

A woman with short, wavy brown hair and gold eye makeup is kneeling against a black background. She is wearing a black studded choker with a gold ring, a black studded wristband, and a black studded collar. She is holding a gold chain that hangs down to the left, which is attached to a large gold hook. Another gold chain hangs down to the right, which is attached to a gold ball with spikes. A gold chain is also visible on the left side of the image, attached to a gold hook. The woman is looking down and to the left.

# The Checkpoint : 3

**FETISH  
WORLD  
BOOKS**

**Simon Grail**

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Simon Grail

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This electronic book published by Fetish World Books

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# Chapter One

Courtney screamed and spluttered: ‘Y... you can’t do this to me...!’

‘Yes I can,’ said Sergeant Ivanka Stefanik, who was holding a fistful of Courtney’s hair at the back of her head ‘...when you are a terrorist suspect!’

‘I’m not, you stupid bitch... umfff!’

Ivanka pushed her downward and there was a splash as Courtney’s head and bare breasts were plunged into the freezing water once again.

‘And you will not insult me during questioning,’ Ivanka added.

Courtney strained to lift her head out of the icy pail but with her hands cuffed behind her back, she could not raise her naked torso while Ivanka was pressing down on the back of her neck. She squirmed and jerked frantically but she was imprisoned in the simple but terrible device.

A small wooden trestle with a padded leather top was mounted transversely over the middle of a low, rectangular wooden base board set on heavy castors. The trestle top and sides of the base had buckled straps bolted to them. Set on the base on each side of the trestle was a pair of copper buckets sitting on wooden blocks. One was set lower down and was empty, while the other’s rim was almost level with the top of the trestle and was filled with water in which cubes of ice were floating. This was the one into which Courtney was being dunked. A pair of polished copper posts rose up out of the middle of the bucket thirty centimetres above the water level and were spaced just far enough apart for Courtney’s neck to fit between them, preventing her twisting her upper body sideways to escape the freezing water. A short padded horizontal bar bridging between the tops of the vertical rods and fastened to them with sliding rings locked by screws on their sides, prevented her lifting her head clear of them.

Courtney was straddling the device with her legs spread about the lower

bucket, the rim of which pressed against the insides of her knees, so that her feet rested against the sides of the wooden base where the cuffs were buckled about her ankles. She was bent across the padded trestle so that her head overhung the larger bucket and the trestle top rested against her lower belly and the front of the hip bones. A long leather strap had been buckled across the top of the trestle over the small of her back to hold her hips down so that her bare bottom jutted outwards and upwards.

Ivanka pulled on Courtney's wet hair and her neck slid back up between the rods and her head came out of the water. Once again, Courtney gasped and spluttered for breath.

When it was not wet and contorted by fear, Courtney had a pretty face, framed by shoulder length wavy brown hair. She had an upturned top lip that exposed her perfect bright white teeth, a firm nose with a snubbed tip, straight full brows over clear brown eyes with a slight rebellious tilt at their outer ends and heavy, dark-lashed lids that normally half veiled them. Her lightly tanned, clear-skinned body was well-proportioned with a tight waist. She had soft, pale wide-set breasts capped by large pale brown nipples with cherry tips – at least when not shrivelled with cold as they were now. Her hips were rounded with pale, deep-cleft buttocks and smoothly tapering thighs, at the apex of which hung her prominent pussy mound. It was crowned by a bikini-line trimmed fluffy mat of dark curls but its plump rounded outer lips were smooth and bare. From between them pouted the crinkled and suggestively impudent vertically split tongue of inner labia. This prominent Mound of Venus peeped from between her spread thighs that also exposed the puckered pit of her anus nestling in the cleft of her bottom cheeks.

‘Will you behave yourself now?’ Ivanka demanded.

Ivanka was a lean, slim woman wearing, except for her jacket, a police uniform. She was only a few years older than Courtney but she carried herself with icy self-assurance. Her skin was pale and her dark hair was pulled tightly back and pinned in a severe bun. She had deep, dark intelligent eyes set under straight dark brows, a slightly overlarge but firm narrow nose and shapely but thin lips. Her rolled shirtsleeves exposed slender but well-muscled arms. She spoke fluent English with a slightly clipped accent.

Courtney snivelled in fear. They would never treat her like this in England... but she was not in England.

She was in a lofty chamber with a black beamed ceiling and whitewashed stonewalls. It had high barred lancet windows, a large store cupboard in one corner and an imposing oak desk in another. The room was in Checkpoint One, which was both the central customs post and police headquarters of the city of Strakensburg in the Duchy of Barovia, a tiny independent state that lay between Austria, Slovakia and the Czech Republic, and guarded access to and from its equally minuscule neighbour to the east: Nove Krasnic. The Checkpoint occupied one half of an ancient castle that now formed a gateway between the two countries, which lay on the boarder between them that ran along the crest of the low hills that were the southern extremity of the Little Carpathians, and divided what had once been a single medieval city into two capitals.

Ivanka slapped Courtney's bare bottom hard enough to leave a palm print and make her flesh ripple. 'I asked: will you behave yourself now?'

Fear and indignation still raged inside Courtney, but the shock of the ice bath and realization of her total helplessness had brought home the seriousness of her situation.

'Yes...' Courtney said in a tiny voice.

'Yes, *Interrogator Ivanka*,' Ivanka corrected her.

'Yes... Interrogator Ivanka,' Courtney repeated miserably. What did you do in situations like this? Oh yes: 'I w... want to see the British Ambassador... th... that's my right!'

'At the moment you have very few rights,' Ivanka warned her. 'But that one can be granted. However, at this time of night, I doubt if the Ambassador himself can be reached. But Sir Humphrey Chiltern, the British Honorary Consul, happens to be in the Checkpoint dealing with another case. Would you see him?'

A title like that sounded very grand and reassuring. 'Yes... please,

Interrogator Ivanka...'

Ivanka let go of Courtney's hair and stepped back, leaving Courtney to hold her own body painfully extended out over the pail of icy water. Her bare breasts were still half submerged, but she was unable to straighten up fully because of the strap across her hips and the bar across the tops of the twin posts, and with her hands cuffed behind her she could not brace herself in any way.

Ivanka went to the desk and used the phone to make an internal call. She spoke a few words, put the receiver down and came back to Courtney. 'Sir Humphrey will be here in five minutes...'

She reached down into the pail of icy water and pulled a second padded bar spanning between the twin posts like the one at the back of Courtney's neck, up out of the water until it pressed against the front of Courtney's throat, giving her something to rest on to ease the strain on her back. It kept her face out of the water but ice cubes still bobbed about her breasts.

'There, now you'll be able to tell him your story.'

'B... but he can't see me like this, Interrogator Ivanka!' Courtney protested.

'Yes he can. He's lived in Barovia for many years and is used to our methods. He won't be in the least embarrassed.'

'B... but what about my embarrassment, Interrogator Ivanka?' Courtney blurted out.

Ivanka slapped Courtney's bare bottom hard, so that she yelped and the crisp smack echoed round the room. 'You are a suspected terrorist sympathiser. Be grateful he won't find me beating the truth out of you!'

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As Ivanka had said, Sir Humphrey was neither surprised nor embarrassed to see Courtney naked and bound, bent over a bucket of ice with her bare

bottom thrust up into the air exposing the intimate details of her groin. He merely glanced at her while greeting Ivanka in fluent Barovian.

Sir Humphrey was a lean, fortyish, greying man dressed in a cream linen suit with a pink bow tie. He sported a neat moustache and gave the impression of being distinguished and amiable but also sharp-eyed.

‘This is Courtney Carpenter, aged twenty-one, and a British subject,’ Ivanka explained, switching to English. ‘She has been arrested on suspicion of being a terrorist sympathiser. She was abusive and resisted a body cavity search, so it was necessary to restrain and cool her down.’

‘Did you find anything in her?’ Sir Humphrey asked.

‘No.’

Courtney blushed and squirmed at the memory of Ivanka’s latex-gloved hand feeling inside her vagina and rectum as she searched for concealed objects, lingering that little bit longer than was necessary. The woman was a lesbian, she was sure of it...

‘Perhaps I’d better hear what she has to say for herself,’ Sir Humphrey said.

Ivanka prodded Courtney’s bottom. ‘Tell Sir Humphrey your story.’

Courtney’s cheeks burned with fresh shame at the prospect of conversing with this elegant man with her breasts freezing in icy water and her bare bum stuck up in the air before him! But she had no choice. She spoke trying to keep her teeth from chattering.

‘I... I’m from London. I’m a model... I just do occasional promotional jobs... one day I hope to be an actress. I was hired to work at the B... British Pavilion at the Barovia International Festival of Arts and Culture... handing out information leaflets, explaining the programme and guiding people around. T... this was my last night. I was just going back to my hotel when these policemen stopped me. Somebody had made a complaint about some brochures I had been handing out...’

Ivanka presented several of the brochures for Chiltern to see. 'They're genuine on the front, but on the backs they have been printed with terrorist propaganda calling for the overthrow of the Duke of Barovia and the formation of a government ruling by Sharia law... and denouncing America, of course.'

'Oh dear,' Chiltern said. 'These do look rather serious. What were you doing distributing such things, Miss Carpenter?'

'But I d... didn't! I don't know anything about them! T... the ones I gave out and didn't have any of that stuff on!'

'Are you sure?' he said. 'Did you check the backs of each one?'

'Well... no... but why would anybody at the British Pavilion give that stuff out?' Her breasts felt as if they were freezing solid. 'I... I am not a terrorist sympathizer! I'm B... British... and they can't treat me like this... it's inhumane... illegal!'

Chiltern shrugged. 'It would be in England, Miss Carpenter, but they have different standards in Barovia. They are on friendly terms with Britain and the European Union but they are not a part of it, nor are they signatories to any international human rights agreements. By their laws they can do use extreme measures to learn the truth – especially from a terrorist suspect.'

'But I'm not a t... terrorist!' Courtney sobbed.

Chiltern turn to Ivanka. 'It is possible that somebody obtained a package of leaflets and added this propaganda and mixed them with the authorised items. Miss Carpenter may be merely their unwitting distributor.'

'I know, but at the moment she is the only person we can link to their distribution.'

We'll have to keep her here while the people she worked with are questioned. Her past life will be investigated by the British police and Europol. As the literature mentioned America, the CIA will also have to be alerted...'



By now Courtney was gazing at Ivanka in despair. 'B... but everybody would think I'm a terrorist!' she sobbed. 'H... how long will it take?'

'A few months, perhaps. If there is any doubt you will be kept on their watch list.'

'A few months!' Courtney cried, aghast. 'But what will my modelling agency think? Will I get any work while I'm being investigated?'

Ivanka shrugged. 'I don't know. Inevitably, there are consequences. They are regrettable but they cannot be helped.'

Courtney groaned. She'd loose everything!

'A pity she cannot be judged by the old laws of Barovia,' Chiltern mused. 'That would be so much quicker and more discreet.'

His words gave Courtney a sudden fleeting hope. 'What are these old laws?'

'A civil code that used to be enforced here in medieval times, long before war and revolution swallowed up Greater Barovia,' Ivanka explained. 'Laws were created especially to allow women to prove their word in legal cases when they had few other rights. They are called *permezatenci*, which means a "permitted violation", because women would bring it upon themselves by volunteering to be judged by ordeals of pain and sexual humiliation. The accused has to make a formal declaration of her innocence before witnesses and continue to assert it after a given number of tests. There is a belief in Barovia that when women are subjected to extremes of pain and pleasure they are unable to lie. If they endure their ordeals without confessing their guilt, they are declared innocent.'

It all sounded horrifying and totally medieval. But if it was quick and secret... 'Please, Interrogator Ivanka. If I was t... tested like that, would my agency have to know?'

'Nobody else would have to know anything,' Chiltern said, 'not even the British government. Once the process is invoked, it is conducted purely

within Barovia. I would be requested not to inform the British ambassador until it was resolved, therefore he would not pass on any suspicions about you to the authorities. But don't think it's an easy option, Miss Carpenter. What you are experiencing now is quite mild by comparison.'

Courtney shuddered. Her breasts were turning blue. But she could not face the alternative. Not the shame and the damage to her career. 'H... how long would it take, Interrogator Ivanka?'

Ivanka looked at her narrowly, as if assessing her. 'In your case a week... perhaps eight days.'

Eight days! But that was better than months and a ruined career and people pointing at her and wondering... 'I've finished my job here... I don't have to go back home straightaway... no one would know what I was really doing.'

Ivanka was looking thoughtful. 'It would save us a lot of time and inconvenience... if you volunteer of your own free will...'

'I do... I volunteer!' Courtney said desperately.

'It is my duty to warn you once again, Miss Carpenter,' Chiltern said earnestly, 'that it will not be pleasant. You will suffer imprisonment, humiliation, pain and multiple sexual violations.'

Courtney gulped. 'I... still want to do it.'

He shook his head and turned to Ivanka. 'I don't think she understands. She will break down and confess at first instance and only waste all our time.'

Despite her fear, Courtney felt a flush of resentment at that suggestion.

'It's your fault for mentioning the old laws, Sir Humphrey,' Ivanka said with a wry smile. 'But perhaps she should be given a taste of what to expect first. If she is as weak-willed as you seem to think, then she will break quickly and we will take the normal course of action. If she is still willing to

volunteer for *permezatenci* then it is her right. I must respect our laws.'

Chiltern sighed. 'Then do so, Sergeant. I will leave you to it...'

'No. It should be done by a man as a figure of authority. You are a resident of Strakensburg and familiar with our ways. You are qualified to do this.'

Chiltern looked surprised. 'Would that be quite proper in my position?'

'It is if I authorize it.' Ivanka looked at Courtney. 'You will be permitted to undergo *permezatenci* if you allow Sir Humphrey to test you first to prove that you have the courage to face the full ordeal. If you admit your guilt or you beg him to stop, then the process of international criminal investigation will begin, do you understand?'

Courtney felt as if her stomach was being scooped out by a blade of ice. 'I... I do, Interrogator Ivanka.'

'Now politely ask him to test you.'

'Per... please will you t... test me, Sir Humphrey...' Courtney stammered.

Chiltern was still protesting. 'What about one of your other officers?' he asked Ivanka. 'Where is Captain Kubeck?'

'Unfortunately the Checkpoint is extremely busy right now as you know. The influx of visitors to the Festival has created extra work. We have no one else to spare. Her case has already taken me from other work. I only ask for half an hour of your time, Sir Humphrey.'

'Oh, very well then, Sergeant. Let's get this get this over with...' He began removing his jacket.

Ivanka indicated the store cupboard. 'You may use anything you wish in there. I will be back in thirty minutes. And do not be gentle with her just because she is a fellow countrywoman. I expect to see her bottom well tanned...'

She left the room, closing its big iron studded door behind her.

Chiltern rolled up his shirtsleeves, surveying Courtney's body critically. 'This is nothing personal you understand, Miss Carpenter. It's just the way they do such things here.'

'I... I understand...' Courtney choked out.

'Sir,' he said pointedly. 'If I'm to be a figure of authority you will call me "Sir".'

'Y... yes, Sir...'

'For the next half hour I'm going to be your master and tormentor...' he stroked and patted her bare bottom, admiring its soft curves and pliancy. 'I admit it won't be unpleasant with an attractive woman such yourself. Knowing that you are unwillingly pleasing your tormentor is of course part of the test...'

He went to the cupboard and selected a thing that looked like an oversized flyswatter with a chunky handle, a springy cane blade with wires wrapped around it and a broad black rubber paddle blade with metal studs set in it. He swished it through the air in front of her.

'This is an electric spanking paddle,' he told her. 'The blade will hurt by itself and electric studs will double the pain.' He stroked the blade over her upraised bottom. Her buttocks clenched in a futile attempt to escape its touch.

'Now I'm going to give your bottom a good paddling and you will cry. It's natural. Don't try to be brave. Scream and plead and beg for mercy as much to like and I'll ignore it. There are only two ways of ending the beating before you faint. One is to confess clearly and unequivocally your guilt and that you are a terrorist sympathiser. The other is to offer your body to me for carnal use.'

Courtney whimpered.

'Of course that would also be humiliating and degrading to a free

woman, but then they wouldn't be true tests of character otherwise. Barovians believe that if you want to prove your honour, you have to sacrifice it first...'

He drew back his arm and swiped the paddle through the air.

Courtney screamed as it struck her right buttock full on. Her flesh rippled and a crisp smack echoed about the chamber. Then the electric studs stabbed her with their electric pins, redoubling the pain as Chiltern promised. He swung again, smacking into her left buttock with the same agonising result. Then he changed the angle of his swing slightly, bringing the blade across at a low angle so that it caught the fleshier undersides of her buttocks, making them shiver and bounce.

Tears dripped from her eyes that were screwed up in pain and dripped into the bucket beneath her. She had never felt anything like it before in her life. 'No... ahhh... please... Sir... stop... awww... it hurts... eek... I can't... don't!' she babbled.

'I'll stop if you confess you are a terrorist sympathiser!' Chiltern said, still swinging the terrible paddle vigorously.

'No... I'm innocent!' she screamed.

After a minute of this her bottom was a rosy red and felt as if it was blazing, while her breasts, jerking and swaying from the impacts of the blows transmitted through her body, were freezing as they bobbed amongst the melting ice cubes. She was caught between fire and ice! Oh, for some of that ice on her bottom! The relentless pain overwhelmed her and with a sob of shame she lost control of her bladder. Her hot pee spurted in fits and starts into the empty bucket between her thighs.

She could not take any more of this! It was too much! She would die! She had to escape and there was only one way...

'Ahhhh... please... Sir... eeeee... Sir.... awww... Please screw me... I b... beg you to...ooooh... fuck me... fuck me... h... hard... p... please... Sir!'

Chiltern stopped beating her, leaving her blazing buttocks to twitch pathetically.

‘What did you say?’

‘P... please screw me... Sir,’ she said clearly, snivelling and blinking through her tears. Had she really just begged an Honorary Consul to screw her?

Chiltern pushed the shaft of the spanking paddle sideways into her mouth so that she had to clench her teeth about it. ‘Hold onto that and don’t let it go,’ he commanded. ‘If you are not sufficient pleasing, I’ll use it on you again...’

He reached around the ice bucket and turned a tap. The freezing water began to drain out of the upper bucket into the lower one between her thighs. In a few seconds her breasts hung free; dripping wet, purple and blue and tingling as circulation began to return to them. Chiltern stood behind her and she heard him opening his flies. That he stepped onto the base of the trestle frame and lay forward across her upraised body. He rested his hands on the trestle on either side of the waist. She felt stiff penis rubbing through her wet cleft and then finding the mouth of her vagina. The fabric of his trousers rasped over her simmering buttocks as he positioned himself.

‘This is for your honour and the truth,’ he told her.

Then his shaft plunged into her and stretched her sheath wide. And to her horror and shame she sucked on it in desperation. He thrust into her so that the trestle frame creaked and her sore bottom flesh smarted as it was compressed by his lunge. He lay over her and reached under her and grabbed her freezing breasts that were bobbing in the empty bucket from the power of his thrusts and cupped and squeezed and kneaded them. Courtney screamed as they filled with pins and needles. Drips of lubricating juices fell from her squelching, bulging vulva into the bucket between her thighs. The contrast between her blazing buttocks and reviving breasts and churning, dribbling vagina was overwhelming her senses. She was going to cum...

Chiltern dug his thumb nails in to her cold nipples so that she screamed

about the paddle shaft clenched between her teeth and he roared in her ear: 'Are you a terrorist sympathizer?'

Courtney shook her head wildly even as her loins burst and he pumped his sperm up inside her. Then there was an interval of confusion and dizzy delight in a world beyond guilt or innocence....

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Afterwards, as Courtney slumped limply in her frame, too dizzy to think, she was dimly aware of Chiltern standing over and using her damp hair to wipe his penis clean of his sperm and her juices, even as same mixture was dripping out of her sore pussy into the bucket between her thighs. It was one more humiliation to endure. Then he tucked his now flaccid manhood away and became the immaculate gentleman once more.

He took the spanking paddle from between her teeth and stooped down and lifted her chin to examine her red-eyed tear-streaked and woebegone face.

'You have passed the test, Courtney,' he told her. 'You are fit for *permezatenci*.'

And for a moment, Courtney felt a bizarre surge of gratitude towards the strange man who had just reduced her to tears by beating her bottom and tormenting her frozen breasts and screwing her almost into insensibility.

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Courtney's bottom was still rosy red but her tears had dried and her breasts were turning pink when Ivanka returned.

She examined state of Courtney's bottom critically. 'Did she break?'

'She is braver than I thought, Sergeant,' Chiltern conceded. 'She still insists she is innocent. I think she is, but it's not up to me to decide. Look at the time... I must be off now...'

'No, Sir Humphrey,' Ivanka said, gently but firmly. 'We are still short-

staffed and we have no room in the cells tonight. As you have proven how well you can handle her, I suggest we share her *permezatenci* between us, one day at a time. Take her home with you now. You can test her there or anywhere else you see fit, as long as she is kept secure, and I will see to here. Barovia would be most grateful for your assistance in this matter...'

