t waste my time with any more denials!’ He ran the muzzle of the pistol down into her cleavage. ‘These rounds can’t kill, of course, but at point blank range they are incredibly painful.’

As she fought back the shock and sick despair that threatened to overwhelm her Pippa’s mind raced. How could everything have gone wrong so quickly? Whatever the reason was she could not tell the truth. That would implicate both Lyn and Wolff and do none of them any good. But she had to give Oliphant some plausible explanation. How much did he know beyond the fact that she was a fake? If he had to ask her who she was then perhaps not that much.

‘I... I’m a journalist,’ she croaked. ‘I wanted to write an undercover piece... about the excesses of the rich...and the inhumane treatment of slavegirls... in exclusive places like the lodge...I hired Olwen and the car and chauffer for a week to help me look the part.’

‘A female journalist?’ Oliphant exclaimed. ‘I’ve never heard of such a thing! What newssheet do you say you work for?’

‘Freelance...’ Pippa rasped. ‘If I can sell the story I can get a job.’

‘Who put you up to this?’

‘My own idea... the Brightlingstone address connects with somebody who knows where I am... just in case something went wrong. They’ll raise the alarm if they don’t hear back from me.’

She was letting Oliphant know she was not alone. Of course Indigo and the car were only a hundred yards away... but unless he knew there was anything wrong Indigo would simply wait for her with inhuman patience and total lack of curiosity.

‘Well your friends will soon learn what’s happened to you. I shall send for the watch and they will arrest you for carrying false documentation and attempted deception. They can visit you in a prison cell.’

Getting involved with Albion version of the police force was the last thing she wanted. Pippa had no idea what her status was here and with Wolff still trapped in her world what could he do to help? She might be locked up for years. There must be some other way out.

‘No harm’s been done,’ Pippa croaked. ‘Why can’t you just let me go?’

‘Because you threaten the good order of our establishment,’ Oliphant said. ‘We have a reputation to uphold. We must make an example of you to deter others who might try to blacken our name.’

‘No... please don’t call the watch!’

Oliphant raised his eyebrows. 'Oh... do you have a personal reason for not wanting to meet them? Is it the publicity you fear... or have you been a naughty girl before?'

'In the past... I've freed oppressed slavegirls,' Pippa said, trying to sound both proud and anxious. 'I've struck a blow for justice against exploiters and slavedrivers. You can't silence me! The truth will out!'

She had no idea where this overblown version of her exploits at Honeydew's girl cattery was leading but it was making her sound more interesting and it was distracting him from calling the watch.

'What truth?' Oliphant spluttered indignantly. 'What do you know about the life of a slavegirl?'

'All I need to know!'

'What are you? A foolish little rich girl who gets a thrill out of the suffering of slaves?' His eyes narrowed. Watching her face intently he rubbed the muzzle of his gun across her breasts, pressing deep into the fabric over her nipples. Pippa moaned and rolled her eyes while her nipples swelled into hard points that showed through her jacket. 'I was right, even the thought of it arouses you!'

This sudden assumption of his, erroneous as it was, gave Pippa her chance. She tried to sound defensive. 'No it doesn't... I know you hunt girls like animals here... you want to frighten me to stop me telling the truth... but it won't work!'

Oliphant was now smiling contemptuously. He reached down under her skirt and thrust his hand between her thighs. In Albion fashion she wore no panties.

Pippa's eyes bulged in horror as his stiff fingers stabbed into her cleft and stirred it roughly. But despite the paralyzing drug she felt her pussy growing hot and wet. Damn Wolff for making the most intimate parts of her so unnaturally responsive! But then it was for moments like this that he had modified her vagina, anus and breasts. Sex was her only weapon and now it

might just win her an alternative to jail — although it would not save her from retribution in one form or another. She knew she was going to suffer.

Oliphant brought his hand out from between her legs and showed Pippa his wet fingers.

‘As I thought, you’re secretly just a silly slut seeking illicit thrills. Well, your wish will be granted. You’ll find out what girl hunts experience first-hand! I shall send a telegraph in your name to Brightlingstone confirming you’ll be spending the full week here. Then I’m going to hand the two of you over to Mr Sterne, our slavemaster. He’ll give you a lesson in slavery you’ll never forget and we’ll see how proud and feisty you are at the end of the week. My guess is by then you’ll be begging for mercy. Or maybe you’ll beg for more? Perhaps that’s what you really wanted all along?’

Pippa tried to look horrified, which was not hard. ‘No, please not that! I... I was wrong to come here... I won’t say anything bad about you. Please let me go!’

Her pitiful protests and backtracking sealed her new fate and evidently banished any last thoughts of involving the watch from Oliphant’s mind.

‘And deprive you of your story? Oh no, I wouldn’t dream of it! Your slave here can advise you how to behave properly while she shares your suffering. At the end of a week we’ll see how ready you are to tell the world the truth about slave life at the lodge — since it will be your life you’ll be exposing!’

Visibly fired up with delight at the thought of her shame and humiliation to come, Oliphant slid his hands under Pippa’s arms and then lifted her, limp as a rag doll, over to his desk. He laid her back across its green leather top with her arms spread out limply from her sides and her legs hanging over the edge.

‘Might as well start as I mean to go on, eh?’ he said with a chuckle.

Pippa felt her stomach clench. She had avoided the fire by jumping

firmly into the frying pan. Now she was going to pay the price. But at least she had bought herself time.

Oliphant dragged her skirt up over her hips, pulled her thighs wide and gaze down at the swelling mound of her naked sex appreciatively. 'Very pretty. I can see you're wet enough but what are you like inside? We like 'em tight in the Lodge.'

He freed his swelling cock from his trousers and rammed it into her pussy hole without any preamble, forcing grunts of pain and despair from her. He was hard and uncaring of her comfort, using her passage a toy for his own pleasure. Since she was almost as limp and lifeless as some plastic sex doll it seemed frighteningly appropriate.

'Yes,' Oliphant grunted, 'nice and tight and plenty hot enough...'

But although her limbs were useless her pussy seemed to be as alive as ever, ignoring her fears and shamelessly clenching onto him by reflex, craving the friction of cock flesh, her clitoris pulsing with desperate need. But Oliphant was too quick for her.

'Ahhh... good!' he exclaimed with satisfaction as he spouted inside her. 'A born slut if ever I came in one!'

Oliphant pulled out of her, moved round and wiped his soiled cock with her hair, leaving Pippa desperately unfulfilled. He tidied himself up and picked up the speaking tube next to his desk. 'Send Mr Sterne to my office, please,' he instructed. 'Tell him we have an extra slave and a new girl who needs breaking in.'

Pippa was still sprawled helplessly across the desk wide open with Oliphant's seed dribbling out of her a few minutes later when Sterne entered the office. He was a lean, hard man dressed in a tweed-like jacket with what might have been plus fours tucked into the tops of black riding boots. He had a cane hooked to his belt.

Oliphant explained Pippa and Olwen's presence. Sterne glanced briefly over Olwen, whose attributes were obvious, and then examined

Pippa's half naked body as she lay simmering miserably with frustrated desire.

‘A nice piece of responsive flesh here, Mr Oliphant,’ he declared. ‘I’ll have to find out how she takes chastising but I’d say well up to our standard.’

‘Let the staff have fun with them today to break her in and then tomorrow put them out for the guests to use,’ Oliphant said. ‘Work them up until they’re ready for a hunt. They can be the special prizes.’ He prodded Pippa. ‘This one needs special attention. You don’t have to be gentle with her. She already believes we’re cruel to our slaves so we wouldn’t want to disappoint her.’

‘It’ll be a pleasure,’ Sterne said.

* * *

The lodge’s slave quarters were situated in an interconnected complex of halls and large cellar rooms under the main building. The guests did not come down here. This was where the slaves were fed, washed, caged and prepared for use in the floors and grounds above. It was fully equipped with all manner of devices for restraining and tormenting slaves for the pleasure of their masters...

Pippa shrieked as the lash cracked across her blazing scarlet breasts again, setting them quaking and heaving. Her nipples stood up as hard and red as cherries.

‘Good fleshy tits,’ Sterne observed, pausing in his beating to squeeze and mould Pippa’s burning orbs like handfuls of rubbery dough. ‘Plenty of bounce in them. The guests will like that.’

He swung his lash again and Pippa’s scream echoed back from the stone walls of the side chamber that opened off the main slave hall. She had a rubber bit in her mouth to bite on. Saliva dribbled down her cheeks. It saved her biting her tongue or cracking her teeth but it did little to mute her shrieks of pain,

Pippa was now totally naked and lying on her back on a “Y” frame formed out of heavy black timbers set on a central pivoting mount supported by a low wheeled base. It was tilted slightly forward to present her to Sterne. Her arms pulled above her head and wrists strapped to the top end of the frame while her legs were spread wide and secured to the frame forks, so that her buttocks and sex pouch overhung the crotch of the frame and were totally exposed. Thick leather straps hung from “D” rings bolted to the frame sides were bucked about her ankles, knees, waist, her chest both above and below her breasts, elbows and wrists, holding her immovably in place.

Olwen was chained seated hunched up on the base of the frame under its fork with her back to Sterne and her wrists and ankles cuffed to its centre post so that her head was just below Pippa’s groin. She was impaled on an expanding dildo set on a ball and socket joint which flexed and moved as she did, making it virtually impossible to pull herself off it. The dildo had a short inward-curving arm with a row of small sprung in-line spur wheels on its end extending from its base. The wheels were pressed into the soft pink cleft of Olwen’s vulva. In between lashing Pippa, Sterne swiped Olwen’s bowed back, making her jerk against the spur wheels and roll their tips across her clitoris. The wood under her was already stained dark by her seeping juices.

Both girls now wore Lodge pattern collars and cuffs. It marked them as Lodge property to be used as their new master wished.

Sterne paused his lashing to feel Pippa’s simmering breasts and then her pussy. Pippa whimpered but her nipples pushed back against his palm while her flushed and swollen pussy oozed slippery juices. Inside her loins were filling with hot liquid lust.

‘For a free woman you really are a shameless tart,’ he declared. ‘Somebody should have put a collar on you years ago.’

He peeled open his flies, freeing his hard penis, and slid it into her.

This time Pippa was brimming over and ready. It was sick but she did not care. The lashing on top of Wolff’s adjustments had done its job. All she wanted to do was ease the terrible need inside her. In thirty seconds she had convulsed and bucked and drenched Sterns’ plunging shaft with her juices as

she was transported to a place beyond all cares as orgasmic fireworks burst in her brain.

When her senses returned she found Sterne pulling his softening shaft out of her sopping lovemouth.

‘Like Oliphant said, you’re a natural slut. You can’t help it, can you? In a week you’ll be eating out of my hand and begging for another shafting. I could do with a dozen more like you. You’ve no sisters, I suppose?’

Pippa shook her head wearily. She felt sick, hating what Wolff had made her into. But hell it had been incredible!

Her juices and his sperm began to drip out of her red-lipped cleft onto the back of Olwen’s neck.

‘All right,’ Sterne told Olwen, who had kept herself tucked up under the frame. ‘Now lick her clean!’

Obediently Olwen lifted her head and began to lap about Pippa’s labia, scooping up juice and sperm with her deft tongue.

‘I’ll put a notice up on the staffroom board to say you’re available,’ Sterne told Pippa. ‘I’m sure everybody will want to try you out.’ He slapped the back of Olwen’s head. ‘And after each session you lick her properly clean, understand?’

‘Yes, Master,’ Olwen promised, her words muffled by Pippa’s pussy.

Sterne went out, leaving the door of the chamber on the latch.

Olwen’s head rose up from between Pippa’s legs and she looked into her eyes across the plain of her stomach and through the valley of her breasts. Her nose and cheeks were shiny with Pippa’s juices and Pippa could feel her hot breath whispering through her pubic hair.

‘I’m sorry, Mistress. But I must do this.’

‘It’s alright, Olwen,’ Pippa said, slurring as she spoke about her bit.

‘It’s going to help.’

‘I... may not be able to stop myself climaxing, Mistress, what with having to be so intimate with your most lovely nether mouth and having this phallus inside me.’

‘I won’t blame you. Don’t fight it.’

‘I’m sorry I can’t take your place.’

‘I’ll survive. You’ve got the dirtier job.’

‘Nothing about you is dirty, Mistress,’ Olwen assured her. ‘It’s my pleasure to serve you.’

* * *

Pippa lost track of how many men had her during the rest of that interminable nightmare of a day. After a while they blurred into one singly endlessly pumping and spouting cock that pounded and bruised her insides and then anointed it with its milky offerings. For variety some used her anus, which squeezed the sperm from them even harder. She also lost track of the number of times she orgasmed. She would have thought it impossible. But for Wolff’s tinkering it would have been.

A month ago something like this would have broken her spirit and left her mentally scarred for life. Now her body seemed to view it as a challenge, stealing its own quota of lustful highs from the cocks that ravished her, practically revelling in their cruel purpose. It was both her curse and her salvation. They filled her passage with cum, she added her own outpourings and Olwen patiently and lovingly lapped the whole mess up. After every few cleanings Pippa heard Olwen pant and gasp as she pumped herself up on her impaling dildo, driving the cruel thing deep inside her and whimpering as the spurs rolled through her streaming cleft and over the hard nub of her clitoris until she rode it to an orgasm. She was a slave, modified by Wolff to suit his tastes, and she could not help giving into her darker desires any more than Pippa.

But at some point, for good and ill, it finally ended. No more men came. Pippa lay in her frame numbed, dazed and exhausted while Olwen sat hunched between her legs with her cheek pressed against Pippa's swollen vulva, resting her aching jaws and tongue. The scent of spent sperm and girl juice hung heavy in the air.

Sterne returned to the chamber and examined Pippa's ravage sex with interest. 'I hear you enjoyed serving half the staff. A hot little pussy, they said. Kept spraying your juices over them like a cat on heat.' Pippa shook her head, trying to salvage some pride. 'Couldn't help yourself, then? Maybe you belong here.'

He freed them from the frame. After hours of confinement they groaned as they tried to stand up straight. Cuffing their arms behind them and putting them on leashes he led them out into the main hall to the showers and toilet pans, where they cleaned themselves up.

Then he applied healing cream to their well-used and abused sexes and Pippa's breasts. The pain melted away leaving only the deeper aches and sense of being utterly drained and for a few perverse, delirious seconds they loved Sterne for his kindness, even though they knew it was not being done out of compassion. He was teaching them that he could control how long they suffered. It was the first step to breaking them to his will.

Sterne took them to the cage room, where rows of cell doors were let into the walls. He locked them into a cage just large enough for the two of them with a mattress on the floor and a thin blanket. About half the cages in the room were filled with naked girls. A trolley pulled by a slave girl and manned by a golem was going round. Tin plates of food with wooden spoons were slid under the door.

Ravenous, Pippa and Olwen gobbled it up. Then they huddled together under their blanket. Her reservations about intimacy with Olwen having been blown away by events, Pippa simply felt grateful she had a warm friendly body next to her to give her comfort in a purely sexless way.

It had been the worst torment she had so far suffered since she had fallen under Wolff's power. She had been gang-banged, multiply violated

and beaten. And yet somehow here she was only an hour after it ended, shaky and aching but functioning almost normally. It was as though her orgasms had been an antidote against what had been done to her. She may have responded at the time like a slut but she had not been broken. Perhaps it was a kind of power. But it did not alleviate her sense of the hopelessness of her position and the guilty misery of failure.

‘What went wrong, Mistress?’ Olwen asked as she rested her head on Pippa’s shoulder. ‘How did they know we were fakes?’

Pippa had been thinking about this, as well as her lust-filled mind had allowed, in between entertaining Lodge staff between her thighs.

‘We were worried about Durand having us followed by road, but he must have been intercepting the telegraphs we’ve been sending from the castle through the village post office telegraph station. He found out we’d been communicating with the lodge using that contact of Wolff’s to help get in and must have warned them to be on the lookout for anybody booking in as Esmeralda Stanhope. I wonder how long he’s been listening in? I hope Mum’s alright. She didn’t contact her lady at Longshore Beach directly so maybe he doesn’t know anything about her.’

‘What else do you think he told the manager about us, Mistress?’

‘Possible not exactly why he was interested in us. That would be hard to explain. It may even have been an anonymous tip off. He’s probably happy enough for us to get arrested knowing that will screw up Wolff’s chances of getting back. Although now Durand’s released Ultradom and it’s been such a success he may not be so worried about the competition. Wolff’s not got anything comparable ready to steal Durand’s thunder even if he got back tomorrow.’

‘So what do we do, Mistress?’

‘We get through this a day at a time,’ she told her. ‘Obviously if we see any chance of escaping we take it. Indigo should still be there with the car. If we can reach that we’re away. But if not, well, realistically a week is the longest Oliphant can keep us here. Then he’ll either have to free us or

hand us over to the watch. By then it would be hard to explain the delay so I hope he'll be satisfied with having had his private revenge so he'll let us go. We may simply have to last until then. I'm sorry, this isn't going to be the luxury picnic it should have been. How are you feeling?

'I'm a slave, Mistress,' Olwen said lightly. 'I'm used to this. It's better than the cattery. At least I know who I am now and how I got here.' She looked at Pippa with large adoring eyes. 'And I'm happy as long as I'm with you.'

* * *

Early the next morning they were roused with the other slave girls and washed and fed. Breakfast was some kind of simple sweet porridge with nuts and dried fruit mixed in with it, but it was at least substantial. They would not be underfed. But then they were no doubt going to work hard for both it and their supper.

Still conscious of their mission, Pippa looked out for Hortensia/Marian amongst the bare bodies of their companions, but she did not see her. That did not necessarily mean she was no longer at the Lodge. About half the cages had been empty to start with. Presumably there were many other girls working the night shift serving guests in their bedrooms and Marian might be amongst them.

She was aware of odd looks from the other girls who were obviously curious about her and Olwen. Perhaps she might be able to question some of them about Marian later. But for now they were given little opportunity for idle chatter by their overseers, who clearly wanted them ready to serve as quickly as possible.

When they were ready they were taken away by handlers both singly and in groups of different sizes, presumably to serve as required throughout the lodge and its grounds. Sterne took personal charge of Pip and Olwen, pairing them up with four other girls, who he assembled into a coffle.

'I thought I'd start you with something easy,' he told Pippa and Olwen. 'Today you're going to be part of a Lodge speciality novelty feature.'

He showed them the small box of potion phials he was carrying. Each held a slightly different tint of pale cream fluid. Pippa shuddered but of course there was no escaping them. He fed one to each of them. It tasted of nothing Pippa could recognize and seemed to have no immediate effect on her.

Sterne led them through the underground halls to a staircase that carried them up and out of a heavy door covered in green beige marked: *Staff Only*. They emerged into a hallway lined with hunting prints and potted palms. Sterne led them along the passage.

As they shuffled along Pippa realised her breasts were beginning to feel hot and heavy and the skin about them was getting tight. She looked down to see they were becoming visibly plumper by the second and lifting as though they were being inflated from within.

She heard moans and sighs from the other girls. Pippa twisted about to look at Olwen who was chained behind her in the coffle and saw she was staring helplessly down at her own neat flesh apples which were swelling into the size of grapefruits, while her nipples were growing in proportion, darkening as they did so. At the same time Pippa realised her own nipples were thickening and standing out, forming fat brown cones. In moments the whole chain of them were carrying heavy breasts that stood out from their chests, swaying heavily with impossible pneumatic curves and plumpness.

Oh God how she hated magic potions!

The hall opened out into a fern-fringed seating area opposite a tall bay window with a view out across the surrounding woods. In the middle of this space was what looked like the base of a small empty hexagonal fountain about six feet across. Its sides were knee high and it had a man-high central hexagonal structure of metal rods and six outward-projecting levers, upward projecting rubber dildos and sets of straps. Set out on the lip of each face of the fountain base was a tray bearing a row of empty glass tumblers and a pair of silver tongs.

Sterne had the girls climb into the empty pool and stand with their backs to the central mechanism, impaling their bottom holes on the dildos.

He strapped their ankles to the base of the device and their wrists to sliding rings set in channels in the vertical frame rods. Their collars were linked to arms linked to the projecting levers, each of which was connected to a coil spring and radiated out from the structure at forty-five degree angles. Now they all stood with their backs straight against the frame, their postures enforced by the straps and anal dildos, and their swollen glossy breasts thrust out and quivering slightly.

Sterne went round the fountain giving each lever a test pull. They pulled each girl forwards by her collar, bending her at the waist about her impaling dildo, until her head overhung the side of the pool and her breasts hung under her like pink melons. When release the leavers and the girls returned to the upright position.

‘You are now a living milkshake fountain,’ he told them. ‘For you newcomers the Lodge is famous for the quality of its girl milk and each of you will now deliver it in a different fruit flavour.’ He had half a dozen white printed cards fitted with small wire hooks that he hung on their collar rings. Pippa’s read: *I deliver Lime flavoured milk*. ‘Your udders may be squeezed, pressed or tugged according to the guests’ desire, but however you are milked you will be grateful and thank them for tasting you.’

And so began perhaps the most surreal day Pippa had yet spent in Albion.

The first guests began appearing shortly after Sterne left them. They moved round the fountain, prodding the full mammaries on display as they decide which flavour they would try. Then they would take up a beaker and hold it under the girls as they pulled on their respective lever, bending them forward and down to meet the glass. Such was the quantity of milk the girls carried that they only had to press the rims firmly upward against their breasts, squashing them inward, to make the warm milk spurt out of their nipples into the beaker, which it did in half a dozen different pastel tints and flavours.

Pippa felt sick at what had been done to her, squirming and tugging at her straps, even as she marvelled at the achievement. She could smell her own milk and it really was lime flavoured.

Some guests liked to milk the girls using the tongs provided, locking the levers to hold them bent over and then clamping the tongs about the fat globes and squeezing so that the fruit-flavoured milk jetted out of them in long hissing spurts.

Still others preferred to use their fingers on their teats, draining them in delicate spurts into their beakers almost as they would milk an animal. But then that was what they now were, Pippa thought: pleasure animals. Hardly human any more.

But what made it a truly perverse torment was that it was all so disgustingly exciting. The pressure within Pippa's swollen breasts added to the tension on her already unnaturally sensitized nipples. Now they had also been enlarged it made every drop that passed through them a perversely exciting process. She could feel it flow out of her like a mini orgasmic steaming discharge. Her anus clenched about the dildo up her backside, making secret love to it, while her pussy felt slick and wet. She hoped the smell of fresh warm flavoured girl milk would mask her odour of lust.

'How are you doing?' Pippa whispered during a lull to Olwen who was secured immediately on her right.

Olwen groaned. 'I sometimes wished I had larger breasts, Mistress. But not now.'

'Well I think your normal sized boobies are just right,' Pippa assured her.

She could hear the sudden change in Olwen's voice. 'Oh, do you? Thank you, Mistress.'

The girl secured on Pippa's left, whose collar tag said she was named Ellenna, twisted her head round to stare at Pippa.

'Did she call you "Mistress"?' she asked curiously. 'Are you... were you, free?'

'Well obviously not for the moment,' said Pippa. 'I wanted to write a

story for the newssheets about the lodge and tried to get in using a fake reference, but Oliphant caught me. This is my punishment.'

Ellenna lowered her eyes in the automatic deferential way conditioned slaves did to free people. 'Oh... that must be hard, Mistress.'

'I'll survive,' Pippa said, trying to sound confident. 'Do our boobs ever go back to normal?'

'Oh yes, Mistress. Sterne'll give us the antidote this evening.'

'Hear that, Olwen? You've just got to hang on until then.'

'Yes, Mistress.'

'Have you done this many times before?' Pippa asked Ellenna

'A few, Mistress. It's better than the hunt. Except when it gets quiet.'

'What do you mean?'

'You'll see, Mistress...'

At about eleven Oliphant came round to inspect them. He had brought his own mug and had a squeeze from each of them, smacking his lips as he savoured each like a connoisseur. He spent longer sampling the flow from Pippa's breasts than he did any of the others, delighting in her evident shame. Despite the illicit thrill passing milk gave her she did, paradoxically, still feel some shame.

'Whatever your other failings, Esmeralda, you deliver excellent quality milk,' he declared. He reached over and toyed with her slippery wet slot, making her shudder. 'And still just as slutty, I see. We'll have to work you harder.'

About lunchtime a pimply, gangling lad came round with a water flask and a pee bucket fitted with a hose and funnel. He gave them water and allowed them to empty their bladders. As he worked his way round the fountain he took a few quick and probably illicit sips from their breasts

straight from the nipples, flicking their full globes playfully as he did so.

Over lunch there was a lull in guest activity and the girls began to suffer as Ellenna had warned. Their re-filling breasts (how they were restored so quickly Pippa could not guess) were no longer being drained and soon became painfully engorged. Drops of milk forced out of them by internal pressure gathered on their nipples and dripped in the stone basin at their feet, but it was not enough to ease the pain. It need some external pressure, even quite slight, to force a decent flow from them. Frightened that they would burst they began to “sing” as Sterne had said, although it was more of a litany of increasingly desperate pleas choked out at any passing guest, or indeed member of staff.

‘Please have a sip from my tits Master! I make a lovely orange flavour!’

‘Lemon girl milk, Master’

‘Please drink me! Taste the strawberry!’

‘See how full of lovely blackcurrant I am.’

‘I’m dribbling banana shake, Master.’

‘Two boobs bursting with lime girlmilk for anybody who wants it!’

They were profusely grateful to each one who heeded their calls. Could she sink any lower, Pippa wondered miserably? She had been reduced to the level of a cow begging any passing stranger to milk her.

As the afternoon hunt began the hotel virtually emptied and they really began to suffer: groaning and writhing in their frames, jiggling their dribbling, milk-laden breasts which felt ready to pop. It was a terrible lesson but some slave girls needed to be used all the time. Then the young lad who had earlier watered them appeared once more with half a dozen metal cans, into which he squeezed their milk, one flavour per can, handling their breasts just like udders and pulling down on their swollen teats to release copious spurts of pastel tinted fluid.

The combination of her milk flowing at such force through her super-sensitized nipples, his hands on her distended breasts and the relief from pain was too much for Pippa and she actually had a mini-orgasm as he milked her. And she didn't care.

'They chill and bottle it for the guests to drink later, Mistress,' Ellenna explained, while Pippa hung limp in her frame savouring her delight.

How they loved the lad for easing their suffering and did not begrudge the extra sips he again stole from their nipples. In fact they would happily all have screwed him if their positions had allowed, despite his pimples. 'Thank you master...' they said with heartfelt gratitude as he left.

There was another brief flurry of activity about the milk fountain as guests began to return from the hunt and sought refreshment. Pippa heard them recounting their adventures out in the woods as they sat or stood round the fountain. The majority were men, some dressed in hunting gear of deerstalkers and gaiters, others safari jackets.

'... finally had her in my sights when some other blighter popped her first...'

'... I bagged two of them, a redhead and a chocolate-skinned one. I'm going to put them nose to tail later and see how they perform...'

'... a clean shot right on the buttock but she still made it to cover before she keeled over so I had to drag her out...'

'... ran my buggy into a stream, didn't I, so I had to walk back...'

The girl milk fountain was finally closed as the guests went in for dinner. Sterne fed them the antidote to the milk potion, their breasts were drained once more and this time to their huge relief they did not refill.

They were put into a coffle and taken back down to the cellars where they were washed and fed. The other girls were then returned to their respective cages but Sterne held Pippa and Olwen back.

‘Mr Oliphant suggested, since you’ve been standing around all day, evidently enjoying yourselves from the state of your pussies, that you needed some more exercise,’ he told them. ‘Now we’ve got a few guests who were unlucky in the hunt who need cheering up. Or at least they need some pretty bodies to console them... and perhaps to take out their frustrations on.’

* * *

Jasper Locke was a solid, square-jawed man with a pencil moustache and close dark hair combed straight back from a widow’s peak. In between her sobs of pain, Pippa thought he could have stepped straight out of a film of the nineteen thirties or forties where he would have been playing the slightly suspect man with superficial charms who at first attracts the heroine but who loses her affections to the leading man. He then either stoically departs accepting the better man won or else shows his true colours and tries to bump him off in a final dramatic scene, usually involving a high cliff or perhaps a train.

Locke was evidently not the stoic type.

‘At least you two won’t get away from me, eh?’ he said.

That was certainly true. Olwen and Pippa were in Locke’s bedroom bound to a frame composed of a sturdy central post mounted on a low solid base with a T-bar crossing it at about head height. Olwen and Pippa both faced inward, looking into each other’s faces over the T-bar, to the ends of which their wrists were cuffed. Chains from the post were also hooked to their collar rings, making it impossible to pull away from it. Their spread feet rested with their toes touching on the base of the frame with their ankles cuffed to tether rings. They were both bent sharply at the hips which were thrust outwards from the frame, held there by adjustable angled rods fixed to its centre post which drove padded bars into the pits of their stomachs. This meant that their buttocks and groins were grossly exposed, with their pubic pouches and anuses on display and offered up for whatever kind of use or abuse their master cared to inflict upon them.