Chiltern sighed. 'You always know how to get round me, don't you Sergeant?'

'I hereby deputised you as a temporary assistant inquisitor. I rely on your honour not to be gentle with her.'

'I will not be gentle with her,' Chiltern promised.

Courtney shivered. In the space of a few hours her world had been turned upside down. The only thing she was sure of was that she was innocent. But proving it was going to be a nightmare...



## Chapter Two

Ivanka freed Courtney from the terrible trestle and bucket device and stood her before the interrogation room desk. She took a video camera out of a drawer and pointed it at Courtney. 'This is for the official records,' she told her. 'Repeat this declaration after me...'

Usually Courtney liked having cameras pointed at her, but never before had she had one on her while she was naked and handcuffed with a freshly tanned bottom and sperm and coital juices running down her thighs. Her cheeks burned. Adding to her shame her nipples, that had only just recovered from their ice bath, now perversely pricked up before the lens as if they were trying to humiliate her. But she forced herself to stand straight and repeat clearly:

'I declare that I am innocent of the charges against me and wish to be judged by Barovian law alone. I am prepared to sacrifice my body and my honour and embrace any torment to prove my word. I submit myself to trial by the rules of *permezatenci*...'

When the declaration was completed, Ivanka put the camera away. 'Your ordeals will begin tomorrow... today, in fact, as it has already gone midnight. During that time you must accept whatever Sir Humphrey does to you, corporal or sexual, while you're in his care. He is now your officially appointed inquisitor outside the Checkpoint, as I will be inside. The only way to end an ordeal before its allotted time is to admit your guilt. Do you understand?'

Courtney shivered and nodded. 'Yes, Interrogator Ivanka.'

'Sir Humphrey will report to me if you confess while in his care. While you are undergoing trials in the Checkpoint, your responses will be recorded and a court will view the records and judge if you have suffered sufficiently. Each day you will be asked if you still maintain your innocence. If you admit your guilt, you will be investigated officially with the consequences you

already know. Any attempt to escape will also be taken as proof of your guilt. Do you understand?’

‘Yes, Interrogator Ivanka.’

‘If at the end of your trials you still maintain your innocence, you will be free to leave Barovia. But it is a privilege for a foreigner to be judged by our laws. If at any time in the future you complain about your treatment at our hands or claim it was unjust, then our evidence against you will be presented to your security services and Europol and you will be treated as a terrorist suspect, you understand?’

‘Yes, Interrogator Ivanka.’

Ivanka went to the store cupboard and began selected items. Some she laid out on the desk the others she packed into a holdall that she gave to Chiltern. ‘These might be useful to use on her,’ she said. ‘Bring her back here this afternoon so I can start on her. Now let’s get her ready to travel...’

Courtney saw things she had laid out for her aghast and choked out: ‘P... please, Interrogator Ivanka, if I’m going outside, can’t I put my own clothes back on again?’

Ivanka smiled at her naïveté. ‘You won’t be wearing you own clothes for the next week,’ she told her. ‘You certainly won’t be permitted anything while you’re in the Checkpoint under my care. When you’re with Sir Humphrey, how far you are covered up or not is entirely up to him...’

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So it was, ten minutes later, that Courtney was not only still naked but now leashed, gagged and hobbled, when she shuffled out of a doorway opening onto an inner courtyard of Checkpoint One and into the cool night air. Chiltern was leading her by a leash as one might a dog. In his free hand, he carried the bag filled with the items Ivanka had supplied to use on her.

The chain leash he held was clipped to a broad studded leather collar buckled about Courtney’s neck, which made her feel even more like a dog.

Her wrists were still cuffed behind her back. A black rubber ball gag was wedged behind her teeth held in place by a rubber strap. Broad leather cuffs were buckled about her ankles which were linked by a short chain, forcing her to take short shuffling steps.

Courtney felt a fresh surge of embarrassment at being exposed naked to the open air. Many of the windows in the surrounding walls of the old castle shone with electric light, and more lights glowed in the guard post situated by the big heavy double gates of the courtyard.

There were half-dozen assorted vehicles parked the courtyard, but Chiltern led her across to a gleaming vintage silver Rolls-Royce with tinted windows. He opened it up and the courtesy lights came on, revealing white leather upholstery and a walnut dashboard.

‘Just one moment,’ said as he took something out of the bag, unrolled it and placed on the passenger seat. It was a black rubber mat with an integral large black ribbed rubber dildo rising up out of its centre. ‘Very thoughtful of Sergeant Ivanka to provide it,’ Chiltern said amiably. ‘Women in restraints can get excited and leak sometimes and I’ve just had the upholstery cleaned...’

How many bound women had he carried his car before, Courtney wondered in dismay as she goggled at the device.

‘You might as well get used to it, Courtney,’ he said, not unkindly. ‘I’m expected to keep you secure and subject you to as much pain, degradation and humiliation as I can. Those are the conditions of your trial. Now be a good girl and sit on the dildo so it goes up your pussy...’

Biting on her gag ball, Courtney awkwardly swung herself down into the seat and impaled herself on the dildo so that it filled her still aching vagina. She winced as her sore bottom kissed the rubber, which was at least soft. Then she swivelled round, groaning as the ribs of the dildo churned inside her, and lifted her hobbled legs inside the car. Chiltern buckled the seat belt across her and then laid a travel rug over her body that just covered her breasts and groin and then he closed the door. He made his way round the driver’s side and got in. He glanced at her sitting naked, rigid and trembling

beside him and patted her bare knee.

‘I know this is all confusing and frightening for you, but I promised Sergeant Ivanka that I would do an honest job as your Inquisitor.’

He started the car and with the engine purring almost inaudibly, headed for the gates. The man in the guard post opened the courtyard gates and waved Chiltern through in a respectful fashion. Any glimpse he might have got of Courtney sitting stiffly upright beside him, barely covered by the travel rug and with her mouth bulging with a gag, did not appear to surprise him. How often had he seen such things before?

The Rolls-Royce glided down the gently inclined winding road into the city Strakensburg that lapped almost up to the walls of the old Castle. Courtney supposed it was a pretty place with many lovely old buildings and full of mediaeval charm, which attracted tourists, but that night she took in none of it. She just stared rigidly ahead trying not to move, acutely aware of the rubber plug in her vagina and grateful that it was dark and the streets were emptying.

Nevertheless, under the rug she felt her nipples pricking up and her pussy, stimulated by the plug inside her and still aroused by its recent usage, dribbling onto the rubber mat. Her cheeks burned in shame. Apparently Ivanka and Chiltern had been perfectly correct about her leaking. But would she have done so without the dildo inside her? Would that have been even more embarrassing? Perhaps the dildo mat gave her an excuse...

It took less than ten minutes of sedate travel to reach Villander Strato, a peaceful residential street lined with trees and terraces of elegant four-storey townhouses. Chiltern turned the big car into the driveway of Number 23 that dipped down into a basement garage set next to the main entrance. A roller shutter type door opened automatically at his approach and he drove inside and parked. The roller door closed automatically behind them and lights came on inside the garage. It was clean and empty except for a range of car maintenance accessories stored on a neat rack of shelves next to an internal side door.

Chiltern got out and came round the passenger side and helped Courtney

lift herself off her impaling plug. He smiled at the traces she had left on it before rolling it up and put it back in the bag, while she blushed.

‘Don’t worry,’ he said, ‘it’s perfectly normal in your situation...’

That was now “normal”, Courtney thought in horror.

Chiltern led her by her leash through the side door into a small passage closed on the left by a green door and on the right by the foot of a flight of stairs. They ascended these to a heavy door at the top that let onto the back of an entrance hall, lit by dimmed lamps. It had several doors opening off it together with a much larger staircase going upwards. Her bare feet slapped on pale polished wood block flooring, the walls were hung with large pictures and there were fine vases on display stands.

Courtney looked about her, trembling with fear that she would meet somebody while she was collared and naked like a dog on a leash.

Chiltern noted her fear. ‘There’s nobody else about right now. I haven’t got a wife or family and my staff are all asleep. You’ll meet them tomorrow...’

With that uncomfortable prospect in mind, he led her up to the second floor, she clambering the stairs awkwardly with her hobble chains clinking, and then along a landing to a door opening onto room at the back of the house. Inside was a large bedroom with an adjacent dressing room and an ensuite bathroom. Like the ground floor, it had a woodblock floor in the continental style with thick rugs scattered about. A large modern bed with a heavy black timber frame and crisp white sheets dominated the room.

As Courtney took all this in, waves of fear and a shocking reappraisal of her new and bizarre circumstances infused her. She was standing collared and cuffed and naked in the bedroom of a strange man she’d known for less than two hours who had already savagely beaten her bottom and screwed her once and who now had the legal right – in fact the obligation – to do all that and far worse to her again. But the maddest thing of all was that she had agreed to all of it... she had begged... volunteered...

Courtney swayed, feeling sick and trying not to faint. The shock of her ice bath was fading and she was feeling so very tired...

Chiltern took hold of her by the shoulders and steadied her. 'I think I can remove your gag now,' he said. 'You aren't going to make a fuss, are you?'

Courtney shook her head. He took her gag ball out.

She pursed her stretched dry lips. He went to the bedside table and brought back a glass of water and fed her some that she gulped down gratefully.

'T... thank you, Sir,' said meekly.

He studied her thoughtfully for a moment and then said, 'I want to have a proper look at you...'

He led through to the dressing room, switching on a bank of mini spotlights revealing a row of tall built-in wardrobes with mirrored doors. He considered her in the bright light reflected from various angles while she shivered at the sight herself. She knew what she looked like naked because she took a great interest in her body and in keeping it healthy and attractive. But she had never seen herself in bondage before...

'You mentioned you normally worked as a model,' Chiltern said. 'What kinds of things do you do? Catwalk high couture shows?'

'No, Sir,' Courtney admitted, 'M... mainly brochures, catalogues... and a couple of commercials...' She realized that sounded rather inadequate. All right, so she had never made the top-flight, but she was still a model... and people enjoyed looking at her...

'No, I thought you had too much of a well-developed figure for that high-fashion stuff, Chiltern said. I can't stand those skinny clothes horses... I like women with a bit of flesh on them...' and he slapped her sore buttocks appreciatively. 'Just a pity about the face...'

Courtney looked at her own features in the glass anxiously, fearing her

rough handling had marked her in some way. But although her eyes were understandably red and hollow and her make-up needed repairing, she could not see anything wrong.

‘What about my face, Sir?’

‘It reflects your inner nature to honestly, I’m afraid.’ He took her by the hair and pushed her close up to one of the mirrors. ‘Yes, it’s superficially attractive, but in your sly eyes with those heavy teasing lids and that that subtle supercilious curve of your lips, I see signs of sulky petulance, of self-importance and shallowness. I don’t think you’re a bad person, but you’re used to getting your own way using your looks. That’s why it’s so important to you to call yourself a model, even though you know you’re never going to be a real star. You just like being the centre of attention.’

Courtney was shocked and confused. They were cruel things to say. How dare he analyse her like that! And anyway, it wasn’t true! Perhaps it was all part of her ordeal to try to make her angry or undermine her self-confidence. Yes, it was all part of her testing. He had to do this to try to break her. She must not let it get to her. So she hung her head meekly and bit her lip and said, ‘Yes, Sir... if you say so, Sir.’

He lifted her head up again. ‘I do say so because I’m older and wiser than you and I’ve seen more of life and, although you may not believe it at this moment, I love and respect women. But don’t despair. You still have the capacity to change yourself from within. And certainly for the next eight days you’re going to be a star of sorts and the centre of attention for both myself and Sergeant Ivanka.’ He peered at her intensely. ‘You’re frightened about *permezatenci*, aren’t you?’

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘So you should be. It’s thoroughly mediaeval and completely at odds with modern women’s rights, and yet it works. It and other quaint old-fashioned customs help make Barovia such a pleasant place to live...’ He reached up and cupped and squeezed her breasts and she whimpered but did not pull away. There was nowhere for her to escape to. ‘Of course I may be prejudiced,’ he admitted.

She felt her nipples swelling and hardening at his touch and bit her lip.

Then unexpectedly he turned her around and unlocked her handcuffs and then freed her ankles from their hobble chain.

‘Now I want you to clean yourself up...’

He led her through to the big bathroom, its mirrors and tiles and polished metalwork all fresh and gleaming under its recessed ceiling lights. There were twin basins, a separate bath and shower stall, WC and a bidet with a short, coiled hose plumbed into it and hung on a hook above the taps. Next to this was a dispenser holding a selection of disposable rubber nozzles. Above this was a shelf with a tub of lubricating jelly and cleaning wipes.

‘You will find guest towels, a hairdryer, shampoo, brush, comb, toothbrush and toothpaste in the cupboard,’ Chiltern said. ‘Your collar has been treated so it is fully washable.’ Then he indicated the bidet and its unusual accessories. ‘After you have bathed, you will use that to prepare your rear passage for my pleasure. I suggest you apply plenty of lubrication because, as you know, I will not be gentle. I enjoyed your vagina and now I’m curious to see what your rectum has to offer and I expect it to be spotlessly clean. If it is not, you will suck my cock as a punishment after I’ve had you. Now I’m going to get the bed ready...’

And he shut the door on her.

Courtney stared at the bidet and its disturbing accessories in disbelief. She was going to have to prepare herself for sodomy. Then her stomach, soured by hours of fear, knotted up in dreadful anticipation and she made a dash for the WC and threw up into it.

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When Courtney emerged from the bathroom twenty-five minutes later, her stomach was still knotted and she looked deathly pale, but a hot shower had done something to revive her.

Chiltern was now wearing a bathrobe and slippers and sitting on a chair



by the bed reading. Cuffs and chains now hung from the corner posts of the bed, the dildo mat had been laid out on its centre and there were sinister looking punishment and phallic devices arrayed on the table beside it.

He looked her up at smiled. Then he snapped his fingers and pointed to the rug in front of him. 'Let me have a proper look at you,' he said. Miserably Courtney stepped onto it, folded her hands behind her back, and stood with her legs apart, showing herself off. As he looked her up and down, her nipples pricked up again.

'That's better,' he said. 'You look very pretty. Have you prepared your bottom? Let me see...'

Biting her lip, Courtney turned round and bent over and pulled her buttocks apart so he could see her freshly cleaned and greased anus.

He probed it with a forefinger, making Courtney squirm, and then sniffed it to check she was clean. 'Yes, I'm sure that will be very enjoyable to use.' He snapped his fingers again and pointed to the bed. 'Lie face down with the dildo up your pussy and spread your arms and legs wide...' he commanded.

Trembling she obeyed, groaning as she impaled herself on the rubber dildo once more. She spread her arms and legs wide and Chiltern cuffed her wrists and ankles to the corners of the big bed, holding her sprawled on the sheets like a starfish. He picked up a rubber gag from the bedside table and pushed it between her teeth and strapped it in place.

'That will give you something to bite on but still allow you to speak around it,' he said, giving Courtney's still rosy bottom a slap. Then he selected a rubber lash from the array of devices and pushed the end of its handle into her rectum, so that it jutted out from between her buttock cheeks like a black tail. Helplessly she clenched her sphincter tight about it.

'There's nothing like having a pretty woman chained naked to a bed ready to serve to make you feel good about life,' he mused philosophically. 'Especially one with such a pretty bottom that just begs for a beating...'

He picked up a camera from the bedside table and took some pictures of her from different angles. She blushed and squirmed, acutely aware of the lash stuffed inside her. What must she look like?

‘I must have evidence for your judges to prove you have suffered,’ he reminded her. He put the camera down again. ‘Now you just lie there and simmer while I get ready...’ And he went into the bathroom.

Chiltern was only gone for ten minutes but it felt far longer... or else no time at all: Courtney was not sure. She wanted to get it over with but she feared what he was going to do to her and hoped he would never come out again. But he did come out again still smiling amiably. He came up to the bed and stripped off his bathrobe. Courtney looked at him in horrified fascination and he let her.

Apart from a few grey hairs on his chest and groin, he had quite a good body for a man of his age with a lean physique and a flat belly. His penis was already swelling and rising. Oh, God it was big! And he was going to push it up inside her bottom! She had only tried anal intercourse a couple of times before with a casual boyfriend and hadn’t liked it. Now she had no choice. She felt sick...

He pulled the lash out of her anus and then trailed its thongs across her bottom. ‘I’m going to give you a dozen strokes to start with to make sure bottom is good and hot. Only then will I allow you to plead with me to use your rear passage. I’m going to ask you to count aloud to keep track. Remember the rules of your ordeals. I will ignore normal screams, moans, and begging, but I will take notice if you admit your guilt. Do you understand?’

‘Yes Sir,’ she said miserably about her gag.

Chiltern clambered up onto the bed and knelt between her spread legs. He stroked the lash across her buttocks left and then right, as if measuring her up for both forehand and backhand blows. His cock stiffened to full erection. Then he raised his arm and brought the lash down with a swish across her trembling buttocks.

Swish, thwack! The rubber thongs tore into her still sensitive skin adding a string of lesser stripes across her hemispheres. The force of the blow drove her hips downwards onto the rubber mat, forcing the dildo further up her sheath. She squeezed desperately about it as if trying to brace herself or possibly suck comfort out of it, even as she gave a yelp of pain and bit on her gag bar. As her eyes filled with hot tears, she choked out, 'One...'

The next blow was a backhand, making her buttocks shiver and clench in pain and terror. She squeezed harder on the dildo. 'T... two,' Courtney gasped.

Swish, smack... 'Three!'

The rubber thongs curled about the contours of her buttocks and rasped up between them to kiss the bulging lips of her impaled sex, adding another dimension of sharp pain at her suffering.

Chiltern did not rush the sequence of blows. He took time to feel the fresh heat of her bottom between each one. Courtney realized this prolonged the agony of her anticipation and, presumably, his pleasure. His stiff shaft waged and bobbed each time he swung the lash. It was all part of her torment...

By the time Courtney reached the count of twelve, her buttocks felt as if they were on fire. The dildo mat on which she was impaled was wet with her juices squeezed out of her frantically clenching vagina, while the pillow under her face was damp with tears and dribble from about the gag clenched between her teeth.

Chiltern lowered the lash and stroked her blazing buttocks, making her wince. Two bottom beatings inside three hours! She couldn't take more of that!

'Have you anything to say to me?' he asked.

She did not want to speak but she knew she had to. 'P...please Sir... I would l... love it if you would f... fuck my bottom... s... screw me... bugger me... have me up my bum...'

‘And how would I do that?’

‘H... hard, Sir... hard you’d like... so that you bruise me, Sir...’

‘You don’t want me to be kind to you?’

‘No Sir!’

‘Have you anything else to say to me? About your guilt or innocence, for instance?’

‘I’m in... innocent Sir!’

He lay across her back, reaching under her to cup her hot breasts, rubbing his hard cock through the cleft of her burning buttocks. And then its head found the greased pit of her anus and he rammed it hard up into her freshly washed and slippery interior.

Courtney wailed and bit on her gag bar as he filled her and stretched her. He felt even bigger inside her bottom, his presence magnified by the rubber dildo filling her vagina which bent flat within her under his weight. Rubber shaft and flesh shaft slid back and forth within her, only separated by the narrow membranes of her twin passageways.

His hips ground over her sore buttocks feeling like sandpaper as he rode her hard. She would have bruises in the morning. It was all a nightmare! And she had a week more of this. She’d never last that long...

Desperately she tried to find the pleasure in it all, clenching on the dildo as it slid back and forth inside her, pressing on her clitoris from within. It had already warmed her up and got her wet, now she must use it to finish herself off. Her nipples dug hard into the palms of Chiltern’s hands. Sex was sex and she enjoyed that... just imagine it was some kind of kinky game... imagine the cock up her bum belonged to the most handsome celebrity actor in the world... and she was a famous actress and this was their 18 R love scene...

She began to moan in keeping with her fantasy and gasped out, ‘please... yes... harder... yes...’

‘You’re a liar!’ he suddenly cried in her ear.

‘No!’ she sobbed.

Then she came with startling intensity, her hips bouncing on the rubber dildo, driving her bottom back into Chiltern’s thrusting cock. He grunted and spurted his sperm and into her bottom and then he relaxed limp across her back, as if perfectly satisfied.

A minute later he was asleep, with his cock still lodged in her rectum.

Courtney lay under him: chained, gagged, sweaty and doubly impaled, wondering if they would stay like this the rest of the night. She did not dare wake him. Was this also part of her ordeal? His penis was still inside her bottom like a questing probe seeking out the truth and impossible to ignore.

As the glow of her orgasm faded, she felt her spirits drop and she cried softly into her pillow. She just been beaten and bugged by this older man and there was even worse to come. Finally, when her sense of self-pity had been satisfied, she sniffed back her tears and decided that she would just have to make the best of it.

As she tried to get as comfortable she could underneath Chiltern, Courtney began to wonder if there was not some sense in this *permezatenci* thing after all. It might be mediaeval but it was hard to lie when your mind was torn between pain and shame and a really big climax.

She had better watch out that they didn’t catch her accidentally saying the wrong thing. I’m innocent, she told herself, innocent...

And that was still what she was doing when exhaustion finally claimed her and she fell asleep.