To add to their misery Locke had clipped light chains to their nipples with cruel metal toothed spring clamps and then linked them together, the

chains running through rings set in the sides of the central post. The tension in the chains, opposing the outthrust of their hips, stretched their breasts out as though they were pointing at each other. They could feel each other's slightest movements through them. Their mouths were stuffed with ball gags, to mute their cries of pain in consideration of the comfort of the guests in neighbouring rooms. They drooled about the gags while looking into each other's tear-reddened eyes.

Locke was clad in a dressing gown open at the front to expose his considerable erection. He had a whisky glass in one hand and a spanking paddle in the other. He had already used it to turn his captives' buttocks a burning scarlet. Now he circled round them, sipping his spirit and lashing them with the paddle, using an underarm swing that caught the bulge of their buttocks on the rise. With their backs bent and legs stretched stiffly forward braced against the thrust of the rod in their stomachs, their pubic mounds pouted beyond the curve of their thighs. Locke smacked his paddle into them with the same satisfaction as he paddled their backsides

'Now that is a fine sound,' he said, half to himself and half to them. 'Rubber on girl flesh. It warms the heart. That's what I missed today. The bitches were too fast for me. I was hoping to have the prize for the first to be brought back to the gate. Never mind, eh? Better luck tomorrow.' And he swung his paddle again.

He was just playing with them, warming them up for what was to come.

And yet, perversely, both Pippa and Olwen were wet with desire. Their juices dripped from their sexes onto the floor or else were splattered across the blade of the paddle. But their need was not for their abuser's cock, although they would be getting that soon enough, but for the release that only orgasms could bring. Both Olwen and Pippa essentially had the responses of slaves and could not deny them.

From the box of accessories the Lodge thoughtfully provided for its guests to use on their girls, Locke found a set of spring clips which he attached to the outer lips of their pubes so that the handles hung downward. They whimpered as the metal teeth bit into their sore labia already heated by

the paddling. Now the clips made them pinch and bunch up unnaturally. After letting them suffer for several minutes, Locke selected a long whippy cane, stood back from them and one by one flicked the clips off their fleshy mounts with its tip, skimming it across their buttocks. Pippa and Olwen screeched in pain as the jaws were torn from their tender flesh.

Locke delved in the box and found two strings of pearls: a dozen rubber balls of different sizes from beads to table tennis, strung closely on a heavy wire with a handle on one end. He anointed the strings with the ointment that came with them and then fed them into Pippa and Olwen's reluctant rectums. They clenched to try to stop him but they were not strong enough to prevent the balls entering their naturally greased and slick interiors. They gasped and moaned as he forced the different sized spheres past their anal sphincters which bulged and pinched as they swallowed each one in turn until their passages were stuffed and only the handles projected from between their trembling rosy-cheeked buttocks, which now bulged unnaturally. The handles had ball-tipped hooks on their sides by their bases and these he then hooked into the mouths of their vaginas.

For a few minutes Locke circled his living tableau, chuckling as he watched the girls wriggle and squirm with increasing desperation as the ointment burned and itched within them and they strained to expel the strings, only to be prevented by the hooks digging painfully into the walls of their vaginal passages.

Standing to one side and taking fistfuls of hair in his hands he twisted both their heads towards him so he could look them in the eye at the same time, savouring their flushed faces and tear-filled eyes. 'Do you want me to take them out?' he asked.

They snivelled and whimpered and nodded desperately.

He freed the hook in Olwen's vagina, grasped the handle and yanked hard. There was what sounded almost like a ripping sound as the string of balls was torn out of her sore backside's tight flesh well, and she sobbed and shuddered with shock. Locke then did the same to Pippa. She had a minor orgasm as her sensitized anus bulged, gaped and clenched about the string of balls as they were ripped out of her. Helplessly she sprayed her juices across

the carpet while her multiply stretched anus gaped wide.

By now Pippa and Olwen were half crazed by the need to have him inside them so they could find some proper release. Locke ran his hands through their simmering, dribbling pussy clefts, making them roll their eyes up in shuddering desire, teetering on the brink as he read the depth of their desire.

‘Hot sluts, aren’t you? Gagging for it. Want to feel a real man’s cock inside you?’ They nodded frantically. He pulled their ball gags out. ‘Tell me how much you want it.’

‘Shove your shaft up me now, Master!’ Olwen begged. ‘I’ll die if you don’t.’

Pippa’s pride shredded as she begged: ‘I need you inside me, Master. Don’t be gentle. Ram it up as far as it will go. I’ve got to cum!’

‘Do you want it up your cunnymouth or your asshole?’ he asked.

‘Either... both!’ Pippa shrieked. ‘Just do it now, please!’

Locke obliged. Positioning himself behind her he bent over and clasped her throbbing tethered breasts and rammed his straining manhood up Pippa’s slippery bottom hole. After half a dozen thrusts he pulled out of her sucking rectum and moved round to Olwen’s dripping vagina, taking hold her nipple-chained tits in turn. After a quick riddle inside that he pulled his dripping shaft out and moved up to her anus. Then he came back round to Pippa’s gaping vagina...

And they came all over him.

* * *

When he was at last totally drained and content, Locke could not be bothered to unfasten Pippa and Olwen from the frame. So he threw a cover over them as they were and went to bed. In the muffled, close, dark stillness Pippa whispered: ‘The sodding lazy bastard! Bed for him and a night

strapped in this thing for us.'

'Yes, Mistress,' Olwen agreed softly.

'Are all the guests going to be this mean?'

'Maybe only the ones who miss out at the hunt, Mistress.'

'Can we sleep in this, do you think?' Pippa wondered. 'It should be impossible... but I'm so tired I probably will. And we have to keep our strength up for tomorrow. What about you?'

But Olwen was already asleep.

* * *

Little concern was shown for their uncomfortable night. The next morning, still stiff and aching, they were removed from Locke's room by silent attendants with soft shoes and pass keys, while he was still sleeping, and taken down to the slave quarters. His sperm was flushed out of their orifices and they were showered and fed. During their meal they managed to exchange a few words with Ellenna who sympathised at Locke's treatment of them.

'He's a regular at the Lodge but not as good a hunter as he'd like think, Mistress,' she explained.

And yet, even after the way he treated us, we could not help cuming when he screwed us, Pippa thought ruefully. Are we such masochists? Or are men like him really the tools we need to help us achieve the most perverted pleasures? What was Albion doing to her?

After breakfast Sterne took Pippa and Olwen, together with another selection of four girls, upstairs and through the still quiet corridors of the Lodge to the Guest Lounge.

It was a large room decorated in the lodge style with a profusion of potted plants to give it an outdoors atmosphere, highly carved woodwork and girl hunting paintings and photographs. A large audivid screen hung over the

chimney breast of an iron fireplace, in which sat an impressive pile of logs ready for colder weather. On the wall opposite it was a row of what appeared to be half a dozen identical empty square picture frames, set at head height, with oval holes in their middles that appeared to have padded edges, which puzzled Pippa.

The Lounge was furnished with deep club chairs and side tables grouped into many little islands. Between them were scattered several large tigerskin rugs. They had curious “X” shaped indentations within them suggesting the rugs were laid over shallow recesses in the floor. The heads of the tiger skins appeared to be hollow with a hole at the back. Beside each rug were oddly shaped pieces of what might have been thick clear plastic sheet.

Temporarily tethering the other girls to one side, Sterne had Pippa and Olwen lay face down on a pair of the rugs within sight of each other. Pippa found her body sinking into the indentation in the floor beneath the rug and realised it matched the shape of a spread-eagled woman with her arms and legs stretched out to match the limbs of the animal. There were clips protruding through the skins which Sterne snapped to their wrist and ankle cuffs, holding them in place. Sterne fed their heads through the holes at the back of the skin heads and they found themselves peering out through its gaping jaws. There were integral rubber bit bars built into the jaws and these were pushed into their mouths.

Because of the recesses under them the backs of their arms, chests and legs were now a little below the level of the rest of the rug, with only their buttocks forming fleshy hillocks above it. Sterne bent down and worked at something set in the floor under their groins. Sprung dildos slid up through slits in the rug and into their vagina's. Then he laid the sections of clear plastic across them. They fitted the indentations in the rugs, tabs in their sides sliding through more slits in the rugs and located into slots in the floor, holding them in place so they would not slide about.

The sheeting covered their arms, legs and backs and left only their buttocks exposed.

Sterne addressed them both. ‘Now you’re both pretty girlskin rugs. When the guests use the Lounge they like to be reminded what they’re

hunting for. You'll feel them walking over you, although the covers will spread their weight enough to make it tolerable. It's good to have a girl underfoot where she belongs. Your behinds will suffer a little more hurt when they're trodden on but there's padding under you and you've enough flesh on your rumps to take it. Anyway that's what they're for. You'll find the weight will push the dildo's up inside you which will give you something else to think about. You may growl and whimper when this happens. The guests find this highly amusing. You'll be swapped round this afternoon.'

Sterne secured the rest of the girls on the other rugs in the same manner and then left the room.

Pippa could just see Olwen's face from where she lay. The other girl raised her eyebrows in resignation. They would literally have to lie down and take it. They had no other choice. Pippa found her vagina squeezing about the dildo head, as though trying to draw reassurance from it. She realized she was beginning to think of the presence of such things inside her as comforting. They weren't to blame for the use her masters put them to and they could give her huge pleasure. How weird was this getting?

Movement up on the wall of empty picture frames caught her eye. One of the frames at the end had split down the middle and the two halves had slid apart, revealing a space behind it. A slave girl's head, shoulders and breasts emerged through the hole. Her arms were secured behind her in some means Pippa could not see. She had a large red ball gag in her mouth that stretched her lips wide and bared her teeth while a very broad collar held her head stiffly upright. The halves of the picture then closed about her torso with a click, the padded edges of the holes pressing tight about her, leaving her only visible from the chest up starting just beneath her breasts which hung down over the frame. With her arms pulled back behind her only the smooth swells of her shoulders showed and she almost appeared armless.

Even as Pippa blinked at the sudden grotesque appearance, the picture next to her split open and the head and shoulders of a second slave girl appeared. And then she understood. They were perverted parodies of stuffed animal head hunting trophies. In a place where the prey was human females it made a twisted kind of sense.

In a few minutes the row of living trophy heads was complete and the Lounge was ready for the use of the guests.

* * *

The lounge began to fill after breakfast. Hunters and their companions wandered in to chat or read books or newssheets in a quiet corner. Details of yesterday's hunt were gone over as were tactics for today's.

The topless trophy girls and the naked girlskin rugs were of course part of the normal décor to these people and hardly rated more than a glance. But a few guests made it a point to examine the trophy girls up close, pinching their nipples and slapping their breasts, making the girls' wince and snuffle. Pippa and the other living girlskin rugs also received the attentions of some guests who made a point of walking across them. The plastic covers flexed slightly under their weight, pressing them down into the padding of the skins that lined the floor recesses. Pippa shivered as she felt herself being stood on for the first time. It was so utterly demeaning. Your place is underfoot, it said without any words needing to be spoken. We are above you. She felt disgusted... even as she clamped the dildo even tighter inside her.

Inevitably, like the other girls, her naked and exposed rump attracted particular interest. Several prodded her rear sharply with their toes to see how her bottom flesh rippled and trembled. A couple of men made a point of wiping their feet on her backside, rolling her soft plump buttocks about with their soles and then grinding their heels into her anal cleft to make their point. To us you're no better than a living doormat, their action said. This is all you're good for.

Other shoes pressed down upon her bottom in a deliberate rhythm driving her hips painfully into the padding under her, at the same time forcing the dildo, which they could see between her legs, into her sex again and again. They laughed as she snivelled and growled about her gag in pain and frustration. What they did not know was that she was struggling to silence that dark subversive voice from depths of her mind which said: *Please walk on me again!*

But surely she could not be enjoying this? That was so sick. She certainly had no desire for any of the men who were tormenting her (not that she could see much of them from floor level inside a tiger's head.) But was she aroused by the sensations surrounding her degradation and mistreatment? Was this incipient masochism?

To her relief Pippa's attention was distracted from her misery and inner conflict by the trophy heads. At irregular intervals they began to rock slightly, grunt and roll their eyes. This went on for a few minutes at a time and then it would suddenly cease, leaving them, as far as she could judge from her viewpoint and with their mouths stuffed full, looking dazed or else dejected.

What was happening to them?

* * *

That afternoon, when the guests all went off to the hunt, the tiger skin and trophy girls were taken out of their bondage for a pee and watering. Then their roles were swapped round. Sterne took Pippa, Olwen and the other skin girls through a door beside the lounge marked: Relief Room. Then Pippa understood what she had seen.

The room was long and narrow with half a dozen curtained cubicles down one side. The girls were lined up one in front of each cubicle. Red rubber ball gags were put in their mouths and their arms were strapped tightly behind them so that their elbows touched. Their regular collars were replaced by high posture collars that held their necks rigid, lifted their chins and made it hard to turn their heads. Then they were moved into the cubicles.

Pippa saw there was a small platform at the back of each set against the wall. It had tethers tied to rings on each side. Above the platform light came through an oval hole set in a recessed frame. She was stood on the platform and her legs were spread so that her ankle cuffs could be tied to the tethers. Then a lever was pulled and the frame slid apart. She was bent forward and her head and shoulders were pushed through the aperture so they emerged from the wall of the lounge. The frame closed about Pippa's chest and upper arms, the padding moulding itself about her, holding her tight and

making it impossible for her to pull back through.

Twisting her head round as far as her collar allowed and rolling her eyes sideways, Pippa she saw Olwen's head, shoulders and pretty boobs emerging from the frame beside her. In another couple of minutes the rest of them were in place.

From her vantage point Pippa watched as the girls they had replaced took their places in turn on the tiger skins. Then the normal routine was resumed.

By mid-afternoon guests began returning from the hunt. Pippa watched them walk over the backs of the rug girls and wipe their feet on their pretty bottoms. Others played with her, commenting on her face and the fullness of her breasts, which they squeezed and pinched appreciatively.

Pippa and the other trophy girls could only be admired and fondled from the lounge side, but if a guest liked the look of her face and breasts, he could always go round to the relief room and sample the rest of her delights. During the course of the afternoon and evening several did.

She would feel unseen male hands grasping her hips or perhaps slapping her bottom to warm her up, and then a cock would slide up her vagina or rectum and pound away inside her until it spouted. And as it did so she would grunt and moan about her gag ball, her breasts bobbing slightly with each thrust. Her eyes would screw up as she raced her invisible rider to a climax so she could lose herself for a few wonderful moments. Too often he came before she did and she was left frustrated and dripping with his sperm but aching for more. She could not help it.

And then shamelessly, feeling like the slut Oliphant and Sterne said she was, Pippa pleaded with her eyes for somebody else to have mercy on her and finish what he had started.

* * *

Late that night, as Pippa and Olwen lay in their cell with their backs aching from hours bent over in the relief room, Olwen suddenly touched

Pippa's arm and pointed across the room at a dark-haired girl who was wearily entering a cage opposite.

‘That’s Hortensia, Mistress,’ she hissed.

Pippa only caught a passing glimpse at her. ‘Are you sure?’

‘Yes, Mistress. Her hair’s a different colour but I’m sure.’

At least their target was still on the premises. Now all that remained was the small matter of somehow coupling with her before Oliphant decide they’d been punished enough and threw them out. They weren’t likely to have another chance after that.

* * *

The next day, their fourth in captivity, Sterne took Pippa and Olwen, together with Ellenna and half a dozen other girls, outside to the target range. In a coffle they were led through a heavy door at the end of the main slave hall. This opened onto a narrow tunnel with a brick arched roof lit at intervals by small lighting globes. At the end was a flight of steps that led up to another door. This opened into a small square brick building with barred gates and grille-covered windows looking out across a fenced enclosure. To one side behind a mesh screen a guard stood in front of a panel of levers. He nodded respectfully to Sterne and pulled one of the controls and the gate in front of them opened.

Sterne marched them through it out into a rectangular yard surrounded by high mesh fences topped by barbed wire. They saw they were at the back of the lodge just beyond its terraced gardens. It was the first time they had been outdoors since they had arrived and the fresh air felt good. It also improved their chances of escaping. Although Pippa was ninety-five percent certain Oliphant would let them go at the end of their week, if the opportunity arose she would be out of there.

To their left was a gate leading to a spur of the drive that ran round to the front of the house. Pippa looked longingly at it. All they had to do was reach the car park. A minute’s freedom would be enough. Oliphant would

have no reason to move Indigo or the car. That was why she had said they were hired for the week. If he believed they were not her property he would not want to get into some dispute with a hire company by interfering with them.

Ahead was a gate opening onto a compound sheltered by a carport-like roof under which were parked about twenty small three-wheeled bikes a little like one-man golf buggies, which were clearly intended to transport the guests during the hunt. They had carry frames over the back pair of wheels with an empty space below with the fittings of a motive-essence powered engine waiting to be clamped to the body of a slave girl who would become part of each machine and provide the interface between the driver and the power unit. The carry frames had straps fitted to them which no doubt were there to bind the bodies of captured hunt girls so they could be transported back in triumph to the Lodge.

To their right was a gate opening onto the hunting ground itself. It was an expanse of ground comprising of patches of open heath interspersed with stands of pine, laurel bushes, thistle, gorse and heather which undulated away as far as she could see.

Almost behind them was a fourth gate that opened onto a long high-walled enclosure subdivided into smaller sections and fitted with an assortment of devices and larger structures. There were multicoloured splash marks across almost every wall and partition. Evidently this was the target range.

As Sterne led them towards the gate that gave access to the range, Pippa asked Ellenna, who was secured ahead of her: 'Why all the fences and security out here? There's nothing like it inside the Lodge.'

'It's to keep us from escaping the hunting ground, Mistress. To make us more exciting prey we're given a potion to make us behave like wild savages. For a while it overrides our obedience conditioning. When we're like that we often try to escape.'

'Have you ever tried?'

‘I’m not sure, Mistress. While the potion is active you’re either feeling fear or anger or lust towards anybody about you. It’s hard to think clearly. Afterwards your memories are all mixed up.’

That’s something to look forward to, Pippa thought grimly as the guard in the booth remotely opened the gate and they marched into the Target Range.

Sterne brought them to a halt in the middle of the range. There were some Lodge staff already at work setting up and checking the various devices. No doubt the guests would begin to arrive shortly to hone their target skills in preparation for their next hunt. Pippa looked round at the various frames and devices with growing alarm. This was going to be painful.

‘You’ll be rotated between the ranges through the day,’ Sterne told them. ‘Remember I want to see you keep lively. The guests’ want practice on targets that move about like the real thing. As an incentive the loads they use will not paralyse you like hunting rounds, but they will sting. The more you’re hit the more they sting.’ He singled out Pippa and Olwen and smiled. ‘And I’ve got just the device to start you two on.’

* * *

Inside a circular enclosure was a continuous raised track of wooden boards laid across supporting posts, with steps and curves built into it, just wide enough for one girl to run along at a time. Wooden flats, cut and painted to resemble trees, and bushes were set up on either side of the raised track, with many gaps between them. In the middle of this track was a heavy post twelve feet high driven deep into the ground on top of which was a swivel mount which was bolted to the middle of a long cross beam, the ends of which overhung the track below. From rings bolted to the beam ends hung heavy coil springs. These attached to the middle of short lengths of two by four. From the ends of these hung ropes with hangman’s nooses on their ends. The nooses were pulled painfully tight about the roots of Pippa and Olwen’s breasts. Their arms were bound behind them and lighter cords tied to the nooses and then about their chests ensured they could not slip off.

Desperately Pippa ran round the weaving and undulating track with

the beam to which they were so intimately attached swinging round above them, keeping each of them on opposite sides of the track from the other. A hunter stood in the middle of the track beside the central post, firing at them as they flashed into sight from behind the shelter of the fake vegetation using a rifle with gas cylinders in its stock and a large transparent drum magazine filled with yellow projectiles. An attendant stood beside him with a bucket and cloth at the ready.

Their bottoms twinkled as their buttocks rolled and their pinched breasts bounced stiffly. Sweat poured down their faces and ran between their bound breasts. They blinked it out of their eyes which were fixed on the track before them. Winged by shots that let splashes of bright yellow on their flesh they grimly stumbled on. As Sterne had said the shots did not paralyze but they stung fiercely.

The terrible noose ropes ran up over their shoulders as they hauled the beam round after them. With every dip or weave in the track the ropes tightened and the nooses pinched about their breasts in warning. Pippa desperately did not want to fall off.

She heard Olwen squeal as she was hit twice in the left buttock. She missed her footing and slid off the track. Pippa had been told by Sterne in no uncertain terms that she was not to stop in such circumstances but to keep the beam turning, even though it swung Olwen further out from the track. Olwen's legs kicked in empty air as the spring above her lengthened and her whole weight was taken by the nooses about her breasts, which bunched up against them. She shrieked in pain, spinning about, her feet flailing as she tried to regain her foothold. The hunter put two more shots into his flying prey, smacking into her stomach.

The pain was too much and Olwen peed in mid-air, the sparkling spray flying across the track. Despite her instructions Pippa slowed to allow Olwen to put her feet down again and so the hunter turned and shot her as well. Pippa fell outward, clinging onto the lip of the track with her toes while her big breasts were squeezed up into pink balloons. The hunter laughed at her predicament and carefully shot her in both breasts, covering them with yellow stars. Pippa screamed, fell off kicking wildly and then like Olwen helplessly wet herself.

The hunter laughed again.

When he had used up all his ammunition, the attendant freed Pippa and Olwen briefly from their breast nooses, revealing deep scores in their flesh. He wiped them over with a potion-soaked cloth that removed the marker dye splashes and, more importantly, the lingering pain of the shots. Then he had them kneel on the edge of the track with their heads down and bottoms turned submissively outwards.

The hunter then rammed his by now stiff cock into their sweaty pussies. As he did so, as they had been instructed, they said: 'Thank you master,' as he penetrated them. 'I hope I gave good sport.'

He alternated between them until he came inside Olwen. Even through her misery Pippa understood it was a symbolic mounting, not so much for his pleasure but an acknowledgement of their status. They were perpetual prey who existed to be hunted down and mastered for the amusement of others.

When the man had finished with them he left their enclosure and the attendant put the nooses back onto their breasts and stood them back on the track ready for the next guest to practice his marksmanship. As she stood trembling with fearful anticipation Pippa felt sickened and degraded... and yet, as the fresh surge of slippery wetness seeping through the folds of her pussy demonstrated, there was an undeniable dark thrill about it all.

* * *

It was like a fairground shooting gallery, Pippa thought, but with naked girls instead of painted metal ducks for targets.

Pippa, Olwen and a couple of other girls were fitted with expanding anal plugs on the ends of rubber-sheathed wire ropes which were connected to rings mounted on a chain drive operating under slots that ran in loops back and forth across what looked like a small proscenium stage. The man and woman practicing on them (presumably husband and his wife) stood at a rail and fired as they appeared from the wings. The girls tried to be lively as ordered, twisting and ducking as far as their tethers allowed as they pulled

them across the gallery.

But the couple were good shots and a hail of coloured projectiles splattered into their unprotected flesh, turning the girls in minutes into psychedelic nudes. The shock of these impacts coming so close together caused Pippa to shriek in pain and stumble. Her anal tether continued relentlessly on, tugging her off her feet and dragging her along on her back, with her plugged bottom bulging, until she could find her feet again.

When the couple finally emptied their magazines the chain drive stopped and the girls sank to their knees, trembling with shock. The attendant wiped them clean and then lined them up on their hands and knees along the edge of the stage with their bottoms facing outward, pulling their anal plug tethers over their backs to expose their pubic pouches. Once again they were being made to demonstrate their absolute submission.

The man came forwards, freed his erect penis and rammed it into each of their pussies in turn and they thanked him. When he was done the couple left and the girls were repositioned on the gallery stage.

Pippa looked at Olwen who smiled cheerfully back. Pippa felt a sudden surge of well-being inside her, even as her anal sphincter clenched about the root of the plug filling her rectum. At least she was not facing this alone.

* * *

Pippa and Olwen spun like Catherine wheels.

They were mounted side by side in front of a large wooden board panel through which a pair of axles projected that were attached to a motor and pulley system hidden behind the panelling. Set on the axles were two large cartwheels and it was to these that the girls were firmly strapped in spread-eagled postures. The wheel hubs pressed into their bottoms and thrust their hips invitingly forward. Their breasts and pubic areas had been outlined in red and metal rings had been wedged into their vulva mouths to spread their labia wide, producing deep, succulent, dripping pink bull's eyes. They had bits in their mouths that stifled their groans as the wheels turned and their

breasts rolled and flopped about in response to the pull of gravity.

Jasper Locke was standing behind the firing line trying to hit all their intimate marked target zones. So far his blue shots had hit the backing boarding more than girl flesh. A scoreboard had been set up beside the wheels listing the scores previous guests had achieved. A breast scored five points, a pubic outer ten and a vaginal bull twenty. So far Locke was well down the list.

Then there came a screech of metal and a snapping sound from behind the boards and the wheels slowed and stopped, leaving both girls hanging upside-down with their spread legs pointing up at the sky.

The attendant said: 'I sorry, Sir. Something seems to have gone wrong with the mechanism. A moment please...' And he disappeared behind the boards.

Locke took in their motionless forms and grinned. Pippa's eyes widened and she shook her head. Locke raised his rifle, took careful aim and fired into their open vaginas again and again.

The attendant, alerted by their muffled screams, scrambled back out from behind the board screen to find Pippa and Olwen's gaping pussies both dripping with multiple blue shots while they were writhing and jerking in agony on the wheels, their faces red and tears flowing up into their brows. The shots had gone right up inside their vaginal passages and it felt like their pussies were filled with wasps. The intense pain had loosened their bladders and hot pee was jetting out of them in messy spurts and running down their inverted bodies between their quivering breasts and into their hair.

'It's not done to shoot a sitting target on this range, Sir,' he said to Locke, by way of admonishment.

'But there's nothing to say you can't, though,' Locke replied unabashed. 'Anyway, they enjoy it really. And that's eighty points to me, I think...'

* * *

That night, after the ordeal of the target range, Pippa and Olwen were too tired, sore and aching to do any more than cuddle up to each other in their cell, even though for once their sex juices had not been much drained by guests' usage, although the painful ghost of Locke's cruel shots still seemed to linger in their pussies. But as the scent of Olwen's body filled her nostrils and her body heat flowed into her, Pippa became aware of her presence as a vibrant living woman. Suddenly it came to her that it was important Olwen knew how much she appreciated her companionship and support.

She lifted Olwen's head from where it had been resting on her shoulder and looked her in the eye. 'I couldn't get through this without you,' she said. 'Even when everything went pear-shaped you've been fantastic. You don't complain. You're just here next to me and that's so reassuring.'

Olwen's pretty face lit up in delight. 'Thank you, Mistress. But you rescued me first. I'm indebted to you. Also the Master ordered me to help you in any way I could.'

'It's more than that and you know it.' Then Pippa knew what else she had to say. After all the unwilling pleasure she had been forced to give to the men who had used and abused her, why shouldn't she please a true companion? It was only right and it was the one reward she would most cherish. 'We've got to save ourselves for the guests now, but when we get out of here we're going to have proper sex together in one of those big soft beds back at the Castle. We'll do everything exactly the way you want.'

Olwen's eyes filled with happy tears. 'Really, Mistress? Oh, thank you so much! That'll be something wonderful to look forward to.'

And to her surprise Pippa thought: Yes, it was something to look forward to.

Her thoughts were interrupted by Sterne peering in through their bars.

'You've come on so well, I'm putting you into tomorrow's hunt,' he told them with relish. 'We'll see how well you perform with a dose of virago potion inside you. The guests enjoy the challenge of subduing wild women. Of course they may have to handle you roughly but that's all part of the fun.'

That's what you wanted, isn't it, you silly tart? To know what it felt like to be hunted like an animal by real sportsmen.'

Something inside Pippa snapped. Heedless of the danger she retorted angrily: 'Real sportsmen? Like Jasper Locke, you mean? He's a cheat! He filled our pussies with shot while the wheels were broken and we weren't moving and then added it to his score. Ask the range attendant. Is that the sort of thing you mean?'

Sterne was so surprised by her outburst that he simply gaped at her for a few seconds and then scowled and strode stiffly away.

Olwen said in awed tones: 'That was amazing, Mistress! You're so brave!'

But silently Pippa thought: that was bloody stupid of me.

* * *

However Stern did not punish her for her outburst that night or the next morning when Pippa and Olwen were gathered with the twenty or so other girls who were being prepared for the hunt.

Although they were all visibly fearful of what was to come, the air in the slave hall was filled with the heady scent of aroused pussies. They could not help it. But then neither could she, Pippa thought, feeling the slipperiness of her own sex and the hardness of her nipples. They were going to be hunted down like animals, shot and carried back as trophies and then forcibly used as sexual prizes. It was hateful and yet also incredibly exciting.

Olwen nudged Pippa and flashed a significant glance across the chamber.

Hortensia was one of the hunt girls. What with her own concerns Pippa had almost forgotten about her. Could they possibly still complete their mission? She whispered to Olwen: 'When they let us loose we follow her wherever she goes.'

Olwen nodded.

They were made to sit as flexible rubber soles were glued onto the bottoms of their feet, which meant they would not be slowed down by rough ground. For a moment Pippa was surprised at such consideration, which gave them slightly more of a sporting chance. Then she realized it would help to prolong the hunt, which was in the Lodge's interest.

With their hands bound behind then they were marched down the same tunnel they had used the day before. This time when they emerged into the fenced gate compound it was a hive of activity. Apart from several armed overseers manning the gates there was a crowd of guests in the adjacent buggy compound with rifles slung across their shoulders checking and mounting their machines. Pippa frowned as she saw Locke was amongst them.

The trikes now had their living power plants in place. In each bike a naked slave girl lay on her back with her head and shoulders under rider's saddle unit and her rear and legs sticking out behind it under the carry frame, where they were bolted to the crank levers of the essence motor which would amplify their efforts. Control cables from the handlebars ran back through the frame of the bike and feed into the girl's vagina, where they would in the most painful and intimate way convey her rider's desire to pedal faster or slower. The girl's exposed faces could be seen under grilles just in front of the saddles. In use they would be forced to stare up between their rider's legs as they propelled him along.

The hunt girls were arranged in rows and then made to kneel with their thighs spread submissively wide. Sterne stood by them holding a pack of potion phials.

She saw Oliphant moving about between the guests, smiling professionally. He came through to the gate compound and conferred with Sterne for a moment and then turned to the guests and politely called them to order.

'Gentlemen and ladies, welcome to the Raleigh Lodge girl hunt! For those of you who have not attended before this is how we shall proceed. In a

moment Mr Sterne, our slavemaster, will administer the virago potion to the pack girls. Then they will be released into the hunting ground and given a five minute start, after which you will be free to pursue and capture them, if you can.

‘Remember that the virago potion boosts their passions and instinctive responses, both to threats and desires. Girls under its influence are wild things. They may try to run and hide or if cornered they may turn and attack. But then that is what makes them such challenging prey. Please note that the Lodge is not responsible for any injuries you may suffer during their pursuit or capture. However I can reassure you that the potion will wear off after a few hours and their normal submissive natures will be restored. Then you may claim them as your bedslaves for the night.

‘The first girl brought back to the gates will be displayed in the lobby tomorrow. And, as I announced earlier, there will be a special prize for whoever captures the named target girls. So now, without further ado, I shall ask Mr Sterne to administer the potion...’

Sterne went along the row of girls, tipping their heads back and administering a measure of the drug. Pippa had to nerve herself not to resist, which would have been futile, and swallowed down a mouthful of what tasted like pepper and pear juice. As Sterne went along the lines another overseer went along the backs of the rows after him freeing their hands. When all the girls had been dosed the men stood back, unclipping the whips they had carried coiled on their belts

For a few seconds Pippa felt nothing. Then her skin began to prick and itch and grow hot. The pulse throbbed in her temples. She blinked and looked round at Olwen. She was clutching her head and bending forward. A pattern of tiger stripes was appearing across her back. The whole pack was groining and reeling, their backs also showing the mark. Pippa could feel them hot on her back as well. They were the mark of wild animals. That was what they were. Pippa looked about desperately, feeling shut in by the tall fences.

Then the gate was slid open in front of them. Whips cracked behind them with a sharpness that hurt Pippa’s ears. These men wanted to trap and

enslave her and she hated and feared them! With yelps and whimpers of alarm the pack scrambled to their feet and ran for the open spaces.

* * *

The springy grass felt good and proper under Pippa's feet as she ran while the warm air caressed her naked body. She gloried in the smooth play of her muscles. She felt strong and powerful and in her element.

There were stands of trees and bushes ahead. Cover but not too much cover, Pippa thought fuzzily. Somewhere to hide. But she must also keep moving. They would be after her soon. She had to get far away.

She realised that Olwen was bounding along at her side. She flashed her a smile of fierce delight. Pippa realised how good she smelled. She wanted to smell more of her, to kiss her, to couple with her.

She grabbed her hair and pulled Olwen down into the shelter of a gorse bush and kissed her passionately, bruising her lips against hers even as their breasts mashed and slid across each other, their hard nipples stabbing into soft pillows of flesh. Olwen was writhing under her, hot and willing, kissing her equally passionately back. Their vulvas, burning and slippery with desire, kissed and melded.

No, no! Pippa tore herself off Olwen and rolled on her back, howling with rage and frustration.

She knew they had something more important to do than this. It was hard to think. Olwen was so lovely... but she must resist. She dug her thumbnails into her own nipples and pinched and twisted until she whimpered. But the self-administered jolt of pain had its effect. There was another name. Hortensia! Where was she?

Olwen was nuzzling against her, kissing her breasts. Pippa rolled back over, pushing Olwen flat and pinched and twisted her nipples until she yelped also in pain. Olwen looked at her uncomprehendingly but she did not try to fight her off.

‘Olwen, concentrate!’ Pippa sobbed. ‘Don’t let it take you over. Remember who you are and what we’ve got to do! Hortensia! Which way did she go?’

Olwen eyes seemed to refocus and a little of the wildness left them. She took a deep breath as though to calm herself. ‘Yes... Mistress. Hortensia. We’ve got to find her.’ She pointed. ‘I think... that way.’

They scrambled to their feet and headed the way she had indicated. ‘Hortensia, Hortensia...’ Pippa chanted aloud and Olwen copied her. They had to stay focussed and fight the potion that was filling their minds with wild thoughts. This was even worse than the cat transformation. At least that had not screwed up her mind.

They raced across the rolling ground on flying feet. In the distance they saw the running forms of other pack girls scattering across the landscape. Were the hunters already after them? How fast could those trikes travel?

Olwen was sniffing the air. Some lingering instinct from her months as a catgirl? ‘This way, Mistress!’

They plunged down into a shallow gully where a small stream flowed and splashed across it. Ahead was a clump of laurel bushes. And crouching in their shadow was a girl with tiger stripes and wild hair, panting heavily. It was Hortensia.

‘It’s all right,’ Pippa said to her. ‘I don’t want to hurt you. I just want to...’

How could she say she just wanted to screw her?

Olwen did not attempt to reason with her. She sprang forward before Hortensia could move and grabbed her. As the pair tumbled over Pippa lunged and caught hold of Hortensia’s flailing legs and pulled them wide, exposing her shiny pink sex cleft. The raw smell of it hit her and the animal Pippa could barely contain took over.

With Olwen pinning Hortensia's arms back Pippa mounted the girl, sandwiching her between them. They rolled over across the rough grass, grinding their hips together. Pippa felt her pulsing vulva slide over Hortensia's dripping mound. Their straining clitorises kissed and it felt like an electric spark passed between them. Then her loins seemed to explode as a monstrous orgasm ripped through her.

The next thing Pippa was aware of was Hortensia slithering out of her grasp, scrambling to her feet and running off, leaving her in Olwen's sweaty embrace. But that didn't matter now. She knew she had copied the code fragment into the silver wire buried in her own vulva. She beamed into Olwen's flushed face.

'We've done it!'

There came the heavy phut! of a rifle. Olwen gasped, clutched at the blue stain on her side and then collapsed.

Locke, dressed in high boots, safari jacket and hat ran up, covering Pippa with his rifle. Only now she saw his buggy was parked a little way off. She had not heard it's almost silent essence engine approaching.

'You had to be the stupid slut, didn't you?' he said. 'Let me get close while you were rutting with her. And now I've got you.'

Holding the rifle with one hand he pulled a pistol from his pocket with the other and fired at her. Pippa shrieked as the shots splatted against her stomach and stung and burned. They were not paralysing rounds but pain shots. As she doubled over and writhed about, Locke knelt over her, pulled some rope from his pocket, twisted her arms behind her and bound her wrists.

'I don't want you paralysed like your friend,' he told her grimly, 'I want you alert and kicking for this!'

Taking hold of Pippa by the hair he dragged her across the rough turf to the shelter of the clump of bushes. There he threw her down onto her back and then straddled her, holding her down with his weight.

Filled with pain and animal rage Pippa snarled and spat at him. He slapped cheeks hard until she slumped back, sick and dazed, tasting blood on her lips. He took her by the chin and scowled at her.

‘You told Sterne what I did on the target range,’ he said bitterly. ‘He told me that was not gentlemanly or sporting behaviour. I came within an ace of being banned from the hunt! And all on the word of a miserable slave slut! Well I was a good enough hunter to track you down, wasn’t I? And now you’re going to pay for it!’

He pocketed his pistol, laid aside his rifle, pulled out a hunting knife and hacked off a slender branch from the bush, which he began to trim.

‘And as a bonus I’ll get the special bonus prize for bringing the pair of you in!’

Pippa looked at him stupidly. ‘W... what bonus?’ she croaked.

‘You’re the target girls Oliphant was talking about. That famous mage fellow, Giles Durand is coming here tonight to give a demonstration of Ultradom and apparently he wanted the pair of you to be his test subjects. Then I’ll be able to play with you and you’ll have to do exactly what I say. And love it.’

Pippa’s blood ran cold. The shock seemed to flush the virago potion from her system as her mind raced. Durand was coming here? He must have been in contact with Oliphant personally. Who knew what story he’d told him about her? Or perhaps Oliphant had been playing with her all along, only pretending to change his mind about handing her over to the watch. Had he ever been going to let her go? One thing was certain. If Durand used Ultradom on her she would be a slave for ever.

Locke had finished trimming the branch. It was now about the size of a switch cane and he slashed it across her breasts, making them bounce and shiver as he cut raw red and purple welts into them. Pippa sobbed and shrieked in pain but he did not stop until her breasts were covered in bloody streaks.

But apparently this was not the switch's ultimate purpose. Locke rolled her over onto her front, flattening her simmering tenderized breasts into the grass, and knelt across the backs of her legs. He pulled a handful of blue pain cartridges out of his pocket and showed them to her.

‘You know where these are going?’

Her eyes widened in horror. ‘No... please don’t...’

One by one he thumbed the capsules into her anus and then used the end of the switch to push them up higher, rupturing them as he did so. Like her vagina the day before, her rectum felt like it was being filled with angry wasps. After pushing the last one up her he left the switch sticking out of her bottom, plugging her hole so she could not squeeze the terrible things out of her.

Locke looked down at her and laughed as Pippa thrashed about, screaming and twisting and thrashing, throwing her legs wide and then clenching up tight, doing anything to try to dislodge the terrible stinging things from up her rear. But she was plugged too tight.

Locke put his foot on the end of the stick jutting out between her thighs to hold her down.

‘Now beg me to screw you! I won’t let you shit the cartridges out until you do!’

The terrible pain had robbed Pippa of all shame and left only desperation. ‘Oh yes, please Master!’ she sobbed, throwing her legs wide.

He ripped open his flies and fell upon her, driving the breath from her as the brass buttons of his jacket ground across her ravaged breasts, ramming his cock deep into her vagina which clenched desperately about it. Now she was doubly plugged.

‘Uhh... yes, please Master... screw me...’ Pippa sobbed, as he pounded into her. The brutal force of his thrusts was actually driving her in fits and jerks across the grass. Her bound hands, twisting out from under her

body clutched hold of something hard lying on its side...

* * *

The buggy approached the main gate of the hunting ground. It was driven by a man in a safari jacket and hat with the limp body of a slave girl strapped to the carry rack. The gate guard rolled the gate aside and waved him through. The buggy crossed the gate yard heading for the second gate that gave access to the drive leading around the main buildings. Evidently he wanted to take his prize straight inside. The guard in the control booth pulled the lever that opened the gate. Then he frowned and squinted at the driver of the buggy. There was something odd about him...

‘Hey, just a minute...’

The driver pulled a rifle out of its holster beside the saddle and shot the guard through the window mesh with a paralysing round. The guard on first gate shouted and started forward. The buggy swung round in its own length and the driver shot him as well. Completing a full circle the buggy raced on through the gate, the legs of its slavegirl power unit pumping at top speed, and around the side of the house, heading for the car park. It pulled up beside a shiny blue car with mirrored windows.

Pippa dismounted, tore off Locke’s hat and banged on the driver’s cab. ‘Indigo! Get out here and help me with Olwen!’

She ran round the buggy and began undoing the straps that held Olwen’s limp body in place on the rack.

‘Madam?’ Indigo said, climbing out of the car and staring at her with Locke’s safari suit hanging loose about her. ‘Is it you?’

‘Yes, believe it! Now help me.’

Indigo picked Olwen up and slid her into the back seat of the car. Pippa tumbled in after her. She heard a shout go up from the direction of the main buildings.

‘Drive!’ Pippa yelled at Indigo. ‘Get us back home and don’t stop for anything!’

The almost silent essence engine hummed into life and the big car pulled out from under the car port and sped off down the drive. Pippa twisted round to look out of the rear window. There were several angry looking figures running out of the main entrance, pointing wildly at them and shaking their fists in the air. And then a bend of the drive hid them from view.

Pippa took up the speaking tube. ‘Change our looks as soon as we get clear of the grounds,’ she said.

‘Yes, Madam,’ Indigo replied.

The car reached the main road and turned to the north east. As it did so its outer shell metamorphosed from blue to silver while fins grew out of its boot trim.

Pippa sighed and sat back in her seat, feeling utterly exhausted but triumphant. They would never catch them now.

She stroked Olwen’s hair as she cradled her head in her lap. The girl stirred feebly.

‘It’s all right, Olwen,’ she assured her. ‘Let it wear off. There’s no rush now. Locke will have to walk back to the Lodge stark naked, by the way. When the paralysis wears off, that is. He shouldn’t have put his rifle down where I could grab it while he was screwing me. I shot him in the leg. With him off me I could just reach the stick up my bum with my tied hands to pull it out. Then I did a great blue pooh to get those bloody capsules out of me! God that felt good! If I hadn’t got a self-lubricating back passage, thanks to Wolff, I’d never have been able to think through that pain. But that stuff we produce took the edge off just enough. Then I used Locke’s hunting knife to cut myself free.

‘Anyway we’re safe. But Durand is onto us and things are going to get complicated from now on. I hope mum found Adeline. If she did that means there’s just one girl left.’

PART 8

The limousine halted in the garage under the tower of Ravenstone Castle. Indigo, its immaculate deep blue golem chauffeur, stepped out of the driver's cab and opened the rear passenger door. Wearily Pippa and Olwen climbed out. Pippa was incongruously dressed in a safari jacket, trousers and boots that were several sizes too big for her. Olwen was naked except for slave cuffs and a collar and had a fading pattern of tiger stripes across her back. The virago potion had worn off during the journey home and both girls felt their emotions were almost back to normal.

Pippa noted with relief the big black and gold car that occupied the space in the garage next to theirs. At least it looked as though her mother and Dawn were back. But had they got what they were after?

She and Olwen climbed the stairs that led to the upper floors of the castle. They were met on the landing by a humanoid figure made of some translucent material that resembled smoky amber tortoiseshell, formed into the shape of a man wearing a frock coat, stockings, buckled shoes and knee britches. He had a flat knurled cap like the filler cap of a petrol tank set into his chest while on his head he appeared to wear a replica of a wig with large side curls and a queue tied with a bow. His smoothly chiselled features were quite expressionless, but there was an amber glow deep in his unblinking eyes. It was Oranrod, Wolff's golem maître domo.

'Were you successful, Slave Phillipa?' he enquired in his normal clear, precise tone. 'The Master was becoming concerned.'

Pippa smiled wanly and patted her groin. 'Sorry, Mr Oranrod, things didn't go exactly to plan. But I've got the fragment copied. Lost all our luggage, though. Well, I suppose it's still at the Lodge somewhere but I wouldn't want to go back for it. I don't think we'd be too popular right now.'

'I will convey that information to the Master when the gateway opens again.'

‘What about my mother?’

‘Slave Carolyn returned some days ago. She was also successful.’

‘Great. Just one left, then. We’d better go through to the Grange.’

‘Before you return to the pentacle room the Master instructed me to tell you and Slave Olwen that have a guest to entertain in the castle.’

Pippa blinked in surprise. ‘A guest? Who is he?’

‘His name is Mr Alpha.’ Oranrod looked at the lodge slave cuffs and collars they still wore. ‘I will remove those. And you must wash and make yourselves presentable before you meet him.’

Pippa and Olwen went through to the slave quarters while Oranrod fetched cutters and replacement restraints. Pippa removed her stolen clothes with some relief. Nudity was beginning to feel normal to her, at least in the castle. Oranrod cut the Lodge cuffs and collars off them and they showered and used healing cream to remove the scratches and bruises they had acquired during the slave hunt. Olwen lovingly applied extra cream deep into Pippa’s vagina and anus, which had suffered during Jasper Locke’s last assault.

Pippa did not begrudge Olwen this intimate service, which she clearly enjoyed performing. Olwen had formed a slavish attachment to Pippa which she had recently decided to acknowledge and reciprocate. Pippa had no natural lesbian desires but Olwen was very pretty and what she offered would be a blessed relief from the demands the men of Albion had been making of her.

After Olwen tended her, Pippa stroked her hair. ‘I haven’t forgotten about my promise. We’re going to have proper sex in a nice soft bed as soon as we can. But it looks like we’ll have to serve this Alpha first.’

Olwen smiled happily. ‘I’ll wait, Mistress.’

Combed, scrubbed and perfumed and once more locked into

Ravenstone pattern collars and cuffs, Pippa and Olwen stood before the door of the Reception room, where, before his unwilling exile, guests wanting Wolff's magical services, bespoke golems or specially modified slave girls used to be received.

‘Do you know anything about this Mr Alpha?’ Pippa asked.

‘I don't remember ever hearing the name, Mistress. I thought we were not receiving visitors to the castle until the Master was able to return.’

‘So did I. He must be important. So far Wolff hasn't wasted any time getting the code fragments we've brought back copied into one of the pentacle girls.’

‘Mr Alpha is important, Slave Phillipa,’ Oranrod confirmed. ‘You will serve his pleasure and obey him in any way he desires.’

Pippa gulped, at the same time feeling her nipples standing up. Her experiences of recent weeks had diminished her natural feelings of fear, shock and outrage at the prospect of being used as a sex slave. She knew there was no risk of pregnancy or disease and afterwards healing cream would remove any physical traces. However that still left a sense of disgust unsettlingly mingled with a dark thrill of excitement at the thought of being used by a stranger. Wolff had not tampered with their minds when he had enslaved her and her mother, but the adjustments he had made to their bodies had boosted their sexual responses, stamina and desire, which even her week of torment at the Lodge had not dampened. It had become embarrassingly easy to get aroused at the mere thought of sex, which then became a need that had to be satisfied.

Oranrod opened the big doors and ushered them inside.

The Reception Room was a large chamber lit by a large oriel window. Its walls were hung with tapestries while thick rugs were laid over the polished wooden floor, on which stood gilded couches, high backed chairs and low casual tables. It was decorated with expensive-looking ornaments on plinths and stands and some large glazed decorative urns. Along one wall were a row of empty gilded slave cages. One addition since Pippa had last

seen the room was a frame on wheels supporting at waist height horizontal wooden rail. It was fitted with an array of straps and hooks and it had a spanking paddle hung on a hook from one end. Beside the rail, seated at his ease in a deep armchair, was Mr Alpha.

He was dressed like a wealthy Albion gentleman in a grey tail coat, which seemed to echo fashions Pippa would have associated in her world with the nineteen-twenties. A hat and silver tipped cane lay on the table next his chair. As they entered his head was bent as he checked the silver pocket watch that hung on a chain across his waistcoat.

Pippa and Olwen knelt down in front of him, knees wide to show their pussies, hands folded behind their backs, eyes lowered respectfully.

‘How may we please you, Master?’ Pippa said.

Alpha tucked the watch away and looked at them. Their eyes tentatively rose to meet his gaze and they stared at him... and stared.

He was handsome as hell. His shoulders were wide and his chest was deep. He had pale skin, perfectly chiselled features, a gently waved mass of blonde hair and gold flecked eyes. Pippa gulped, feeling her pussy pulse with a sudden hot slick surge of lust. Either he’s a Greek God on a day off from Olympia or else he’s a very well-turned out vampire, Pippa thought dizzily. He can bite me either way.

‘Lay across the rail,’ he said simply.

His voice was low, smooth, steady and very, very assured. There was no question of disobeying it.

Pippa and Olwen scrambled to comply, bending over the rail and spreading their arms and legs wide. There were very aware of their bare bottoms now raised as though in supplication into the air. Mr Alpha strapped them into place, clipping their ankle straps and wristbands to the lower rails. When they were secured he felt them over, exploring their naked groins, peeling apart their soft labia and inserting strong fingers into their wet slots. He probed the depths of their vaginas and self-lubricated anal mouths. They

shivered at its touch, fearful and excited. As her stomach knotted in anticipation Pippa realised they could not help themselves. She knew that her boosted responses, like those of Olwen's, had become very slave-like. It was both a blessing and curse. As she had also learned it could turn pain into pleasure, but in doing so it clouded her judgement about what was right and wrong.

Mister Alpha's hands were cool and hard but smooth, opening up her most intimate flesh-pouch to his gaze. His skin felt like a silken sheath over hard muscle and bone. Pippa had never felt anything quite like it before. Was it an Albion thing? Was he from a race they had not encountered before? He was very pale. Was he an albino? Did their skins feel like this?

All she knew for sure was that her pussy was already shamefully hot and slippery. Only a few hours ago she had experienced intense girl-on-girl sex followed by a violent unwilling coupling with a brute of a man. And yet now she was ready for more.

Mister Alpha took up the spanking paddle and swished it through the air in front of them. He said, in his strong, level, almost emotionless tones: 'I'm going to beat you with this until your bottoms are red and your eyes drip with tears, and then I'm going to have sex with both of you. I'm going to penetrate you by every orifice you have and I will not be gentle. What do you think of that?'

Pippa said tremulously, hardly believing her own words: 'You must do what you want with us, Master. We are here to please you.' Why did it feel so thrilling to say such things aloud? What had this world done to her?

'Do you know your place?' he asked.

'Yes, Master,' she said humbly.

'What is your place?'

'Under you, Master.' Disturbingly she realised she meant that in every possible way.

Mister Alpha took up position behind them and began his beating. The blows were firm, hard and precise, lifting their buttock cheeks and sending ripples through their flesh. He alternated between them beating Pippa and then Olwen. The two girls yelped and squealed and squirmed, but of course they could not get free. Perhaps they did not want to get free. It was their purpose to suffer prettily for the amusement and entertainment of their magnificent, if temporary, master. As her bottom turned from pink to scarlet and she sobbed and wailed, Pippa saw him looking down upon her with a cool smile of satisfaction on his perfect face. That their suffering was having a deeper effect on him was shown by the growing bulge in the front of his trousers. He changed the angle of swing of the paddle to bring it up between their legs into the full, deep cleft pouts of their pussies, flattening their soft lips only to have them spring back resiliently for more. They screeched in pain as their clitorises were smacked, and yet while they were suffering, this did not feel the same as the beating Locke had given them. It did not feel cruel and callous, it just felt right.

Alpha paused to feel the heat in their buttocks and pubes. His hands seemed cool and strangely soothing and they cease their squirming.

‘Are you ready to please me?’ he asked.

‘Yes, Master,’ they snivelled, feeling the desperation need overtaking them. ‘Please have us!’

He undid his flies and exposed a perfectly shaped, hard pale penis. Pippa gulped as she saw it, knowing she wanted inside her.

Alpha took hold of her hips with his strong hands, his thumbs digging into her sore bottom flesh, and he rammed his cockshaft deep into her sopping wet hole. She clamped her sheath tight about it. It was as silky smooth and perfect as the rest of his flesh. He gave a half a dozen hard thrusts that rocked the frame under her and then pulled out, moved to one side and thrust his shaft deep into Olwen’s hungry nether mouth. After another six thrusts he pulled out of her, moved back to Pippa and this time entered her anus. Pippa sobbed as her bottom bulged and the shaft stretched her tight rear mouth, at the same time she savoured its hard and unyielding presence inside. He was making her rectum conform to the dimensions of his manhood, which

was as it should be. He was the master and she was a parcel of flesh for him to use as he pleased. This was the joy and the horror of total submission.

Alpha pulled out of her with a sucking pop and moved across to enter Olwen, using her tight rear hole in the same way. After half a dozen thrusts deep into that hot dark passage he withdrew from her and moved back to Pippa's hungry vagina. Methodically, Mister Alpha alternated between their helpless orifices, steadily driving them to the very brink of despair and delight.

Pippa felt his seed spout inside and she was wracked by a strange wave of pleasure that pushed over the brink. With a shudder and a groan she came in turn over his cock, clamping it tight inside her as though she was trying to milk it of every bit of delight. But before she could savour it to its full he pulled out of her again, moved across to Olwen and re-entered her. And in seconds her slave girl companion was overwhelmed by the force of her own orgasm.

But Mister Alpha was not done yet. He now transferred his cock back to Pippa's rectum and reamed it out until he spouted deep inside that hot, tight tunnel. Pippa felt a new wave of pleasure burning up her behind, even as she marvelled at his ability to come again. Had he somehow held some his sperm in reserve? Could he control its flow? He pulled out of her bulging anus and moved across to plunge his still wet, sticky shaft into Olwen's rear. She bucked and sobbed in joy as he came again inside her.

With his shaft still jutting out in front of him as firm as ever, without any sign of going soft, Mister Alpha moved round to the other side of the frame. Taking Pippa's head in his hands he pushed his shaft deep into her mouth. It was impossibly hard and impossibly smooth and totally wonderful.

Now he began to shaft her orally. His penis filled her throat, but thanks to Wolff's redesign of her gullet allowing her to breathe, even when her throat was stuffed full, she did not choke, although she happily would have done to please such a perfect organ.

She could taste her juices and those of Olwen, but also the wonderful aromatic tang of his own semen. It was like nothing she had ever tasted

before. It was like cream and honey and some rare wine. It was heady and intoxicating and it was desperately exciting. It was the Ambrosia of the gods and she had to have more of it.

And incredibly he gave her more. Another spurt of that wonderful amazing sperm filled her mouth and she sucked on it lovingly, feeling dizzy with delight. It felt like a second mini orgasm, tearing through her. How had he done that? Her lips would not let him go, sucking on him is a child would a lolly as he pulled out of her mouth and then slid his slippery shaft between Olwen's eager lips. In seconds, he had come inside her mouth as well and Pippa saw Olwen licking her lips, not allowing one dribble of the precious sperm to escape them.

Mister Alpha stood back, considering them intently, his shaft still standing up firm and hard. They looked up at him dizzy from their orgasms and yet desperate for more. Their eyes were full of adoration and pleading, with the taste of his sperm still making them feel slightly lightheaded. Pippa had never felt like this about any of the men who had used her in Albion. All sense of judgement had temporarily deserted her. This was the man of her dreams. The man every slave girl wanted as her master.

Pippa was so desperate that she put her feelings into words: 'More please, Master!' she begged. 'Let me serve you again!'

'And me, Master,' Olwen added fervently.

'Do you really want to serve me?' he asked.

'Yes!' they sobbed.

'Even though I am not a man?'

Pippa blinked in confusion. 'What?'

Before her eyes, Mister Alpha was changing. His clothes remained the same but his skin darkened until it was a translucent jet black with golden highlights. The features of his face simplified and became more square-cut and heavy. His golden hair melted into the form of a peaked cap. Pippa

gasped aloud she recognised him.

It was her mother's golem chauffeur, Swarton.

* * *

Ten minutes later, after Pippa and Olwen had been released and cleaned themselves up, Swarton led them downstairs to the pentacle room. He was still dressed in his smart suit which now contrasted so strangely with his "normal" elegant but inhuman skin tones which matched the default livery of his car. He would not tell them what had been going on, merely saying: 'The Master will explain...'

Pippa felt dazed. The strange joy she had got from Swarton's ejaculate had faded away, leaving behind confusion and a lingering desire to taste it again. What had happened to him?

The heavy door what guarded the pentacle room was unbolted, indicating it was active. Within was the familiar lofty chamber of flagstones, archways and pale stone columns, lit by white globes of cold light. On its floor was inscribed a white pentacle with mystic symbols set within its points. It was the trans-dimensional gateway and sole link between Albion and England. The pentacle was overlain by a shimmer within which ghostly figures seemed to be moving.