# Chapter Three

Courtney woke the next morning with the sun shining in the bedroom windows. She was feeling confused and disorientated and could not remember where she was. And then it all came back to her. Oh God, it hadn't been a nightmare...

She was still sprawled face down on the big bed but she was no longer chained to its posts and the gag had been removed from her mouth. Her bottom felt sore and she ached inside and her pussy was still plugged by the rubber dildo...

Then Chiltern's hand slapped her tender bottom vigorously, making her yelp.

'You have ten minutes to use the bathroom,' he told her. 'And then it's time for breakfast...'

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When Courtney emerged from the bathroom, having done her best to remove or at least ease the traces of the night before, Chiltern was waiting with another item from Ivanka's bag of bondage accessories.

It was a kind of harness and comprised of a length of sprung chain fitted to a short bar with two padded rubber cups on each end, a little like large padded bra cups, but each with their own straps. Hanging from these by short lengths of rubber strap were two more much smaller and narrower rubber cups, also with their own straps. Linked by lanyards to the end of the chain was a pair of what looked like black rubber, thumb-less mittens.

'This is a simple little device the Barovians invented years ago that keeps a woman in her place,' he explained cheerfully. 'Stand straight with your legs a little apart and hold your hands out...'

Miserably Courtney obeyed, wondering what the thing was for.

First, he slid the mittens over her hands and buckled them about her wrists. Then he buckled the pair of larger rubber cups over the front of her knees so they were now linked by the bar. Then he said, 'bend your head down...' and he clipped the sprung chain to the front of her collar. Now she could not straighten up.

'Now go down your hands and knees and lift your feet up,' he told her.

She obeyed and he fitted the trailing pair of smaller cups over her toes and the balls of her feet. They were padded inside and fitted her feet snugly.

'Now try to stand up,' he told her.

Courtney did so and then yelped and dropped back down onto her knees again. There were dozens of small sharp spikes buried in the padding of the toecaps. If she attempted to put any pressure on them by standing then they stabbed up into the undersides of her feet, making it feel as if she was walking on upended drawing pins.

'It's called a puppy trainer,' he said, 'because all you can do while wearing it crawl about on all fours like a dog. Do I need to gag you as was well, or will you hold your tongue and speak only when spoken to?'

'I'll hold my tongue and speak only when I'm spoken to, Sir,' she promised.

He clipped the leash he had used the previous night to the front of her collar and then led her out of the bedroom. Her thick rubber mittens and the cups over her knees and toes protected her hands and feet from the floor. They went down one flight, with Courtney struggling awkwardly down the stairs all fours, to a morning room at the back of the house where a fortyish woman in a maid's costume was putting breakfast things out on a small table in a bow window.

Courtney froze at the sight of her, feeling her cheeks burning in shame at her naked exposure and humiliating bondage harness. Chiltern did not

pause but strode across the room to the table, dragging Courtney after him. He took his seat at the only chair and hooked the end of Courtney's leash over its arm, and pointed at the floor beside him. Courtney knelt on it trembling.

The maid had still barely glanced at her. Chiltern exchanged a few casual-sounding words with her in Barovian, calling her "Lucretzia", and she bobbed her head politely and left. Chiltern looked down at Courtney and patted her head, making her feel even more like a dog.

'You had better accept right now that Barovian natives are quite used to seeing women in your condition. For centuries they have had a proud and rigorous tradition of using devices like your harness on women for domestic, disciplinary or penal purposes. *Permezatenci* is a natural development of this.'

Courtney's mind spun, trying to take this all in. Despite her shame and fear for herself, her curiosity was unusually aroused. 'Please may ask a question, Sir?' she asked meekly.

'You may.'

'How is it nobody from outside this country knows about this? I mean Barovian is right in the middle of Europe and have lots of tourists, and festivals and everything. Surely people would notice and talk about it...'

'Because Barovians are sensible and discreet people,' Chiltern said. 'They know others might not approve so they keep their private ways to themselves. Casual visitors never see these traditions enacted. You have to live here to experience them – or in your case break the law and threaten their security.'

'I'm innocent, Sir,' Courtney said.

'That remains to be determined. But innocent or not, are you hungry?'

Suddenly Courtney realized that she was. How long was it since she had last eaten anything? 'Yes Sir...'



Chiltern was busy scooping spoons into a selection of tureens and dishes on the table. He loaded up a large metal bowl, chopped and diced the contents, and then set it down the floor in front of her. Of course, it was a dog bowl. He poured coffee into a second smaller bowl and set it down beside the first. She stared at them. She was confined on all fours and her hands were constrained in rubber mittens that she realized now were not unlike dog paws. What did she expect?

‘If you feel the humiliation of eating like a dog is too much to bear, then you know what you have to do to end it,’ he told her. ‘I’m sure you’ll be allowed to eat normally in prison, although I believe only with plastic cutlery...’

Snivelling Courtney dipped her head and began to eat, and acutely aware that to do so she had to thrust her blushing buttocks up into the air. Her knee-brace kept her legs parted so that her pussy pouch peeped between her thighs...

‘Good girl,’ Chiltern said. ‘You eat it all up. You’re going to need your strength for later...’ He took another picture of her on camera. Then he turned to his own food and began to read the morning edition of the London Times on his iPad.

As she ate, Courtney wondered how many women before her had eaten breakfast naked like dogs at his feet. The thought made her sick but it also held a kind of gross fascination. However common this was in Barovia, his maid had not blinked an eye at her sudden appearance and there were dog bowls already set out for her. And he was so casual and assured in handling her. That took practice. Perhaps he really had gone native.

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After breakfast, Chiltern led Courtney through to his office/study: a room lined with shelves of books and files with a big desk for his phone and office equipment.

He pulled the swivel desk chair aside, hooked the end of her leash to a desk drawer handle and then pointed at the kneehole under it.

‘Get under there and be quiet,’ he commanded.

She crawled into the confined space. Chiltern took a picture of her huddled under the desk looking up anxiously at him. Then he sat down on his chair, removed his slippers, rolled the chair forward on its castors under the knee-hole and rested his feet on her naked body. Then he set to work making telephone calls, switching easily between English, Barovian and German, checking files and typing on his computer.

He really was treating her just like a pet dog, she thought. But at least all she had to do was lay there quietly. It was humiliating but at least he wasn’t beating her or anything: as long as she could live with the shame of it, of course. Maybe her bottom would have a chance to heal...

As she lay there warming his feet, Courtney wondered what an Honorary Consul actually did. She thought he would work at the British Embassy, but apparently he didn’t. From what she could understand of the calls she overheard they all seemed to be about business matters. But the local authorities clearly respected and trusted him. That was what was important...

Then Lucretzia came in carrying something that she handed to Chiltern. She spoke a few words to him and then left again.

After a minute apparently reading something, Chiltern dragged Courtney out from under the desk by her leash. ‘Lucretzia tells me that your luggage has been brought here from your hotel, thanks to Sergeant Ivanka,’ he told her while she knelt in front of him. ‘I will store it here while you are undergoing your trials. Ivanka has also checked your phone’s call history for any suspicious contacts and has found nothing incriminating – at least not yet. Now you will use it to contact your family, friends and agency. Hold up your hands...’

She had completely forgotten that her phone had been taken from her along with her clothes when she had been forcibly stripped in the interrogation room.

He unbuckled her rubber mittens, freeing her fingers, and handed her the

phone.

‘Identify all the people who will miss you for the next ten days. Cancel any fixed appointments. Send them texts or voicemails as appropriate to say that you are staying on in Barovia for a little longer because you like the country so much, or imply that you have met somebody special. Say you may not be in regular contact with them but they are not to worry. I will check the messages before you send them, but for your own sake, if you wish to continue being judged discreetly by the old laws, make them convincing...’

‘Yes Sir,’ Courtney said, and set to work.

As she composed the messages, she realized that she was now actively supporting the deception that both held her prisoner and spared her from public shame and the ruin of her career. Was she crazy to do this? But there was no turning back now.

When the messages were ready, Chiltern checked them over.

‘Not that many are there,’ he observed. ‘Your parents, a couple of women I assume are old friends, your agency and a couple of hairdressing and nail salon appointments. You have no siblings?’

‘No, Sir.’

He scrolled through her phone address book. ‘The rest of your contacts listed seem to be in the modelling, media and theatrical professions, together with a few men listed as “dumped”, but they don’t seem to be personal. Are these few the only people who will miss you?’

The way he said it made it seem wrong, somehow. Despite her humiliating and helpless situation, she felt a flicker of defiance. ‘Yes, Sir... what about it? It’s my life!’

‘So it is,’ Chiltern agreed, handing back the phone.

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Courtney spent the rest of the morning on her hands and knees as Chiltern’s

dog. That afternoon he put a ball gag in her mouth and then took her down to the garage and loaded her, still in her dog harness, into the boot of his car. Then he drove her back to the Checkpoint.

He unloaded her into the same inner courtyard they had left the night before and led her shuffling along on her hands and knees back inside the old castle to the interrogation room. Ivanka was waiting for her. She was already in her shirtsleeves and had a short black baton hanging from her belt.

She smiled in appreciation at Courtney's new state of bondage and asked, 'Has she been good?'

'She has been good, Sergeant,' Chiltern confirmed. 'She has also suffered anal sex, prolonged humiliation and a bottom lashing. I have pictures as evidence. She has also contacted her family and friends and agency and assured them she is fine and will spending a little longer in Barovia.' He handed Ivanka Courtney's leash. 'And now, as we agreed, it's your turn to test her...'

Chiltern left the room, leaving Courtney alone with Ivanka. She smiled down at Courtney and she could read undisguised hunger in her eyes. She was going to have her and there was nothing Courtney could do to stop her. It would just be part of her ordeal...

Ivanka unhitched the baton from her the belt and showed Courtney its end. It had stubby electrodes on its tip and a thumb-switch on its handle.

'This is a shock baton,' she explained, rubbing its tip across Courtney's buttocks. 'It works like an electric cattle prod. Do you want me to demonstrate it?'

Courtney shivered and shook her head.

'So are you going to be good?' Ivanka asked.

Mutely Courtney nodded.

'Will you follow at my heel like a good bitch?'

Courtney nodded again.

Ivanka hooked the baton back on her belt and then walked Courtney around the room a couple of times to test her, evidently enjoying the sight of her shuffling naked and helpless after her. Courtney became acutely conscious of the roll of her naked buttocks and the bob and sway of her bare breasts under her as she followed after Ivanka's black-booted heels.

Then Ivanka led out of the room along to the end of the corridor and a stone spiral staircase that extended both upwards and downwards from this floor. Ivanka led Courtney downwards, she following awkwardly after her on all fours.

The bottom of the staircase was closed off by a heavy, timeworn black oak and iron- studded door, which Ivanka opened with a large key on her belt.

Beyond was a windowless stone-flagged chamber lit by the electric bulbs. Its roof was formed by a series interconnecting, whitewashed barrel vaults carried by massive stone piers. Metal gratings and walls of bars divided up space between them. From behind some of them, Courtney could hear muffled female moans and sobs and the occasional clink of chains.

'We are in the old dungeons of the Castle of which we still put to good use,' Ivanka told Courtney.

How many more women like her were there down here, Courtney wondered as Ivanka led her off along an arched corridor with recessed doorway on each side. Each door was made of heavy dark oak studded with large nail heads and bound with wrought iron straps. Each had an iron number hammered into it and picked out in silver paint.

Ivanka opened the door of Cell 12 and switched on the lights.

The chamber was perhaps three metres wide by four deep and floored with black rubber tiles. It had whitewashed walls and a vaulted ceiling, which made it seem larger and brighter although it was windowless. There was a row of hooks along one wall from which hung a sinister selection of lashes,

whips, canes and straps and dildos. The fittings might be ancient but the sanitary fittings were modern: a polished stainless steel toilet and basin in one corner, with a mirror and basic toiletries one shelf above. The WC had a coiled enema hose and nozzle dispenser fitted to it very like the one in Chiltern's bathroom.

'However soiled you become during your torments, we will maintain you in a proper level of hygiene,' Ivanka said.

In the middle of the room was a rectangular door-sized tubular metal frame supported by vertical brackets and pivoting mounts fitted midway down its long sides and set on a low base. The frame was strung with a lattice of what looked like rubber furniture webbing and had hooks and straps fitted in its corners.

'It has many uses,' Ivanka told Courtney, who was looking at the device with growing dismay. 'After a day of torments you may even find you can sleep on it...'

A detail in the corners of the room caught Courtney's attention. There were vertical covings running up the angles formed where the walls met into the corners where they arched over to form the roof. The covings were painted with the same whitewash as the rest of the walls were, but looking closely she could see they were made of wood. And at their top ends where they merged with the walls and ceiling, the wood gave way to panels of white gauze.

'There are cameras inside them,' Ivanka explained. 'They come on automatically when the light is turned on and will operate all the time you're in here. They will record your responses for your final judgement. They are concealed so that you will soon forget they are there and will respond naturally.'

Courtney gulped and swayed, feeling exposed all over again. She would have no more privacy than in Chiltern's house. Perhaps even less...

'Now I will prepare you for your first test with me,' Ivanka said.

She removed Courtney's gag and dog harness and hung it neatly on a hook on the wall, stripping her down to her leash and collar and allowing her to stand upright again. Then she made Courtney sit on the cold metal toilet and use it. Acutely aware of the eyes upon her, mechanical as well as human, Courtney hunched over in embarrassment. But Ivanka said:

'No, spread your legs wide. I want to be sure you're properly emptied...'

She wanted to look at her peeing, Courtney thought as she spread her legs and her cheeks burned. She had never been so conscious of performing the act before and it took an effort to relieve herself.

When she was done, Courtney's humiliation was redoubled as Ivanka used the enema hose to flush her clean both front to rear. Then she applied more lubricant to her anus. Courtney had a terrible feeling she was going to get used to the feel of that orifice being anointed with the slippery jelly.

When Courtney was prepared, Ivanka led her to the rack frame which she tilted upright. Courtney stood on its lower bar and Ivanka secured her to it. She spread her feet wide and clipped her ankle cuffs to the lower corners of the frame. Then she drew her arms up to the upper corners and secured them the same way. A broad belt-like strap was pulled across the middle of the frame to hold her torso down.

Ivanka flipped the frame in its mounts so that it was level like a bed, and then locked it in position. Courtney felt the web of straps give beneath her. It felt odd but not too uncomfortable, like some strange kind of hammock. She was half fearing she would be put in an Iron Maiden or something. She supposed it could have been far worse.

Then it became far worse: Ivanka began taking off her clothes.

Even though she suspected that something like this was going to happen, Courtney watched with growing horror as Ivanka stripped herself down to her black polished knee-length jackboots. Then Ivanka stood before her with her hands on her hips, smiling faintly, as if inviting Courtney's approval. Courtney stared at her in sick fear and also helpless fascination. It was even

worse than looking at Chiltern before he screwed her, although like him Ivanka had a good body...

Her breasts were apple-like in their neat, firm rotundity, capped by sharply pointed nipples, her waist was tight, and her pouting sex mouth was shaven totally clean. Her buttocks were pale, lean and strong.

Courtney felt her own nipples standing up and shivered, then licked her lips and asked, 'D... don't you mind... people seeing you naked on the videos, Interrogator Ivanka?'

'Why? I've nothing to be ashamed of. Have you? You've got a lovely body... '

What kind of people were these Barovians, Courtney wondered? Was this teasing all part of her official ordeal, or was Ivanka taking private pleasure playing with her. She only had her word that there were hidden cameras or that that they were running. What did it matter? She was helpless in either case.

'Th... thank you, Interrogator Ivanka,' she said miserably.

'I think, while it's just the two of us, you can call me Ivanka.'

Courtney gulped. 'Yes... Ivanka.'

'Now, you've got to have a beating first so where should it be...' Ivanka mused. And she released the catches and flipped the frame over, tumbling Courtney head over heels, watching her body swaying about, especially her breasts flopping up and down.

Positioning her completely upside down, she felt Courtney's bottom through the mesh of the rack. Courtney winced. 'No... please... not there again!'

Ivanka walked around the frame then squatted down and clasped Courtney's hot inverted breasts and squeezed them thoughtfully. 'Here then?' she asked, and then raised one hand and pinched Courtney's pussy lips



thoughtfully. ‘Or here?’

‘Please... b... beat my breasts, Ivanka,’ Courtney sobbed.

‘As you beg so prettily...’

Ivanka went to the array of punishment devices and selected a cane with its slim shaft encased in rubber. She flexed it in her hands as she stood before Courtney. ‘This is nice and precise. It will hurt tremendously but it won’t cut your skin. I’ll give you six strokes on each breast, and then I’ll want to hear you beg me to make love to you... ‘

And there it was, her terrible bargain, very much like the one Chiltern had made. Except this would be with a woman...

The cane swished through the air and cut into Courtney’s inverted right breast square across the nipple. Her breasts flattened under the impact and then sprang back outwards again bouncing and shivering with a scarlet stripe across the middle.

Courtney screamed aloud, her cry echoing back redoubled from the walls of the small room and filling her ears with audible evidence of her own pain.

Ivanka struck her left breast in the same way so that Courtney’s first scream merged in with her second.

Tears filled Courtney’s eyes and ran up through her brows and into her hair.

The next pair of cane cuts struck the exposed undersides of Courtney’s breasts making them spring upwards and outwards. Then Ivanka shifted her position and swiped forehand and then backhand, the cane cutting into the sides of Courtney’s breasts, making them bounce together.

The third pair of cuts she skimmed up from low down to strike what would normally be the concave upper slopes of Courtney’s breasts, but with her hanging upside-down were mimicking the swells of their undersides.

The fourth blows were diagonal, slicing across her nipples at forty-five degrees like forward slashes. The fifth pair of swipes was delivered backhand and imprinted reverse slashes on Courtney's by now burning globes. The very last pair of blows were precise vertical swipes that cut square across Courtney's bouncing breasts, driving their nipples flat one last time.

Then Ivanka stepped back, looking at Courtney's pain-wracked body was satisfaction. She went to the rack of implements, hung up the cane and came back with a polished metal hand mirror from the washbasin that she held up so that Courtney could see what she'd done to her. Her breasts were now shocking pink cut through with a pattern of fine scarlet stripes. They were neatly bracketed by two horizontal stripes across their undersides and upper slopes, dashed on their outer curves and then marked with crimson asterisks centred on her burning, cherry red nipples, which had swollen perversely hard under the terrible onslaught.

Ivanka looked into Courtney's red-rimmed and tear-filled eyes. 'Now, have you got something to say to me?' she prompted her

'P... please... Ivanka...' Courtney choked... 'please will you make love to me... I... I really want that...'

Ivanka swung the rack until it was level and locked it in place. Then she replaced the washbasin mirror and went to the row of hooks and selected a large red jelly-plastic, double ended strap on dildo. Totally unselfconsciously, she spread her legs and slid half of it up inside her naked cleft, making her lips bulge sensuously, and buckled the belt about her waist so that it held its jutting other half in place. Ivanka stroked its head suggestively, smiling at Courtney.

Courtney instinctively tugged on her cuffed arms and legs, but she was completely helpless.

'Have you ever made love to a woman before?' Ivanka asked.

'N... no, Ivanka.'

Ivanka walked round Courtney's spread-eagled body stroking her

gently, running her hands up and down the insides of her thighs and across her belly. She squeezed her hot sore breasts and tweaked her nipples, making Courtney whimper, and cupped the cleft of her sex. Then she pried open her labia and rubbed her fingers through her soft wet pink secret valley. No latex glove separated their flesh this time...

‘You may not have made love to a woman before, but you’re ready for it,’ she observed, showing Courtney her sticky wet fingers.

Courtney squirmed and moaned, resisting the easy way out. She must not give into temptation! She knew what Ivanka was going to do to her. She just had to accept it.

Ivanka clambered onto the rubber strap bed, which stretched and gave under her weight, and knelt between Courtney’s spread thighs and braced her hands on her simmering breasts and smiled down at her.

‘Now I want to hear you beg me to screw you again,’ she said. ‘Unless you have something else to admit to me?’

Courtney licked her lips. ‘Please screw me... Ivanka,’ she said woodenly.

Ivanka pinched Courtney’s freshly beaten nipples hard and then twisted them until Courtney screamed. ‘You can do better than that...’

Fear, desperation and exhaustion overwhelmed the last of Courtney’s inhibitions. What did it matter? Just get it over with...

‘Fuck me, Ivanka please!’ she screamed. ‘I’ll beg you... shove that lovely big red dildo up me... all the way... aaaahhh!’

Ivanka had thrust the tip of the dildo into Courtney’s cleft and forced it into her vagina. Her body descended on hers, her neat hard breasts rubbed against Courtney’s fuller, and at this moment far hotter and tenderer globes, and her hungry lips mashed against Courtney’s mouth. Like a wild animal, Ivanka ground her lean hard body across Courtney, digging the toes of her boots into the lattice of rubber straps so she could push deep into her. As if in

a delirium or nightmare, Courtney sobbed and moaned and then kissed her back.

As they both bounced and writhed on the rubber strap bed, Courtney felt her loins filling with illicit lust. What was happening to her?