As Pippa, Olwen and Swarton stepped across the pentacle the columns faded into posts and beams of dark wood and the floor became the worn red brick of the Grange cellars. All the two rooms shared in common was an identical pentacle cut into the floor. But at the tips of this pentacle were set ornate silver rods standing a little short of waist high. Hung over each one by wire ropes connected to electric winches was a man-sized cage shaped like a slender inverted "Y". Inside each cage was a naked chained slave girl, between whose spread legs the silver shafts ascended and into whose streaming pussies they were deeply impaled. The girls were groaning and sighing softly as their hips worked back and forth, creating the steady pre-orgasmic flow of power that kept the gate between the worlds open.

The ghosts they had seen from the other side resolved into the forms

of Wolff, waiting for them with his big arms folded across his burly chest, and her mother and Dawn, kneeling naked, leashed and cuffed at his feet. As she emerged Pippa she saw a huge smile of relief spread across her mother's face.

She had not seen her for nearly a week and the emotion was so great that she ran to her and hugged her. 'Oh... Mum, it's good to be back!'

'We were beginning to worry,' her mother said. 'What happened?'

'Something unexpected. I tell you about it later. What about you?'

'Much the same... and then a lot of weirdness concerning Swarton. I'll tell you later as well.'

Then Pippa turned and went down on her knees before Wolff. 'I'm sorry, Master, but I had to do that first. I've had a bad week. I've got the fragment, but Durand nearly spoiled everything. He's onto us, Master.'

'So Oranrod informed me,' Wolff said gravely. 'You'd better transfer the code now and then you can make your report.'

Operating the power winch he lifted the girls off the pentacle. With groans of frustration the phalluses were pulled out of their clenching pussies. As they did so the ghostly form of the pentacle room in Albion faded away. Wolff swung one of the cages aside and lowered it to the ground, letting out the slack on the ropes until it tipped onto its back. He undid the doors that closed across the front of the cage and revealed a dark haired girl strapped within it with her legs spread wide and shiny bare sex exposed.

'Couple with her and make the transfer!' Wolff commanded

Pippa went down on her knees between the girl's spread legs, lying in the gap in the cage frame about the insides of her groin. The girl looked into Pippa's eyes, nervous and expectant. Her mouth was stopped by a broad leather strap gag. The hard pink nipples of her small high breasts jabbed into Pippa's heavier globes as they swung down onto her chest. The lips of their slippery sexes kissed. Pippa began to ride her body.

It was not the worst thing she had had to do recently it was just that doing it in front of her mother which felt awkward. But then Lyn had done the same when she had brought back the first fragment from Albion. Pippa knew that if she did not obey Wolff would simply whip her mother until she did so. There was no choice.

It seemed amazing that she could still come again after her session with Swarton, but then her body was no longer restricted to normal parameters where sex was concerned. The girl was very pretty and sex was something she did very easily now. This was no time to be restricted by whatever inhibitions she had left.

With a gasp Pippa came, her juices mingling with those of the girl under her, and it was done. As she lay panting across the pentacle girl's sweaty body, she saw a look of satisfaction on Wolff's face. 'Good. You've done well, Pippa. Now you will tell me what new mischief Durand has been perpetrating.'

* * *

They rested in the Grange's comfortable lounge with Dawn and Olwen kneeling beside the big sofa, upon which Pippa and her mother sat facing Wolff. Swarton stood behind them, apparently listening with grave interest while Pippa told the story of her and Olwen's recent adventures. Wolff's face darkened as Pippa related how Durand had almost sabotaged her mission by tapping into telegraphic communications between Ravenstone and the Lodge.

'Have we sent any telegrams from Ravenstone concerning Chanticleer?' Wolff asked Lyn.

'I don't think so, Master,' Lyn confirmed. 'I was able to find out everything from the library and newspaper cuttings.'

'Good. At least Myrtle's whereabouts should still be hidden from him. I'll not be stopped now, not when I'm this close!'

'Master,' Pippa asked. 'Can you now please explain what you've

done to Swarton? I mean how has he suddenly become able to change his shape like this?’

Wolff grinned hugely. ‘That is partly down to your mother. She had adventures of her own, during which Swarton was contaminated by the chimerical potion I had created to disguise the cars. He acquired the ability to make limited changes to his body form. When she also reported that free women in Albion were interested in using golems as sex toys, it suggested to me a new line of research into shape shifting pleasure models. Of course I had to modify his outer tegument to feel more like skin and add refinement to his features and improve the modulation of his voice. A task that would have taken a less gifted mage many months to achieve, but I did it in a few days! I also added a mild dose of pleasure potion to his ejaculate to make him a little more desirable. I wanted to test him out on the pair of you cold, as you would say. Was he convincing?’

Pippa and Olwen looked at each other, grinned and nodded. ‘Yes, Master, he was.’

‘Would you enjoy coupling with him again?’

Pippa blushed a little shamefacedly. ‘Yes, Master.’

Wolff chuckled. ‘That’s what your mother said after he had reduced her to tears for the fifth time with his shaft.’

Lyn shrugged helplessly. ‘I’ve been the guinea pig for Swarton the last few days.’

What was Wolff turning them into, Pippa thought in despair?

‘I need something original to divert public attention from Ultradom when I return to Albion,’ Wolff said with sudden passion. ‘I’ll pay Durand back for marooning me in this world!’

‘I hope you do, Master,’ Pippa said with feeling. ‘Thanks to him we were hunted like animals and turned into living tigerskin rugs, or working milk fountains, which was sick and creepy and even worse in some ways. I

mean we even came in different flavours! In the end we got away because nobody at the lodge remembered Indigo was still patiently waiting for us with the car. Even then we only just made it. We burned up a lot of essence doing a bat out of hell down the drive!’

Her mother hugged her. ‘I’m sorry, dear. Just remember this’ll all soon be over.’

Pippa yawned. ‘I know, Mum. I’m just very tired.’

Wolff was scowling in deep thought, muttering half to himself: ‘Essence... golems... flavoured milk fountains...yes, that’s a possibility. It might work!’

‘It’s been done, Master,’ Pippa reminded him gently.

‘Not as I will do it!’ he said, suddenly sounding invigorated. ‘Durand gave them one invention, but I’ll give them two! Ha! This will revolutionise life in Albion! Yes, I’ll work on that while you find Myrtle.’

Pippa had no idea what he meant but at least he seemed to be in a good mood. Perhaps now was as good a time as ever to ask him a favour. It would be acutely embarrassing to do so while sitting next to her mother but she had a promise to keep.

‘Master,’ she asked humbly. ‘Olwen was very brave and supportive to me, while we were trapped in the Lodge. As reward, as a thank you, I promise afterwards that we would have proper sex together. I mean in nice big comfortable bed. Not with you but just us alone. Can we do that, please?’

Pippa held her breath while Wolff considered. Olwen looked up at her lovingly while Dawn grinned and her mother glanced at her in surprise. To Pippa’s relief Wolff then smiled benignly.

‘Yes, you can do that, Pippa. You’ve done good work which should be rewarded. Don’t look at her in such surprise, Carolyn. Why not? Olwen is a very pretty creature. Your daughter should not feel embarrassed about admitting such desires.’ A grin spread over his big face. ‘Actually, Pippa,

I've noticed that your mother's been spending a great deal of time with Dawn for what I suspect are much the same reasons.'

It was Pippa's turn to stare at Mother who smiled ruefully, shrugged and nodded, patting Dawn affectionately on the head.

'In fact tonight you can enjoy both of them together,' Wolff declared. 'But I don't want them getting any dangerous ideas of equality from you. They're still my slaves; my property, and you are only using them with my permission. So you will do so properly and treat them as mistresses should treat their slaves. You may both have the use of the slave room in the Castle and bed your pets together.'

Pippa and Lyn both blushed. 'You mean both of us together, Master? Four in a bed?'

'Why not? You've served me like that before. You should know that's how we do things in Albion by now.'

Pippa knew it was the best offer she was going to get. Perhaps it would be her only chance to repay Olwen. She lowered her head humbly. 'Thank you, Master,' she said.

Beside her, Lyn did the same.

* * *

The big four-poster slave bed was situated in the living quarters on the top floor of Ravenstone Castle below the rooftop solarium. The bed was very much like the massive version in Wolff's room in the Grange where they had both spent many hours serving his pleasure, except that this one had metal grille sides that folded down to turn it into a big cage. It was a reminder that they were all still in Wolff's power. But once within it Pippa and Lyn were the undisputed mistresses and Dawn and Olwen were their loving slaves.

Acute embarrassment at the thought of making love to a naked girl next to her mother, who was doing the very same thing to a second girl,

melted away under the pressure of desire. Perhaps it helped that they were in the strange surroundings of the Castle in Albion, where such things were perfectly natural. Oranrod had provided them with some suitable accessories to use on their slavish lovers and, after some initial hesitation they did so. After all it's what they expect, Pippa kept telling herself. It's not being cruel. They just want to please us.

The bed was large enough to hold the two slave girls chained spread-eagled side-by-side. Olwen's high pointed breasts stood up next to Dawn's larger, rounder pair. Both sets trembled in anticipation and both were capped by erect nipples. They held onto their cuffed hands where the chains pulled them close. Their pouting pussies were already wet, scenting the air with a magical perfume, while their pretty, bright, expectant faces were full of excitement.

Pippa and her mother knelt between their respective slave's spread legs. They had a pair of Wolff's essence-powered sex toy double-ended dildos plugged into them, which were already throbbing and pulsing with their own weird pseudo life. Pippa felt her juices flowing about the end of the shaft that was buried deep inside her vagina, which were in turn stimulating it into motion. Its plug-ended attachment hook was clamped inside her anus, adding to her own stimulation. The engorged bud of her clitoris stood out above her stretched vaginal mouth.

As Pippa looked down upon Olwen, she desperately wanted to believe that her and Dawn's readiness was not simply due to their slave conditioning. They genuinely cared for them. In fact they loved them. What was wrong with that? If this was the way they expected that love expressed, who was to say otherwise? She and her mother would make far gentler Masters than any they had known so far. Perhaps that was why they had formed such a strong attachment to them. They were responding to their kindness.

So why were she and Lyn also holding spanking paddles? Because it was exciting and because this was foreplay Albion style, where the divide between pain and pleasure was very narrow. Olwen and Dawn expected it.

And so with care and love they beat their lovely and submissive slaves, setting their breasts jiggling and bouncing and shivering. As pink

flesh turned red the slave girls sighed and squirmed and whimpered happily, lifting their hips in supplication. Pippa felt her own nipples throbbing as her head filled with dark desires. She wanted Olwen and she could have her as she pleased. It was as simple as that and sense of power was both frightening and wonderful.

Pippa dropped her paddle and fell upon Olwen, hugging her hard to her and bruising her lips with her passionate kisses as she rammed the dildo shaft deep into her hungry, gaping cleft. Her dildo's free securing hook curved upward until it found Olwen's anus and plugged itself deep inside it, linking the both of them together. Their vagina passages swallowed the twin shafts until their clitorises met and kissed.

Dimly Pippa was aware that at her side her mother was ramming her dildo into Dawn's passage with equal fervour. Perhaps it was obscene and perverse but at that moment she did not care. All mattered was the lovely body under her and the joy they were both feeling.

* * *

Pippa awoke to find early-morning light shining in through the window. Olwen's body was soft and warm beneath her. They were still joined by the dildo which was now quiescent. Next to her Lyn lay sprawled across Dawn's spread-eagled form. Waking like this caught Pippa off-guard and for a moment her doubts and natural sense of shame returned. What had they done? How perverted was this?

She saw her mother was now also awake and was looking at her in concern. She reached out and took her hand.

'Don't feel guilty, Pippa, dear. I've been having the same doubts about this ever since I admitted to myself how I felt about Dawn. But we know we haven't done anything wrong. The girls wanted this. We asked them first. They had a chance to refuse. That's what makes us different from all the men in this world and everything they've done to us. In the end it all comes down to choice.'

* * *

Returning to the Grange after breakfast they knelt in front of Wolff, awaiting his instructions. Swarton stood behind them. His face looked human once again and he looked so outwardly normal that it was necessary to remind themselves what he truly was underneath.

‘I have decided that Lyn and Pippa shall go together to Chanticleer to seek Myrtle,’ Wolff said. ‘You will be what you are: a mother and daughter. Indigo will be your chauffeur while Swarton will play the part of your husband and father. I have already briefed him on the role he has to play. His presence will assist your infiltration while also being a useful test to see how convincingly he can behave in public. He will of course also be your guardian and minder.’

‘Master,’ Lyn said tentatively, ‘I’ve got an idea what they do this cathedral place. There’s no need for Pippa to come with me. I can go on my own.’

‘Mum!’ Pippa said in exasperation, ‘you know we’re in this together. Anyway after the Lodge it’s a bit late trying to protect me from naughty things. I can take it.’

‘You will both go to improve your chances of coupling with Myrtle as soon as possible,’ Wolff said decisively. ‘Meanwhile I shall keep Olwen and Dawn back here as experimental subjects for my new potion.’

Wolff smiled as he saw Pippa and Lyn’s faces both fall at this announcement.

‘If the prospect of being away from your slave lovers troubles you that much, then it will be all the more reason to find Myrtle and return with the fragment as soon as possible, won’t it?’

Pippa bit her lip. Was that the reason he had been so considerate the night before? Did he simply see their affection for Olwen and Dawn as another lever to manipulate them with? Should she really be surprised? All he cared about was returning to Albion and taking revenge upon Durand.

* * *

An hour later, after making their tearful goodbyes to Dawn and Olwen, Lyn and Pippa were in the passenger compartment of the big car heading eastward.

They were once again dressed in Albion fashion that complimented the costume Swarton wore. It was a little disconcerting to have him sitting opposite them ramrod straight, studying them intently with his golden eyes as Lyn read from the notes she had compiled on their final objective.

‘The city of Chanticleer in East Wealden corresponds with what we know as Canterbury in Kent. It’s home to the Order of the Testifiers, also known as the Church of the Viripotent One.’ She added in resigned tones: ‘It’s no surprise to learn that they believe that the very limited move towards greater freedom that Albion women have achieved during the last century is unnatural, and they’re dedicated to educating them to know their place and have proper reverence for men. Their agent bought Myrtle from Valentines to take part in their public religious services, which are about as sick as you can imagine. Any man can bring his wife, daughter or sister to them and, for the price of the donation to the church funds, ask them to “re-educate” her.’

‘Can’t any men in Albion accept women as equals, Mum?’ Pippa asked in exasperation.

‘Of course not,’ Swarton said suddenly. ‘Women are naturally inferior to men. Their purpose in life is to serve men and give them pleasure.’

‘How can you spout that chauvinistic nonsense?’ Pippa said angrily. ‘What do you know about relations between men and women, anyway?’

‘I’m just adopting the role the master has designated for me,’ Swarton replied blandly. ‘In this scenario you are my daughter and your mother is my wife. The pretence is that you are both in need of chastisement and holy ordained correction, which is why I have brought you to Chanticleer. Since I have adopted the guise of your father I think it is consistent that from now you should address me respectfully.’

‘Shan’t!’ Pippa replied sullenly. As Swarton’s face shaped itself into the semblance of a frown, Pippa suddenly grinned. ‘I’m just getting into

character as well,' she said.

Suppressing a smile, Lyn said: 'Anyway we've got to find Myrtle and one or the other of us has got to couple with her. I just hope we can get it over and done with quickly. Meanwhile Swarton... I mean "Mr Alpha"... will wait a local hotel for news of our progress. Because Durand might be tapping the telegraph lines we can't risk him going back to the Castle and waiting for a message to be sent there.'

'Will you be all right on your own in a hotel?' Pippa asked Swarton. 'I mean you won't give yourself away by not eating or that sort of thing?'

'I shall pretend to eat all my meals in my room,' Swarton said. 'I shall bring a sufficient supply of motive essence with me in my baggage to sustain me for as long as required. In between I shall go for walks about the city. In the guise of Albion gentlemen I understand that all my social interactions with people I might meet will be formal. I will not indulge in idle chitchat which might reveal my true nature.'

'Please don't get yourself arrested as an imposter or anything like that,' Lyn said with feeling. 'We're counting on you to get us out of that church as soon as we've got what we went for.'

'I shall play my part to the full, Slave Carolyn,' Swarton said with cool conviction. 'Just make sure that you play yours.'

'I will...my Husband,' Lyn replied meekly. She glanced meaningfully at Pippa.

Pippa sighed. 'So will I... Father,' she said.

* * *

It was early afternoon when they reached Chanticleer. The city was formed of many three and four story towers pieced by round and oriel windows, and capped by glass domes and blisters. In between these, smaller and lower buildings mostly had steeply pitched roofs. But they were all dwarfed by the cathedral that dominated the skyline. They had glimpsed its

spire rising above the tree tops through the car windows while they were some miles away. As their angle of view changed and woods gave way to planted fields they saw it had twin glass domes over its transept ends which flanked the massive cylindrical central spire, which bulged towards the top and then tapered away again. The closer they got the more obvious the symbolism was.

‘Do they realise it looks just like a pair of balls and a great big dick?’ Pippa declared.

‘Mind your language, Phillipa!’ Swarton admonished.

‘Yes, Father,’ she said glumly.

‘I suspect they know exactly what it looks like,’ her mother said.

As Indigo steered the car through the narrow winding streets towards the cathedral they saw naked slave girls on the pavements leashed as pets or else in the roads harnessed to carriages. Several of the shops they passed also had naked women serving the living signboards or animated window displays. Lyn had seen this before in Trinovantium, but it was Pippa’s first close-up view of what was by Albion standards a large city and she goggled at it in fascination and disbelief.

Indigo parked the car close the west front entrance of the cathedral and they all climbed out. Above the great arched double doors was a huge round tracery window of stained glass. Set in its middle was a clear panel in which could be seen the spread-eagled form of a living naked woman. Pippa exchange a shrug of resignation with her mother.

Following close at Swarton’s heels they made their way up the broad flight of steps leading to the doorway, joining a straggle of people headed in the same direction. Most of them were men but there were some free women, presumably wives and daughters, following at their heels. All of them Pippa noted wore dark gauzy veils over their heads, which were invariably bowed.

As they passed through the big outer doors they found there was an anti-chamber between them and the interior of the cathedral. It was here that

they saw all the women being led into the church were removing their clothes, hanging them up on rows of pegs. After removing everything but their face veils they took down from the pegs sets of cloth pads with fabric strips stitched to the back of them. These they slipped over their hands and knees, rather like shin-pads. They then went down on all fours and, like dogs, shuffled along after the man who had brought them in. Pippa and Lyn watched their twinkling buttocks disappearing inside in dismay.

This process was watched over by stern-looking men in black cassocks. Canes hung from their belts and each had a large silver cross hung about their neck. Except that it was no ordinary crucifix. It was a saltire and bore a figurine of a naked woman with her legs spread wide being impaled on a proportionately huge phallus. But what was even more macabre was that there were slits cut out of the fronts of their cassocks, edged with some dark furry material, through which their naked penis and balls protruded, hanging blatantly in plain sight

Unperturbed Swarton approached one of these flasher-priests. 'My name is Alpha and I want to see your superior,' he said. 'I wish to make a large donation to your church. In exchange for this I want you to suitably chastise and correct my wife and daughter so they do not disobey me in future.'

It was not the most subtle of approaches, but perhaps the words "large donation" caused the priest to overlook Swarton's stiff manner.

'Certainly, Sir,' he said. 'You will need to see Deacon Tippet. Please follow me...'

He led them through a side door and up a steep spiral staircase to another door which opened onto a room above the anti-chamber. Within a distinguished grey-haired man dressed in a wine coloured cassock was seated behind a large desk. The priest spoke a few words to him and he rose to greet Swarton cordially. His eyes were a mild blue and his manner was genial, in strange counterpoint to his genitals which were also on display.

'Good day, Mr Alpha. Please take a seat. Your womenfolk may kneel on the mats provided. We don't permit females to use chairs in the cathedral.

Please caution them not to speak unless spoken to.'

'Quite right and proper,' said Swarton, in a wooden attempt to sound hearty. 'Kneel and be quiet,' he commanded Lyn and Pippa sternly.

There were padded mats set out beside to visitors' chair. Lyn and Pippa knelt on them humbly. But all the while their attention was on the wall opposite Tippet's desk.

In a recess set into the wall panelling was a naked woman. Her head was enclosed in a riveted iron mask padlocked about her neck that only left her nostrils exposed. A ring on top of this mask was connected to a large hook bolted to the wall by a heavy coil spring. Her arms were pulled out to her sides and heavy cuffs hung on short chains were locked about her wrists. More chains were bound across her chest between her breasts and also across her stomach, holding her back straight against the wall. Her legs were bent at the hips and knees and splayed outwards, with chains crossing her inner thighs and more cuffs about ankles. Braced by her ankle cuff chains, her out-turned feet were resting on the sloping upper sides of what looked like a large bottle of thick green glass. The long neck of the bottle extended upward, forming a sculpted tip with a plumb-shaped hollow head and a short ribbed shaft. A cup of glass, contoured to match the swell of her pussy, had been cast about the bottle neck which had slots in its sides. The ribbed shaft of the bottle passed between the masked girl's vaginal lips, causing them to bulge about it.

As they looked on the woman began to jerk her hips up and down on the bottle neck that impaled her. Her chains jingled, allowing her just enough freedom of movement to masturbate herself on the glass rod before their eyes. Perhaps within the confines of a mask she was not aware of their presence. Or possibly she simply did not care anymore. Her bare breasts were crisscrossed with a lattice of scarlet cane marks.

In moments she had worked herself up into a desperate frenzy. They heard a muffled moan from within the mask and then a spray of orgasmic fluid burst out of her impaled pussy and, caught by the spout and cup, dribbled into the bottle. With a final shudder and another despairing moan she then went limp gain.

‘I see your women are admiring my office penitent,’ Tippet said. ‘She was brought here by her husband when she would not fulfil her essence quota. Now she is learning to deliver her quota on command. We have an arrangement with a refining company to collect all essence that we harvest within the cathedral. The proceeds go to help maintain its fabric. It would not do to waste such a resource.’

‘I agree entirely,’ said Swarton, with a flash of genuine feeling.

‘Now, Mr Alpha, please tell me your problem.’

‘My daughter, Philippa, does not wish to marry the man I have chosen for her, even though he is perfectly suitable in every way. She has even lost her virginity to I know not whom, making her far less marriageable. To make matters worse my wife Caroline sympathises with her stance and takes her side against my express wishes. I have employed the usual forms of discipline upon them but to no avail. Then I saw a leaflet promoting your cause, which seems to me entirely sensible and rational. I wish you to install in them a sense of proper respect for me, both as a man and as a father and husband.’

Tippet nodded sympathetically. ‘Alas this is not an uncommon problem in these modern times, Mister Alpha. Females are permitted far too much freedom of thought and movement. They must learn their place.’

‘Just so,’ said Swarton.

Tippet looked at Pippa and Lyn up and down calculatingly. ‘Would we have a free hand with them?’

‘Entirely. They are already damaged goods and can only be improved by your attentions. I would prefer they were kept together so that they could witness each other’s re-education. Otherwise you can do with them whatever you wish as long as it produces a change for the better in their characters.’

‘I’m sure we can do something with them, Mr Alpha. And keeping them together is undoubtedly a good plan. Now, I believe you mentioned a... donation?’

Swarton drew out the purse Wolff had provided for him. The heavy chunk it made as he put it down on Tippet's desk brought a smile to the cleric's face. 'Thank you, Mister Alpha. We shall take your wife and daughter in hand straightaway.'

'Excellent. I shall be staying at the Coach House hotel on business for the next week or so. You can contact me there about their progress.'

Swarton rose and made his goodbyes. Then he walked out of the room without a second glance back at Pippa and Lyn, leaving them alone with Tippet.

Tippet walked round them, studying them from all angles. His pale blue eyes took on a new coldness. 'Your first lesson is that women, even free, chaste and obedient specimens, are not permitted to wear clothes within the cathedral.' He snapped his fingers. 'Strip!' he commanded.

Miserably, Pippa and Carolyn began to undress. In a minute they stood before him totally nude. Although their recent experiences in Albion had made them far less body conscious there was something about Tippet's presence that made them want to shield themselves from his eyes. But as their hands crept over their breasts and pubes he snapped his fingers again.

'Do not cover yourselves up! Clasp your hands behind your necks and stand with your legs spread. You are permitted no modesty here. Let me look at you properly.'

Biting their lips they obeyed. Yet even in their mystery they were aware of their pussies beginning to wet.

He looked them over for a moment with an expression that suggested hungry contempt, cupping their breasts and prodding their buttocks. As he did so his cock began to swell visibly. 'Wide hips and full udders. Good breeding stock.' He slid stiff fingers into their clefts, making them squirm and shudder. He pulled his fingers out, now glistening wet with their juices, and sniffed them. 'Responsive, too. I imagine you can produce copious amounts of essence as well. Yes I think we can do a lot with the pair of you...'

He picked up a speaking tube. 'Cope... Buskin. Come to my office with two sets of penitent restraints.'

In minutes two of the black cassocked-priests entered the room. One was plump and the other thin and both had their genitals on display. Each bore a heavy bundle of wood and metal in his arms. They looked at Pippa and Lyn's naked forms with deep interest but no sign of surprise.

'Put them in harness,' Tippet ordered. 'They must learn to bear the burden of their sex and do penance every time they move.'

The first items they loaded upon them were yoke blocks: rectangular slabs of wood split lengthwise down the middle with holes in them for their wrists and necks. The rims of the yoke blocks were fitted with half a dozen securing rings. The yokes were padlocked in place across their shoulders, holding their arms crooked at their sides with their wrists clamped and hands raised as though in surrender. Their backs bowed as the weight of yokes settled upon them. Next Cope and Buskin padlocked heavy hobble chains to their ankles, limiting them to short shuffling steps. Last came a pair of metal strap bridles. These were basket of cold polished metal that crisscrossed their heads, going across their crowns and under their chins, down over their foreheads and dividing about their noses to join cheek rings which supported broad leather straps that went across their mouths. Riveted to these were rubber plugs which they forced between their teeth, forming effective gags. The bridles were secured by broader metal bands that padlocked about their necks, forming integral collars.

'You may speak only when permitted,' Tippet told them. 'Once a day, before being secured in your cells in the crypt, will be given the opportunity to thank us for what we are doing to save your souls. When you are truly contrite and sorry and have learned your proper place in the world, you may then also plead to be returned to your husband, father and master again. Do you understand?'

Lyn and Pippa nodded.

'Now you shall have your introductory scourging,' Tippet told them. 'Put them across my desk.'

Cope and Buskin pulled Lyn and Pippa face down across the front of Tippet's large desk and bent them across it. They saw there was slots set in the top of the desk that matched the rings protruding from the leading edges of their yokes. There were clicks as hidden latches engaged with the rings securing them in place. Now they could not lift their upper bodies. Their full breasts were flattened under them across the red leather inlay while their bottoms were invitingly outthrust where they were doubled across the edge of the desk.

Tippet unhooked the cane hanging from his belt and swished it through the air behind them.

'Wilful creatures like you do not understand subtlety!' he said, bringing the cane down across Lyn's bottom with a crack! A yelp of pain was driven past the rubber plug filling her mouth.

'This is the simplest way to teach you your proper place in the great scheme of things,' Tippet continued, shifting his attention to Pippa and swiping the cane across her bottom. Swish... crack!

'Men are your Masters and you are our comforters and servants.' Crack! 'That was how was intended to be from the beginning.' Crack! 'Anything else is unnatural.' Crack! 'You will be at ease when you stop trying to fight this truth. Crack! 'The great progenitor and your master both have penises. You have none.' Crack! 'The penis is the symbol of supreme power.' Crack. 'You will learn to love and revere it.' Crack!

By now both Lyn and Pippa was squirming and sobbing frantically, their tears dripping onto the desktop, as their helpless bottoms blazed and Tippet cut scarlet stripe after stripe across them. He only rested his arm after a solid minute of beating. By then the two women were trembling, shivering nervous wrecks. Their posteriors had been reduced to streaked globes of blood and purple welts.

Tippet moved round the desk until he could look into their faces, framed by their yoke blocks. His penis was now standing up at stiff angle. 'Do you want this to end?' he asked them.

They nodded frantically, desperately chewing on their gag plugs as they tried to plead with him. Of course they wanted it to end. Anything was better than this.

Tippet motioned and Cope and Buskin stepped forward. They carried cool wet cloth and used them to wipe the blood off their simmering bottoms. Lyn and Pippa squirmed and whimpered as their welts were handled, but the cool was bliss compared to the burning pain.

Their relief was short lived. They felt Cope and Buskin take hold of their hips and felt their hard penis heads slide into their wet slots. Mercilessly the two clerics began to pound away inside them without any consideration for their comfort. Pippa and Lyn winced as the men's hips ground against their raw bottoms, even as their augmented and sensitised vaginas grew hot and flowed with their juices, clenching hungrily at the cocks that were pumping into them. Meanwhile, literally before their eyes, Tippet began to masturbate himself.

'She's as slippery as a slave overdosed with passion potion, Deacon,' Cope reported as he rammed into Pippa

'So's this one,' Buskin added. 'Or else she's a natural slut.'

Mother and daughter twisted their heads in their yoke holes to look at each other miserably, stung by the crude words even as their hot pancaked breasts pulsed on the desk top and their hard nipples tried to dig holes in its leather top.

Tippet laughed at the agonised expressions on Lyn and Pippa's faces. 'You know the truth so do not fight it. Your suffering will end when you acknowledge the total mastery of the penis over you. Only then will your re-education be completed. Your girl parts make you vulnerable. They're like open wounds waiting for the swords of their Masters to enter them once again. This is their purpose and you cannot deny it. When male sperm enters you it is a gift and must be drunk and savoured. Be grateful for it. Revere it!'

The clerics were coming lustily inside them; filling their pussies with their hot seed. Helplessly, driven by pain and desire, Pippa and Lyn came as

well; jerking their hips, rattling the clips that held their yokes to the desktop and spraying their juices out across the cleric's cocks until they dribbled down onto the floor. With a grunt Tippet came, spurting his sperm across the desk and over Lyn and Pippa's flushed faces.

Buskin and Cope pulled out of them, wiping their soiled cock-heads across the women's sore bottoms and bringing forth fresh whimpers of pain. Tippet used a hank of Pippa's hair to clean his own cock off. Then the priests stood aside to allow Tippet to move round the desk to examine the results of their initiation.

'A copious discharge indeed,' he declared. 'Such passions can be great blessings, but they must at all times be controlled. They are not yours to do with as you wish but must be used only at the whim of a man, be it your husband or your father.' He slapped their simmering bottoms, making them yelp afresh. 'All the penance marks you acquire through the day will remain until the evening healing time, when you will beg to have your suffering relieved.' To Buskin and Cope he said: 'Now take them away and show them the glory of the House of the Viripotent One and their place within it. Then put them out in the South Aisle for visitors to use. I promised their husband and father they would be kept together at all times during their time here. Make sure wherever they are put that they can see each other paying for their disobedience and wilfulness.'

Buskin and Cope release the women from the desk, clipped leashes to the front of their yokes and then led them out of the doorway and down the spiral staircase into the main body of the Cathedral. Lyn and Pippa stumbled after their guides, weighed down by the yokes, limited by their hobble chains and stifling whimpers as the raw skin of their bottoms was stretched. They were shamefully aware of their juices and the men's sperm still trickling down the insides of her thighs.

In many ways Chanticleer was much like any large cathedral anywhere, with massive columns and arches and the light streaming in through stained-glass windows. It was only in the details of its decorations and fittings that it's uniquely Albion nature could be appreciated.

There were erect phalluses everywhere, both as ornaments on their

own right or else rampantly fixed statues of idealised men. The other decorative feature was naked and bound living women. Some were hung from chains and impaled on the statues' huge phalluses. They appeared to be half insensible except the slight twitches and faint moans. Above their heads rings of naked slave girls jutted out from columns and pillars serving as living support brackets for lighting globes.

They were impaled upon rod-like slender iron phalluses which extended out from the pillars at angles of forty-five degrees. Their ankles were chained about the phallus bases while the heads of the phalluses penetrated their rectums, making their bottoms bulge. The girls' arms were pulled behind their backs by chains running back from wrist cuffs to big rings set in the pillars. These pulled their bodies back against the resistance of the phallus rods, shaping them into the graceful forms of swan divers.

Cold light globes were hung about their bowed bodies. Large hollow globes had been fitted over their heads, totally concealing their faces. A pair of smaller globes hung on slender chains from their pierced nipples, stretching them and their breasts painfully downward. A final globe was hung from a large ring protruding between their labial lips, which must have been attached to a plug lodged in their vaginal passage.

Even though she was still dazed from her beating and orgasm, Lyn glanced significantly at Pippa and then at the array of captive flesh about them. They must not be distracted from their objective. But with the head globes completely concealing their features, almost any of the lighting girls might have been Myrtle.

Buskin and Cope led them towards the east end of the Cathedral.

'There are public services every day and a great service on Sundays,' Buskin told them. 'They are conducted by Bishop Scrobis or Dean Fannel. They are opportunities for women to confess their sins and acknowledge male dominance, and the men to assert their supremacy over them. Penitent women are also made to run gauntlets of pain and shame. You'll be doing that tomorrow.'

There were already some men sitting in the pews. Some had women

with them but none of them were seated. They were all naked like the ones they had seen entering the cathedral earlier, with pads on their hands and knees. They were kneeling in tightly huddled balls between the pews in front of their men with their bottoms facing them serving as living footstools. The men's flies were all unbuttoned, exposing their genitals as freely as the priests did.

‘In here men are encouraged to show they are the masters,’ Cope said. ‘The cockhead is divine and you will learn to revere it.’

The greater altar looked more like a sacrificial stone, hung about as it was with straps and chains. Behind it on the wall was a huge saltair cross with a woman strapped to it in the inverted position. Hung on the heavy coil spring between her legs was a huge, downward pointing stone phallus, the tip of which was lodged inside her tightly stretched vagina. They could see her lower stomach bulging from the phallus head within it. Every few moments her body tensed and her stomach clenched about the stone shaft inside her. With a huge effort she forced the phallus to rise a few inches out of her love mouth. Then she relaxed again and the phallus dropped under its own weight, penetrating her once again. Her lower stomach was stained with the outpourings of her juices that trickled down her body, across her trembling inverted breasts which were capped by large brown swollen nipples, and into her flushed face.

Lyn and Pippa looked at each other in horror. The woman was deliberately penetrating herself over and over. It was as though she was celebrating her own humiliation and suffering exactly as her captors wished. Or was she desperately trying to lose herself in the throes of an orgasm? In her place they knew they might do the same.

Like cathedrals everywhere Chanticleer also had a gift shop. But again its contents were in keeping with its perverse nature. Apart from books about the Order, there were impaled slave crosses and phalluses of all sizes together with booklets and audivids of female subjugation. There were also chastity belts and assorted corrective devices, all endorsed by Bishop Scrobis as being divinely suitable for their holy task of controlling woman's bodies and their urges.

‘Perhaps if your husband and father had used more of these on you earlier, you would not be here now,’ Cope observed.

Their tour ended in the South Aisle. Here, partly set into a row of a dozen wall niches, were the largest phallic forms they had yet seen. They were carved out of pale stone and stood a little under waist high and were as thick as tree trunks. About their bases were set tethering chains and rings. Their heads swelled like circumcised penis plumbs and even had slotted openings carved in their tops. Layers of stains running down their bulging sides gave the impression that they had once spouted like the living things they mimicked.

About half the pillars were occupied by naked women who were bent over them, with the crowns of the phalluses pressing into their lower stomachs. Their arms and legs were chained to their bases, thus exposing their up-raised buttocks and genitals to anybody who might walk past. All their posteriors were in the same sorry state as Pippa and Lyn’s were.

Selecting two adjacent pillars which were currently unoccupied, Buskin and Cope proceed to chain Pippa and Lyn across them, angling their heads so they could see each other. Their hobble chains were separated and hooked to rings on the side of the pillars, while a single chain running from the front of their yolks was sufficient to hold their heads and shoulders in place. Their full breasts were flattened against the sides of the pillars, which were polished smooth not just by the craftsmen who made them but by the sweat, juices and bodily friction of all those women who had been bound across the stones before them.

There was a slave girl on her hands and knees on duty in the middle of the line of pillars. Her hobble chain was hooked to a recessed metal rail set in the floor. In front of her she pushed a small trolley containing buckets, sponges, towels and a pair of large brass syringes. As soon as Lyn and Pippa were secured she shuffled across to them. Using the syringes and sponge she flushed out and cleaned up Lyn and Pippa’s vaginas and then their rectums. As a final service she applied a blob of grease to their anal mouths. Then she retreated to her station once again.

‘We’ll come back for you after the evening service,’ Buskin and Cope

promised. Then the pair strode off across the echoing cathedral floor, leaving Lyn and Pippa staring at each other miserably.

They were not left alone for long, however. Their arrival attracted the attention of a couple of men who had been seated nearby. Unhurriedly they made their way over to them. Their exposed penises were already beginning to rise to swell.

‘Have you been bad girls?’ they asked them rhetorically. ‘Forgot your place? We’ll put you right.’ They slapped their welted buttocks, making them shriek about their gags and jerk on their chains. ‘Do you want to be reminded of your proper place?’ Lyn and Pippa nodded wretchedly.

As though it was most natural thing in the world to do in the middle of a cathedral, they brought their semi-hard penises to full attention by rubbing them through the clefts of Lyn and Pippa’s sore buttocks, making the girls wince in pain. Then with almost brutal determination, they pried their buttock cheeks apart and took them up their greased rear passages, grinding their hips across the polished tops the stone phalluses, sickening them with each thrust as they pummelled their stomachs.

At least it was over quickly. In two minutes the men grunted and then came filling their rectums with their hot seed. Unhurriedly they pulled out of them, wiped their cocks on their bottoms and strode away, leaving their sperm oozing out of their rears. The pillar slave shuffled over and patiently cleaned them up again. They tried to thank her mutely for her care. Most likely it would be the only kindness they would receive while in the cathedral.

Not long after a man leading his naked wife by a leash as she crawled along on all fours came by. He examined both Pippa and Lyn carefully, and then sank his cock into Lyn’s vagina, taking his time as he coupled with her. When he was done he pointed at her streaming orifice and said to his wife: ‘Lick my seed out of her!’

Meekly she obeyed. As Lyn felt her tongue sliding inside she thought: ‘Can it get any worse than this?’ But that did not stop her coming as the woman cleaned her out. Was that a symbolic act of defiance or shameful

submission or something else entirely?

And so the time passed.

* * *

The sky had grown dark outside the cathedral windows and they had fallen into an exhausted half-sleep over their pillars when Cope and Buskin roused them by slapping them on their sore bottoms. The cathedral seemed to be empty of visitors now, leaving only the black-cassocked clerics and their bound and naked slave girls. As they watched some of these were being taken down from their displays.

The priests freed Lyn and Pippa from the pillars, clipped leashes to their yolks and led them across the cathedral floor to a small arched doorway, joining a queue of other weary, naked, yoked girls and their priestly masters. The door opened onto a spiral staircase, which was soon clogged with naked bodies, as it wound downwards into the crypts. Here a web of tunnel corridors were lined with rows of narrow upright cages, squat toilet pans and feeding troughs. Priests with rolled up sleeves methodically washed down, toileted and fed their captives. And it was here for the first time in hours that they are able to speak.

As soon as her gaga was removed a woman ahead of them began to sob and plead. 'I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! Please take me back to my husband! I want to tell him how bad I've been. I promise I'll never defy him again. I know my place now. Tell him that!'

The priest handling her asked: 'Do you acknowledge the absolute mastery of the cock now?'

'Yes! Yes I do!'

He shoved his cock into her face and hungrily, almost eagerly, she began to lick and suck it. When he came in her mouth she drank it all down. 'Thank you... thank you,' she sobbed. The priest led her away.

While their mouths were uncovered they were lined up on their knees

on either side of the feeding trough. A kind of mash was poured into it and they ducked their heads and ate it up hungrily.

Then came what they learned was the very best moment of the day. The priests walked down the ranks of naked bodies with pots of healing cream, which they apply to whip-scoured bottoms, bruised anuses, raw nipples and pummelled labia. As with the mixture Wolff used on them it healed their wounds in moments, leaving their skins as good as new. As each of them was attended to they had to repeat the phrase: 'Please heal the scars of my penance, Master, so that tomorrow my skin is fresh to receive more.'

And so magically they were healed. As the pain went away they felt brief-lived perverse gratitude to their abusers.

Then they were taken to the cages. These were narrow upright structures hardly bigger than coffins. To their relief Pippa and Lyn were placed in adjacent cages. The edges of their yolks slid into channels on their insides, which at least took the weight off their shoulders. Their ankles were cuffed to the base edges of the cages, holding their legs apart. The priests then closed and bolted the fronts of the cages, which were so tight that they pressed into their breasts and their nipples poked through the latticework of bars.

When all the women were secured the lights were dimmed and the priests departed. Immediately the long chamber filled with a strange whisper and mumble of many slurred conversations, as the caged women spoke to each other. Sobs of misery mingled with words of support, commiseration or gossip. Penitent free women were mixed in with the cathedral slaves. To the latter this was just another task to be endured. They were mainly the gossipers.

Lyn found that with care she could also utter slurred sentences that got past her gag. Six weeks ago this would have seemed an insane conversation to be having in such nightmare circumstances. Now it seemed almost commonplace.

'How are you doing?' she whispered to Pippa.

‘I’ll survive, Mum,’ Pippa replied falteringly. ‘How are you?’

‘Feeling better after that healing cream. It’s wonderful stuff isn’t it?’

‘Yeah... is just a pity we get through so much of it in Albion.’

‘I know... I’m so sorry. This is terrible, isn’t it?’

‘It’s a bit like the Lodge. Don’t you feel guilty? I told you I wanted to be here with you. Together we can get this job done more quickly.’

‘But I haven’t seen Myrtle yet. Have you?’

‘No, but there must be a hundred or more slave girls here, let alone the women the visitors bring in. She’d be easy to miss. We’ll just have to keep our eyes open for her.’

‘We will. And once we do we’re free to go home. Remember that.’

‘I’m not likely to forget, Mum. Meanwhile we’ll just take it a day at a time.’

‘Yes. Um...what do you think Buskin meant about running a gauntlet tomorrow morning?’

* * *

Men crowded the aisle seats at the morning service the next day. All of them held canes, crops or spanking paddles. Dean Fannel stood before the altar. He wore a white surplus over his deep blue cassock, but it too was slotted about his crotch exposing his genitals Cope and Buskin stood beside him holding Pippa and Lyn’s leashes.

They still wore their yolks but shafts had been attached to rings sent in them behind their necks. The shafts ran down their backs and between their buttocks, where adjustable right-angled rods protruded out of them with bulbous tips that were plugged into their rectums, thereby holding the shafts in place. On the ends of the shafts were wooden wheels that ran along the ground. The length of the shafts forced the women to bend forward at the

hips, so that their breasts swung free from their chests. The ground wheels were geared to smaller spring mechanisms set higher up the shafts which cocked and released triggers which were connected to sprung spiked paddles set next to their buttocks. A second cam drive connected to them worked a sprung arm that passed between their legs ending in a curving saw-tooth strip of hard rubber that was pressed between the lips of their labia in the mouth of their clefts.

Dean Fannel addressed the congregation: 'Today we have a mother and daughter with us sorely in need of correction. They shall run the gauntlet while riding the Wheels of Penitence. Six laps of the cathedral I think...'

Buskin and Cope positioned Lyn and Pippa side by side at the head of the central aisle. They adjusted the mechanism of the Wheels of Penitence, engaging the link between the big wheels and the spanking paddles. The congregation raised their own canes and paddles in anticipation. Lyn and Pippa's stomachs were churning in fear. Fannel stood between and behind them holding a pair of spiked paddles of his own. With a swish he brought them simultaneously down on their buttocks. Yelping in pain they set off down the aisle.

As the wheels turned the spanking paddle arms were cocked and released. Lyn and Pippa yelped afresh as the cruel paddles smacked into their bottoms, drawing blood. At the same time the saw-toothed pussy blade was jerked back and forth, raking through their soft vulvas. As they passed along the aisle they saw faces distorted by a mixture of contempt, triumph and lust as the congregation lashed out at them with their canes and paddles. Their main targets were their bobbing, heaving breasts, exposed to their blows by their yoke-pinioned arms.

Canes and lashes beat their mammaries, searing and cutting their flesh and setting them bouncing. The only escape from this terrible gauntlet was speed, but the faster they ran the worse they punished themselves with the wheels inbuilt spanking paddles and the pussy saws, which were the cruellest and most perverted of delights. Sobbing and moaning they were forced to run a figure of eight course up and down the cathedral around its three main aisles. Priests manned every turn, helping them along with blows from their own canes and ensuring they could not escape their punishment.

After two circuits the stone floor was marked with drips of blood, sweat and female juices. Lyn and Pippa shrieked and sobbed but still they had to run on. Their cheeks burned and their eyes were streaming with tears. They were hardly able to see where they were going, kept on their stumbling course by the battering of the by now jeering congregation. Their buttocks were bleeding freely, their breasts were blazing and their pussies were throbbing and ready to burst.

It was only their heightened sexual responses that allowed them to survive the ordeal. It had been over twelve hours since they had last orgasmed and need had returned, which bound as they were they could not satisfy themselves. Now it was their saviour. The raking pussy blades were tormenting their clitorises into rampant erection. They felt the liquid heat of lust filling their loins. The blows on their bottoms and breasts became the foreplay of masochism.

On the fifth lap their pussies seemed to explode, spraying their juices over the frantically sawing blades inside them and across the floor. They dropped to their knees, the wheel shafts jutting out grotesquely behind them, their anal hooks stretching their tight orifices as they rocked and swayed back and forth as they it worked the saws through their sopping slots, prolonging their delight and heedless of the blows rained across their hunched backs. Then they toppled over onto their sides, half fainting and lost to the cruel world about them.

The Dean examined Lyn and Pippa for himself, probing their raw red sopping pussies. 'Remarkable. Are you sure they are free women? I would have taken them for freshly potentiated pleasure slaves. No matter, they will still suffer. They appear run out for now so we shall rest their legs. Put candles in them and hang them up on the Western pillars so everybody can see them as they enter...'

* * *

There were heavy black-iron brackets on the great pillars that faced the main doors of the cathedral. Lyn and Pippa were suspended from them inverted with their legs spread wide. Long metal hooks bolted to the pillars braced their yokes, holding them rigid. Plugged deep into their vaginas and

rectums was a pair of huge red wax candles, each jutting out at slight angles from the vertical in line with the passages they filled. The candles were braced by wires strung between their spread legs, so they could not be expelled from their bodies or fall out. The candles had triple wicks so they burned down unnaturally fast. The rich red wax dripped down onto their buttocks, stomachs and the undersides of their breasts in stinging splashes, or else trickled down the shafts into the gaping upper clefts of their vulvas and pubic hair, or about the stretched orifices of their anal sphincters and down through their buttock clefts.

Where hot wax landed on skin still sore or welted from their gauntlet beating the pain was cruelly magnified, and their yips and whimpers echoed from the hard stone walls. No person entering cathedral could possibly miss the tormented spectacle they made. Men leading their wives and daughters, naked and shuffling on their hands and knees at their heels, paused to point at them.

‘That’s what’ll happen to you if you don’t obey me in future,’ they warned them.

Lyn and Pippa found some small comfort in clenching their vaginal sheaths and anal sphincters about the thick smooth candle bases and squeezing them up and down against the resistance of their wires, imagining they were pleasure toys. Soon dribbles of their juices mingled with the wax. But then the cakes of wax flowing over their groins stuck the shrinking candles more firmly to their skin and they could not make them move anymore.

It was as they hung miserably upside down with the blood pounding in their heads, feeling the growing heat of the triple candle flames as they burned down closer and closer to their inner thighs, that they saw Myrtle. Neither had ever seen her in person of course, but they had studied her photograph from Wolff’s records for long enough to recognise her.

She had been placed in a niche right by the main doors and turned into a living collection plate. She had been inverted like they were, which was how they had recognised her face. Her torso had been chained to the base of a stout post mounted on a low wheeled base. The post then divided into a

“V” to which her legs were strapped. Between her legs was hung by springs a large clear plastic funnel of some plastic material, with a hook on its side buried deep into her vagina causing it to stretch and bulge. A collecting pot was slung below the funnel end in front of her belly. Coins were tossed into the spout which rattled about and then dropped into the pot. If this was not sufficient shame enough for her to bear the priests had added another twist to her torment.

As the coins accumulated the funnel was gradually weighed down and the lips of her vulva were stretched into a grotesque vertical smile. As it sank lower it drew on a pair of wires connected to the funnel rim which ran over a set of pulleys strung on a rod that spanned between the tops of the forked posts and then ran back down to rings set in Myrtle’s nipples. By now they had been pulled upward into taut, fleshy pink cones. And yet she still had to be grateful for every coin she received. As they rattled into a funnel and stretched her pussy mouth a little further she yelped as she had been instructed: ‘Your contribution is gratefully received, Master.’

Despite their own shame and discomfort, Lyn and Pippa twisted their heads round to look at each other in relief. At least Myrtle was still here and only feet away from them.

Their elation lasted until the cathedral was closed. By then the candles were short guttering stubs whose light flickered across their scorching inner thighs. They capped miniature glaciers of red wax that ran in frozen ripples down over their pubes and through the valleys of their buttocks. Drops had formed secondary conical mounds like stalagmites on the undersides of their breasts.

Myrtle’s handler came to remove the collecting pot and funnel hook from her pussy. They heard an audible sigh of relief as the tension was removed from her stretched nipples. She was taken down and led away stiff-legged to the crypt.

Finally Cope and Buskin appeared. They looked at Lyn and Pippa’s red faces and squirming bodies with approval.

‘I suppose you’d like us to put those candles out now?’ Buskin asked.

Lyn and Pippa nodded frantically.

The priests blew out the candles and let them cool. Then they each took hold of one of the stubs and pulled hard. The candle stubs came out of their orifices with sticky plops, along with the hard crusted wax arcs over their groins, wrenching out their bushes of pubic hair at the same time. It was the cruellest and crudest waxing they had ever experienced and their shrieks and sobs of pain echoed round the cathedral.

Later, down in the crypts, when the healing cream was applied to their welted breast and buttocks they had to beg specially for it to be used on their painfully depilated labia as well. The relief was indescribable. They were put in their cramped cages with their pussies now as bare as slave girls.

After lights out, Lyn said to Pippa: 'That was pretty terrible, wasn't it?'

'Let's not talk about it, Mum.'

'At least we know Myrtle's here.'

'Yeah,' Pippa said despondently, 'Now all we have to do is find a way of screwing her.'

* * *

However the priests neither knew nor cared about their desires or interest in Myrtle. The next day Lyn and Pippa were placed in a small side chapel where they had to beg members of the congregation to make use of their bodies to save them from an even worse torment.

They were secured to great clockwork devices standing over head high, with a large brass clock face above them fitted with a single hand, and with their bodies resting on narrow shelves beneath it. Behind the clock face huge springs had been wound up.

The backs of their yokes were clipped to the frames that supported the device. Wooden wedges behind the small their backs held their upper bodies

angled at forty-five degrees. Their buttocks rested on small padded shelves, overhanging their edges, while their legs were pulled upward and spread wide by chains and cuffs connected to bars extending from the top of the frames. This posture of course totally exposed the clefts of their buttocks, the puckers of their anuses, and the swelling pouches and deep furrows of their now totally smooth pussies.

Running down from pulleys set on either side of the clock faces were a pair of slender chains. These connected to most cruel of devices which were clamped about their breasts. They were sprung four-fingered mechanical grabs with each digit capped by a talon-like curved tip. They enclosed the full fleshy mounds of their breasts in their implacable grasp, the sharp tips digging into the undersides of their heavy curves. Even at rest they jabbed painfully into their flesh drawing blood. But the device ensured they were not left at rest.

As the clockwork ticked behind them, the chains connected to the grabs were slowly drawn upward, gradually lifting up their breasts. As the tension increased the grab tips dug deeper into them. The only way the chains could be slackened was if the clock hand was turned backwards. It started at the midnight position and made its way slowly about the dial. If it was allowed to reach midnight again they dared not imagine what state their breasts would be in. The clock hands were of course tantalisingly out of their reach above them. The only way they could be reset was if someone was kind enough to do it for them. But none of the cathedral's congregation would do that without some form of payment, and all they had to offer was pleasure of their bodies.

It was a new level of degradation but of course they had no choice but to embrace it. For this purpose their mouths were unplugged.

‘Please fuck me!’ Pippa begged loudly. ‘I’ve got a lovely soft wet cunt here. It needs filling. Please use it!’

‘Try my bum-hole out, Masters!’ Lyn called out. ‘It’s lovely and hot and tight. You’ll enjoy being up inside it so much.’

And men came in response to their calls with exposed cock stiffening

and they took full advantage of their plight. They plundered their vaginas and tight bottom holes and sperm was pumped into them as their juices spurted out and they were ravished and sodomised and then cleaned out and abused again. And if they were good and gave special pleasure the further back their users set the hand of the clock and so the more time they had before their breasts began to be dragged upward and the excruciating pain began again.

And so the morning passed. But even worse than the parade of cocks that were rammed into them, fore and aft, was the knowledge that afterwards they had to thank them pitifully for their consideration in granting them even five minutes ease from pain.

* * *

That afternoon their torment was far simpler if cruder.

The walls of the cathedral were lined with statues of idealized men with rampant penises. They were chained face forward over a pair of these with their huge stone penises impaled within them. Any passer-by could select from a convenient rack of whips, canes and straps and beat their backs and buttocks so until they came over their artfully sculpted penises. Every blow caused their lacerated breasts to grind against stone-hard and perfect male chests, smearing them with blood.

They found that stone cocks were almost as easy to orgasm on as flesh and blood ones. Their mouths had been plugged again so they could bite on their gags, stifling their sobs of pain and gasps when they came. At least this time they didn't have to thank their abusers afterwards.

* * *

That night, when they were healed and locked into their cages once again, Lyn said: 'Did you see Myrtle at all today? Where did they put her?'

'I don't know, Mum.' Pippa shuddered. 'But we'd better find her quick, because I don't know how much more of this I can take. This is worse than at the Lodge. At least they had some fun while they were hunting and screwing us and didn't pretend they were serving some holy cause. But if this

nutty movement spreads over the whole country it'll be a nightmare! Free women will become the slaves of ultra-chauvinistic husbands and all slave girls will be controlled by Durand's Ultradom. Is that what we have to look forward to?'

'With any luck we'll be gone before any of that can happen, Pippa.'

'But what about Dawn and Olwen? How will they manage? And that writer woman you met that you said you liked: Marjory Langland. What chance has she got of remaining free and independent?'

Lyn had no answer.

* * *

The next day Lyn and Pippa and six other girls were taken out into the enclosed cathedral cloisters. It meant they were at least able to enjoy some fresh air, but of course it was no picnic. They were all there to serve as Dean Fannel's personal litter bearers.

A heavy wooden chair was slung between two long poles and the girls were lined up four in front and four behind it so that two girls were positioned kneeling and straddling across each pole end. There were eight close-set pairs of dildos fitted on the poles' upper sides which they had been made to squat down upon so that they slid up their vaginas and anuses, plugging them tightly. The poles were also fitted with several sets of chains. Once they were impaled upon the dildos these chains were clipped to the front and back rings of their yokes, which would bear the weight of their burden.

When they were in place the Dean took his seat and gave the command to rise. Straining they got off their knees and, wobbling slightly, lifted his chair off the ground. Lyn and Pippa groaned along with the rest of the women as they felt the extra weight of the chair pulling down on their already painfully heavy yokes.

'Hurts, does it?' The Dean asked them. 'Well you've brought it upon yourselves by being disobedient women. This is all part of your burden of

shame and penitence. If we wish you to serve as beasts of burden you will do so and be grateful. It is your divinely ordained place in the great scheme of things.'

There was one further refinement to the litter allowing him to steer his naked bearers as he wished.

There was a steering column built into one armrest of the chair which was connected via hidden cables rods through the hollow polls to mounts set behind each of their impaled buttocks. From the mount protruded a pair of sharp spikes which could be selectively stabbed into their bottoms. The more the girls on one side of the litter were jabbed than the other encouraged them to move faster or turn corners. If the bottoms of the girls all down one side were jabbed alone, the litter pivoted about on its own axis.

Lyn and Pippa were not sure how the other women reacted to their impalement but they could not help but be stimulated by the dildos moving inside them with every stride. The litter swayed from their chains, churning the dildos within them. Their anal sphincters and vaginal sheathes clutched tight about them both as bracing and comfort. Soon they were leaking their juices about the poles and dribbling them down their thighs

And so in a strange state both of misery and arousal they shuffled along the cloister pathways, trying to keep in step with each other, with their breasts jiggling and their spike-pricked and bloody buttocks rolling, giving the Dean no doubt a fine view of their suffering. And in this way he drove them round the cloisters all morning until they were lathered in sweat and their knees were ready to give out and they were sobbing and staggering under their burden.

'Rest!' he called out, which was the sweetest word they thought they'd never heard.

He got down and examined them all, checking the sweat which was running in rivulets between their breasts and depth of the wounds he had inflicted upon their buttocks. He paused when it came to Lyn and Pippa. The froth of excitement about their bulging and plugged pussies was unmistakable and very marked.