‘Are you going to cum?’ Ivanka asked as she smothered Courtney’s face in passionate kisses.

‘Y... yes, Ivanka,’ Courtney sobbed.

‘Do you like making love to me?’

‘Y... yes, Ivanka!’

‘Are you a terrorist?’

‘N... no, Ivanka! No... no, no... Oh God!’

And then Courtney’s hips lifted as she bucked beneath Ivanka, driving the dildo a few centimetres further up inside her. Her loins exploded and for a few blissful, timeless moments she neither knew nor cared what was right or wrong or true or not any longer.

# Chapter Four

Courtney spent the night the Cell 12 bound to her strange bed.

Ivanka visited her again in the evening, took her down so that she could use the toilet, washed her clean and fed her. Then she put her back on the webbing frame, dimmed the lights and left her alone once more.

Distantly from beyond the thick door of her cell, Courtney thought she could hear the sounds of whips cracking, chains clinking and women crying and sobbing. It seemed that she was not alone in her suffering, although that knowledge gave her no comfort.

Half the time Courtney could not believe what she just done. She had been forced to beg to make love to another woman! She felt dirty inside and out. And yet she had cum intensely and that always felt good. What was wrong with her?

She cried for a while, and then she felt a strange resurgent sense of achievement. Yes, it had been awful, but she had survived the ordeal and had not give in and confessed falsely. Perhaps she should even feel proud... except that also seemed wrong. She was so confused! Perhaps that was also all part of the testing process. Finally, nervous and physical exhaustion claimed her. Ivanka had been right; it was possible to sleep on her strange bed.

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The next morning, Chiltern called in at the Checkpoint to take his turn with Courtney again. He smiled as he saw her.

She was back in her dog harness kneeling on the desk in the interrogation room with her bottom towards Ivanka. The Sergeant had fitted a pencil sharpener into Courtney's anus lodged in the mouth of a toy balloon to catch the shavings, and was carefully sharpening a set of 6H pencils to

needle-like sharpness and testing each of them by pricking Courtney's bottom with them, before putting them in a jar. Courtney was biting on her gag with her cheeks burning, uncomfortably aware of the gross spectacle she was making of herself, not helped by the wetness of her pussy and the hardness of her nipples.

'I see you've amused yourself with her, Sergeant,' Chiltern commented. 'I hope she's been a good girl.'

'She has proved most entertaining,' Ivanka admitted, pulling the pencil sharpener out of Courtney's bottom and watching her greased anus contract gratefully. 'She also still insists that she is innocent.'

'She might be. Have you had any other leads in the case yet?

'None. She is as the only suspect. It may just be a joke in bad taste on somebody's part, but we cannot take the chance. We will continue her ordeal.'

Courtney shuddered and bit on her gag.

'Well, I'm going to mix business with pleasure and take her to the BFS today and show her off and play a few games with her. That might loosen her tongue. As it's a fine day I thought we'd walk...'

For one horrible moment, Courtney thought he would lead her there (wherever and whatever the "BFS" was) naked on her leash. Chiltern laughed at the confused expression on her face and held up a bag he was carrying.

'BFS stands for the Barovian Friendship Society, and you will travel there perfectly respectable, Courtney... on the outside at least. Now get down from there and I'll get you ready...'

Courtney was stripped of everything until she was entirely naked. Then she was fitted with new and more subtle restraints.

Her heavy dog collar was replaced by a shiny band of woven metal mesh which appeared to be a decorative choker, but was actually locked

about her neck. It had a ring on the front that looked decorative but served the same purpose as her dog collar tethering rings. Superficially decorative broad bracelets of metal mesh in a matching style were locked about her wrists, forming cuffs.

In turn they matched the slender metal mesh chastity belt that was locked about her waist. There was some kind of small electronic mechanism embedded in the belt connected to internal rubber plugs with metal studs on their sides that filled her vagina and rectum. Courtney whimpered as they were pushed up into her and locked into place. It was impossible not to test them by squeezing on them. The rear one was mushroom shaped with a narrow tapered neck that her anal sphincter closed about almost a relief. The other one was larger and filled her vagina completely.

They were unsettling to have inside her, but they were not actually painful. However, it was the thought that they were locked into place and she did not have the ability to remove them that was so disturbing. She realized she was lubricating about the plugs and felt her juices running into the mesh band that passed between her legs.

Suspenders hung down from the belt were clipped to broad mesh cuffs that were buckled like garters about her thighs linked by a short sprung chain forming a kind of hobble. Two short but very strong lengths of fishing line with small rings on their ends extended from the outer sides of these garters. These were clipped to the insides of her wrist cuffs, holding her arms down to her sides.

Then she was put in a calf-length light summer dress low cut at the front to show off her cleavage, with buttons down its sides and on the shoulder straps, so it could be put on around her bound arms. The two short lengths of fishing line extending from the sides of the mesh garters passed through the button closures in the dress, but they were so fine that they were hardly visible against the pale fabric.

‘Open your mouth wide,’ Chiltern commanded.

He clamped a rubber ball about her tongue, filling her mouth. It was in two halves connected by elastic side bands and pinched tight, effectively

gagging her. Yet from the outside, her mouth appeared to be perfectly normal.

‘Now you know what it’s like literally to hold your tongue,’ Chiltern said.

He held up his phone. ‘I have a link from here via an app unique to Barovia that connects it to a receiver in your chastity belt. If I feel you need disciplining, or if you should stray too far away from me then all I do is press a button and...

Courtney cringed and whimpered and doubled up as she felt electric needles hammering into her from the metal studded dildo plugs. Her cuffed hands flailed about ineffectually at her sides, clawing at her dress.

The agony only lasted a second and then the pain was gone, leaving her tingling inside. Cautiously she straightened up again.

‘You will be good while we’re out together in public, won’t you Courtney?’ Chiltern said.

Desperately she nodded her head.

A matching sunhat, sunglasses and simple white leather sandals completed her new outfit.

Chiltern took Courtney’s right hand and they walked side-by-side around the room. She matched his stride perfectly, aware that his other hand was casually tucked into the pocket of his jacket holding his phone ready to punish her if she did anything wrong. She had to limit the length of her strides to avoid pulling on her garter hobbles. They would make running virtually impossible, but walking with care was not too hard. She remembered a modelling class she had attended where she had to walk upright and hold herself elegantly poised. Perhaps somebody might think she was moving a little stiffly, but nobody could guess what was concealed beneath her innocent summer dress.

Inside however, Courtney felt angry, resentful and ashamed that he was



playing another game with her. Why was he making her go out in public? Did he get a kick out of being with a woman secretly in bondage and under his control, or was it simply enjoyable for him to be seen out with a pretty younger woman as his companion? Did she need to be smartly dressed to visit the BFS? What were these “games” they were going to play there? How was this meant to test her?

She realized her nipples were standing up hard, pressing against the thin fabric of her dress and showing themselves off. They seemed to be desperately excited to find out what was going to be done to her next...

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The walk through Strakensburg was not quite as terrible as Courtney had been anticipating. Once she was reassured that nobody would see her secret restraints, and realized that her sunhat and dark glasses hide much of her face, she relaxed slightly. It was not pleasant but she could imagine far worse.

It was a fine day and there were plenty of people on the streets. Many were clearly tourists. She walked hand-in-hand with Chiltern who was smiling genially about him. Often he paused to point out some notable landmark or look in at a shop window and make some comment about the goods on display. And dutifully Courtney smiled and nodded as if she was fascinated by what he had to say, but of course remained silent. Anybody observing them would think how affectionate she was and how closely she kept to his side.

What did they think she was? They were too close and intimate to be father and daughter. His young wife or a mistress, maybe? That was embarrassing, but she could live with it.

But as they proceeded, Courtney became aware of the juices stimulated by the steady churning of the dildos inside her, seeping out about her mesh crotch strap and running down the insides of the thighs. She could smell them. Could other people? Could Chiltern? A sense of shame and acute embarrassment returned and her cheeks flushed. She could not respond like this in public! She tried to rub her thighs together but the garters and linking chain prevented it. It was a subtle torment. Please let them get to their

destination as soon as possible...

The Barovian Friendship Society was situated on a side street just off the City centre. It was a discreetly imposing building of pale stone with three floors of tall windows and Greek columns supporting a portico over its main entrance. Chiltern strode lightly up the steps while Courtney mounted them awkwardly struggling to maintain her composure.

It was pleasantly cool inside the entrance foyer. Old pictures from bygone times hung on the walls. There was a gilt sign over a set of large double doors filled with bevelled frosted glass that read: *Members Only*, in several languages. There was lots of polished brass-work and dark polished wood and a smell of polish in the air, which suggested reassuring homely values. It was so last century... or perhaps even the century before.

There was an immaculate manager standing behind a big reception desk who greeted Chiltern warmly as he signed the members' book. His eyes took in Courtney still holding Chiltern's hand without any show of surprise.

'Good morning, Sir Humphrey,' he said in English. 'A fine day, is it not?'

'Good morning, Mister Meriwether. Yes it is. I walked in...really splendid. I'll need a peg for my pet's things...'

'Of course, Sir.' And he handed Chiltern a matching pair of numbered metal tags.

His what, Courtney thought?

Chiltern led her not through the big double doors but a side door net to them into what looked like a cloakroom. Besides a scattering of coats, hats and umbrellas there was an open rack of coat-hangers hung with a selection of dresses. He selected an empty one and hung one of the tags he had been given on it. The second tag he clipped the ring on the front of Courtney's choke collar. Then he took off Courtney's hat, dark glasses and dress and hung them on the hanger.

He smiled at the wetness on insides of her bare thighs and stroked them gently, making her squirm. 'Don't feel ashamed, it's quite natural in the circumstances,' he told her.

She thought that was the idea to make her feel ashamed. But now he was telling her not to worry about it. She was so confused!

He took out her leash that he had been carrying in his pocket, clipped it to her collar, and then led her out through a second door.

They were in a big airy hallway on the other side of the glass double doors, which she could now see were in fact two sets of double doors with a small lobby between them. There was a strip of rich deep carpet down the middle with several rooms opening off it. One of them held a well-stocked bar. And there were well-dressed men, with two or three equally well-dressed women, striding about or seated in deep club chairs reading or chatting. There seemed to be dozens of them and she imagined at any moment they were all going to turn and stare at her: naked, collared and hobbled and plugged by her terrible chastity belt that was making her drip down her thighs! Courtney cringed at her sudden exposure and wanted to die!

Then she saw the collared and chained naked women.

They were curled up or kneeling demurely by the big armchairs, or shuffling along like dogs at their master's heels. There was one standing on a pedestal like a living statue and another hung spread out inside a large empty gilt picture frame on the wall....

'It's a pleasant place to bring girl pets for some exercise and a bit of socialising,' Chiltern said. 'Many resident foreigners and people who do business here enjoy Barovia's enlightened attitude towards female punishment, correction and personal service. Many years ago they set up the BFS to share their interests and exercise their pets. Collectively we call them "pets", although they arrive here by different means. Some of these are privately owned submissives, others are local women hired out to the club for official punishment. A few are foreign women who have broken Barovian law and are paying the price. Better here than stuck away in a prison cell wasting their talents. The government taxes owners of girl pets, you see, so it

helps the economy...’

He led her along the corridor while she gaped at the spectacle in disbelief. Courtney could just about get her mind round the idea of naked prisoners in the old castle Checkpoint, or even her own treatment in the privacy of Chiltern’s home, but this was something else entirely. And the government approved! It was so shocking, so casual, so arrogant... and yet outwardly it could not have been more respectable and part of the establishment.

They came to a set of doors that opened into a secluded inner garden courtyard. There were more BFS members seated on benches. Some were playing a cruel game.

There were a series of posts and boards set out a one end of the strip of lawn. Naked pet women were hung on the boards in various postures, while a handful of the club members were throwing would look like large colourful darts at them. Some of the darts bounced off them while others stuck in intimate places. The women jerked and whimpered through their gagged mouths.

‘There are different amusements arranged in other parts of the building, but the courtyard is always popular,’ Chiltern explained. ‘It helps to remind the pets of their proper place while providing entertainment for the members. And now it’s your turn...’

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Courtney hung with her back against a heavy tilted wooden board mounted at the end of the strip of lawn. Her arms were pulled straight up from shoulders above her head and heavily padded cuffs were bound about her wrists. Her garter hobble and chastity belt had been removed and her legs were pulled wide and doubled up at the hips and raised until her knees touched the board on either side of her shoulders and her feet were bound by more heavy cuffs level with her hands.

Her enforced posture and the tension on her legs lifted her hips up and outward and displayed both her pussy and her anus to anybody standing in

front of her. But this was not quite enough for the BFS members.

Elastic cords stretched across from the sides of the board were hooked into her labia and pulled them out wide, opening up the wet pink valley of her vulva. Another cord with a larger hook was stretched up from the base of the board and embedded in her rectum, pulling it downwards and stretching it against the tension on her legs. Something like a serviette ring had been pushed into the mouth of her anus to hold it wide, so that the dark pit of her rectum was displayed beneath the stretched vertical gash of her pussy, like an exclamation mark cut into the flesh. A similar ring had been put in the mouth of her vagina, holding that wide as well.

Loops of broad rubber strap had been bound about the roots of her breasts, making them bulge outwards and turning them into more inviting targets. Safety goggles covered her eyes, but that was the only protection she had from the darts the members were throwing at her.

The darts had rubber tips so they didn't pierce her skin, but they hurt when they struck and made her flinch. They were dipped in coloured paint before they were thrown and left marks on flesh, so that their throwers could see how accurate they had been. Soon her breasts were covered in dashes of paint. A strike on one of her shamefully swollen nipples brought a cheer while she yelped in pain around her clamped tongue.

But the most popular targets were her vagina and rectum. Near misses on her outer labia stung and ones that struck her swollen clitoris gave her a sudden intense shock both pain and excitement. But if the darts passed into the ring-stretched depths of her vagina or anus, they stuck those normally secret sensitive secret parts of her and it felt as if she was being stabbed and violated.

At first, Courtney had squirmed and cried in fear and shame and looked away. But soon she was flinching in anticipation as she watched the darts flying towards her in helpless, fascinated dread.

A dozen or more people were watching her apart from those using her for target practice. Through her tears, she saw Chiltern was sitting on the bench recording her ordeal on his camera, but he did not take part in it

himself. He seemed content to monitor her humiliation and suffering from a distance.

She felt humiliated and degraded almost beyond endurance, but there was also a terrible excitement about it all. Cruelly stretched and stimulated her pussy was dribbling and her juices were trickling down her buttock cleft and onto the board on which she hung. Dribble from the corners of her plugged mouth was falling onto her bound breasts, which were turning slightly purple as the rubber loops pinched them tightly. She had become part of a perverse sport. Everyone's eyes were upon her. She was a spectacle.

Was that what Chiltern had intended? Was that why he had brought her here? To make his point about her own vanity in the cruellest way and turn it against her? Did that help to shake her confidence: break down her will to resist so that she would confess her supposed guilt? Or did he simply enjoy seeing a pretty woman humiliated for his personal amusement? What kind of man was he?

Whenever the truth was, he had brought her here and only he could take her away. She pleaded mutely with her eyes to spare her more suffering as the darts flew towards her again...

But it was too late! A dart struck her clitoris with unusual firmness and a flashbulb burst of pain and pleasure tore through her loins and up into her brain. Before a dozen pairs of mocking eyes, Courtney had a mini orgasm.

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An hour later, Courtney knelt meekly beside Chiltern's chair as he sat in one of the galleries looking out over the courtyard while sipping an iced fruit drink. Her arms were now cuffed behind her back but otherwise she was still wearing only her sandals and collar.

The smears of paint had been wiped from her body, but she still trembled with the memory of those terrible darts. What hurt her even more was the pathetic sense of gratitude she felt towards Chiltern when he had come over to free her from the dartboard. She hated him for subjecting her to the torment, and yet she needed him to save her from it. She had never felt

like that towards anybody before and did not know how to handle it. In the past she had more or less got her own way with men, dumping them if they displeased her. Now here was a man who had total domination over her life, both physically and emotionally, whom she could not dump or walk away from, who she could not deny or resist.

Chiltern set his drink down on a little side table which held a jug of fruit juice, and looked at Courtney. 'You looked very lovely hanging there now the dartboard. Of course, its main purpose is to teach pets to behave themselves and be obedient, but it has its aesthetic pleasure as well. But I don't suppose you felt that way?'

She shook her head. Her tongue was still clamped by the split rubber ball.

'But you did give pleasure to many other people through your suffering. And they appreciated it. Did you sense that?'

Miserably she nodded.

'So you gave pleasure without receiving a reward... unless that orgasm could be counted as a reward.'

Her cheeks burned in shame.

'You should learn to do things for others. It will make you a much better person. For instance you are now going to bring me some more ice for my drink...'

He picked up a little brass tag on a clip which had been sitting on the side table and fastened to her right nipple. On the tag was impressed a tiny image of ice cubes floating in a drink.

Chiltern unclipped her leash from her collar. 'Go down to the bar, stand by the slave symbol at the counter in the position indicated and present this to the barman. He'll give you more ice to bring back...'

Miserably, hanging her head so she did not have to meet the eyes of

other members, and acutely aware of her nudity, Courtney padded along the gallery corridor and went down the stairs to the bar besides the main entrance. She saw a symbol of a chained girl on the wall by one end of the bar and she went round to it. The bar dipped at this point and only came up just above her knees. There was a pair of scallops cut into its top with a pair of stickers showing feet on the floor beneath them. She stood on them so that her legs fitted into the scallops and her groin overhung the counter.

After a minute, the barman came over. With her cheeks burning again, she pushed her chest forward and he examined the tag hanging from her nipple, having a squeeze as he did so. Then he used a small narrow stainless steel scoop to gather up half a dozen cubes from the ice bucket. Then he grabbed a pinch of her pubic hair to hold it steady and forced the scoop up into her vagina. As Courtney gasped with shock, he pressed his thumb down on her cleft, pinching her lips together, and pulled the scoop out, leaving the ice cubes inside her.

He made a squeezing gesture with his hand, telling her to keep the ice cubes held tightly inside her, and then he slapped her tagged breast and pointed her back the way she had come.

In a desperate shuffle that set her breasts jiggling, with her thighs clenched together, Courtney stumbled back up the stairs and along the gallery to where Chiltern was waiting. He held his drink out to her at thigh height with one hand, while with the other he held his camera pointed at the glass. He recorded her straddling it and squeezing and the ice cubes spurting out of her cleft into his drink.

‘You’re a good pet,’ Chiltern said, calmly sipping his drink again which now contained traces of her own pussy juice on the ice cubes bobbing about it.

Courtney knelt down on the floor again, clenching her thighs to try to force warmth back into her frozen vagina. She had thought having her tits dunked in ice was bad enough but this was far worse. She looked at Chilton calmly sipping away. He was consuming a part of her! How creepily intimate was that! But was it an insult or a twisted compliment?



‘Is your pussy nice and cold?’ he asked.

She nodded.

‘Do you want me to send you to collect more ice every ten minutes?’

She shook her head.

‘Do you want me to have you put back on the dartboard again?’

Again she shook her head.

‘You know how you could end all this. Just admit your guilt. Then Sergeant Ivanka will put you in a nice comfortable cell. In a few days you’ll probably be transferred back to England. If they’ve found no new evidence against you, then a good lawyer will probably be able to get you out on bail while they make further investigations. Then you can sleep in your own bed... wherever that is.’

Courtney snivelled and then shook her head for the third time.

‘As you wish,’ Chiltern said, and then flicked the metal tag hanging from her nipple. ‘Fetch me some more ice...’

# Chapter Five

The next morning Courtney was back in the Checkpoint again. This time she would be there all day.

There was an all-too familiar predatory smile on Sergeant Ivanka's face when she took charge of her that made Courtney shiver. Chiltern had delivered her naked, collared and ankle-hobbled but without her shameful chastity belt – which of course left her even more exposed. In the privacy of her interrogation room office, Ivanka embraced Courtney, kissing her passionately as if she was welcoming back a lover, pressing her tightly to her and cupping and squeezing her buttocks and sliding a finger between her legs to tease her anus.

Courtney writhed miserably in her grasp, feebly returning the kiss while once again horribly confused. Was this an instance of Ivanka taking advantage of Courtney's situation and satisfying her own lesbian desires with her in private, or was it a calculated part of her ordeal to break her down? Did it make any difference either way?

Finally, Ivanka broke the embrace and smiled. 'I thought you would like to see the Castle grounds for change,' she told Courtney. 'It would be a nice setting for today's trials...'

What could she say? 'Yes, Sergeant Ivanka...'

Ivanka led Courtney out into the corridor and along to the end to the spiral staircase. But this time they went up. Two floors up was another heavy door opening under a porch to the outside.

Despite her apprehension, Courtney looked around her in surprise at the scene. The towers of the old castle rose up behind her, while in front of her was a hanging garden not visible from the city below. Stone-flagged pathways wound away between wild shrubberies and high stonewalls swathed in thick growths of moss and ivy, all overhung by the spreading

boughs of ancient cedar trees. There were archways and overgrown walks flanked by columns and statues and vine-hung pergolas.