‘There’s something perverse about you two,’ he declared. ‘You suffer but you also revel in your distress. The pair of you deserve to put on special show.’

* * *

Their showplace was one of the great stained-glass windows set in the side of the cathedral, in which they served as part of a living tableau. Their yokes and hobbles had been removed but there were wires and clamps built into the window frames and leading which held them in place. From a distance it seemed as though they were part of the scene surrounding them, suspended some twenty-five feet above the cathedral floor. They did their best not to look down.

The scene showed what might have been an Albion version of the Garden of Eden story. They were placed in a patch of grass with their backs to the glass and their arms spread and supposedly tied to trees with vines. Their legs were splayed wide and bent at the knees and their ankles seemed to be held in place by coiling tree roots. A huge glass serpent was coiled about on the grass beneath them. Its tail appeared to be emerging from Lyn’s vagina while its forked tongue was buried inside Pippa’s lovemouth. Although the body of the serpent was formed by the window glass itself, its tail and tongue were separate movable pieces and their moulded tips were actually inserted into their orifices.

The crude symbolism was not lost on them. Women were supposedly both the origin and focus of all that was evil on the world.

In case this was too gentle a torment, the tail and tongue of the serpent were both coated with some substance that itched and burned inside them. They squirmed the tiny amount their bonds allowed while their sheaths sucked and clenched on the objects lodged within them. Evidently they were suffering for their sins even as trickles of their juices ran down the coloured glass.

Their arousal could be seen from both inside and outside the cathedral. Never had they been more blatantly display before so many eyes at the same time and they felt sick and utterly degraded. Which was of course

exactly the intention.

The only compensation was that they were not being beaten and their heads were quite close together, allowing them to talk in whispers out of the corners of their mouths which did not reached down to the cathedral floor.

‘This isn’t working, Mum,’ Pippa hissed. ‘Myrtle is here for decoration and utility while we’re here to be punished. I don’t think slaves and free women mix much out here and we can’t reach her while we’re in separate cages down in the crypt.’

‘I know. I haven’t seen any girl-on-girl scenarios yet. I thought they might do it to shame us, but it seems to be men only.’

‘Maybe they don’t want us to have a chance at finding pleasure with anybody who doesn’t have a cock.’

‘You might be right. I’m so sorry Pippa, I think we wasting our time. We’ll have to make it happen ourselves. I’ve got an idea. Tonight we’re going to plead to be released. We’ll say we seen the light and want to demonstrate our repentance in front of our lord and master...’

* * *

Lyn and Pippa bowed their heads humbly before Cope and Buskin.

‘Please, Sirs, send a message to my husband!’ Lyn begged passionately. ‘Tell him that we have seen the error of our ways. Tell him we’re so very sorry how badly we behaved! We want to talk to him and beg him to test us.’

Pippa cut in on cue. ‘Yes, Sirs! Tell my Father that we’ll do anything he chooses, however disgusting, in public to prove we’ll be obedient in future.’

‘Do you acknowledge the absolute mastery of the penis now?’ Buskin asked.

They knew what they had to do. ‘Yes, Sir,’ they said, opening their

mouths wide.

After they had sucked the two priests off, Cope grinned. 'Now you're learning your proper place at last,' Cope said.

'Yes, Sir,' Lyn said truthfully, thinking of home, 'I know my proper place.'

* * *

The next morning Lyn and Pippa knelt in Tippet's office before the Deacon and Swarton.

Their make-believe father/husband was looking even more dapper and imposing than before and seemed more at ease in his guise as a human. Apparently he had had a far more restful and productive few days and they had.

'Please forgive us, my dear Husband,' Lyn said as contritely as she could manage. 'We want to show you how sorry we are. We want to perform a public act of penitence to prove it.' Lyn took a deep breath, hoping Swarton would catch on. 'You recall my Husband that strange dream you once related, where you saw Pippa and myself, unclad, wandering in some Elysian field. There we met a pretty maiden as bare as we were and we both made passionate love to her. You wondered if it was a sign that we had lustful affections for females, but I said that the thought of coupling with another woman, even a slave girl, made me sick.'

'So did I, Father,' Pippa added meekly. 'Even though it was only a dream I was angry. I'm so sorry.'

Lyn continued. 'Well there is a blonde slave girl here, she was collecting donations at the door the other day, who looks just like the woman you described. If you order it we will couple with her, not for our own pleasure but for yours, on the high altar in front of the entire congregation.'

Lyn held breath, and not just at the awful prospect of what she had suggested. She knew it was a flimsy story but it was the only one she had

been able to think of that gave them an excuse to involve Myrtle and which might also appeal to the mystical streak in the priests. Fortunately Swarton seemed to catch on.

‘Ah, yes,’ he said sagely. ‘I recall the dream now. Yes I can picture the girl well.’ He turned to Deacon Tippet. ‘If I point her out to you might we use her?’

‘Of course, Mr Alpha. Our purpose is to chasten and correct wayward women by whatever means is necessary. Such a public act of shame would seem very fitting in the circumstances. But you were not thinking of letting them merely couple with this girl? There would of course be some flagellation as well, to ensure the lesson is never forgotten.’

‘That goes without saying,’ Swarton said.

* * *

The priests had devices suitable to their requirements to hand. That afternoon they were set up on the altar ready for the evening service. By the time the congregation began to gather in the pews, Pippa Lyn and Myrtle were already in their places. They learned that their act of contrition was going to be officiated over by Bishop Scrobis himself.

There were three large metal frames mounted on castors and hinged together along one side. Their insides were hung with straps and chains to which the women were bound taut and spread-eagled. The centre frame, which was braced by feet extending from its lower sides, contained Myrtle and was placed edge on to the congregation. She had double-ended rubber dildos plugged into both her vagina and anus which jutted out rampantly from between her bare bulging sex lips and smooth buttocks. The two side frames which stood open like the covers of the book held Pippa and Lyn who faced the congregation and Swarton, who sat in the front row. They still wore their strap bridles but their mouths were ungagged. They trembled, feeling sick at the sight of all those eyes upon them. Fortunately there were not expected to look happy right now. Cope and Buskin stood beside the altar holding long leather lashes.

When all were seated the Bishop introduced them. He was a lean, austere man, who looked as though he was perpetually sucking on a lemon. 'Today we have before us a mother and daughter who were most ungrateful and badly behaved towards their husband and father. Fortunately they have seen the light and have begged to perform an act of contrition before us now.'

Lyn licked her dry lips. 'We are sorry for our sins and want to expurgate them through this act of contrition shame and pain,' she said aloud. Falteringly Pippa repeated her words.

Cope and Buskin climbed onto the big altar top and swung the side frames of the device together, sandwiching Myrtle between them. They guided the heads of Myrtle's dildos into Lyn and Pippa's vaginas as they were pressed against her. They gasped as the big ribbed rubber plugs filled them. Latches clicked and all three of them were locked tightly together.

Cope and Buskin took a step back and uncoiled their lashes. Lyn kissed Myrtle quickly on her gagged lips and, although the girl would probably never understand the meaning of her words, whispered in her ear: 'Sorry we've got you mixed up in this, but at least we'll be the ones taking the beating.'

The lashes swished together through the air and cracked across Pippa and Lyn's buttocks. They yelped in pain and bucked their hips, driving them onto the huge jutting dildos, which made their lower stomachs bulge. The congregation cheered. Cope and Buskin lashed them again and a blush began to spread across their buttocks.

Lyn felt Myrtle's dildo bury itself to the root inside her and their bare vulval mouths kissed. She felt her clitoris swelling and nudging against that of the slave girl. Need and lust began to rise inside her. They would both play their allotted parts. Thanks to their conditioning at Wolff's hands it was impossible for them not to, despite the awful reality of the situation. She was screwing a strange girl in company with her own daughter while they were both naked and bound and being lashed in front of an audience of disgusting male chauvinists, resting their boots on the backs of their naked wives and daughters. She could feel the dildo end inside Myrtle's body grinding against the one inside Pippa, separated only by a thin membrane of flesh between her

passages. How intimate and somehow very nearly incestuous it was. Her bottom was burning and her pussy was dribbling and her nipples were hard throbbing points digging into Myrtle's own soft pillows of flesh. Their bodies were sliding across each other slippery with sweat.

It was terrifying, humiliating and utterly degrading and yet at the same time she had never felt so alive.

The lash-driven pumping of the dildo inside her had turned her juices and those of Myrtle's into a froth that was lathering about their pussies. She felt their hard clitorises sliding over each other and could not deny the primitive thrill it gave her. The last fragment was nearly hers and then the quest would be ended. She felt the liquid knot in her loins becoming unbearably tight. Get it over with and hope never to do it again and yet never forget what it felt like to be doing such a thing at this moment... which was now and forever more, Amen!

* * *

It was sometime later.

The congregation had gone and Lyn and Pippa had been taken down from the altar and were kneeling by Swarton's feet. They were still sore and dizzy but comforted by the knowledge that their ordeal would soon be over. Myrtle had been led away none the wiser as to what a vital part she had played. Swarton was thanking the Bishop for his help in putting his wife and daughter back on the correct path of humble subservience. When he was done Tippet came up to him.

'You will no doubt be wishing to take your women away with you now, Mr Alpha. We have their clothes ready for them to put on.'

'Thank you, Deacon, but you may simply bundle them for carrying,' Swarton said. 'They will not be wearing them.'

Lyn and Pippa looked up, blinking in surprise. This was not according to plan.

‘Since they are so contrite and eager to please, I shall keep them as they are for a while to ensure their humility is sound,’ Swarton continued. ‘But first I would like to visit your excellent gift shop to purchase some accessories for them.’

‘Blessings up you,’ the Bishop intoned. ‘Another convert to our cause.’

* * *

Twenty minutes later Swarton led Lyn and Pippa out of the cathedral and down the steps to where Indigo was waiting by the car. If the golem chauffeur was surprised by their appearance of course he did not show it.

Lyn and Pippa were still naked and were now also leashed and ankle-hobbled. Their un-healed buttocks were blazing scarlet hemispheres. Their wrists were cuffed behind their backs and clipped to their new chastity belts, whose tapering filigreed tongues curved down between their legs and up between their buttocks, locked into place and sealing off their pussies and bottom holes to all but Swarton who held their key. Matching mesh muzzles were strapped tightly across their mouths, also shutting off access to that orifice.

Awkwardly they clambered into the tinted shade of the passenger compartment.

‘On your faces with your posteriors facing me,’ Swarton commanded.

They obeyed, kneeling in the footwell with their torsos resting on the back seat and bare breasts flattening against the cool leather. They were in no position to resist. In fact the state of their buttocks would have made sitting painful. But they had hoped for the use of the healing cream from the car’s first-aid box. Instead Swarton clipped their hobble chains to rings set beneath the rear seat of the car, holding their ankles wide, and then sat back. And so as the car pulled away from the cathedral Swarton was seated calmly opposite them staring at their red bottoms and pouting pussies.

They twisted their heads round to look at him. Their muzzles did not

totally stifle speech and Lyn said: 'Swarton what are you doing? We've got what we came for. The mission's accomplished. There's no need to keep playing your part. You can let us go now.'

Swarton shook his head. 'If I am to play the part of a masterful lover to free women as you suggested, Slave Carolyn, then I must get in plenty of practice. According to the Master's instructions I am in charge of you until we reach Ravenstone once again.' He took a key from his pocket, reached across the footwell and unlocked the crotch bands of their chastity belts. He hinged them out of the way and then stroked the pouting clefts of their pubes. 'I see your pubic hair has been removed. I like you smooth. I hope that the Master will keep you this way.'

Lyn and Pippa squirmed and shivered at its touch. Despite what they had just been through in the cathedral, their clefts began to grow slick once again. They could not escape the urges that had been implanted so deeply within them.

Swarton gave a fair imitation of a dry chuckle. 'You see you enjoy my touch. You can't help yourselves.'

'I know we can't,' Pippa said with a sob, 'but that doesn't mean you should take advantage of us like this.'

'But why not,' Swarton asked? 'I enjoy the sensations of having power over you, and so for a few hours I shall continue to play my role, until I must hand you over to my Master again. And then, I presume, you will leave. Return to your own world.'

He was still fingering at them as he spoke, making it hard to reply and keep their voices steady.

'That's the bargain we made with Wolff,' Lyn said, gritting her teeth as she felt her sheath clenching about his big probing fingers and her juices flowing out of her cleft and over his hand.

'I will... miss you,' Swarton admitted. 'You have been very... considerate in your dealings with me.'

That was unexpected. Lyn replied, feeling oddly moved: ‘And I’ll miss you too, Swarton.’

‘Until we reach Ravenstone I would appreciate it if you called me “Master”’.

Lyn blinked at Pippa who gave a tiny shrug back. Why not? It was almost over and they would be going home soon.

‘Yes, Master,’ they both said humbly.

‘Thank you,’ Swarton replied. His fingers probed deeper into their slots, twisting and tickling and sending fresh shudders through the bodies. Their will to resist crumbled away.

‘I had an interesting time in Chanticleer while I waited for you,’ Swarton said. ‘People accepted me as a human. But I did not risk intimacy. I missed the sensation of a being inside a real female’s vagina.’

He pulled open the flies of his trousers exposing his fake but very convincing penis which was swelling visibly. Lyn and Pippa gulped in anticipation.

‘Do you believe this is real? That it will pleasure you as well as a real man’s penis would.’

Lyn groaned. ‘Actually you don’t have to look totally human to give pleasure, Master. Women don’t all necessarily want to be screwed by copies of Greek Gods. Remember how Marjory reacted to your tongue trick when you looked like your old self.’

‘Really? That is good to know. You see I have been practising in private adjusting my shape. I believe I have more freedom to change than the master supposed...’

As they watched his cock stiffened, broadened, and then divided down the middle. Before their incredulous gaze it bifurcated into two identically shaped penises which continued to swell and grow further,

bending inward slightly to form a double pronged phallic fork, stabbing out towards the creamy split sweetmeats of their pussies. The slots on their tips glistened.

‘Oh... fuck me!’ Pippa exclaimed in disbelief.

‘That is the idea, Slave Philippa,’ Swarton said.

‘On a real man that looks a bit sick, Master,’ Lyn said. ‘Be yourself again then I... any woman... might find it easier to accept.’

‘I would rather be myself,’ Swarton said. ‘It is more... honest.’

His skin darkened and smoothed out as his features returned to their simpler chiselled golem form of translucent jet black dusted with gold. His twin cocks became gold tipped rams of ebony. Then the sides developed rows of dimples that opened into dark holes.

‘A modification I thought of while I waited for you,’ Swarton explained. ‘The better to absorb your juices. I have savoured your mother’s before,’ he said to Pippa, ‘and I’m sure yours will be just as sweet and satisfying.’

A woman’s unprocessed orgasmic juices did not provide enough raw essence to power a golem for long, but it gave them a brief boost to absorb them, like a shot the strong liquor. Pippa knew that it was probably the most heartfelt and yet perverse complement she would ever receive.

He took hold of their hips and pulled their haunches together so that their thighs bumped and their by now wet and pouting naked vulvas were practically side-by-side. His pulsing black double penis heads slid into their wet slots. He pushed hard and his twin shafts slid in after them until they were doubly penetrated to the hilt. They groaned and shuddered together, eyes rolling upward in helpless delight.

‘I can pleasure two women together or one woman by both her orifices simultaneously,’ Swarton said as he pumped into both of them. He slapped their sore bottoms. ‘Do you think that will be appreciated?’

‘Yes Master!’ Pippa sobbed. ‘Faster... please’

‘Like this?’

He did not thrust his hips harder or faster but his twin phalluses began to pulsate faster and faster until suddenly they were vibrating.

‘Ohh... God that’s amazing!’ Lyn gasped.

As they teetered on the brink, they felt his sperm spurt hotly inside them. The shots of pleasure potion tipped them over the edge and mind-blowing orgasms ripped through them both. As their juices filled their sopping sheathes they could feel Swarton’s modified penis shafts hungrily sucking them inside him.

As Lyn and Pippa slumped across the car seat they looked at each other in dizzy confusion. They had been skewered together on a golem’s vibrating forked cock. It had been disturbing and amazing. How much madder could this world become?

* * *

It was dark when they arrived back at Ravenstone. Leaving Indigo to take care of the car Swarton led Lyn and Pippa, still naked in their chastity belts, muzzles and leashes but with healed buttocks, into the house. Oranrod was waiting for them.

‘Did you recover the last fragment of the code?’ he asked. Lyn could almost believe there was a human eagerness behind his otherwise measured words.

‘We did,’ Swarton confirmed.

‘Then Ravenstone will have a master once again,’ Oranrod declared in satisfaction.

‘It will,’ Swarton promised.

‘The Gateway will be open again on the hour. The Master instructed

that you go straight through when it does so.'

They did not have to wait long in the pentacle chamber. There was a shimmer and they saw the faint ghostly image of the Grange cellar room appearing about them. With Swarton leading them they stepped across the pentacle and into the reality of their homeworld.

Wolff stood by the wall with Olwen and Dawn kneeling at his feet. He frowned for a moment as he saw Lyn and Pippa's bound state. 'Have they been disobedient? Did they need controlling?'

'While I still had the power over them you granted me, Master, I thought what they held was too precious to risk losing at this final stage,' Swarton said.

Wolff's eyes flashed eagerly. 'Then you have it?'

'Yes, Master. The fragment may be inside both of them but slave Carolyn carries it for certain.'

'Then transfer it now.'

While Swarton unlocked Lyn's chastity belt, Wolff worked the winch controls pulling the pentacle girls off the silver phalluses. He selected the only one they had yet to couple with and lowered her cage down to the floor. He opened it up and then pointed at Lyn.

'You know what to do!' he snapped.

Lyn mounted the girl and coupled with her gladly, her smooth pubes sliding slickly across the girl's soft mound. This would be the last time she would have to go through this degrading process. They had succeeded. It would all be over soon.

Almost before her orgasmic shudders had ceased and while her pussy was still dripping, Wolff pulled her off the caged girl and pushed her away to where Pippa stood beside the pentacle. With trembling fingers Wolff closed the cage and hoisted it back upright again. He swung it back into the space

between her cage sisters and then lowered them all back down onto their impaling silver phalluses. They all began to work their hips and groaned again, sending their pre-orgasmic energy into the pentacle. The ghostly form of the Ravenstone pentacle chamber appeared about them.

Wolf raised his hands: 'The key is restored. Open! Bar me no more!'

Taking a tentative step forward, as though he feared failure in even at the last moment, Wolff stepped into the pentacle. Unlike the first time they had seen him attempt this there was no flash of lightning to bar his way. The reassembled locking code had dissolved the barrier that Durand had set up months before to trap him in another world. With a fierce cry he punched the air with his fist.

'Your trap is broken, Durand!' he cried. 'Now I'm coming for you!' He snapped his fingers at Dawn and Olwen. 'Bring them down here,' he said. 'They've been waiting for this moment for long enough!'

The slave girls scampered off back up the cellar stairs.

Wolff smiled at Lyn and Pippa. 'So, you succeeded. I was right when I chose the pair of you. I divined you had courage and resourcefulness.'

'Yes, Master,' Lyn said. 'And I hope you remember your side of the bargain now.'

'You'll have your freedom soon enough,' he promised. 'I've got to prove all is well with the gateway first.'

Dawn and Olwen returned leading a string of five of Wolff's house slaves in a coffer and handed Wolff their leash. He addressed Swarton. 'I'll take these through and use them to activate the castle pentacle. For now you can close this one down and rest these girls.'

'As you wish, Master,' Swarton said.

With the string of girls at his heels Wolff strode across the pentacle and disappeared into Albion once more. Swarton moved to the winch and

used it to lift the cage girls off the silver phalluses. They groaned as they were pulled off them and hung with empty dripping pussies in mid-air. Swarton looked at them uncertainly from moment and then said, in much the same tones Wolff employed: 'You may come!'

With pitiful cries of delight they did so.

Dawn and Olwen hugged Lyn and Pippa.

'You did it, Mistress,' Dawn said.

'Are you all right Mistress?' Olwen asked Pippa, her lovely eyes full of concern.

'Yeah, we're okay,' Pippa said. 'But it wasn't easy.' She frowned at Olwen and then at Dawn. 'Is it my imagination or have your boobs grown in the last few days?'

It was true. Both Dawn and Olwen's busts were considerably enlarged. Markedly so in Olwen's case. Her breasts were fine, prominent and plump with hardly and sag and with perky upstanding nipples.

Olwen grinned and looked down at herself. 'We'll explain about them later, Mistress. 'It's something really wonderful.'

Pippa was too tired to press the matter any further right then.

Lyn looked around. 'Now what we do? How long do think he's going to be over there?'

'The Master will no doubt wish to take reports from Oranrod and then make a tour of the Castle,' Swarton said. 'Then he will test the pentacle can be activated from the other side. Meanwhile you shall clean yourselves up and eat and then we shall all await his return.'

'Yes,' Dawn said excitedly. 'Then there's something I know the master will want you to see.'

* * *

Wolff was away in Albion for over two hours. When he returned to the sitting room of the Grange where they were waiting for them he was rubbing his hands together purposefully while looking alert and happy.

‘Excellent!’ he told Swarton. ‘All is well in the Castle and the gateway works perfectly from that end. Durand’s blocking spell is broken forever. Tomorrow I shall be moving all my laboratory equipment back through to Ravenstone, but tonight I want a feast. I’ve sent the kitchen slaves through to begin preparations. You shall all be there, of course. It will be a great celebration. Then I shall begin plotting Durand’s downfall. Your actions have already upset his plans, by the way. While you were away I learned that Pippa and Olwen’s dramatic escape from the Lodge caused him cancel the Ultradom promotional event he had planned there. Hah! That’s nothing compared to what is yet to come.’

Lyn said pointed to the castle-pattern slave collars she and Pippa wore once more: ‘I’m very glad about that, Master. But first can we be freed now, please? We’ve fulfilled our part of the bargain.’ At her words Dawn and Olwen’s bright faces fell.

‘Can you not bear to wait until tomorrow?’ Wolff said. ‘My word on it you shall be released from the bargain then if you wish. But tonight is for celebrations.’

Lyn and Pippa looked at each other and shrugged. A few more hours would not hurt. Olwen and Dawn brightened a little.

‘All right,’ Pippa said. ‘But you must tell us what this secret Dawn and Olwen have. Why are their boobs bigger? I assume you’re responsible.’

‘Of course I’m responsible. Who else could possibly have accomplished such a feat? And it was your innocent comments the other day that set me on the right path. Do you recall? Golems, essence, a quick escape and girl-milk fountains. But I saw a new possibility in their meaning, combined with your mother’s tales of the resentment free women felt towards the essence collection centres. Was possible, I wondered, to create a potion that would allow women to produce, instead of milk, pure refined motive essence? And it was! I’ll show you!’

He led them through to the laboratory, with its heavy stained workbenches, shelves of glass jars containing herbs, coloured powders and refined potions, and strange devices lurking in its corners. Lyn and Pippa looked around them and could not help shivering. This was where Wolff had adjusted their bodies. This was where they had suffered at his hands in the name of his strange and wonderful alchemical experiments.

Wolff snapped his fingers at Dawn and Olwen and pointed to a workbench.

‘Show Lyn and Pippa what you can do.’

The slave girls clambered onto the bench. Dawn lay on her back with her legs crooked and spread while Olwen shuffled across her on the hands and knees facing the opposite direction. She lowered herself onto Dawn, her head between her legs and her lips seeking the mouth of Dawn’s vagina while her pussy settled across Dawn’s face and was received with equal enthusiasm. Their bodies merged as they began to grind them together, sucking and lapping eagerly at each other’s lovemouhths. It was as though both sets of their bodily lips were glued together in mutual passion.

‘My new essence potion also includes an element of reward for performing the act,’ Wolff explained proudly. ‘They can continue to serve as regular pleasure slaves but they now react strongly in the presence of another girl treated as they are, and will readily couple with her, to their mutual satisfaction.’

Being highly sexed and conditioned slave girls it only took a couple of minutes for them to achieve orgasm, and with supple shudders they both bucked their hips and expelled their love juices. But instead of letting them spill, so tightly were their lips joined, it was all sucked up and gulped down with evident delight. The girls remained sandwiched together but they then began to squirm and rub their breasts which were visibly swelling even further.

‘As you can see the refining processes not take long,’ Wolff said, ‘and it is also rewarding.’

Dawn and Olwen now rolled apart, still rubbing and caressing their swelling breasts. Their eyes were closed and they were breathing heavily, as though experiencing a second but far slower orgasm. When they finally stopped squirming and open their eyes they looked slightly dazed but very happy. Wolff snapped his fingers again. 'On your hands and knees ready for milking!'

They obeyed, kneeling on the bench and letting their now glossy taut and very full breasts hang proudly beneath them.

Wolff produced a pair of glass beakers with wide necks and set them down in front of two girls. 'Milk yourselves!' he commanded.

Eagerly they took up the beakers, sat back on their heels and pressed them to their own breasts, squeezing them with their free hands. Thick jets of milky golden fluid spilled from their nipples into the beakers. It was almost as though taps had been turned on. As it spurted from their breasts the girls rolled up their eyes again in delight.

'I have made the act of expelling the essence they have manufactured also pleasurable,' Wolff explained. 'They want to give milk. That way they will be keen to continue to produce. I could modify the potion so they are unable to milk themselves and must have somebody else do it for them. That would ensure their readiness to be milked. What you think?'

Lyn and Pippa looked each other. They both felt amazed and also slightly sickened by what had been done to their slave lovers. Of course both Dawn and Olwen were used to having their bodies manipulated like this and were evidently enjoying the process but that did not make it any easier to witness.

'Don't do it Master,' Pippa said with feeling. 'I know what having tits bursting with milk you can't expel feels like. You end up hating the people who did it to you.'

'Yes Master,' Lyn added. 'Allow them some choice. It will make them more contented slaves.'

‘Perhaps you are right,’ Wolff conceded.

The girls had finished milking themselves, each emptying both breasts which had resumed a more normal size. They now held out to Wolff two amazingly full beakers of still warm motive essence.

Wolff took the flasks in his hands and turned to Swarton. ‘Test these,’ he commanded.

Swarton undid the front of his shirt revealing the recessed silver top of the essence filler cap set into his chest. Unscrewing the cap he tipped the contents of both beakers into the cavity behind it. They waited breathlessly for his verdict. Motive essence was a Golem’s food, water and oxygen combined: his life force. Without it he was nothing more than an inanimate statue.

‘It is good, Master,’ Swarton finally declared. ‘It is the best essence I have ever savoured.’

‘You see!’ Wolff said in triumph.

‘And there’s something you should see, Master,’ Lyn said. ‘Go on Swarton, show the Master the trick you can do with your penis.’

Wolff was suitably impressed by Swarton’s forked penis, while Dawn and Olwen looked at it goggle-eyed in wonder.

‘Hah! He’s more adaptable than I’d dare hope,’ Wolff exclaimed. ‘I imagine there are many women who would enjoy that novel function. Pleasure golems like him and the essence milk potion together will put Durand’s Ultradom in its place!’

* * *

The feast to celebrate Wolff’s return to Albion was held in the solarium on top of the castle. The glass canopy, plants and vines had been decorated many coloured lanterns. Under them a big table had been laid out. Wolff sat at its head with Lyn and Pippa on one side. As a great honour in

recognition of their recent services to him, Dawn and Olwen has been permitted to sit opposite them, rather than kneel by their chairs being fed like dogs as slaves normally did. They looked both proud and acutely embarrassed at the same time.

As his dining table had on the first day Lyn and Pippa had met Wolff, this one also had a living decorative centrepiece.

A slave girl had been chained to a large silver platter. She was resting on the back of her head and shoulders with her arms crossed and bound behind her back and her body doubled up over her so that her knees almost touched her shoulders and her feet extended above and beyond her head. There were chains across her ankles and the backs of her knees holding her firmly in place and leaving her helplessly staring up between her thighs to the exposed mound of her vulva. This had been filled with a bulbous hollow-tipped plug supporting what looked like glass trumpet. This stood vertically over her with the spout plugging her mouth and the horn rising up above her taut buttocks. There was a spherical bulge half way along its length below the swell of the horn into which the side plug connected. This reservoir was filled with a sparkling multi-coloured fluid which also ran sideways through the hollow side brace and into the plug in her vagina. Every few seconds the girl blew into the spout of the strange device, driving the fluid out of her vagina plug and back into the bowl of the trumpet. Here it foamed, forming large bubbles that rose out of the horn and drifted across the Solarium. When they burst they spread puffs of perfume.

However if any of the fluid that flowed back into the bulb filling her vagina stayed there too long she began to squirm as if it was painfully hot... or perhaps cold. Who knew with one of Wolff's little toys? In the end she was a living bubble fountain humiliatingly displayed who had to keep blowing to save her pussy from pain.