As Ivanka led her along one of the pathways, she said, sounding almost like a tour guide: 'These were once the Royal pleasure gardens of the old castle which have now been divided between our two countries. It was a great pity...'

Courtney could now see that for herself. On one side of her were the old crenulated outer walls of the castle grounds that looked out over Strakensburg while on the other was an ugly wall of concrete slabs topped with barbed wire, softened a little by moss and ivy, which formed the border with Nove Krasnic and their half of the ancient castle. It looked a bit like the old Berlin Wall, except that this had never been pulled down.

They turned into one of the gates in a walled garden and all thoughts of sightseeing were dashed from Courtney's mind.

Along one side of the garden a row of half a dozen naked women were bent over and confined in low pillories. Their heads and hands protruded through horizontal split boards supported upright by stout posts. They were bent at right angles at the hips and their legs were pulled wide and ankles were chained to posts hammered into the ground. To keep their hips and bottoms thrust stiffly out backwards, iron rods with T-bars welded across their ends angled up and outward underneath them from the base of the stock posts and pressed into their stomachs. Chains fastened to rings on the ends of the T-bars had been pulled over their backs to hold them firmly in place. More chains passing through rubber sleeves been pulled across the fronts of the spit pillory boards that confined their necks and wrists and had been forced into their mouths, stretching their lips to bare their teeth and making them bite down upon them.

Their dangling breasts did not escape restraint either. More chains from the stock boards had been pulled back under them and wrapped around the roots of their mammaries, squeezing them into unnatural fleshy balloons.

Courtney stared at the women in horror, feeling her stomach knotting up even as her nipples stiffened. Oh God, was she going to join them?

Ivanka walked around the women as if on a tour of inspection. Close-up Courtney could see their bottoms were crossed by whip and cane marks while their exposed pussies were dripping. And although mute because of their gags, the women's eyes rolled desperately from side to side as they watched Ivanka. As she stroked their bare, beaten bottoms and squeezed their chain-bound breasts, they shivered in a strange mixture of ecstasy and fear. Some wiggled their bottoms as if offering their pussies to her. They seem to be totally broken by their ordeal.

'Their taskmasters visit them through the day and beat and screw them,' Ivanka explained. She pointed to the enclosing garden walls. 'There are hidden cameras recording their responses.' With the toe of her boot she prodded a coiled chain lying on the grass, one end of which was bolted to the garden wall. 'They need a bottom and pussy lickster to clean them up after they have been used. Will you volunteer for that job?'

Courtney shuddered, feeling sick. Licking strange men's sperm from strange women's orifices? 'No, Sergeant.'

'A pity. Then I'll have to do something else with you...'

Hating herself, Courtney pleaded miserably: 'Please, Sergeant Ivanka, don't put me with them...'

'I was not intending to,' Ivanka said brightly, stroking Courtney's cheek. 'You're going over there to experience something far worse...'

Courtney had been so fascinated by the women in the stocks that she had not taken in the sandpit in the garden in front of them.

It was about three metres along each side and had a single heavy waist-high post set in one corner facing the row of pillories. Just in front of it, a wooden phallus rose out of the ground. There were two smaller posts hammered into the sides of the pit about a metre away from the big post. All except for the phallus were hung with an array of chains. Sat on the flat top of the main post was a glass jar. As she got closer, Courtney saw it was half-full of what looked like honey.

Ivanka undid one half of Courtney's handcuffs and then commanded: 'Sit with your back to the post so that the phallus penetrates your bottom and spread your legs wide.'

Miserably, knowing there was no point in resisting, Courtney obeyed. The greased plug of wood pushed its way up between her bottom cheeks into her rectum. Ivanka re-cuffed her wrists behind the big post. She spread her legs until the outsides of her ankles touched the smaller posts hammered into the sand. Ivanka bound the chains around her ankles. Then she bound one of the other sets of chains around Courtney's neck, holding her head up pressed back against the post, and another about her waist. A chain with a rubber sleeve about his middle was pulled around her head and forced into a mouth, so that she was gagged like the women in the pillories.

Then Ivanka pulled a pair of finer sprung chains around over Courtney's hips. They had bulldog clips on the ends. These she pinched onto Courtney's labia and let the tension of the springs pulled them wide. Her pussy gaped as it had on the dartboard in the BFS the previous day.

Now Courtney was firmly impaled and braced by the post with her legs pulled apart at ninety degrees facing the rest of the sandpit with the row of women in the pillories on the grass beyond. Her pussy was stretched wide open as if offering itself to them.

It was not exactly comfortable but she had already experienced far worse.

Then Ivanka made it far, far worse...

She unscrewed the pot of honey and scooped out a large dollop. She rubbed this into Courtney's gaping pussy, pushing a finger well up into her vagina. Two more blobs of honey went on Courtney's nipples. Then she walked across the sand the far corner of the pit, pouring out of thin trickle of honey as she went.

'There is an ants' nest in the sand just here,' she explained, doing up honey jar again and replacing it on the post above Courtney's head. 'They are quite used to following trails of honey,' she said as she wiped her fingers

clean on Courtney's hair. 'It will take them a few minutes to react but then they'll find you. First, they'll gather in the honey and then they'll nibble at your flesh. Of course they can't actually eat you, but they have very painful bites...'

Total horror filled Courtney at the thought of ants crawling inside her. She sobbed and shook her head, ready to plead to lick pussies instead. But Ivanka had already turned her back on her and walked away and disappeared through one of the gates in the garden wall.

Courtney moaned and struggled and strained at her chains, digging the links into her flesh, but she was quite helpless. She stared at the far corner of the pit. A few red scuttling shapes were appearing about the end of the honey trail. Her eyes bulged in horror...

Then a man appeared through the garden gate. His head was covered with an executioner-style black hood so that only his eyes and mouth showed through its slots. There was a bamboo cane hung from his belt. He glanced at Courtney with brief interest but then turned his attention to the row of women in the pillories.

Courtney squirmed and gurgled as loudly as she could try to attract attention, ready to do anything for him if only he would free her. But he was walking up and down the line of women, stooping down and inspecting their bottoms and pussies.

There were several ants clustered around the end of the honey trail now. A few were following it across the sand towards her...

The man selected one of the women. He opened his flies and pulled a stiff cock out that bobbed freely. He unhitched his bamboo cane and positioned himself and began to beat woman's bottom. With every swing of his cane, his stiff cock bobbed and bounced. His victim screamed and dribbled and jerked against her bonds wildly, making the wooden pillory frame squeak.

The leading ants were now between Courtney's spread legs. They were fat glossy red things a good centimetre long....

The hooded man finished beating the woman in the pillory and was now ramming his cock up into her pussy. The pillory post creaked with the power of his thrusts and her chain-bound breasts were bouncing swaying and her eyes were rolling and she was moaning and dribbling about her gag. How normal that seemed compared to the things about to penetrate her.

The lead ants reached Courtney's gaping honey-filled vulva and she stared down at them in petrified disbelief. The ants explored the mouth of what was to them was a cave of flesh with a pothole at its heart. A few began to climb her body over her pubic curls and up her belly towards her honey smeared breasts. She felt their tiny mandibles nibbling at her pussy flesh and she screamed and her bladder cut loose and she squirted a jet of steaming pee over them. A few were washed away in the stream, but the others milled about and then returned to their living honey pot...

The man screwing the pillory woman came inside her with gasp. After a few seconds to recover, he pulled out of her, wiped his cock on her bare buttocks, tucked it away and then left the garden. Sperm and juices began to drip from the women's ravished groin.

At that moment Courtney would have given anything to switch places with her. She thought she had been brave but this was too much. If she could speak and there had been anybody to listen to her, she would have done anything and confessed to anything. She jerked frantically at her chains, spittle dribbling down her cheeks to join her tears which splashed down her body on to the little red shapes ascending it. A few had reached her breasts and were nibbling at her honey coated nipples. Her eyes bulged as she stared down at them. No, she couldn't stand it! Just take them away...!

'Would you like to reconsider my offer of serving as a bottom and pussy lick for those women in the pillories?' Ivanka said in her ear.

Courtney gave another jerk, this time of shock and surprise, setting her breasts bouncing so hard that it dislodged some of the ants clinging to her nipples. She had not realized Ivanka had come back into the garden through a gate out of her line of sight and had been silently standing behind her.

Courtney nodded her head frantically, gurgling and moaning around her

gag, incoherently promising to do anything if only Ivanka would please spare her from the ants.

Ivanka pulled the chain gag out of Courtney's mouth. 'What did you say?'

'Yes, yes, I'll lick bottoms and pussies!' Courtney screamed and sobbed. 'I'll do anything... Ivanka... sergeant... anything you want... just please... I beg you... j... just get these things off me!'

Ivanka stepped fully into Courtney's line of sight. She had the end of a garden hose in her hand. She directed a fine spray over Courtney's bound body, washing the ants off her and dissolving the trail of honey. Stooping down and narrowing the jet, Ivanka flushed the last few determined ant spelunkers out of the depths of Courtney's vulva. Wet, confused and caked with sand and honey, the ants scrambled away from the growing pool of water between Courtney's legs back towards their nest.

Ivanka undid the chains and clips that bound Courtney to the post and took hold of her by her hair and dragged her out of the sandpit onto the grass. She lay their trembling pathetically.

'Kiss the tips of my boots and thank me,' Ivanka told.

With pathetic gratitude and inner revulsion, Courtney obeyed. 'Th... thank you... S... Sergeant Ivanka...' she whimpered.

And Ivanka picked up the jar of honey from the top of the sandpit post. 'Follow me on your hands and knees...' she commanded.

Courtney crawled after her like a whipped dog over the grass to the line of pillory women.

Ivanka padlocked the end of the long chain fitted the wall to Courtney's collar. Then she cuffed her hands behind her once more. Opening the honey jar, she scooped up some of the golden fluid and rubbed it into the pussy of the woman who had just been screwed.



‘That will make your first time a little sweeter,’ Ivanka said, ‘now lick her clean, inside and out. I don’t want to see a drop of sperm left in her...’

And Courtney shuffled over to the woman and pressed her face between her spread thighs and licked and sucked at her wet pussy, lapping up honey and spent sperm and her juices with desperate eagerness. At that moment she did not care about the strange taste or feeling sick or how revolting it was to perform such a degrading act. She even twisted her head round between the woman’s splayed thighs lapping all round her groin to make sure she didn’t miss anything. All that mattered was there were no ants nibbling at her pussy.

Courtney’s jaws and tongue were aching by the time she had finished her task by licking the woman’s pubic hair clean. Then she sat back on their heels and looked up at Ivanka nervously as she inspected the woman’s vulva. She felt a servile thrill of relief as Ivanka smiled in approval.

‘You will clean every woman up after she is used, you understand?’ Ivanka told her. ‘Remember, the cameras can see everything you do...’

‘Yes, Sergeant Ivanka,’ Courtney promised meekly, bowing her head.

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And that was how Courtney spent the rest of the day in the Checkpoint garden: licking anonymous men’s sperm out of the pussies and bottoms of mute bound women.

As soon as each man was done, she shuffled forward and applied her tongue and lips to whatever oozing orifice required her attention. Cleaning out her first bottom almost made her sick, until she realized it had been as well flushed and greased as her own. There was only a strange man’s sperm to suck and lick out of it, and she was already becoming used to its smell and slimy texture.

At midday, Ivanka came round again to check on her and give her and the pillory women some water. But otherwise, all Courtney consumed in the garden was sperm and women’s juices.

She huddled against the wall when the hooded men came to have their way with the women, flinching as they were beaten and then screwed. She was frightened they would make use of her as well, but they ignored her. Instinct told her to look away but she found her eyes drawn back time and time again to the women's buttocks rippling under force of the cane strokes and the plunging of the cocks into their rectums or vaginas.

She listened them snivelling after their abusers had gone and she was tending to them. From the smell and texture of the fluid she lapped up, she could tell they had responded to their caning and shafting with helpless passion, often coming themselves. But even so they were still clearly suffering. She wondered how they had come to be here or what crimes they had committed under Barovian law. Perhaps they were wondering the same thing about her.

They were gagged but her mouth was free, so she could have spoken to them when they were alone. But what could she possibly say? Yet it seemed absurd not communicate in some way when she was performing such an intimate act for them.

And so, when she had finished cleaning them up, Courtney began kissing the welts on the women's bottoms. She would never have imagined herself doing such a thing just that morning, but it seemed only right that she should do what she could to ease their suffering when she was lucky that she was not sharing it.

In response they sighed and groaned and wiggled their bottoms; thanking her for this little consideration as best they could. In the middle of this perverted suffering, that felt unexpectedly rewarding...

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That night back in Cell 12, strapped to her webbing bed frame once again, Courtney performed the same service on Ivanka. She squatted naked over Courtney's body in reverse, grinding her pussy into Courtney's face, while Courtney sucked and lapped at her pale, smooth-shaven sex mouth, which had been filled with honey. The terrible day had at least taught her how to penetrate every fold and crevice of the woman's vulva, and she was driven by

a desperate desire to please. The sandpit was only five minutes walk away...

And then Ivanka dipped her head and began to kiss and lick Courtney slot.

And despite her disgust, Courtney felt herself responding, groaning and shuddering in helpless delight. The policewoman knew how to use her tongue!

‘Do like that Courtney?’ Ivanka asked, briefly lifting her wet-cheeked face from Courtney’s pussy.

‘Y... Yes... Ivanka,’ Courtney choked out, half-speaking into Ivanka’s wet hot pussy.

‘Do you want me to keep doing it until you cum?’

‘Yes... Ivanka.’

‘Will you bring me off at the same time, so we can cum together?’

‘Y... yes, Ivanka.’

‘Are you happy?’

What a question to ask a prisoner! Yet her mind and body was filling with raw passion that cared nothing about how it came to be. Half the time she hated this woman, but she could not deny what she was doing to her. And at this moment, the promise of an orgasm was too strong to deny.

‘Yes... yes, Ivanka!’

‘Shall we cum together?’

‘Yes Ivanka!’

‘Are you a terrorist?’

‘No...!’ Courtney shrieked as the climax tore through her.

Afterwards, as she lay simmering with slowly ebbing lust under Ivanka's hot body, her face smothered in her juices, breathing round her slippery, clinging sex lips, Courtney thought that if Ivanka had asked that question in the garden while she had been covered by ants, she would have got a very different answer. But it would have been a lie!

Every day she was coming close to giving up. This had been the closest yet. Would she be so lucky next time?

# Chapter Six

The next day Chiltern took charge of her again.

He noticed that Courtney hung her head and looked subdued. 'She doesn't seem quite so cheerful this morning,' he observed.

'I introduced her to the sandpit yesterday,' Ivanka explained. 'She didn't like the ants and I think she got quite frightened. But she then demonstrated a great aptitude for bottom and pussy licking. She even showed concern for some of the other prisoners with a small gesture of kindness.'

Chiltern looked at her sharply. 'Did she now? That is interesting...'

As he led Courtney down to his car in the Checkpoint courtyard, he asked, 'what was this gesture you made to the other prisoners?'

'I k... kissed the cane marks on their bottoms, Sir,' Courtney admitted, blushing with embarrassment or perhaps shame. She felt she had to justify herself: 'T... they were really bad, Sir and... I felt sorry for them... I couldn't do anything else for them... it was just a few kisses...'

'Nothing about the terms of *permezatenci*, say you are prohibited from showing consideration towards other people,' Chiltern said. 'But I don't think you'd have done that a week ago, would you? There's nothing like shared pain to make you appreciate other people's suffering, is there?'

Would she have done the same thing a week ago? Well of course not, but not because she didn't care about other people. She would just have been too... revolted.

'Anyway, this afternoon I'm taking you to a little garden party,' Chiltern continued. 'Pets are welcome. No, there will not be any ants. But there will be some riding...'

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The garden party was being held in a house some ten minutes drive along country roads outside Strakensburg.

Courtney travelled sitting stiffly upright in the passenger seat of Chiltern's Rolls. To anybody looking at her from outside she would have appeared perfectly normal and respectable. She wore dark glasses, a silver choker and a short sleeveless white dress. Her hands were neatly folded in her lap. Her lips appeared pursed, as if in deep thought.

In fact, the back of her dress was rolled up and she was sitting impaled on the rubber dildo mat. Her lips were pursed because her tongue was clamped by the split gag ball once more. Her hands were folded neatly in her lap because the mesh bracelets she wore were handcuffs connected to a short sprung chain which was connected to a large dildo filling her vagina and clipped to her labia. The mesh choker was the same disguised collar she had worn on her walk to the BFS and Chiltern carried its matching leash in his pocket. The white dress was a fragile piece of camouflage made of spun paper, like some sort of disposable hospital gown, and she wore nothing underneath it. She was terrified that it would come to pieces at any moment.

As he drove, with his free hand Chiltern idly patted her knees and slid his fingers between her moist thighs. And she made little groans and moans in response while she blushed as she felt her pussy responding and her bottom getting hotter and wetter. She had always imagined that being forced to have sex against your will was terrible, but now she was learning that being aroused in expectation of sex which was then withheld was also a torment.

'I shall not tell them that you are a suspect undergoing permezatenci,' Chiltern said. 'I shall just say that you are a pet I'm trying out on approval who is not fully housebroken yet, which will explain any anxiety or clumsiness on your part. Otherwise they will want to know who you are and what you're accused of, and I take it you wouldn't like that.'

Courtney shook her head. No, she wouldn't want that. But how had she come to such a state that she would rather be thought of as a sex slave submissive than herself? Only in Barovia...

The house, set back from the road, looked a little like a French chateaux. There were several expensive looking cars already parked in its broad driveway when they arrived. Courtney gulped at the sight of them. She was going to be exposed and humiliated in front of free and rich people. This was not simply about Chiltern socialising; this was another subtle torment and test. Simple anticipation of public humiliation was making her feel sick and she felt her resolve crumbling. She could not do this... but she had no choice.

Chiltern parked the car and came round to open up the passenger side. He took off her sunglasses and left them on the dashboard. He clipped a leash to her collar, unbuckled the safety belt and helped her off the dildo mat, which sucked on her greased rectum. While her cheeks burned, unhurriedly he unclipped her bracelet cuffs from the dildo plug, brought her hands round behind her back and re-cuffed her wrists again. Then he unclamped the rubber plug from her pussy lips and pulled it out of her vagina and left it on the dildo mat of the seat.

He smiled at the excited state of her pussy and patted it playfully. Then he smoothed down the paper dress over it and over her bare bottom in a mockery of modesty. She could already feel it sticking to her wet cheeks.

Only then did he lead up to the front door and ring the bell.

It was answered by an elegant, blonde, middle-aged woman who hugged and kissed Chiltern and said in French-accented English, 'There you are, Humphrey... come in.'

'Hello Madeleine,' he replied.

'Oh, you brought a little pet with you this time,' she said, looking at Courtney with interest. 'What is she called?'

'Courtney.'

'Has she a good body?'

In answer, Chiltern took hold of the front of Courtney's dress and ripped it off her in one sweeping gesture, exposing her. He screwed up the remains

and tossed it into a waste bin by the door, which already contained similar ragged paper balls. Above it was a shelf with a pile of similar disposable paper dresses folded up and ready to use.

His hostess looked Courtney's trembling body up and down with approval. 'Yes she is *tres bon*. Will she be a runner?'

'Of course, she needs the exercise and the experience.'

'Good. Come through, come through...'

She led them across a big hall and into a large lounge whose French Windows were thrown open wide, opening onto the rear garden.

The back of the house was enclosed by high walls and contained well-tended trees and flowerbeds, a broad swathe of lawn, a summerhouse and a swimming pool. On a terrace overlooking this a couple of dozen people were chatting together and eating from buffet tables, with perhaps half as many naked, collared and leashed pets in attendance.

Were they local or foreign, natural submissives or girls undergoing some kind of punishment Courtney wondered? Some looked quite at ease, unselfconsciously trailing after their owners just like animals. Could there be such a thing as a professional slave? They were all so casually and openly on show, that for a moment it seemed perfectly normal and natural. In Barovia it was normal, Courtney realized. The closed garden was a secret little island of perversion inside a secret little country that the outside world almost completely overlooked and ignored.

Chiltern acquired a drink and mingled with the other guests. He seemed to know everybody by name and they knew him. They looked at Courtney, who was following at Chiltern's heel like a dog, with frank interest that set her cheeks burning again even as her nipples stood up embarrassingly hard. Even in these circumstances she could not help responding to being admired...

'What have you got there, a new pet?' they asked, looking her over as one might an animal.



‘Just on approval,’ Chiltern said lightly. ‘She has promise but I’m not sure she is right for me. She’s not been broken in fully yet. She’s still skittish...’

‘Breaking them in is half the fun, isn’t it?’ a man said knowledgeably.

‘That’s why I brought her today,’ Chiltern explained, ‘I thought she could do with a little more tenderising...’

‘Well they’ve got the track set up, so she shouldn’t have to wait long...’

When all the guests had arrived, the hostess led them down from the terrace onto a large swathe of lawn which had a track of four lanes marked out in chalk that ran in the figure of eight about its perimeter and then crossed in the middle. The track was crossed in places by lines of sandbags. Beside the track, there was a bin with two dozen long whips protruding from it and a wooden rack with four strange devices resting on it.