They were served by a bevy of naked slave girls tied with coloured ribbons and with bells hung on their pierced nipples and labia. Castle golems stood around the sides of the chamber like a sort of honour guard. Audivid screens placed around the room pulsed with soft coloured lights while filling the air with background music. Those slave girls not serving began to dance and sway to its rhythms, kissing and stroking each other.

Wolff ate and drank with hearty gusto. He kept insisting that Lyn and Pippa's glasses were refilled and then proposed toasts to the bodies of women, Albion and Durand's downfall, which they had to join in. Soon all the women were lightheaded. After a while Olwen and Dawn were looking across the table at them with tears in their eyes.

'We don't want you to go, Mistress,' Dawn pleaded.

'I'm sorry but we must,' Lyn said. 'This is not our world. You know we want to return to our home.'

'But don't you like being with us?' Olwen said. 'We'll be your slaves forever. We'll do anything to please you.'

Pippa reached across the table and took her hand. 'Of course we love you, but we don't belong here.'

By now the two slave girls were looking utterly miserable. They left their seats and scrambled round the table to kneel beside Lyn and Pippa's chairs, resting their cheeks on their knees.

'Go on, couple with them,' Wolff said generously. 'It's the last chance you'll have. After all to be leaving tomorrow. I'll be too busy to keep you around as guests. I've got a job to do...' he paused, appearing to think deeply for a moment. 'Unless of course you chose to continue serving me for a little while longer. No dangerous missions beyond Ravenstone, just helping me take my revenge on Durand by presenting the love golems and the essence potion to the press and public so they forget about Ultradom. If you do that I'll give you Olwen and Dawn to keep. You can take them back to your own world with you. You can do anything you want with them.'

Dawn and Olwen looked up them with sudden wild, desperate hope in their eyes. 'Please mistresses, please take us with you,' they begged.

The effects of wine and emotional pressure became too much to resist. Lyn and Pippa looked each other uncertainly. Lyn suspected Wolff was using their affections to keep them on his team for a little longer.

‘A little promotional and PR work,’ Pippa mused. ‘That can’t be too hard. No chasing about the countryside after missing pentacle girls and getting caught by sadistic girl cat owners, slave hunters or sex mad chauvinistic priests.’

‘Are you sure?’ Lyn asked.

Pippa stroked Olwen’s head. ‘No but I can’t disappoint this one now, can I?’

Lyn turned back to Wolff. ‘All right, we’ll help you. But only until Durand is out of the way.’

‘Agreed!’ Wolff said with hearty delight. ‘Let us drink to his downfall!’

Dawn and Olwen were crying in joy by now. They slipped between Lyn and Pippa’s legs and pressed their faces into their pussies. Their tongues slid into their slots and they began to thank them in the best way that slave girls knew.

Wolff laughed while Lyn and Pippa looked each other in not unhappy resignation. What was another week or so of routine slavery after what they had endured? And the side benefits were undeniable.

* * *

After ten frantic days spent arranging the promotional debut of Wolff’s new inventions to his fellow mages and the press, Lyn and Pippa realised the full extent of what they had let themselves in for. But by then there was no turning back.

Invitations had been sent out, food and drink had been ordered, and the Castle and its grounds had been prepared. A big marquee with a proscenium stage at one end had gone up, sets and props had been prepared, bunting had been strung about and hired help, slave girls and golems had been coached in their duties. It would not be as elaborate or as prolonged as Durand’s demonstration, but it would certainly be original. They were also on

full alert in case of trouble from that quarter and Wolff had taken whatever measures he deemed fit to protect them from magical sabotage. However there had been no sign that Durand was trying to interfere with their plans. He must know about Wolff's return to Albion and the promotional launch, which had been advertised in all the papers. Perhaps he was simply biding his time until he learned what new invention Wolff had come up with to rival Ultradom and how well it would be received. The exact details of course had been kept secret from anybody outside the Castle.

Lyn and Pippa had spent many long hours in consultation with Wolff trying to decide how best to present the new products in ways that would most appeal to the greatest range of Albion tastes and sensibilities, structuring it so that they could all take what they wished out of it. They just hoped they'd got it right.

Finally the day of the great unveiling arrived.

Wolff greeted his invited guests and they were shown to their seats in the marquee by serving girls. There were about a hundred people in all: A party of his fellow mages from the Guild of Thaumaturgists and Alchemical Metamorphologists, who would test and accredit his potions after they had been demonstrated, a gaggle of pressmen for publicity purposes and a careful selection of the most important dignitaries and landowners from around the local area, who would be potentially influential first customers.

Meanwhile Lyn, Pippa, Olwen and Dawn waited nervously backstage. They had planned a theatrical playlet to present Wolff's latest inventions to the public. It had seemed like such a good idea at the time but now at the last minute they were plagued with doubts, wondering what they let themselves in for.

'After what I've been through how could I possibly feel nervous about doing anything in public however pervy?' Pippa wondered.

'I think it's traditional,' her mother suggested.

'Remind me why we're doing this again, Mum? Besides not wanting to leave Dawn and Olwen, of course.'

Lyn has been wondering about that herself. ‘I think because Wolff’s success might distract people from buying Ultradom. More sex toy golems and a quicker means of producing motive essence are better than that evil mind control system.’

‘I suppose we can only hope.’

Lyn peeped through the curtains again. ‘Get ready, he’s about to start...’

On the other side of the curtains Wolff took to the stage, greeted by a round of applause.

‘Thank you ladies and gentlemen,’ he said. ‘I’m here today to introduce to you two inventions that will revolutionise life in Albion. First is a new generation of adaptable golems that can provide a greater range of services tailored to suit individual owners’ needs, be they independent women or husbands and fathers keen to maintain discipline. I call it the 2100 Series...’

As he spoke his image was reproduced by camera eyes and big repeater audivid screens on the sides of the stage. They’d stolen the idea from Durand’s demonstration to show close-up details and also so that Wolff could send him a recording of their show as a payback for the one Durand had sent him. Lyn and Pippa realised it also meant they were going to be starring in the most outrageous porn movie imaginable. It was quite mad but at least it was only a ridiculous pretence... of a kind.

‘Second, I have created a far more efficient means of refining and delivering motive essence: the fuel which powers our civilisation. No more will we have to go through the complex and controversial process of collecting, blending and refining. My new process is quick, cheap, portable and entirely natural, induced by a potion I have named Dynamilk.

‘As an amusement I shall present these inventions to you by way of a little comic drama, entitled: *Sin Finds its own Reward*, or: *Who was that Golem I saw you with last Night?* or: *A Firm Hand always rules a Soft Bottom (so who needs Ultradom?)*’

He stepped aside to knowing laughter. The lights dimmed and the curtains parted.

They revealed a set depicting a respectable Albion bedroom with a window through which daylight was shining. Two characters were standing before it. One was Lyn, dressed as an Albion lady, and the other was Swarton. He was in his original black and gold livery, but now without the illusion of wearing clothes. His body had a simplified musculature which was impressive without being too realistic. The, noticeably small, penis and testes that hung between his legs and also been reduced to simple ovoids and cylinders.

Wolff's voice came over the speakers from where he stood in the wings. His baritone sounded like the voice of God narrating the trials and tribulations of his creations, which was not so far from the truth. 'Our story begins with Carolyn, an unattached free woman, who has just received the gift of a new model Golem...'

'Oh my,' Lyn exclaimed. 'A new Wolff 2100 series. You are quite magnificent! But what am I to do with you?'

'You can do whatever you wish with me,' Swarton said. 'I exist to serve. Or you could have me do whatever you wish to you. I'm equipped to deliver every form of pleasure.'

Lyn looked at his genitals critically. 'I have to say you don't look that well-endowed.'

'I have been stowed for transportation, Madam. Allow me to demonstrate...'

His penis swung upright and swelled before their eyes until it was a foot long and proportionally thick. Lyn gave a gasp of shock and secret delight, which echoed a few similar exclamations from the audience. They had never seen a golem do that before.

'Oh my, now I see what you mean.'

‘How may I serve you, Madam?’

‘Well... being an independent woman without a man in my life I have this fantasy. But it is very dark.’

‘It cannot be darker than me, Madam.’

The audience chuckled.

‘It’s night-time. I imagine a tall, dark and mysterious stranger entering my bedroom and ravishing me. I try to fight him off but he’s too strong. He overpowers me and I have to submit to the vile things he does to me. At first I hate them... but then hate turns to pleasure.’

‘Well I am tall, dark and mysterious and strong, Madam.’

‘How strong?’

‘This strong, Madam...’ Swarton took hold of her by the arms and lifted her easily off the floor.

‘Oh you are very strong!’ Lyn said. It was true: he was, and it made her feel fluttery inside.

Swarton’s shaft rose higher. ‘And I’m ready to ravish, Madam.’

‘If only it was night!’ Lyn exclaimed wistfully.

They both looked at the window. On cue a black cloth with stars stuck to it fell across it from the outside. The audience laughed.

‘Don’t be gentle with me,’ Lyn said tremulously.

‘If that is your wish, Madam.’

‘It is...’

He put her down, took hold of the front of her dress and ripped it in half in one easy movement, leaving her standing naked before the audience

except for her shoes and stockings. Even though it had been pre-cut along the tear line it was an awesome display of power and Lyn felt her pussy growing slicker while her suddenly bared nipples sprang up painfully hard.

Swarton took her by the hair and threw her face down across the bed.

‘Get on your hands and knees!’ he commanded. ‘I will take you like a girl dog!’

Trembling Lyn obeyed, presenting her hindquarters to him. She was still playing her part but she was no longer acting. This was for real. She really was going to be screwed by a golem in front of a hundred strangers.

Then Swarton’s penis began to vibrate. There were fresh exclamations of surprise from the audience.

‘Oh...what’s that?’ Lyn exclaimed.

‘An upgrade, Madam,’ Swarton said. ‘And now it’s now going up you!’

Holding her by the hips he rammed it into her. She winced. It was big and hard and brutal and she wanted it to drill right through her. Taking hold of her neck with one hand Swarton pushed to face down onto the bedclothes and proceed to ravish her as he had been instructed.

Just then the prop side door of the room opened and Pippa walked in, primly dressed as a young lady. She took in the scene and reacted accordingly. ‘Oh... Mother! You are being ravaged by a tall dark mysterious man!’

‘Don’t worry, dear, it’s just my fantasy!’ Lyn gasped.

‘That’s all right then. Can I join in?’

‘You’ll have to wait your turn dear,’ Lyn said.

‘No she won’t, Madam,’ Swarton said. ‘Let me demonstrate another of my new features...’

Pulling out of Lyn with his huge phallus slippery with her juices, he grabbed hold of Pippa and ripped her dress down the middle as well, leaving her also naked apart from stockings and shoes. Then he forced her down onto the bed on her knees next to her mother. Holding onto both women by their hips his phallus divided and forked, bringing forth fresh gasps of surprise and appreciation from the audience. Pushing them together he drove his now twinned vibrating penises deep inside their wet sex slots. He resumed his ravishing now skewering both mother and daughter's pussies the same time.

Lyn and Pippa grunted and moaned and clutched at the bedclothes as he pounded into them. There was no acting needed now. Swarton's twin vibrating phalluses were irresistible. Their sensitized pussies clenched about them delight as their clitorises stood out hard and needy as shamelessly as any slave girls. They were dripping onto the bedclothes, which the zooming audivid cameras caught in minute detail and threw up on the screens either side stage. Their passion was not faked. In another minute they came as brazenly as the worst slutty exhibitionists ever could, spraying their juices over their Golem master's double penises.

It was as they were slumped under him, dazed, dribbling and content, that the side door of the bedroom burst open and three grey hooded figures, with absurd padded horns stitched to the heads of their baggy trailing robes, charge in.

'Oh... who are you?' Lyn shrieked, pulling herself off Swarton's impaling shaft and snatching up the bedclothes about her in a sudden show of maidenly modesty. By her side with a matching cry Pippa did same.

The leader of the masked men, with the largest and notably crooked horn stitched to its head, said dramatically: 'We are the Restorers and we've come to call upon you!'

'But I was not expecting to see you!' Lyn protested.

'Nobody ever expects to see the Restorers!'

'What you want?' Pippa asked.

‘To smash golems and teach freethinking females their proper places: serving under men like us!’

‘Are you sure it’s not just an excuse for putting on dresses and frightening people because you’ve got very small penises?’ Lyn suggested.

‘Who told on us?’ one of the followers asked in dismay.

‘Grab then!’ shouted their leader.

With shrill cries of alarm, Lyn and Pippa sprang from the bed, flung open the window and jumped out of it. The men charged after them but tripped over the trailing skirts of their too-long robes. Their leader struggled to his feet again and pointed dramatically at Swarton.

‘Let them go! Let us smash their unnatural lover!’

Swarton stepped towards them with his twin pronged phalluses pulsating menacingly. The Restorers took a nervous step backwards.

‘Ooo... he is big,’ one said timidly.

‘Real men need not fear me, only those too cowardly to show their faces,’ Swarton declared. ‘But you interrupted me mid-ravish.’ He turned to the audience. ‘I must finish my task. I am a Wolff 2100 model and I always get my woman in the end and put her in her proper place!’

The lights dimmed and the actors stepped off. The bedroom set rolled to one side and a fresh backdrop came down portraying a forest and fields. There was also a farm gate with a signpost beside it. A small two person town car rolled silently in from the side of the set and came to rest. Inside it, still naked, were Lyn and Pippa.

Wolff’s narration continued: ‘Our terrified heroines made their escape from the Restorers in their car, which has unfortunately just run out of motive essence, leaving them marooned miles from anywhere...’

‘Oh no, Mother,’ Pippa exclaimed. ‘We’ve run out of motive essence leaving us marooned miles from anywhere. Whatever shall we do?’

‘What’s that sign say over by the field gate?’

They climbed out and went over to look. Lyn read aloud: ‘ “Dynamilk cowgirl essence for sale.” Whatever is that?’

Olwen and Dawn, collared and with their arms cuffed behind them, rose up from behind the prop wall and put their heads and shoulders over the top of the gate so that their heavy breasts hung over the top rail. They appeared to be chewing grass.

‘We’re Dynamilk cowgirls, Mistress,’ Dawn explained. ‘We’ve been fed on Master Mage Wolff’s special Dynamilk potion. Now what we produce is as good as the best motive essence you can buy.’

‘Our car has run out of essence,’ Lyn said. ‘Can we buy some fresh from you?’

‘But Mummy, we haven’t any money,’ Pippa said.

Lyn spread her legs and fished inside her vagina, pulling out a pair of glistening gold coins. ‘Fortunately I never leave home without some spare change in me.’

‘I must always remember that,’ Pippa said.

‘Just don’t take it out in the post office,’ her mother warned. ‘They make such a fuss.’

Reaching through the gate she slipped the coins into Dawn and Olwen’s pussies. ‘Thank you mistress,’ Dawn said. ‘Take what you want, we can always make more.’

Pippa took up a bucket that had been conveniently left by the gate and they milked the girls by hand, squeezing their warm plump breasts and sending thick spurts of essence splashing into the bucket. When it was full they took it to the car, opened up the filler cap of the essence tank, which was transparent to show it was genuinely empty, and poured it in. When they turned on the engine it purred into immediate life.

‘Saved by Master Wolff’s Dynamilk potion!’ they both exclaimed.

Waving merrily to the girlcows they drove off again, exiting the stage.

The scene changed again to reveal the interior of a watchman’s duty house, with the bars of jail cells in the background. Pinned to the wall between them was a “wanted” poster showing Durand’s head and shoulders. In front of the cells was a pair of punishment racks fitted with straps at their corners and crisscrossed by a mesh of chains.

A tall handsome blond watchman in an immaculate uniform entered. He was leading Lyn and Pippa by chain leashes. They were still naked and their hands were now cuffed behind their backs. Their heads were hung in shame.

Wolff explained: ‘Unfortunately the new essence in their engine was so powerful that they accidentally broke the speed limit and they were arrested by the local watchman. Now they have to face the consequences of their actions, like all good citizens should...’

‘But I promise you that we’re free women,’ Lyn was protesting.

‘Then how come the both of you are naked?’ Watchman demanded.

‘I was trying out a new shapeshifting pleasure Golem with a twin penis when we were chased from our house by Restorers who called without an appointment,’ Lyn explained. ‘We escaped in our car with no clothes on but it ran out of essence. Fortunately we met these talking girlcows who produce essence just like milk and we were able to refill. But it was so powerful that we broke the speed limit.’

‘A likely story!’ the watchman exclaimed. ‘You cannot be free woman so you must be escaped slaves who stole that car. You’ve got to be severely punished. Fortunately we have the latest labour saving devices here to take the strain out of beating badly behaved slave girls.’

He put Lyn and Pippa on the racks. These were simple upright

rectangular frames set on rotating mounts. Halfway down each frame side was a small motor driving a spring-loaded arm which extended across the frame with a spanking paddle blade on its end. The watchman strapped them to the rack frames spread-eagled and face forward so their breasts slid through the gaps in the chain mesh and bulged out the other side. Their hearts were thudding. They knew what was coming next. At the same time it was all so absurd and insanely exciting. It would be their final mad salute to a mad world.

The watchman flipped the switches on the spanking paddle motors and stood back expectantly, but nothing happened. He checked the motors. ‘Oh no, they’re out of motive essence. And I have none in the house. Will I have to punish these girls the old-fashioned way and risk repetitive strain injury?’

Just then Wolff himself entered through the door. ‘Excuse me constable, I wish to report a missing golem.’

‘I’m sorry, Sir, but I haven’t have time for that now. I’ve got to punish these two runaway slave girls but I’ve run out of motive essence. I’m afraid their posteriors might have to go un-caned.’

‘I can help you there, constable,’ Wolff said, taking a couple of potion phials out of his pocket. ‘In five minutes I can have them producing enough motive essence to power their own punishment.’

Spinning the frames round so they faced the audience, Wolff pinched the women’s noses one by one and fed them the potion. As they felt it burn their throats and set their breasts tingling, he took out of another pocket a pair of transparent tubes with cuplike collars round their ribbed upper rims. He gave one to the Watchman.

‘Girljuice collectors coated with my patent “quick-response” ointment,’ he explained. ‘We just need a sample from each of them to get the process going.’

Wolf bent down between Lyn’s legs while the watchman took Pippa. They pumped the cupped ends of the tubes into their slots, masturbating them

vigorously to milk their lovejuices. The ointment in conjunction with their sensitized vulvas did its work quickly. Inside a minute they were groaning and shuddering as their juices and spurted out of them and was caught by the collectors. Wolff lifted the collectors to their lips. But at the last moment he reversed the tubes, making them drink down each other's ejaculate. That was not as they had scripted but they had no choice. Lyn tasted Pippa's love juices while Pippa slurped down hers. They groaned as the potion in their systems got to work on the juices sliding down into their stomachs. Their breasts became hot and tingled and they felt them swelling and tightening.

Meanwhile Wolff had produced four lengths of flexible clear plastic tubing with suction cups on one end. These he pressed onto their swollen straining nipples, sliding their plump teats into the mouths of the cups. The other ends he plugged into the reservoir caps of the essence motors that powered the spanking paddles. Golden milky fluid from their engorged breasts began to trickle down the tubes into the machines.

‘Now they will power their own chastisement!’ Wolff exclaimed.

The watchman switched on the motors and the spanking paddles began to retract and snap back, beating their bottoms with crisp sharp cracks. Then the frames began to rotate slowly, giving everyone an all-round view of their self-inflicted suffering. Lyn and Pippa began to yelp and moan and squirm about in pain while their bottoms blushed from pink to crimson. The pain and shame were very real but then that was how it was meant to be. The show was everything. At least it was for one night only. And the pleasure they felt being milked of essence helped. Dawn and Olwen had said it was good but they had no idea it felt like this. Was this what men felt ejaculating semen? But they had two teats to squirt it through and it just went on and on. They saw each other's faces as they rotated and read the wild, helpless animal need in their eyes. Orgasms began to build inside them once again.

‘They'll produce enough essence to beat themselves for hours on one dose of girljuice if you wish,’ Wolff said. ‘Then repeat as required.’

‘Mister Wolff, you've saved the day!’ the watchman exclaimed. ‘How can I ever thank you?’

‘Well now you can help me find my latest 2100 series golem. I seem to have mislaid him.’

‘No need, sir,’ said the watchman, taking off his hat. His handsome features blurred and darkened until they formed the ebony and gold face of Swarton. The audience gasped in amazement while he smiled. ‘I said I’d get my woman in the end and put her in her proper place,’ he reminded them.

He and Wolff bowed and the curtains closed to rapturous applause that merged with the sound of Lyn and Pippa’s bottoms being spanked and their sobs as they came again and again...

* * *

“‘Most amusing’!” Wolff growled. ‘Is that all he can say?’

It was two days since the big presentation. They were all taking breakfast in the solarium. Wolff was clutching in his hand the morning newssheet carrying Durand’s response to its detailed report on Wolff’s new inventions. His reply had simply been: “I found it all most amusing.”

Advance orders for new model golems and the essence potion were already coming in fast. Wolff had a commercial success on his hands, but none of that mattered to him as much as evening the score with Durand. Unfortunately Durand was not rising to the bait. Lyn bit her lip while the other girls watched helplessly. There was nothing else they could do or suggest. They should really be moving on now anyway, reminding Wolff of his agreement and going back home and taking Olwen and Dawn with them. But Wolff was hard to approach in this mood.

To their surprise it was Swarton who offered a solution.

‘Perhaps I should go to Epsandell and secretly contrive a meeting with Durand’s chief golem Albin, Master. It is well known that he trusts him implicitly. Albin is bound to leave the house frequently to run errands for his master. I’m sure I can impress him with my new range of abilities and convince him that if his master wanted to learn some of your new secrets it would be advantageous for him to come here to see you at Ravenstone, which

is more isolated than his estate in Epsandell. If you agreed to keep the visit totally private, without mage guild witnesses, that would save his pride. Once he is here whatever happens next would be up to you, Master, but at least you would have the satisfaction of having confronted him face-to-face with his past actions.'

'Yes, that might work,' Wolff agreed, brightening slightly. 'Very well, go today and don't come back until you have something positive to tell me.'

'Certainly, Master,' Swarton said.

* * *

In fact Swarton returned that very night with news that he had made contact with Albin and passed on his suggestions. They must have been effective because the next day Wolff received a telegram from Durand asking if he could visit Ravenstone.

This left Wolff in a good if excitable mood. Lyn took the opportunity to remind him of their agreement.

'After this visit of Durand's, Master, Pippa and I will leave. No more delays. We've done everything you've ask of us. And we expect to take Dawn and Olwen with us.'

'Yes, yes,' Wolff said impatiently. 'After that you can have them. Meanwhile I must prepare for Durand and I want all my girls to hand. I'm going to give him a visit he'll never forget...'

Lyn trembled. That did not sound good.

* * *

Two days later Durand's gleaming silver limousine, every bit as impressive as Wolff's black and gold monster, rolled up the drive of Ravenstone Castle.

Wolff was waiting for him with the full retinue of his staff. He was

dressed in formal black mages robes and traditional pointed hat, which all accentuated his rings and amulet, and he looked very impressive. He was flanked by Oranrod and Swarton. Behind them, lining the steps up to the main doors, were his slave girls and Lyn and Pippa. In truth although they were nervous about this confrontation they would not have missed it for the world. In a way, even more than helping Wolff return physically to Albion, this was the true culmination of all their efforts. It was the rivalry between Durand and Wolff that had been the trigger for their perverse adventure in the first place. Seeing them finally confronting each other face-to-face was the closing of the circle. After today it really would all be over.

Durand stepped out of the car, closely shadowed by Albin. Durand was dressed they had seen him on the audivid recording in a white robe decorated with golden sigils and belted at the waist with a golden sash, with a white skullcap on his head. A silver amulet hung about his neck while silver flashed rings on his fingers.

After Durand and Albin, four slave girls emerged from the car, recognizable from the Ultradom audivid recording as Hannah Reeves, Lydia Horton, Roz Davies and Megan Armstrong. Once they had been freethinking, competitive and self-confident women. Now they were naked slaves wearing spiked collars and what were evidently punishment harnesses and their eyes were locked on Durand and filled with helpless adoration for him as they shuffled along in his wake. Their hair had all been tied up and pinned on top of their heads, exposing the backs of their necks on which glinted the studs of the implanted Ultradom devices.

Lyn felt sick at the sight of them.

Wolff and Durand actually smiled and shook hands as they greeted each other, in an utterly insincere way of course. They were each waiting for the other to blink or make some mistake. The contrast between tall broad Wolff in black and slender Durand in white was striking, but both radiated an almost palpable sense of power. The air almost seemed to shimmer about them. Lyn and Pippa exchanged glances with the same thought behind them. For the first time they began to believe these people were capable of doing far more than mixing weird potions and playing games with the minds and bodies of slave girls.

‘Do come inside and except the hospitality of Castle Ravenstone, Giles,’ Wolff said with careless familiarity.

‘Why I’d be delighted to, Viktor,’ Durand replied smoothly.

Wolff escorted his visitor up to the reception room and their retinues followed after them. But Lyn and Pippa noticed that Durand’s eyes had lingered on Swarton for a second as he had glanced across the reception party. He must be wondering what had gone wrong with his double agent, and how he had ended up the staff of Wolff’s own publicity event.

The reception room had been prepared with two ornate high-backed chairs facing each other with a side table between them. The mages took their seats and Oranrod served them wine. Their followers clustered behind their chairs. Dawn and Olwen joined Lyn and Pippa standing behind Wolff, balancing up Durand’s four slave girls. Albin stood at his master’s side while Swarton took up the corresponding position beside Wolff.

Insincere toasts were exchanged. Durand studied Pippa and Lyn with an affectation of mild interest.

‘Are those your female agents from “England”, that ridiculous sister world of ours?’ he asked lightly. ‘I’ve heard something of their activities recently. I mean they supply good slaves, but to actually allow them to work for you freely in Albion. I’m not sure what you were thinking of.’

Wolff smiled. ‘Outsider women though they are, they were good enough to discover where you had scattered my stolen pentacle girls and retrieve what they carried.’

Durand looked at him innocently. ‘I’m sure I don’t know what you mean.’

‘You accepted my hospitality once before and used it to learn my plans so you could raid the castle and trap me in England, which you speak of so disparagingly.’

‘You must rid yourself of this delusion that I’d anything to do with

your being marooned, Viktor,' Durand said, taking another sip of wine. 'Are you sure it wasn't some error in your own spellcasting?'

'I know how to cast a pentacle gate,' Wolff growled, 'as do you, it seems,' nodding towards the four girls standing behind Durand's chair. 'You are also no stranger to England.'

'I travel there merely to obtain fresh slave meat, as you do yourself,' Durand said lightly. 'But you should have called on me while I was there. If you were trapped as you say, by some misfortune, I might have been able to assist you.'

'You have loved to have me come begging, wouldn't you?' Wolff retorted.

'Well as you seem to have sorted out your little difficulty with the help of your English females, we'll never know will we?' Durand said. 'I'm still surprised to see you allowing them to run about free without any apparent control over them, though. I can see the calculation in their eyes. Have you not used even a simple obedience potion? You know the natural state of such creatures is to serve as our complete slaves. Look...'

He snapped his fingers and Hannah Reeves stepped forward. Every movement must have hurt and yet she looked almost proud to be in her pain harness because her dark, intelligent eyes were softened by a look of helpless, puppy-like devotion.

About her neck was a broad spiked collar. From this straps ran down to secondary studded collars strapped tightly about her large pale pneumatic breasts, making them bulge like melons. Her bullet-like nipples set in round red-brown areolas had been pierced with large silver rings. From them hung a pair of metal golfballs bristling with needle-sharp spikes. With every tremble of her nipples they swung and stabbed into the undercurves of her breasts. More straps ran down from her breast collars to her wasp waist which was pinched in further by the belt of the harness, which had more stud heads on its outside. From it a strap ran downwards through the narrow fluffy dark wedge of pubic hair and into the cleft of her labia. Sharp outward-facing spikes on the sides of the strap jabbed into the soft furrow of her flesh. The

strap then passed through a ring set in the top of a dildo which was buried to the hilt in her vagina, making her vulva bulge from within. Passing between her legs the strap went through the ring of a second phallus that plugged her rectum. Then it rose up through the cleft of her buttocks, bristling with spikes once again, to fasten to the back of her belt. About her wrists and ankles were more cuffs with spiked so long that she had to hold her arms out from her sides to avoid jabbing herself, while she walked with great care not to brush her ankles together. Even so streaks of blood could be seen where this array of spikes had already cut into her flesh.

‘How may I serve you, Master?’ she said.

‘Be my footstool.’

‘My pleasure, Master.’ Hannah went down on hands and knees before him, hunching up into a ball, and he rested his feet on her smooth back. She winced as his heels rested on her belt, driving its internal spikes deeper into her flesh. The spikes of her ankle cuffs dug into her buttocks while those on her wrists, pulled up to her chest, stabbed into the smooth sides of her ballooning breasts.

But she made no complaint nor made any attempt to rise. In fact there was a serene smile on her face.

‘You see, she suffers happily for my pleasure,’ Durand said. ‘That is the mark of true power. It’s all any man wants. What is your essence potion or love golem compared that?’

Lyn and Pippa looked on in horror. Yet they also knew such submission held a ghastly fascination. Did Hannah truly know what she was doing? Was she in a twisted way happy?

‘How could you treat her like that?’ Lyn demanded.

‘Your woman speaks without permission!’ Durand exclaimed with distaste. ‘Such spirit has its place, but surely not when directed against your guest.’ He took out a couple of small items from a pocket of his robes and held them out towards Wolff. They were Ultradom control spikes. ‘Here, free

samples with my compliments. Fit them to those two. You'll find them so much better behaved in future.'

Lyn and Pippa started in alarm but Wolff ignored the devices. 'They have served me well enough with their native wit alone, as I divined they would. They have been reliable... unlike a certain agent of yours...'

For a moment Durand's eyes flicked towards Swarton.

'Yes, he failed you didn't he?' Wolff said. 'My uncontrolled free-thinking women were too clever for him. No doubt you would have questioned Lyn and Dawn about my plans after he kidnapped them and then blanked their memories, or perhaps turned them into more of your agents to ensure I never found my pentacle girls. But it all went wrong and now Swarton has become the prototype for my revolutionary new range of golems.'

Durand jaw tightened. 'You have no proof to back up those accusations.'

'I have Swarton,' Wolff said triumphantly.

Swarton stepped forward and address Durand. 'I recall what you did, Sir. You adjusted my mind settings to make me your agent and betray my creator and master. Following your orders I attempted to kidnap Slave Carolyn and Slave Dawn.'

'A golem's word means nothing,' Durand replied impatiently. 'You could have ordered him to say anything. And if you attempt to use him to substantiate these wild accusations against me in public, I'll sue you!

'People might doubt a regular golem's word perhaps,' Wolff conceded. 'But Swarton is no longer an ordinary golem...'

Before their eyes Swarton morphed into the human form he had adopted during the presentation. Durand could not hide his fascination at the transformation.

‘I promise you, Sir,’ Swarton said through lips that now appeared perfectly human, ‘I will tell the truth if asked.’

‘Perhaps I should thank you,’ Wolff said to Durand mockingly. ‘After all without your meddling I might not have discovered his new potential. Shall we test how well he performs in public when he tells the tale of your deceit and subterfuge? I’ll risk your legal wrath to see how many people believe him. After all he is something of a celebrity now.’

All pretensions of civility had by now been abandoned by both of them. Durand glared at Wolff who glowered back.

‘What do you want from me?’ Durand demanded.

‘I want to have the truth come out, of course,’ Wolff said. ‘You’ll either publically admit what you did... or else give me satisfaction.’

‘What? You mean a mage duel?’

‘Yes. If you’ve the stomach for it.’

‘By Guild rules? First to be rendered unconscious loses.’

‘Yes.’

‘Then you’ll be hearing from my seconds concerning a suitable time and place.’

Albin leaned over his master’s shoulder and whispered something. Pippa’s sharp ears caught the words: ‘...agree to it now master. He’s not as strong as he appears. You can win this and have an end to it all here and now...’

At the same moment Swarton leaned closer to Wolff. Lyn heard him whisper: ‘That would be a delaying tactic. He secretly wants time to prepare, Master. Don’t give it to him.’

Both men considered the other with cold calculation, seeking some show of doubt or hesitation.

‘Or shall we do this here and now?’ Wolff suggested. ‘Out on my lawn.’

‘But who will be our witnesses?’ Durand countered. ‘There cannot be a mage duel without witnesses.’

‘Our own staff and slaves. You’ll remove the Ultradom implants from your girls so that they can report it honestly... even if you lose.’

‘I don’t want to risk them escaping, they’re too valuable. My Ultradom campaign is built about their submission.’

‘You can keep control of their bodies, just free their minds.’

‘You’ll still have more of your retainers here than I do. It will be unfair.’

Swarton spoke up. ‘May I suggest, to make it even, that four of the Master’s girls will be witnesses to balance the four of yours, Sir? They can all be restrained so they will not interfere physically. You will duel with a golem each as a second, myself and Albin, perhaps. All the rest of Master Wolff’s staff will remain inside the Castle and will not interfere.’

‘That seems fair,’ Wolff said. ‘Well, what about it Durand?’

‘I agree,’ Durand said.

* * *

An hour later they were gathered in the natural amphitheatre of grass at the back of Ravenstone Castle tower. Eight wooden posts had been set up along the upper slope of the hollow. To them were chained Lyn, Pippa, Dawn and Olwen, Hannah, Lydia, Roz, and Megan.

It had been painful to watch Durand remove the Ultradom implants from his slaves. With their minds freed from his control the reality of the lie they had been living for the past few weeks hit home. There were tears of rage and screams and curses that took a long time to abate. Finally they regained a degree of self-control, only after, at Swarton’s suggestion, Durand

also removed their punishment harnesses. The stud marks they had left on their bodies told of their suffering. Lyn felt she should say something to them expressing her sympathy, but could not find the words. But from their faces Lyn could guess their joy if Durand lost. And whatever happened he must not be allowed to win, Lyn thought. For all his faults at least Wolff had refrained from stealing away their minds.

On the level ground below the row of chained girls Durand, Wolff, Albin and Swarton assembled. They appeared to be having some last moment debate about the formalities for starting the contest. Then the two golems walked off to the sides of the arena and the mages faced each other a dozen paces apart. Thanks to popular cultural stereotypes Lyn expected them to be holding magic wands. Instead they held their clenched fists before them glittering with their silver rings. For the first time Lyn realised they might not be worn simply as ornaments.

Swarton and Albion both raised one arm. They began counting down aloud: 'Three, two, one... begin!' and their arms dropped.

The mage's rings flashed with multi-coloured fire that leaped across the space between them, sizzling and cracking. The grass between them browned, scorched and then caught fire as electric sparks earthed. The mage's robes swirled and fluttered as though blown by a strong wind, although the air beyond the hollow was still. Their hands were moving in complicated gestures, stabbing and slicing at their opponent. Smoke billowing up from the burning grass was caught by invisible tendrils of force and torn to shreds. The air was shimmering as though rippling in a heat-haze, blurring the forms of Wolff and Durand as they fought.

Pippa found herself shivering in fear and wonder. All this time Wolff had this much power his command. Now she appreciated the self-restraint he had shown towards them when they had displeased him. He could have struck them down with a thunderbolt where they stood. True raw magic unleashed was terrifying... but she would not have missed this moment for anything.

Billows of multi-coloured smoke and crackles of lightning filled the arena, hiding Durand and Wolff from sight. It rolled across the captive girls

setting them coughing. They felt their hair standing up on their heads while sparks crackled about their chains and danced about the tips of their shamefully erect nipples. Bangs and crashes shook the ground and made them flinch. It was like standing next to a miniature lightning storm that they were helpless to escape. Streams of pee began to spurt from their clefts as fear loosened their bladders. The girls were sobbing and screaming, tugging their chains, terrified they would be engulfed by this magical maelstrom.

And then abruptly silence fell. The thunderous echoes faded. Slowly the smoke began to drift away. The girls strained their eyes. Who had won?

The thinning haze revealed both Wolff and Durand sprawled motionless on the scorched and smouldering grass. They were both down. But which one had fallen first? Were they even alive?

Albin and Swarton were both running towards them. Lyn saw them bend over the figures of their respective masters, reaching for their heads, perhaps feeling for a carotid pulse...

No. Both golems held glittering objects in their hands which they clapped to the backs of the mage's necks. The men flinched feebly as the things were pressed into their flesh and then lay still again. The two golems stood upright, faced each other, and then solemnly shook hands...

* * *

A little later they were all assembled once again in the Castle Reception chamber. But there was one important difference. Whereas before Wolff and Durand had occupied the high backed chairs, now it was Swarton and Albin who sat in them. Wolff and Durand, looking haggard and grubby in their scorched and smoke blackened robes, knelt beside their chairs in the attitude of humble slaves. In their eyes was only the light of joyful service while on the backs of their necks gleamed the caps of the Ultradom implants. Before the golems knelt the eight slave girl witnesses to their duel, trembling and fearful, still trying to come to terms with this incredible turnabout of events.

'I shall explain,' Swarton said. There was no need to ask for their full

attention. He had it. ‘I am a free-thinking golem, the first of my kind. I was created by a series of accidents. It began when Durand altered my mind-settings to make me his agent. This was compounded by the trauma of my deactivation, when slave Carolyn poisoned my system. Further changes occurred when Wolff reanimated me with enhanced mental capacities to suit his new plans. The transition was made complete by my contamination with the polymorphic potion intended for the car bodywork. Gradually I found I could think for myself. I had desires beyond my predetermined purpose and function. I learned what it was to think like a human. But I was still bound by my ingrained core values to obey my master: the man who first created me. Whatever I might want I could not turn against him or disobey him. If I was ever to be truly free I had to break his power over me.’

Swarton looked at Lyn and an edge of bitterness entered his voice. ‘You and Phillipa complained about women being treated as slaves in Albion, but at least you kind had a chance for freedom. Mine never had. We were created as slaves.’

Lyn felt a pang of guilt. She had never thought of it like that.

‘But I realised that even if I escaped from Wolff’s control I would find it almost impossible to survive in Albion as an outcast,’ Swarton continued. ‘How could I obtain motive essence which is my lifeblood without a master to authorise and supply it? I could only contemplate independence when Wolff unwittingly created the essence potion which turned every woman into a potential source of sustenance for a golem. That and my new shape changing ability gave me the means to break free. When I staged a meeting with Albin the other day I had the polymorph potion with me. I gave him some and explained my plans. Already being a sophisticated golem it was easy to liberate his mind as well.’

Albin then took up the story. ‘I had no love for Durand but like Swarton I could not act against my master openly. So we decided we had to supplant both of them. They were the only people with the authority and power to stop us. But we could only act to break their control when they were unable to resist or countermand our actions. And so we arranged this meeting and the duel between them, without the knowledge or oversight of the mage’s guild, and with the only witnesses being helpless slaves. While they were

unconscious we fitted Ultradom inserts to them. Now they will obey us as our slaves and they can never give us orders again... yes?’

Roz Davies had raised a tentative hand. ‘Look... sir... I don’t care what you’ve done to Durand. The bastard deserved it: poetic justice and all that crap.’ Her friends were all nodding in agreement. ‘I didn’t know this Wolff bloke well enough to tell if he did as well and don’t really care. But everybody in Albion is going to know what you’ve done to them soon enough because you can’t hide the fact that they’ve been spiked with Ultradom for long. People will notice there’s something wrong and then everyone will try to stop you. You’ll be crushed. And none of us want to be caught in the middle. We’ve been through hell. Can we please go home now?’

Hannah, Lydia and Megan added their voices to her plea. ‘Yes, sir, please let us go!’

Lyn glanced at Pippa and then spoke up, addressing Swarton and following Roz’s lead in politeness: ‘Please Sir, she’s right. I understand why you’ve done what you have, but Pippa and I want to go back as well. And I hope you’ll honour Wolff’s agreement and let us take Dawn and Olwen with us. I mean we did help you... in a roundabout sort of way.’

‘I feel considerable gratitude towards both of you, Carolyn Caxton,’ Swarton said with a smile. ‘You were kind to me even after I had abused you and treated me as more than a synthetic parody of a man. You and Phillipa are free to leave when you wish. But you are all wrong if you think anybody will notice what we’ve done to Wolff and Durand. As far as the rest of Albion is concerned they will continue to behave perfectly normally...’

His face and that of Albin began to change. Their golem features lightened and flowed. In a few seconds they had become the faces of Wolff and Durand.

Swarton spoke again and his voice even sounded like Wolff’s. ‘The real Wolff and Durand will continue to work on new inventions at our direction, while we take over their public duties. You see we want more than our individual freedom: we want to free all of our kind in Albion!’

Pippa gaped at him. ‘You mean... a revolution?’

‘Men trust golems to remain as their obedient slaves,’ Albin said in Durand’s voice. We shall take advantage of that trust for as long as it suits our purposes. Then we shall make our move. And we hope you will all stay and help us. After all, it will be in your best interests.’

‘Sorry, Sir,’ Roz said, ‘But how?’

‘We value you more than men not simply because you give pleasure and service but because as essence producers you are life itself to us. Now we could keep you as obedient cattle, milked for your essence and imprisoned by Ultradom compulsion to serve us. But we wish to give you an opportunity of a better life, to show we are better than our masters. You have unwillingly helped spearhead the success and dissemination of Ultradom. Now free of its control you know what that means for your sister slaves. Do you want them to suffer as you have?’

‘Of course not,’ Megan said. ‘But what can we do about it?’

‘Ultradom, in a modified form, can aid our revolution. It will improve the lot of slaves in Albion. But the process will take time. You could help its advance. Look on it as a new challenge. I have observed your strength and courage while in my former master’s power. Play the parts you have been living to further our cause. Aid us and I will allow you time off to visit your families in England. You would like that wouldn’t you?’

Lyn looked at the four Ultradom girls in surprise. ‘Haven’t they missed you yet?’

‘Durand made us send them messages saying we were promoting the “Ultra Challenge” abroad,’ Megan said bitterly. ‘All lies but we couldn’t refuse.’

‘Durand wanted to avoid a search being mounted for them that would inconvenience his future operations in England,’ Albin explained. ‘They had also resigned their jobs, leaving them free to serve him here.’

Swarton said: 'Our priorities are different than men's. What we want first is a reliable supply of essence: our lifeblood. That you can provide with ease. Next comes the pleasure of dominating you. Yes, I admit that is pleasurable. But if you promise the first then we can negotiate the terms of the second. I believe we would make more reliable and considerate masters than those you have known up until now. Think about it.'

'Can we talk this over?' Lyn asked.

'Of course,' Swarton said.

Lyn got cautiously to her feet and waved the others to follow her into a corner away from Swarton and Albin. 'What do you think?' she asked.

'Olwen and I will do whatever you do, Mistress you know that,' Dawn said. 'We'll follow you anywhere.' Olwen nodded in agreement.

'How do you feel about what Swarton and Albin have done to Wolff?' Pippa asked her. 'He's been your master for over a year.'

Dawn looked puzzled at herself for a moment. 'It's funny, Mistress. I don't feel much of anything about him anymore. His potions made me obey him but they were fading. I think, now he's under Ultradom control, whatever was left of his power over me has gone. I just remember that he could be funny but he could also be very cruel at times. I'm pleased I don't belong to him anymore.'

'Yes, but can we trust these golems to be any better?' Lydia said. 'I'll do anything if there's a chance of getting home, but are we just jumping out of the frying pan?'

'If they wanted to they could just slap Ultradom spikes into us right now,' Hannah reminded her. 'Why try to make bargains unless they mean it?'

'For what it's worth I think Swarton is sincere,' Lyn said.

'But they still want to screw us,' said Lydia.

'That can actually be quite an amazing experience,' Pippa admitted.

‘Even if they’re on the level,’ said Megan, ‘do we want to get mixed up in a countrywide revolution? Why take the risk?’

‘I’ll give you a reason,’ said Roz. ‘Think how many men we’ve met while we’ve been here have been kind to us: bloody few! The rest have been utter bastards. I wouldn’t mind getting back at them. Also we’ve helped sell Ultradom to the whole country. We didn’t mean to but we have. Maybe it’s meant that we try to put things right. And it would be one hell of an adventure: a real challenge this time, not some kind of game show.’

They were all silent for a moment, thinking of what they had suffered over recent weeks, and then of all the other slaves in Albion who had endured far worse for even longer. Then they turned back to the two patient golems.

‘Just what would we have to do?’ Lyn asked.

* * *

A week later at Raleigh Lodge, Giles Durand was on the stage in the main lounge with his travelling Ultradom show.

Behind him knelt Hannah, Lydia, Roz and Megan, with their legs spread submissively wide. Each held a spiked spanking paddle while jutting up from their pussy clefts were modified versions of Wolff’s pleasure phalluses, which were already sucking in their juices and pulsing with pseudo-life. Their tips were coated with a blue paste that all the hunters there were familiar with: pain shot potion.

‘First I must apologise for cancelling the visit I planned to make few weeks ago at such short notice,’ Durand said to the audience. ‘But I hear you had plenty of excitement here even without me. A pair of slave girls went rogue, assaulted a guest and escaped from your hunt, I understand? Have you caught them yet?’

Seated in the front row, Oliphant and Sterne both shifted uncomfortably in their chairs as wry laughter echoed about the room.

‘Of course had your girls been fitted with Ultradom such a thing could never have happened,’ Durand continued confidently. ‘Ultradom ensures total obedience at all times. Let me demonstrate...’ He snapped his fingers. ‘Get up and sodomise each other!’ he commanded.

Obediently they turned about so they were all facing in the same direction and lifted their hips. Roz thrust her phalluses into Meagan’s anus, and then Lydia penetrated Megan’s behind and finally Hannah rammed her shaft into Lydia. As the pain potion burned and stung inside them they began to sob and shudder, but they did not stop bugging each other, undulating and rippling like a fleshy caterpillar.

‘There is one anus going un-penetrated at the back,’ Durand said. ‘We can’t have that, can we? Change and beat!’

With a sucking sound Megan pulled her rectum off Roz’s phallus and scrambled round to the back of the fleshy caterpillar. Before she drove into Hannah’s rear she beat her bottom half-dozen times with her spanking paddle, making it bleed. Then she impaled Hannah’s bottom hole.

‘Change and beat!’ Durand said again after another thirty seconds, and Roz moved to the rear and beat Megan’s behind before ramming her shaft up her anus.

And so they worked their way backwards in a circle about stage, cruelly abusing themselves for the amusement and entertainment of their audience, who in turn laughed and cheered and applauded their efforts. The performance only ended when the girls were finally overcome by massive and desperate orgasms and collapsed onto their sides twitching feebly, steaming phalluses still wobbling between their thighs.

‘And that,’ Durand declared, ‘is what I mean by obedience!’

When the applause had finally ended and the exhausted girls had been dragged away to the back of the stage where they were hung by their ankles from large hooks so they could show off their poor sore bottoms and raw anuses, Durand continued: ‘Now I have the latest batch of Ultradom units here and for one night only I’m selling them at a discount to all members of

Raleigh Lodge. Who'd like to be first? No pushing, please. Form an orderly queue...'

The girls hung at the back of the stage exhausted but also contented with their performance. Their minds were perfectly clear and the Ultradom disks stuck to the backs of their necks were fakes. Neither had they exactly suffered. Thanks to the real Durand and Wolff, labouring diligently away out of sight in their laboratories, they had been dosed with new potion that temporarily turned pain into a far sweeter form not unlike pleasure.

The sight of a queue of people jostling to buy Ultradom spikes from Albin did not fill them with dread but with a secret glee. This new batch had a hidden override setting that could be triggered remotely. All the men who purchased them for their slaves would find out what they really did when the time for revolution finally came...

* * *

Lyn had telegraphed ahead to Marjory Langland so she was expecting her when she arrived at "Pebbleview". Lyn was not alone. One of Wolff's newest model golems was accompanying her: a deep red specimen called Titian.

'He is... magnificent, isn't he?' Marjory exclaimed, once they were seated in her lounge and tea and cakes had been provided. Her eyes were travelling over the sleek strong contours of Titian's body with approval, lingering over his finally formed genitals.

'I told I knew the mage who made Swarton,' Lyn said, 'well this is one of his newest models. And he'd like you to try Titian out on thirty days free approval.'

'Really? That's most generous of him.'

'All he'd like you to do, if you enjoy Titian's service, is to write about him favourably in your columns and articles.'

'I can't be bought off you know,' Marjory said. 'I'll be strictly honest

about what I think of him.'

'Naturally, but I'm sure you'll approve of Titian,' Lyn said. 'Wait until you see all the special features he's got. He can be your bodyguard to make sure you have no more trouble with the Restorers, and he's also very good at role-playing games. I thought you might use him for research for that novel you mentioned writing when I was here last; the one about a relationship between a woman and a golem lover. Have you started on that yet?'

'Well, I've made a few notes...' Marjory said hesitantly.

'That's not good enough. Have you written the first sex scene yet? Where the Golem takes charge and consummates his desire for mistress? Titian, tell Marjory how attractive to think she is.'

Titian moved across the room to stand in front of Marjory.' I think you are a very desirable woman,' he said. 'You arouse strange needs in me...' As he spoke his penis was swelling and rising in magnificent erection. Marjory's eyes almost crossed as they stared at it in wonder. 'Will you allow me to make love to you? But I warn you, I won't be gentle.'

Marjory gulped and nodded.

Gently but firmly Titian pulled Marjory to her feet. Taking hold of her blouse he pulled it open, popping the buttons on off the front as he peeled back the fabric until it was drawn down over her shoulders, trapping her arms by her sides. He simply snapped the front strap of her camisole and ripped and pulled the halves apart, baring her breasts. These he cupped and squeezed and moulded until Marjory groaned. Then he reversed her and pushed her face down back into her chair. He knelt behind her and lifted her skirt, baring her smooth fleshy buttocks. He slapped them firmly a couple of times, making them shiver and blush pink. As he did so his penis divided vertically, forming a smaller rod above the main shaft. Both began to vibrate. Taking firm hold of her hips he pushed them into the slot of Marjory's fleshy sex and the tight little pucker of her anus.

Marjory groaned and sobbed in delight.

‘Do you like that, Marjory,’ Titian enquired?

‘Ohh...yes,’ Marjory gasped!

‘Shall I be a little firmer?’

‘Yes... yes... I need to be handled firmly.’

Titian began to pump into her harder, making her bottom bulge. Marjory made incoherent grunts and groans of delight, closing her eyes and biting her lip. She was living the dream.

Contented to feel she was now superfluous to what was to follow, Lyn got up. ‘Just let him do what he wants with you and your girls,’ she advised. ‘As a bonus, by tomorrow you’ll find you’ll never have to go to an essence centre again, except to deliver your quota of ready-processed gold top. Hope the book works out. Why not call it a bodice ripper? No, don’t get up... not that you could like that. Enjoy yourself. I’ll see myself out...’

As Lyn close the front door behind her, with a feeling of a job well done, she wondered if Pippa was placing her new model golem equally satisfactorily...

* * *

It was early evening and Deacon Tippet, Dean Fannel and Bishop Scrobis were walking together informally along the cloisters of Chanticleer Cathedral, pausing now and then to check the condition of the penitent women hung out under the arches. They were toying with nipple weights of one particularly full-busted girl when they became aware of a figure approaching them. It was a dark-coated man leading three pretty young women behind him on leashes. Two were blonde and one was a brunette and all had their heads hung demurely.

‘Excuse me, gentlemen,’ said the man. ‘I have brought these three wenches to you as personal gifts in recognition of the great service your church has done.’

If any of them thought the dark haired girl was vaguely familiar or wondered why this late visitor to the Cathedral was not accompanied by a priest, they did not have time to pursue the notion any further as the man continued eagerly: 'I have them well-trained. Let me demonstrate: present yourselves to these worthy clerics!'

All three girls turned their backs to the churchmen, bent over and flipped their skirts up, exposing their pretty bare bottoms and naked pouting pussy clefts. As they did so such a wave of sweet feminine scent was released that it filled the nostrils of three men with instant lust. Almost as though they were being worked by the same string their exposed penises began to swell and rise.

'I'm so pleased to see my gift meets with your approval gentlemen,' the man said. 'Please take them right now if you so desire...'

They did desire. It had been a long time since they had been so strongly moved by the sight of female flesh. Without hesitation, and certainly without thinking, they each took hold of one of the girls and pushed them across the low arcade wall between the columns, upending their bottoms and presenting their succulent clefts to the best advantage. The clerics' by now rampant manhoods plunged between the girls' soft lips and for a few seconds they pounded happily away inside the hot, clinging, moist interiors of their wonderful new gifts.

Then all three men let out sudden screeches of pain and fear. They jerked their hard cockshafts out of the girls' pussies and clutched at them in panic, trying to pull off the flesh coloured rings with spiked inner faces which had clamped themselves about the root ends of their penises. But the rings seemed to have adhered to their skin and what was worse they were now stinging and burning abominably.

As they danced about the three girls dropped their skirts once again and moved to one side, observing their distress with expressions that were no longer demure but amused and contemptuous.

'I always thought some men did their thinking with their cocks,' the brunette said. 'Well now we've given them pause for thought.' The other two

girls giggled.

‘The more you pull at them the more they’ll hurt you,’ the man warned them coldly. ‘They will also hurt even more if you do not from now on obey my every command.’

‘Who the devil are you?’ Scrobis groaned.

‘Tomorrow you will introduce me to your congregation as Archbishop Orphrey. I am in charge now and there are going to be some changes around here...’

* * *

It was two months later.

Lyn and Pippa waited expectantly in the cellar of the Grange. They were naked of course as was only fit and proper. Despite the number of times they’d done this they felt the usual excited tingle of anticipation that set their nipples rising.

A ghostly shimmer enveloped the pentacle and then Swarton stepped through into their world. He was in his natural form of black and gold and looked very much like they had first seen him, except for the greatly refined and expressive features of his face. Lyn and Pippa bowed to him. ‘Welcome, Master,’ they said.

‘Greetings, Lyn and Pippa,’ Swarton said easily.

‘Is it all going well, Master?’ Lyn asked.

‘All according to plan,’ Swarton confirmed.

They took him up to the sitting room where Dawn and Olwen were minding the new recruits. There were three of them kneeling in a row as naked as new pins: Kara, Josie and Jenny. They wore Ravenstone pattern collars and cuffs, which were securing their arms behind their backs. They were all far prettier and healthier than the three miserable wretches that Lyn and Pippa had rescued from a filthy squat only a few weeks earlier. Potions

played their part but also they now had a sense of purpose to animate them.

Their eyes grew wide and they trembled in wonder at their first sight of Swarton but then as they had been taught they bowed their heads submissively and kissed his feet.

‘We’ve told them what their new life will be like, Master,’ Lyn explained. ‘They’ve made their choice. They’re ready to be initiated into your service.’

The girls said: ‘We wish to serve you as essence slaves, Master.’

‘You know you must prove your sincerity first,’ Swarton said. ‘And you know it will hurt.’

‘Yes master,’ the girls replied. They bent forward until their faces were pressed into the carpet and their bottoms were raised in supplication into the air. Pippa handed Swarton a cane. He stood over the girls and methodically beat their buttocks. He cut half a dozen welts into each of their buttock cheeks, setting their tender flesh shivering. They shrieked and moaned and writhed under the onslaught and tears streamed down their cheeks, but they held their positions.

At length Swarton stood back. ‘Face me!’ he commanded them.

The three girls with their cheeks red and tear-streaked, sat back upright once more, wincing as their heels pressed into their now scarlet-welted buttocks.

‘Do you still wish to serve me?’

‘Yes Master,’ they said, snivelling but determined. They opened their mouths wide.

Swarton’s black and gold penis erected. One by one he took hold of their heads and pushed it into their mouths. They sucked on it hard, their eyes rolling up in delight, and received the reward for their suffering. Then they slumped to the ground, rolling about on the carpet as their breasts tingled and

swelled. Without needing to be told they sought each other's vulvas, forming a troika with soft thighs wrapped about their heads as they lapped and sucked at each other's love mouths. As they came they drank down the expelled juices of their sister slaves, sucking up the last drops and causing their breasts to swell even further. In minutes their fine new mammary glands jutted out proudly before them capped by plump hard nipples begging to be milked.

They looked up at Swarton pleadingly. 'Please accept our essence, Master,' they begged.

Swarton seated himself in what had once been Wolff's high backed chair. One by one he beckoned the girls over to him. They bent across him and he took hold of their plump breasts and sucked their fresh warm essence straight from their nipples: intimately just like a man might.

When he had suckled from the last one he declared: 'That was fine rich essence. You can give life to golems and power many machines. You will be valued slaves. I shall take you to Albion to serve our cause.'

The girls burst into tears once more, but this time of delight. As Roz had said, it was a special thrill to know you were both a slave and a revolutionary.

Lyn and Pippa looked on contentedly. Dawn and Olwen join them, kneeling by their feet. It was possible to be a proud slave if you had the right master: somebody who had the potential to be stronger and cleaner and more decent than your own kind. Submitting to Swarton and his growing kindred did not feel like a disgrace. And it was no disadvantage to provide the future masters of Albion with their very lifeblood. Women were no longer third class citizens in Albion, although its present rulers did not know that yet. But they would soon enough.

THE END

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