As they got closer, Courtney saw they were very like old-fashioned children’s hobbyhorses, with a carved wooden horse’s head with a wooden rod handle pierced through its neck set on one end of a long pole with a pair of wheels on the other end. They were painted in bright colours: yellow, green, blue and red. But these were not children’s toys...

Their main shafts were a good metre a half long and built very sturdily. There were chains and hooks on the handles by the horse’s neck, and a kind of saddle midway down with things jutting out of it. The pairs of wheels they ran on had sturdy rubber tyres that might come from a small children’s bike and seemed to be connected to some sort of gear and rod system that ran up the shaft of the horse.

‘Now we have a dozen pets here so we should have three heats and the winners of each heat shall run against each other,’ she declared. ‘Tanya, Goldie, Courtney and Zara shall go first...’

The owners prepared their runners. Courtney saw what that entailed and felt sick, even as her pussy began to wet again.

Chiltern freed her arms and had her straddle the green hobbyhorse and take hold of its wooden handles. He locked her bracelets to it with the chains provided. Her groin now rested in the hobbyhorse's tiny leather saddle. The tip of a black rubber dildo protruded through a hole in the base of the saddle, with the rest hang beneath it. Chiltern pushed it up into her bottom and locked it in place, and her anus was plugged once again as completely as it had been in the car. This pressure pressed her pussy against the small wheel bristling with rubber prongs that projected through a slot in the tapering and up-curving front rim of the saddle. This wheel was connected to the drive rod that ran down the underside of the hobbyhorse shaft to its supporting wheels. A belt fitted to the shaft just above the saddle by a heavy spring was buckled about her waist, ensuring that she could not pull herself off the dildo or away from the pussy wheel.

The hobbyhorses came with another item of harness. Chiltern removed her tongue ball and buckled a kind of leather bridle over Courtney's head complete with blinkers and metal rings over her cheeks which held a rubber bar bit between her teeth. They were also a pair of small brass bells that hung from clips that fastened to her nipples.

'Walk around so that you learn how to move,' Chiltern told her.

Cautiously Courtney took a few steps and moaned. As the rear wheels turned so did the drive shaft connected to the prong wheel lodged in the slot of her pussy. Its little rubber fingers and knobs teased her clitoris. At the same time her anus clenched tight about the dildo plugged into her bottom, which transmitted the motion of the hobbyhorse directly and most intimately into her body. It was almost incidental that any movement caused her breasts to sway and the little brass bells to tinkle.

'Faster,' Chiltern told her and she broke into an unsteady trot about the lawn. The rubber prong wheel spun, churning in her pussy and teasing her clitoris while her nipple bells jingle merrily. She could feel every bump of the ground under her wheels being passed up through her anal mount.

After a few practice trots, Courtney lined up with the other three girls, now also intimately astride their respective hobbyhorses, on a taped starting line marked across the lanes. She glanced nervously at them. Far from being

miserable, they all looked eager and excited. How many times had they done this before? Could you get used to being humiliated like this?

Meanwhile the other guests had selected canes and whips from the bin and spread themselves out around the course both on the inside and outside. Courtney looked at them and gulped, guessing what they were going to do. The hostess held up a little starting flag. 'You will run five laps,' she told them. 'Ready... Set... Go!'

The four naked hobbyhorse girls set off along their respective lanes in a strange parody of a gallop, the wooden horse heads bobbing in front of them and their nipple bells jingling. As they passed the first guests standing beside the track, they swung their whips and canes across the girls' bare buttocks, making them yelp and stumble, losing their stride. But stopping was not an option and they continued to gallop on.

They came to first of the sandbag ridges and Courtney realized they represented jumps. She was able to lift her feet and the head of the horse and take it in her stride easily enough, but the trailing wheels of the hobbyhorse struck it and bounced and she gasped in shock. The shaft jerked under her, driving the anal dildo hard into her rear, while the pussy prong wheel gave a sudden kick in her cleft.

They stumbled as they cleared the jump and then continued on.

Swish, thwack!

The next set of guests swung their whips and canes and beat the girls' straining buttocks. They yelped in pain as their anal rings clenched the dildos aside them as if for comfort. But still they ran on.

And so round and round they went, galloping and yelping as they were whipped and stumbling over the jumps with their hobbyhorse shafts bouncing along behind them, grinding their doubly pronged saddles into their groins. Soon they were panting and sweating from their efforts.

What did they look like, Courtney thought dizzily?

A ragged line of naked women intimately plugged in and bound to their grotesque hobbyhorses with their sweating, nipple-belled breasts bouncing before them and their glossy rears smarting and stinging with sweat and glowing with cane stripes. Dribble ran from the sides of their gag-bit stretched mouths and fell onto their bouncing breasts. Their juices were splattered over their groins and bellies by the wheels turning in their clefts, soaking their saddles and running down the insides of their thighs.

The girl riding the red hobbyhorse who was a little ahead of Courtney suddenly gasped and jerked even though she was not cresting a jump or being beaten. Courtney smelt a waft of powerful and intimate sent. She just had an orgasm from the wheel churning in her pussy.

Then the girl riding the yellow horse did the same.

Then Courtney felt her own loins explode and she stumbled and sobbed. She wanted to curl up around the hobbyhorse which had suddenly become so important to her pleasure. But guests' canes and whips swished and cracked across her bottom and she had to stumble on.

And suddenly Courtney felt a wild thrill of delight. She had just done something so intimate and shameful outrageous before dozens a strange eyes... and if felt amazing! For a few seconds that surge of orgasmic pleasure had washed away her shame and she felt only the raw excitement of being at the very centre of attention.

And then there was a tape across the course and the winners were breasting it and she crossed the line and collapsed. She had come third.

'That was well run for a first timer,' Chiltern told her, pulling out her bit so he could feed her water. 'Well done, Courtney...'

She felt the pitiful surge of pleasure at his compliment. She had received many compliments before about her looks but never for doing something like this and never from somebody so important and respectable. It must mean something...

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Courtney was able to relax and recover strength curled up on the grass as she watched the remaining heats of hobby horse races. She sympathised with the three winning girls who had to run against each other. They were beaten unmercifully by the guests, but they seem to thrive on it. The winner had a rosette pinned to her breasts while the onlookers applauded.

The guests, leading their tired pets after them, returned to the buffet tables where for a while there was just idle conversation eating and drinking. Chiltern fed her food from his own hand, and her cheeks burned at this intimate gesture. But she was hungry and she ate it anyway. Then he began throwing titbits to her and she had to jump up and try to catch them in her mouth. Now she was really behaving like a dog and her cheeks burned even hotter.

‘The pool is open for fishing,’ their hostess declared.

Fishing? Courtney wondered.

The guests lead their pets down to the big swimming pool, which had a row of changing booths along one side. In front of them, more strange devices had been laid out ready.

The dozen sets of swimming goggles were normal enough, with coloured swimming caps to go with them. Then there were short but thick-shafted fishing rods with heavy gauge nylon cord on their reels and absurd, large brightly coloured hooks dangling from their ends. But what were the coloured collars with large plastic rings on them. And even stranger were the curious U-shaped objects that looked like a piece of under-sink plumbing that had been covered in black plastic. They had crocodile clips attached the lowest point of their curves...

Suddenly Courtney guessed their purpose. Oh no!

The girls, with their hands now all cuffed behind their backs, were made to stand straight alongside the pool while their owners pulled the coloured swimming caps over their heads and then fitted their goggles. The coloured plastic collars were fitted over their own collars so that their attached rings hung down their backs between their shoulder blades. Then they had to

spread their legs while their masters slid one of the U-shaped tubular objects up into their groins. The twin prongs plugged their vaginas and rectums and the crocodile clips pinched tight about their inner labia to hold them in place.

Then their owners let go of the things and the girls yelped as they felt their true weight. They were filled with lead!

They whimpered and clenched their thighs about their plugged orifices, trying to spare their labia's the terrible weight. They squeezed their vaginal and rectal sheathes tight about the plugs of lead, which had ribbed sides for grip, to try to ease the strain on their flesh. Of course this meant they were now holding the things inside themselves instead of expelling them.

Chiltern stood before Courtney, holding one of the fishing rods. It had a big orange hook to match her orange swimming cap.

'You will swim about until you find this hook and you will bite on to it and I will haul you out, do understand?' Chiltern told her.

Whimpering, Courtney nodded.

The girls were lined up around the pool trembling in anticipation and taking deep breaths. Then their owners gave them a push and they plunged into the sparkling blue water.

The weights plugged inside them dragged them down to the bottom of the pool like a shoal of mermaids. They squirmed and kicked about with their feet, their bellies and breasts bouncing along the bottom. A few tried to stand up and kick and swim to the surface to get a breath of air, but without the use of their hands they could not get the necessary lift to reach the surface and they drifted back down again. For a moment it seemed that entire floor of the pool was covered with wriggling naked pink, olive and brown bodies.

And then coloured hooks plunged into the water and they began to swim frantically back and forth, seeking the ones belonging to their Masters.

Courtney saw the orange hook in the far corner of the pool and she kicked out for it, grinding her nipples along the bottom. Reaching it she took

its end in her mouth. Never had any fish been so grateful to be hooked! She bit down hard upon it, determined not to lose hold at any cost. And then its line was reeled in and she was being dragged up to the surface.

Her head broke the surface and she tried to breathe around the hook plugging her mouth. Chiltern reached down, grasped hold of the ring attached to her over-collar and hauled her out onto the side of the pool.

She lay there spluttering and coughing. Around the sides of the pool, other dripping naked girls were being hauled out and landed.

Chiltern pulled the hook out of Courtney's mouth and then dragged her over to a poolside chair. He sat down upon it and pulled her over his lap. He ran a hand over her wet bottom, still sore from her hobbyhorse whipping, and then lifted it high and spanked her hard so that she shrieked and yelped. Her cries join those of her fellow fish girls who were also being soundly spanked.

Six good hard smacks made her bottom flesh shiver and her eyes fill with tears inside her goggles. Then Chiltern got up, dragged her back to the side of pool and threw her in again...

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After Courtney had been pulled out of the pool and spanked for the sixth time, she knew she would take no more. She was exhausted and terrified, and yet the terrible plugs of lead inside her were driving her to distraction. She was making dark stains on Chiltern's trousers that were nothing to do with the water dripping off her body.

As she was pushed off his lap and flopped helplessly about just like a fish out of water, she tried to kiss his boot and begged: 'P... please Sir... I can't take any more... don't throw me in again... I'll do anything you want... just don't do this...'

Chiltern pulled her goggles off took hold of her by her wet hair so he could look her square in the eye. 'But I enjoy fishing you out of the pool and spanking you. What will you offer in return?'

She was caught up in a frenzy of helpless lust and fear, which was warring with her physical exhaustion. She was not sure what she felt anymore. Little by little with these perverted games, which had seemed irrelevant at first, Chiltern was breaking her down. Much more of this and she might say yes to anything...

‘Screw me, Sir... fuck me... bugger me... beat me if you want... just don’t put me in the pool again... I’m s... so frightened you’ll leave me down there!’

No, in her heart she did not really believe he would do such a thing because he was, well, he was a gentleman. But that did not stop him enjoying dominating her and now he had driven her to the state where the mere fear of the possibility was enough.

Chiltern hauled her to her feet by her hair and dragged her over to one of the changing rooms. Inside and practically filling the tiny space was an inflatable mattress. On the wall beside it, a small selection of punishment and pleasure implements hung on hooks. He pushed her down onto the bed and then stood over her and undid his flies. His straining cock popped out. And as eagerly as she had taken his hook, she took his penis into her mouth and sucked it lovingly and desperately. She would do this hundred times before she would take another fat plastic hook in her mouth on the bottom of a swimming pool.

He was holding her by her hair, pulling her head onto his penis so that it penetrated her throat. She was struggling to breathe but she did not mind. ‘Good girl,’ he said. ‘That’s right... now swallow it all down...’

His sperm erupted from his shaft and burned down her throat and obediently she swallowed it down with pathetic gratitude.

When he was finished, he pulled his cock out of her and wiped it clean on her wet hair. And she didn’t mind in the least. Then he took a leather strap fitted to a wooden handle from the selection available and held it in front of her meaningfully.

She nodded and arched her back, lifting her wet bare breasts to him,



painfully aware of how hard her nipples were standing up, and said, 'Please beat my tits, Sir... my nipples want to be hurt...'

He stroked the strap across her breasts, making her shudder. She realized that she was lightheaded, shocked and excited at the prospect of offering herself to him. It must be the after-effects of holding her breath on the bottom of the pool for so long. She closed her eyes and bit her lip, waiting for the pain wondering if it was going to be as intense as she imagined...

Then he said, 'I won't beat them if you'll admit the truth, Courtney. Tell me that you're a terrorist sympathiser.'

She felt she been cheated of something and opened her eyes again. 'No, Sir, that's not the truth, Sir. And you can beat my tits anyway Sir! I... I want you to! Look at my nips standing up all eager and hard and... awwww!'

There was a swish and crack of leather and her breasts bounced and shivered even as they filled with fire. He had taken her at her word.

# Chapter Seven

The next day Ivanka took her turn with Courtney.

She noticed the soreness of Courtney's nipples which she tweaked playfully, making her wince. 'I see Sir Humphrey had some fun with you yesterday,' she said.

'He did, Sergeant Ivanka,' Courtney said simply.

'Don't you want to tell me about it?'

Courtney found she was blushing. 'It's p... private... Sergeant Ivanka. If Sir Humphrey wants to tell you, that's up to him. But I won't... unless you make me.'

Ivanka smiled. 'You may keep your little secret if you like. That's not what I want you to confess...'

She clipped a leash to Courtney's studded leather collar, which was once more locked around her neck, and checked her wrists were securely cuffed behind her back. Then she led her out into the Checkpoint's pretty but terrible torture gardens once again.

Ivanka saw her shivering with fear and said, 'Don't worry, Courtney, you won't be going to the sandpit again. Of course, you'll still have to be tested and I have something else planned for you. It will be quite painful and humiliating and very tiring, but there will be no ants involved...'

It said something about how Courtney's values had changed in recent days that the news that she was going to suffer pain and humiliation in some naked sadistic ordeal, but it would be ant-free, actually cheered her up.

Courtney caught herself in the act of smiling foolishly and tried to think instead. Why had Ivanka told her that? She could have teased and taunted her with the threat of the sandpit. Did she actually not realize how close Courtney

had come to breaking? She would confess to anything rather than face those ants again. Was Ivanka trying to win her sympathy and gratitude and put her off guard, so that she might be moved to voluntarily confess her guilt to this strict but, as she had just demonstrated, sympathetic policewoman? That would be worth far more than a confession obtained by force. That might also explain the forced intimacy of their lesbian sessions. Courtney had assumed Ivanka was simply taking advantage of her vulnerable status to satisfy her private sexual desire, but perhaps it was all part of the ongoing interrogation process.

Just like Chiltern, Ivanka might be playing a devious game...

Ivanka led her into a small walled garden containing a circular lawn in the middle of which stood a red-and-white striped maypole. But unlike traditional maypoles, still used in spring celebrations all across Europe in different forms, this one had chains hanging from the white boss that capped the pole. A path of what looked like aluminium floor plates with a chequer grip tread pattern, of the kind used in factories, had been set out in a ring perhaps three metres across about the base of the pole. Inside the ring was a round bed of what looked like shiny, silvery grey gravel.

A small control box was mounted on a post close to the metal path. Fastened by clips to the side of the post was what looked like a boat hook, a plastic water bottle and some other more sinister devices. Ivanka stood Courtney beside the post and fitted them to her.

There were plastic balls about four centimetres across that hung like Christmas tree baubles from clamps screwed to her nipples. The balls did not weigh that much, but they bristled with fine spines. As they hung from her nipples they rested against the under curves of her breasts, and even her nervous breathing was enough to make them roll slightly from side to side and prick her.

‘Bend over and spread your legs,’ Ivanka commanded, and Courtney obeyed. The spiked balls dangled straight down from her pendant breasts, looking bizarre but at least sparing her some pain.

Ivanka plugged a rubber plug up into Courtney greased anus. It had a

pair of thin curving spring-steel strips extending from its base that rose up from out of her bottom cleft and parted to hang over her buttocks. On their ends was a pair of spiked balls identical to the ones hanging from her breasts.

‘Stand up,’ Ivanka commanded, and Courtney did so. The nipple balls resumed teasing her with their little pin tips while the balls on her new forked tail rested lightly against her buttocks. As long as she did not move, it was bearable. But she doubted if she would be allowed that luxury...

Ivanka took up the boat hook and lead Courtney over to the metal pathway and stood her on one of the metal pathway plates. She shifted her bare feet. It was already hot from the still climbing sun.

Now Courtney saw that the bed of gravel surrounding the maypole was in fact a bed of jacks: the little six pointed metal stars with prongs facing in every direction that were used in the children’s game where you had to bounce a ball and snatch jacks up off the ground. She had never seen so many of them before. There must be thousands of them... but what were they for?

‘They are almost as good as caltrops,’ Ivanka said, using a word Courtney had never heard before. ‘Only two of their prongs are pointed, but they are very effective to unprotected feet... step on them...’

Courtney reached out with one foot and stood on the bed. She yelped and pulled it back quickly, shaking off the jacks that had embedded themselves in her skin. Their little prongs and ball tipped ends jabbed painfully deep into her bare feet. Ivanka was right. She would not want to step on them again.

Ivanka reached out with the boat hook over the bed of jacks and hooked one of the dangling chains and pulled its end back to Courtney. She clipped its end to the front tether ring of her collar. There was just enough slack in the chain to allow Courtney to stand upright on the path, with it curving up to the top of the maypole post on one side of her.

‘There is a motor mounted in the base of the pole that drives the cap on top to which you are now chained. If you want to stay on the path you will

have to do a little may dance along it. If you slow down, the chain will wrap itself around the pole and you will be pulled off the path onto the caltrop bed which will punish your bare feet or any other part of your body if you should fall on it. You're quite safe as long as you remain on the metal plates. However they will get quite hot under this sun...'

Courtney gulped and snivelled, realising the torment that awaited her. But she did not waste her breath protesting. She knew that would be pointless. Only a confession could spare her from this, and she was not going to do that. She was innocent... innocent!

'Of course the chain is too short to allow you to reach the control box to stop the maypole yourself,' Ivanka continued. 'You'll have to beg anybody who comes into the garden to do it for you. Or even if you just want a drink of water. But of course they'll want paying, and all you have to offer is yourself...'

By now that was what Courtney expected. That was the only choice she had: pain or shame.

Ivanka operated the control pad. The boss on top of the maypole began to turn slowly but steadily clockwise. As the chain connected to Courtney's collar grew taut, pulling her sideways she began to run along the path of hot metal plates to keep it slack. But as soon as she did so, her breasts began to bounce and the little spiked balls started to jiggle and bob, pricking the undersides of her breasts. At the same time her forked sprung tail sprang and flexed, slapping her rolling buttocks with more sets of fine spikes.

She gasped and whimpered but she kept running. She was fearful of them scratching and puncturing her skin and doing serious damage, but because of their slight weight they seemed to stop just short of that, delivering hundreds of tiny pinpricks that stung and hurt but hardly bled at all. Nevertheless, she could not ignore the steady pain they generated, which was presumably the intention.

Ivanka watched her circle the pole twice, and then she left the garden.

Jogging around the maypole, her feet slapping and rattling on the

increasingly heated metal plates, fearful of the sharp jack bed and tormented by spiked balls bouncing merrily against her breasts and buttocks, Courtney tried to distract herself from the torment.

The word “gentleman” slipped into her mind. Why the other day had she reassured herself with the thought that Chiltern was a “gentleman”?

That was such an old-fashioned word nowadays. She didn’t really know why she thought of it. And in any case would a real gentleman have done what he had to her?

No, but he did seem to behave in what she imagined was a “gentlemanly” way. Now she thought about it she realized that one reason she had accepted the permezatenci option was that he had made it seem acceptable. He was correct, even when he was being firm and using her. There was something believably old-fashioned and reliable about him. Maybe that was why he had been made an Honorary Consul. She must find out what that actually meant as soon as she was free again. He seemed to fit into Barovia, with its mediaeval ways. Maybe that was why he lived here...

Courtney blinked the sweat out of her eyes, wondering if she was getting lightheaded. Obviously, Chiltern lived here because he liked treating young women as pet slaves, and what did that say about him? Yes, but he did it so politely and with such confidence. She had never met anybody quite like him before. Of course, in her line of work you didn’t meet Honorary Consuls very often... or indeed, gentlemen...

Just then, a hooded man entered the garden and stood watching her circling the maypole. He was wearing a rolled up shirt and faded blue jeans and with his features obscured he could have been one of the people who had used the pillory girls the other day. Oh God, she might have licked his sperm out of some woman’s bottom or vagina and she would never know it!

The man came forward until he stood right by the metal path watching her jog by; his eyes glittering within the slots of his hood, staring at her bouncing breasts and rolling buttocks as they were tormented by the jiggling spiked balls, by now shiny with sweat. Her legs were already starting to ache and she was beginning to pant with effort. She could not keep this up much

longer unless she had a drink.

Her mouth had been left un-gagged for a reason. Surely, by now, she had no shame left and she did not want to be dragged across the bed of jacks. Her body was, as it had always been, her best asset. She had to use it...

‘Please... Sir... I’d like to have a drink of water... if you could turn off the maypole motor... please... I’d be very grateful... you can screw me if you like... a screw for a drink... that’s fair isn’t it?’

This humiliating speech was spoken as she pounded round and round the circular track while he stared at her. But he didn’t say anything. Did he understand English?

Then he stepped over to the control post.

Thank God, Courtney thought.

Then the pole started to turn faster!

She had to run at full speed to keep up with it, the spiked balls bouncing against her breasts and bottom frantically, this time perforating her skin and drawing blood. She stumbled on the hot metal plates and her right foot slipped onto the bed of jacks. She screamed and hopped frantically on her left leg, trying not to be pulled over by the twisting chain, trying to scrape the little metal prong off her right sole before putting it down again. Hadn’t she sounded desperate enough?

‘Please... Sir!’ she shrieked. ‘Just a screw, Sir... you can have me up my bottom Sir... its all greased and ready... or I’ll suck you off... anything... just please stop this fucking thing turning!’

He worked the controls and the maypole suddenly stopped. Courtney stumbled on a few paces further only to be jerked backwards by the chain yanking on her collar. She stepped off the path, yelped in pain and then sat down hard on the jack bed. A hundred little metal prongs jabbed into her sweaty bottom and she screeched and rolled off them back onto the hot metal path where she sank to her knees, panting and grasping for breath, with jacks

still clinging to her buttocks and caught in their cleft.

The man came over to her. He was carrying the water bottle in his hand. He took hold of her by her hair and pulled her across the metal path face down until her breasts slid off it and rested on the Jack bed. She yelped as they ground into her sore sweaty breasts, the undersides of which were also being jabbed by the spiked balls attached her nipples that were now trapped beneath them.

Then he deliberately put the water bottle down on the bed just in front of her nose. She would have her drink after he had his fun...

He lifted her hips into the air and pushed her knees wide. He pulled her spike tail plug out. She felt him examining her buttocks and sliding a hand between her thighs to feel the wetness of her pussy. Then she felt a cockhead rubbing through her cleft and then being rammed hard up inside her.

The thrust ground her breasts cruelly across the bed of jacks and she shrieked even as she squeezed upon it with desperate desire. She would have to give him pleasure for a drink of water from the bottle sitting so temptingly just in front of her.

And so she strained to please the anonymous hooded man who was taking her so roughly, sobbing with each lunge of his cock inside her. It felt huge and she hated having the filthy thing inside her, but she knew she had to love it so he would cum and she would get her drink.

Did expected her to say anything else? Was he waiting for a confession? 'I... I'm innocent Sir... I didn't do it... now p... please finish me off!'

He rammed hard up into her and grunted as he came and then slumped across her, adding his weight to the terrible stabbing of the hundreds of jacks in her breasts. The humiliation and redoubled pain pushed Courtney over the edge and she felt the brief sharp thrill of an orgasm ripping through her which momentarily blotted out her pain.

When her vision cleared again, she saw the man reaching for the water bottle. He opened it up and pushed the nozzle into her mouth.



It tasted amazing. She would never have imagined she would have bought a few mouthfuls of it for such a price, but at that moment it seemed worth it. 'Th... thank you...' she choked out feebly, knowing how pitiful she sounded thanking the man who had just caused so much pain.

Without a word he pulled the bottle nozzle and his cock out of her, leaving her with her bottom up, her ravaged pussy gaping and dribbling incontinently, and her breasts flattened on the bed of metal prongs. He picked up her forked tail and rammed the rubber plug back up into her rectum.

Then he took the water bottle back to the control box post and pressed a button. The maypole started up. Courtney just had time to scramble to her feet before the chain jerked her off them again. She began to jog around the maypole at her original pace, with a handful of sticky jacks falling from her heaving, sweaty, now white and purple indented and bleeding breasts. The man left the garden while his sperm was still slithering down the insides of her thighs and her sodden pussy dripped onto the hot metal plates of the endless path...

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Four more hooded and anonymous men had her during the course of that seemingly endless day. They also took pleasure in grinding her body across the bed of jacks in one position or another as she served them with her mouth, pussy or rectum.

At lunchtime, Ivanka came to see how she was doing. She used a hose to flush out her anus and rectum, which she then re-greased, and then fed her some water.

'Do you have anything to say?' Ivanka asked.

'No, Sergeant,' Courtney said feebly. They would not break her, not now...

Ivanka examined Courtney's pin pricked, bruised and tender breasts with the familiarity of her lover. And to Courtney's shame her nipples responded by pricking up.

‘I will have to see that these are treated with care tonight,’ Ivanka told her. ‘You’ll be out of the sun in a nice safe cell. You won’t have to run, you won’t have strange men putting their cocks inside you... it will just be me and you...’

And just for a moment, Courtney felt a flicker of pleasure at the thought.

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Courtney screamed and bit on the rubber bar clenched between her teeth as the lash cracked across her clamped breasts, making them bounce and shiver.

She was not in the familiar Cell 12 but Cell 10 of the Checkpoint dungeons with Ivanka and secured within a new piece of apparatus.

It was an upright set of pillory stocks formed of heavy wooden boards that could be slid up and down polished metal side posts and then locked into position. Courtney was stretched upright between them with her neck and wrists clamped between the halves of the top-most board, lifting her head up. Her legs were spread and her ankles were clamped by the lower board, which was set a little above the base the device that she stood on. A third board hung down from the front of the upper one across her chest. Its split halves were clamped tight about the roots of Courtney’s breasts, making them bulge impossibly out of them like pink balloons. These were the inviting targets that Ivanka was lashing with a rubber-thonged cat o’ nine tails with evident delight.

Once again Ivanka was stripped down to just her polished black jackboots. Her nipples were hard and the tongue tip of her inner labia was peeping between her smooth shaven and swollen sex lips in excitement.

After turning Courtney’s breasts (which she had not long before carefully tended cleaning up the numerous pricks and scratches they acquired through her day on the maypole) into pink grapefruits, Ivanka moved round behind Courtney and used the lash on her buttocks, where they clenched up tight even as they were beaten into ripe-apple redness.

Pausing for a moment, Ivanka felt the heat radiating from Courtney’s

body. She came round in front of her and kissed Courtney passionately on her bit-cleft lips. Then she used the lash up between Courtney's spread thighs, the rubber thongs ripping through her dripping sex lips.

Courtney convulsed, making the stock frame creak, and tried to scream about her gag bit that she was now ready to do anything to please Ivanka.

Ivanka lowered the lash and pulled the gag bit out of Courtney's mouth. 'Yes... yes... please... I want to suck you... please Ivanka... mistress... my love... I j... just want to have my t... tongue up inside you!' she shrieked.

Ivanka pulled over a stepladder that had been standing in one corner, and clambered up it so that she could sit on the wide top board of the pillory-stocks, with her legs hanging over its back edge and her thighs straddling Courtney's head, pressing her pussy into Courtney's face.

And Courtney plunged her tongue into its aromatic depths, licking and sucking her desperately until her face was lathered with Ivanka's juices.

'Lovely... lovely,' Ivanka groaned, running her fingers through Courtney's hair and then grabbing fistfuls and grinding her face into her groin. 'You do enjoy pleasing me, don't you?'

Courtney hardly knew what she knew anymore, but at this moment there was only one answer: 'Yes... yes, Ivanka,' she sobbed into Ivanka's soft wet depths even as they seemed to be swallowing her.

'You will always please me...'

'Yes... Yes...'

'With your terrorist tongue...'

'Ye... No!' Courtney, cried even as Ivanka's juices drenched her face.

# Chapter Eight

Early the next evening, Chiltern drove Courtney back up to Checkpoint One.

She had spent the day on all fours in her dog restraints lying at his feet in his office as he worked, which after the ordeal of the maypole and serving Ivanka, had almost felt restful. Courtney had hoped for an equally stress-free night chained to his bed providing him simple pleasures such as fellatio or vaginal or anal intercourse, perhaps preceded by some light spanking... It was only after she had thought this that she realized the kind of things that she now considered being “restful.”

Would she ever get a normal set of sexual and moral values back?

But after tea, he had locked her back into her remote-controlled twin dildo chastity belt, choker and cuffs and re-clamped tongue. Then he had put her into the calf-length side-buttoned light summer dress, and led her down to the car.

‘We’re going to Zilny,’ he told her as they headed towards the Checkpoint. ‘I’ll park at the Castle and we can walk the rest of the way...’

He left the Rolls in the small courtyard and passed through an archway and gate that led to the main courtyard that had once been the centre of the old castle and was now divided across the middle by the border between the two countries. The men at the respective custom posts passed him through with familiar nods, hardly glancing at Courtney who was once again mutely walking close by his side holding his hand tightly.

They passed through the eastern gates of the Castle and entered the city of Zilny.

It was not very different to Strakensburg, Courtney decided except were no royal standards and portraits of the Duke on show. The communist ideals that had held the country in their grip for over half a century were responsible

for a few slab-like and joyless structures and some curio Stalinist statues, but there was still plenty of quaint architecture to attract tourists, and the city was colourfully lit and lively as its habitants pragmatically went about the task of separating them from their money.

Chiltern lead Courtney down a narrow side street until they came to a small recessed doorway with a sign over it that read: Klubo Vipo Katindo.

‘The Whipped Kitten Club,’ Chiltern translated. ‘Not quite as exclusive as the BFS, but a lot of fun...’

He led her into a small lobby lit by garish red bulbs and paid over some money to somebody peering out through a little hatchway in the wall. Then they passed along a corridor and through some curtains into the main body of the club. It was about half full and there were people seated at tables or drinking in a bar in one corner. Perhaps a fifth of them were female. It was dimly lit except for the pool of lights focused on a small raised stage where two people were performing to the accompaniment of energetic recorded music. Chiltern ordered drinks and took them to a small table close to stage so that Courtney could see every detail...

Two women, naked except for plumed headdresses and high heels and black stockings, were taking turns to flog each other as they lay across a A-frame propped up in a corner of the stage. In between the whipping they screwed and sodomised each other with the sparkly strap-on dildos they wore that jutted up from between their naked thighs.

Despite what she had endured over the last few days, Courtney’s mouth dropped open in horror. Chiltern took the opportunity to reach between her teeth and free her tongue clamp so that she could speak. But for the moment she was speechless. It seemed that Barovian depravity did not end at its border. Nove Krasnic was just as bad.

Why were the two women doing this to each other? Were they natural masochists? Nobody seemed to be forcing them and it all looked horribly genuine. But if that’s what they liked, why couldn’t they do it in private? How could they do it in front of all these people? Or was that part of the excitement? Then she realized her nipples were standing up and her thighs

clenching tight about the rubber plugs inside her...

The two women finished their act and bowed, panting heavily and covered in whip marks, to great applause. Then they slipped away through curtains at the back of the stage and a pale-face man with slicked down black hair and dressed in a glittery jacket bounded up on stage in their place holding a microphone. He spoke in Barovian and then German and English, apparently to accommodate the international clientele of the club.

‘Hello and welcome to the whipped Kitten... I am Max Zladek and I will be your host for tonight... Once again we have an array of kittens ready to degrade themselves for your pleasure. A few are paying for their crimes; some of them are doing their masters bidding, others as a dare and a few for reasons we do not ask. Next we have Tabitha...’

A black girl, naked except for high heels and garters with elastic cords that hooked into rings pierced through her labia, appeared through the curtains. She was carrying a wooden trestle. She set it down at the front of the stage. It had a dildo mounted on its middle that jutted upwards and some kind of anglers fishing net with a rigid rim that extended in front of it. Metal straps bent into large hooks were screwed onto the front feet of the trestle on the same side of the net.

Tabitha sat on the trestle facing the audience with her legs wide, straddling the jutting fishing net, so they could see that the dildo had slipped up her bottom. She slid her ankles behind the trestle hooks, holding them wide.

Then she said in Barovian and English, ‘I broke something of my master’s when I was cleaning and I have to replace it... I’m collecting money... my pussy is open for donations... please give generously...’

Then she leaned over backwards, her supple spine bending until she could place her hands flat on the floor beneath her, as if she was performing a crab. With her upper body almost out of sight, only her bottom and hips appeared balanced on top of the trestle with a pair of legs splayed out on either side of them. The tension on her garters pulled her labia wide, revealing between her sooty pussy lips the pink wet interior of her vulva and

the dark pit of her vagina.

People were standing up jingling handfuls of small change and began to throw it at this inviting target. Tabitha yelped as some of the coins struck her thighs and belly. But several struck her sex. A few went plop when they penetrated the depths of her juicy pussy. A screech from Tabitha told when they had struck her clitoris. The coins that rebounded from her thighs or dropped wetly back out of her vulva and fell into the net with clinks.

Chiltern threw a few coins himself quite accurately. Then he turned to Courtney who was still watching open mouthed. Was this woman really doing this to herself to pay for a breakage?

‘What do you think of them so far, as performances I mean?’ he asked.

She found her tongue. ‘I... I don’t think they are acting, Sir.’

‘But supposing they were; what do you think of them? Aren’t you interested in people giving a performance? You must do that when you’re modelling? And I thought you wanted to move on from modelling to be an actress. You must have a professional opinion.’

Courtney felt a sudden terrible pang of shame that was nothing like the shame she had experienced so far. ‘I... I am not very good, Sir,’ she admitted, with her cheeks burning. ‘I did a couple of commercials but I didn’t have speaking parts. I’ve had a few screen tests... I knew my lines... but the people didn’t like them... I never understood why.’ Suddenly she felt she needed reassurance. ‘I mean I look pretty, Sir, don’t I?’

‘Yes, you look very pretty, but it’s not simply a question of looks,’ Chiltern said. ‘I suspect that your screen tests were failures because you’ve got no empathy. The camera doesn’t like somebody who only likes themselves. You can’t communicate through a lens without truly caring what the people on the other side feel about you.’ He smiled at her confusion not unkindly. ‘But perhaps you will learn. Tonight you are going to have some performance practice. You will be the showpiece of the evening, a starring role. You’re going to volunteer to perform on stage and I’m going to film you. That is your ordeal for today.’

Courtney bit her lip, looking from him to Tabitha on stage debasing herself before the audience while he pussy filled with silver and copper. This felt far more public and intimidating than the Checkpoint gardens or the Barovian Friendship Society. The thought of it made her feel sick, but she knew it was no use.

‘I... I volunteer to put on a show, Sir,’ she said meekly.

‘Good girl,’ he said. ‘Now let’s get you ready...’

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Max Zladek announced, ‘And next up we have a newcomer to The Whipped Kitten: an English rose named... Courtney!’

Courtney passed through the curtains onto the stage, blinking in the lights and trying not to be sick. She heard the applause at her appearance and felt a dark tingle of excitement.

She was strapped spread-eagled and naked to a big Wheel of Fortune almost two metres across set on a wheeled base. Her body was strapped to an inner disc within the rim of the wheel and it took the place of the normal spinning pointer. Straps over her wrists and ankles, elbows, thighs and waist ensured she was firmly bound to it. A flexible tube emerged from the back of the disk to which she was bound and curved up between her buttocks into her vagina. She could feel its head end buried deep within her and shivered at its purpose. At the moment she was upright, but the whole wheel was carried by a forked mount enabling it to be swivelled from vertical to horizontal as necessary. And soon it would become necessary...

The wheel was rolled out to the front of the stage and she looked out across the audience. There was Chiltern with his camera focused upon her...

Max spun Courtney and the inner disc of the wheel so that she turned as if she was doing a cartwheel, her breasts flopping back and forth. The disk spun easily on its well-oiled bearings, finally coming to rest at random angle. Max straightened her up again and spun her for a second time. She ended up tilted at a completely different angle.



‘It is the motion of her breasts,’ Max told the audience, squeezing and stretching and slapping them to demonstrate their mobility. ‘They can move unpredictably as she turns, changing the balance of the wheel. And we shall see how they will determine her fate, because we will have a game to see who will enjoy this pretty woman’s pussy!’

He held the microphone to Courtney’s lips.

‘Are you ready to be a pussy pop-gun?’

‘Y... yes, Max,’ she stammered.

‘And will you give your pussy to whoever has the winning number?’

‘Yes, Max.’

He pulled back on the outer rim of the wheel back and it flipped backwards, so that Courtney suddenly had a view of the ceiling, while her open legs face the audience. Max picked up a canister of pressurised air with a trigger and long hose attached to it and set it down on the wheel. He plugged the hose into a socket on the rim of the inner disc which was one end of a tube running beneath the disc, the other end of which was buried in the head of Courtney’s vagina.

Then he picked up a wire basket filled with numbered table tennis balls. He took out half a dozen and pushed them up into Courtney’s vagina until she was stuffed. Then he twisted the disk from side to side, pointing her groin at different parts of the room. Then he squeezed the trigger on the gas canister.

Pop, pop, pop...!

Air filled the head of her vagina and made her sex lips bulge and then blew the table tennis balls out of her pussy as if it was a fleshy gun barrel. Courtney gasped with the sensation of them being blasted out of her. The balls, shiny with her lubricating juices, flew across the room and were caught by eager members of the audience. Zladek loaded another six balls into her pussy and twisted her playfully around again before firing them off. Then he

fired another six out of her...

When everybody in the room had caught a numbered ball so intimately discharged from her body, Zladek detached the air canister from the disk and flipped Courtney back upright again.

‘Now we shall see who wins a turn with this pretty lady,’ Zladek said.

He produced a long but very light shaft with an arrowhead on its tip, like the longhand of a large clock. He pushed its plug base into Courtney’s vagina so that it hung down between her legs and pointed to the rim of the wheel, where its rubber tip rested between the pins dividing one of the numbers on the rim from another. Clips on the base of the pointer pinched about her labia, holding it in place.

‘Let us leave her fate to chance and her pretty boobies,’ he said and spun the disk hard.

Courtney tumbled in her cartwheel once again, her breasts flopping, apparently determining her fate, and the pointer wagging between her legs. The pointer tip burred as it rasped around the ring of dividing pins, vibrating in her pussy. It seemed to go on forever and she began to feel sick. This was what total helplessness felt like, she thought dizzily...

Finally she came to rest with her pussy pointer on a number.

‘38!’ Zladek called out.

A man at the middle of the room stood up and waved his matching table tennis ball excitedly.

As the rest of the audience applauded, he came up to the stage. He was a thin young man with wire-rimmed spectacles and a straggling beard and he looked Courtney up and down in delight.

‘How do you want her?’ Zladek asked him. ‘We have a back room if you want privacy...’

‘No, that is not the Whipped Kitten Way,’ he declared. ‘I shall have her

on a table!’

The crowd cheered while Courtney’s stomach knotted.

The pointer was unclipped from her labia and pulled out of Courtney’s pussy. Max pulled the air hose out of her vagina. Then willing hands unstrapped her from the wheel and dragged her down from the stage, pinching her bottom and slapping her breasts as they went. A table at the front was cleared and she was laid on her back across it. More hands held her firmly down with her legs apart. Faces were crowding around her peering down at her hungrily. She saw Chiltern amongst them, holding his camera high so he could record her degradation.

The man who had won the use of her unzipped his flies and proudly freed a hard thick penis, which won him another round of applause.

Then he took his place between Courtney’s splayed legs and ran a finger through her wet pussy lips and then grasped her hips. Their eyes met and then he said, ‘I want to hear her beg for it.’

Max Zladek, who was holding Courtney down by her hair, slapped her cheeks. ‘Beg him to screw you, little English Rose...’

‘Please... Sir... I beg you to screw me,’ she said feebly. And then she looked at Chiltern’s camera recording every moment of her disgrace and thought of Tabitha’s explanation and added, ‘I... I’m doing this because I’m innocent!’

‘But not for much longer,’ the young man quipped, making the audience laugh as he drove hard into her. Her pussy bulged as he filled her to the hilt and she gasped.

Then he began pumping away and she was rocking back and forth over the table, her breasts flopping about wildly. In desperation she squeezed her sheath tight about him. The sooner he came the sooner this would be over. Was this the most degrading thing she had done so far?

And then she realized how hard her nipples were standing up and how

many eyes were staring at her. The whole club was looking at her and her alone, lusting after her, wanting to take the place of young man between her legs eagerly reaming out her pussy. They were holding her down so she could not get away. They wanted everything she could give them. And shame, despair and humiliation suddenly became the symbols of her triumph.

It was her first solo starring role in a real nightclub and the audience loved her!

Her back arched as she impaled herself up on the young man's triumphant cock, and she screamed as a huge orgasm overwhelmed her.

# Chapter Nine

The next day Courtney was back at the Checkpoint again. However, instead of her usual passionate welcoming kiss and intimate caress, Ivanka spoke to her seriously.

‘Tomorrow final judgement will be passed on your case,’ she explained. ‘So today I’m going to put you in the cells so you can be examined personally. You will be put on three different devices and three judges will visit you. They will be masked and anonymous just like the other men who have had you. They must assure themselves that you are suffering to a proper degree before they make their judgement on the rest of the evidence. At the end of their individual examinations, they will each ask you one more time if you are innocent. You will have an hour between each visit to recover. But I warn you, you will be pushed to your limits. If you are truly innocent, then this is the time to prove it.’

Only in Barovia would judges screw a suspect in a trial to help determine her guilt or innocence!

Courtney felt the beginning of stomach-knotting fear, but this time also a strange dark thrill of excitement at the prospect. After her ordeal in the Whipped Kitten Club, she recognised that perverted buzz. ‘So they want to see me really suffering to prove I’m innocent, Sergeant Ivanka,’ Courtney said.

‘Yes, that’s right.’

‘So they expect a kind of masochistic performance?’

‘You could say that,’ Ivanka said with a puzzled smile. ‘But it must be genuine. You mustn’t try to deceive them.’

‘Oh, it will be genuine, Sergeant Ivanka,’ Courtney promised. ‘I’ll give them exactly what they want...’

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The first cell, with whitewashed walls and hidden cameras like her regular one, contained a big metal grating the size of a tabletop set on a low brick plinth, as if it was forming the lid of some kind of storm drain.

Courtney lay on the grating with her head and shoulders resting on the metal crossbars, held down by chains over her neck and chest that were hooked onto the bars of the grating. Her arms were pulled downwards and outwards and cuffed and chained to the lower corners of the grating. Her back was curled up and her hips were raised, braced by a short padded metal T-bar with its base also locked into the grating. A chain hooked to rings on the ends of the T was bound about her waist, holding it in place and pushing her bare bottom up high. Her legs were pulled up over her body and then bent down at the hips and spread so that her knees were pressed against the bars on either side of her shoulders. Chains around the backs of her knees held them in place. More cuffs and chains fastened to her ankles secured them to the top corners of the grating. On either side of her head were heavy black rubber wedges that were bolted to the bars of the grating so that they pressed against her temples, keeping her head facing straight up.

This contorted posture forced Courtney to look up along her doubled-over body between her wide splayed thighs and into her groin: at the defenceless gash of her pussy and even the pucker of her anus. Anything that was done to them she would see firsthand.

Just lying on the grating doubled up like this was painful, and Courtney bit on the rubber bar held between her teeth. Rolling her eyes from side to side she could see the row of hooks set in the wall and the things hanging from them that were each capable in their own individual way of taking her to the extremes of pain and pleasure. Her stomach was a cold twisted slithery knot of fear, and yet she also felt her nipples were hard and could see the wetness seeping out of her pussy.

She was ready to put on a show.

The cell door opened and her first judge entered the cell.

He was hooded and dressed in a black shirt and trousers. He could have been any of the other men she had entertained in the garden over the last few days. Perhaps he was one of them coming back for a second visit. That didn't matter. All that mattered was to give him what he wanted...

He walked round her on display on her little plinth. He stroked her taut buttocks and running teasing finger through her wet hot pussy. Then he pushed it into the greased mouth of her anus and felt her inner hotness and the tight clenching of her sphincter muscles. She saw his eyes shining in the slots of his hood and knew he was going to enjoy making her scream and cry in pain and humiliation.

He selected one of devices on the wall: a plastic funnel with a large mouthpiece and a clip attached to it.

He bent over her head and pulled out her rubber bit and forced the mouthpiece the funnel between her teeth in its place. Its broad flanges filled her mouth between her lips and teeth and stretched them wide. The clip went over her nose, pinching her nostrils together. Now she could only breathe through her mouth and the funnel jutting up from it.

He took down another object from the wall. This was a garden hose with a trigger nozzle. He put the nozzle into the funnel and filled it with water.

Courtney almost choked as she gulped it down to clear the funnel so she could take another breath. He let her do this and then filled the funnel again. After half a dozen such enforced drinks, her stomach was cold while her bladder was beginning to feel uncomfortably full.

The man put the hose back and selected a spanking paddle. Its blade was covered by rubber studs.

He walked around her, stroking the rubber blade over her upturned buttocks and the hot pout of her vulva. She shuddered and groaned, the sound echoing up through the funnel plugged into her mouth.

He swung the paddle down on her tight buttocks and into her pussy cleft. Courtney screamed in pain, the funnel acting like a megaphone

amplifying her cry so that it echoed around the little cell.

Swish, crack! Again and again, the paddle hissed through the air, imprinting her buttocks with a pattern of its studs while they turned from pink to crimson red. Her pussy lips rippled as it beat upon them, the studs slipping between them to hammer against her swollen clitoris. Tears ran back down the sides of her face as she shrieked and sobbed and moaned with each blow.

The sharp, hot, intimate pain burning into her was too much to take. But she didn't have to be brave. She could express her distress in the most perfect way possible to show him how much she was suffering...

A fountain of pee burst from her simmering pussy in a glittering arc that she hoped the hidden cameras captured in every detail, before it splashed back over her face and body, splattering across her breasts and into her hair. She could hear the excess pee dripping off her body through the grating into some drain beneath her. A little fell into the funnel jammed into her mouth and she tasted the fruits of her own humiliation.

When the stream finally ran dry and she was soaking wet, the man put aside the spanking paddle and took up the hose again. This time he pushed its long rubber nozzle into her greased anus and squirted cold water into it until her belly bulged from within and she thought she would burst.

He whipped the nozzle out of her anus and the water, under pressure from her compressed belly, squirted out of her in a second vertical geyser-like fountain that almost reached the ceiling before it splashed back down over her body.

Shocked and soiled and feeling strangely empty, she whimpered miserably.

The judge hung up the hose and pulled open his flies freeing a stiff erection. He stood on the corners of the grating straddling her body and guided the head of his penis into her cleft. Then he sat down on her upraised buttocks, driving it into her. He jerked and rocked backwards and forwards, churning his cock into her all the while staring down at her contorted face.



She hated him but in a dark twisted way she loved the attention he was giving her. At this moment she was the most important thing in his life. He was going to cum inside her because he wanted to and she was going to cum because she couldn't help it, and that was the truth.

He rode her relentlessly, harder and harder and she felt the lust filling her loins as if her bladder and rectum were being filled with water. And like that water, it had to burst free!

She gasped and squeezed on him and sprayed her juices over his cock, even as that was spurting his semen down into her. A mist of her own cum sprayed out from her groin to fall over her body, joining the water and pee that already soaked it.

The wave of pleasure ripped through her and burst in her mind and once again, for those few precious seconds, she was beyond care or concern, living only for pleasure...

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When Courtney recovered senses again, the funnel had been pulled out of her mouth and the judge was bent over her, slapping her cheeks to gain her attention.

‘Are you innocent of the crime?’ he demanded.

The challenge had changed from an accusation of guilt that had to be denied to a question that had to be confirmed. Was that hopeful? It gave her a chance to speak the truth clearly: ‘Yes... I am innocent... Sir,’ Courtney croaked.

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Her second judge took his time inspecting her before beginning her next ordeal, as if sizing her up and choosing how to best to torment and test her. But then her posture invited close examination.

She was in a new cell with the usual whitewashed walls, cameras and

accessories, but which contained an old-fashioned iron frame to bed with an exposed wire mesh mattress. Beneath the bed the floor had been covered by plastic sheet, as if in anticipation of spillage of one kind or another.

Courtney lay on her back across the bed with her arms and legs pulled out painfully tautly towards its head and foot ends by cuffs and wire ropes. The wire mesh mattress cut into her back, while her buttocks overhung the side of the bed. Pulley blocks had been clamped to the top rails of the bed ends and over these the wire ropes attached her cuffs ran and then hung down. Heavy iron weights had been hooked to their ends, relentlessly pulling her body wide.

The tension pulled her legs out almost into a straight line as if she was performing the perfect splits. The big tendons on her inner thighs crossing the hollows of her groin stood out. The bulging cleft of her pussy gaped in unnatural isolation and terrifying exposure. Her nipples stood up in hard peaks from the pale shivering mounds of her breasts that rose and fell with her ragged, fearful breathing.

And all this the black-clad and hooded judge took in as he walked around the bed while she followed him with her eyes, biting on the ball gag plugged into her mouth. She could have told him now that she was innocent, but he had to find out in his own time and only after she had demonstrated her willingness to suffer once more for her honour.

Courtney had never thought about having “honour” before. It seemed like such an old-fashioned idea. But now she knew would it felt like to stand up for it.

The Judge took some things from the row of hooks on the wall. They looked like skinny metal doughnuts, but they bristled with little spikes. Carefully he set them on her breasts forming halos about her nipples. Courtney whimpered as their spikes dug into her soft breast flesh, which indented beneath their weight, forming dimples about them with her nipples still standing up in the middle like castle towers rising over moats.

Every breath she took made them shift slightly, digging their spikes in a little deeper. A few blobs of blood rose up about the rings. Snivelling she

tried to remain absolutely still. If she did not move they could do no more damage and the pain became tolerable...

Swish, smack!

The judge beat her painfully exposed buttocks, which were still blushing from the paddling they had received from the first judge, with a cane he had selected from the rack on the wall. The bamboo cut into her soft flesh, sending ripples along her taut limbs and drawing a series of scarlet stripes across them. As Courtney screamed and writhed, the weights attached her limbs bounced and swayed but continued to hold her spread wide, resisting her frantic attempts to escape.

And every flinch and twitch she made set her flattened breasts trembling and the rings weights about her nipples bobbing and rocking and digging their spines deeper into her flesh. Several had punctured her skin by now and little blobs and trickles of blood appeared about the rim of the rings or trickling down towards the little islands of her nipples. Their multiple stabbing pain multiplied her suffering.

The judge swung his cane vertically into the cleft of Courtney's pussy and she screamed as it cut into her clitoris. A spurt of pee left over from her earlier ordeal spluttered from between her labia onto the plastic sheeting beneath.

The judge watched her disgrace herself. Then he drew the tip of his cane over her body, rubbing through her cleft and across her belly to her breasts which he tapped, making them shiver and their spiked rings wobble, adding to her agony. Her nipples remained resolutely hard, and he flicked the tip of the cane across them and watching them sprang back up again while Courtney groaned at the thrill of simple pleasure this manipulation gave her, issuing from within rings of pain.

Then the judge moved round the bed until stood over her head. Looking up at him, she could see the bulge in the front of his trousers. He pulled her gag out.

'Say you are guilty and I will take the weights off your tits,' he said

gruffly.

‘Never, Sir...’ she gasped.

‘Then beg me to screw you and make your tits hurt even more,’ he said gruffly.

‘P...please, Sir... s... screw me... Sir...’ Courtney said trying not to let her teeth chatter in pain ‘... so... my t... tits hurt even more...’

He moved back around the side of the bed along which her splayed legs stretched. He rolled back the wet plastic sheeting and then took a foam rubber kneeling mat from the rack on the wall and put it down beside the bed. He opened his flies and freed his straining cock and then knelt down so that its head run through her wet cleft.

Courtney shuddered, knowing what was going to come next: pain and pleasure were going to clash inside her.

The judge slid his cock up into her with little resistance and thrust to bury it all the way inside her wet passageway, so the bed frame creaked. This made her breasts wobble like jellies and the spiked rings swayed and bobbed about on top of them gouging their spines deeper into her burning flesh. A few trickles of blood run down their outsides like trickling cake icing

Courtney shrieked: ‘yes... yes... fuck me harder... I can take it... ask me... go on... ask me!’

‘Are you innocent?’ he grunted.

It was one thing she was sure of in this nightmare. ‘Yes... yes I am.... now please, Sir, finish me off!’

And then she came over him and he came inside her and juices and sperm and blood dripped onto the plastic under the bed.

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Courtney had hoped her breasts might be spared for her final ordeal. She was

dizzy with exhaustion and her whole body seemed to be burning. The halos of pinpricks around her nipples hardly showed after they had been cleaned up, but they still simmered and throbbed. But she was still a suspect undergoing permezatenci, and what she wished for counted for nothing...

In a new cell, she lay on the flat top of a short solid balk of wood, almost as thick as the trunk of a tree with squared-off sides. Once it might have been rough timber, but it had been polished by the bodies of numerous women before her until it was dark and smooth and worn and its edges rounded. That made her posture only slightly less unbearable as she rested face down on her belly, with her body bowed back in a tight hogtie.

A rope dangling from a ring in the ceiling was tied to a ring in the top of the leather bridle has been buckled tightly about her head, keeping it upright. From the cheek-rings of the bridle, two hard rubber hooks had been extended into the corners of her mouth between her teeth and the tension on them pulled her lips back wide and kept her jaws invitingly open. Her arms were pulled round behind her and straps belted her elbows and wrists together. Her legs had been doubled up and pulled over her buttocks and her ankles were crossed and strapped to her wrists. A broad leather strap running over the small of her back held her firmly down on the top of the wooden block.

The block supported her body just below waist height. Its top was wide enough to carry her from her rib cage to her hip bones, so that her pussy and thighs overhung its back face. Dribbles of sperm and juices seeped out of her throbbing wet cleft ran down the side of the block, adding another layer to similar stains soaked deep into the grain of the wood.

Her head and shoulders overhung the front of the block so that her breasts dangled against its vertical face. A pair of thinner straps had been bound across their roots to hold them in place. Teardrop lead weights had been clipped to her nipples, stretching them out into agonising cones of red-brown throbbing flesh.

The third and last hooded judge was flicking at them, making them stretch and contract like elastic as the dangling weights swayed and bobbed beneath them. Then he swiped the many-thronged lash he was carrying across their upper slopes which were already tanned to rosy redness. The

judge's long thick cock, already wet with Courtney's juices, which was protruding through the front of his trousers, wagged with each blow. The lash flattened her pliant globes, causing the weights hanging from them to drop slightly, and then as her breasts sprang back again they were jerked painfully, making them dance and bounce beneath them.

'What are you?' he demanded.

Courtney tried to say through her wedged open teeth, 'Innocent!' but the word was almost unrecognisable. Her throat was too raw...

He moved around behind her to her parted and doubled back legs and straining knees and swiped her inner thighs with the lash so that she screamed again. Then he plunged his cock into her pussy, squeezing out some more juices. Half a dozen quick thrusts and then he pulled out of her again; using her for his pleasure without giving any return.

Then he came round the block again and rammed his soiled cock into her open mouth and down her throat so that she half choked on his hard slug of flesh coated with her own vaginal juices. He gave her throat another half dozen thrusts while her eyes bulged and went red with the strain of holding her breath. Then he pulled out of her mouth, leaving her grasping and coughing as he moved on round the block once more. This time he thrust his cock into her greased anus, making her bottom cheeks bulge as he rammed so hard into her that she slithered slightly on the film of sweat and accumulated juices that had gathered between the top of the block and her belly.

He pulled out of her anus, came round and took hold of a fistful of her hair and rammed his cock once again down her throat.

She choked and gasped and her face went red and then purple as she tried to breathe around his rampant penis. His thighs ground against her dangling stretched breasts, flattening them against the side of the post. This time the pumping went on for more than half a dozen strokes.

Please let this be it, Courtney thought in her dizzy mind.

With a grunt, the judge spurted his seed into her throat and she

swallowed it down.

For a minute he stood with his cock still in her mouth, still holding onto her hair, letting his balls empty into her as she sucked in air around it. Then he pulled out of her mouth dribbling streamers of sperm and saliva.

‘What are you?’ he demanded.

‘Innocent!’ she spluttered.

He said nothing but he undid the rope tied to her ponytail so that her head dropped limply down over her strapped and stretched breasts. Then he wiped his cock clean on her hair and left the cell.

A minute later Ivanka came in.

She pulled the hooks out of Courtney’s mouth and gave her a drink from a water bottle.

‘P...please...finish me...’ Courtney begged, knowing she was asking for something that for the last week she had tried to escape. But her body had been taken too far to turn back now. It was expecting one final moment of release...

Ivanka saw the haggard look in her eyes and understood what she wanted and seemed to take sympathy on her. She went round the back of the post and slid her experienced fingers into Courtney’s dripping and desperate vagina and twisted them in and out, sucking squelching within her clinging passageway, grinding Courtney’s hard clitoris with her thumb. And Courtney groaned and shivered in gratitude until she gave a shudder and gasped and came one last time.

Ivanka pulled her hand out of Courtney’s slobbering pussy and came round to the front of the post and wiped her fingers clean on her hair.

‘Th... thank you,’ Courtney said feebly. ‘Is it... over now... Sergeant Ivanka?’

‘Not quite,’ Ivanka said. ‘Tomorrow they will give their decision. But

before they do, you will face both your inquisitors together for one last ordeal.'

'You... and Sir Humphrey?'

'Yes. We have supplied the judges with evidence of your suffering and they have tested you themselves, but we still have to give them our personal verdicts before they reach their final decision...'



# Chapter Ten

Courtney had a terrible night trying to sleep strapped to her lattice bed frame in Cell 12.

Perhaps out of consideration for what she had already suffered at the hands (and cocks) of the three judges, Ivanka had not used Courtney for her own pleasure that evening. She had diligently cleaned her up and put salve on her wounds and fed her by hand, but then she had left her.

‘You will need your strength for tomorrow,’ Ivanka said, dimming the lights and closing the door.

Briefly, Courtney had felt blessed relief. Now at last she could rest without anybody committing any more indignities upon her. But despite her exhaustion, sleep and rest did not come and after a while she found herself missing Ivanka. Pleasuring her might have taken her thoughts off what was to come.

What had these people done to her! Would she ever get her mind straight again?

Assuming she would be free to do so...

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The next morning Ivanka called for Courtney to take her up to interrogation room.

‘I should not really say anything to you this point,’ Ivanka whispered in her ear, ‘but you must just be brave...’

Chiltern was waiting for her in the interrogation room.

‘Hello, Courtney,’ he greeted her, not unkindly. ‘Well, this is your last day with us... one way or another. I brought your things with me. Hopefully

you'll be able to leave here under your own steam this time.'

'Sir Humphrey!' Ivanka warned him.

'Sorry, yes, I know, I must remain impartial,' he conceded. 'You hear that, Courtney, I'm going to be strict with you irrespective of whether I think you are guilty or innocent!'

Courtney actually felt a feeble smile on her lips.

Ivanka explained: 'When we are satisfied, I will telephone our results through to the judges in your case. And they will give me their final verdict. Then you will either be freed or your case will be brought to the attention of the international authorities. Now, we must prepare you...'

Courtney stared at the device awaiting her. She had been frightened she might have to face the terrible ice bucket trestle once again, but this was something new...

A pair of stout wooden posts stood up from a low solid base mounted on heavy castors. They supported between them, via swivel joints, a pair of two metre long wooden beams hanging in parallel but unconnected and separated by over a metre. The inner sides of the beams were hung not just with sets of cuffs and straps, but about a dozen assorted bulldog and crocodile clips dangling from heavy elastic cords. The base of the device under them was covered with a wide shallow metal tray.

As she took all this in with a shiver of anticipation while her mind bubbled with fear and anticipation, Courtney found herself wondering who built such things. Was there a specialised industry in Barovia who manufactured them to order? Very likely there was. So in a way, had she been modelling the things for those recordings they had made of her suffering inside them? She supposed there was no chance she would be paid for her time... of course the proof of her innocence would be her reward.

Between them, Chiltern and Ivanka secured Courtney within the device. The inside bottom ends of the beams had wooden blocks for her to step up on. And then she spread herself between them and felt her freedom of

movement being taken away from her once again... hopefully for the last time!

They cuffed her wrists and ankles to the ends of the beams and then buckled a broad strap about her middle that was held on each side by chains tensioned by heavy helical springs. A thick rubber strap ring was pulled over her head so that the front of it pressed against her lips.

‘Open your mouth, Courtney,’ Ivanka commanded and Courtney obeyed.

The strap pulled itself into her mouth and between her teeth, stretching her lips wide. Heavy bungee cords from the top ends of the beams were hooked into the sides of the strap where it crossed her cheeks, forming both a gag, a biting bit and a brace for her head.

Between them, these fastenings held her firmly spread-eagled between the beams with her head held upright and facing forward. Experimentally, Ivanka flipped the pair of beams, now connected by Courtney’s taut body, over and she hung firmly braced between them. Then they began attaching the clips.

These were not to carry weight: these were to hurt her.

They clipped them to her ears, to the soft swelling sides of her breasts and to her nipples, stretching them painfully and unnaturally outwards. They clipped a row of them to the soft flesh of her waist and across her hips and thighs to her inner and outer labia. They even clamped them to the much beaten lower swells of her buttocks. When they were done, it was if she was suspended within a web of straining rubber cords, pinching and stretching her flesh.

She whimpered and bit on the strap between her teeth.

Chiltern took off his jacket and rolled up in shirtsleeves, and then quite unconcernedly, opened the flies of his trousers to free his already swelling erection. Meanwhile Ivanka, also just as casually, stripped herself down to her black jackboots.

Were they so casual about exposing themselves before each other because they were trusting friends or because they each knew they had different sexual tastes, Courtney wondered? Was that proper between a policewoman and a foreign diplomat? Maybe it was acceptable in Barovia. Everything else seemed to be. Whatever the reason those tastes were now mutually focused on her.

Ivanka took something from a drawer of the desk. It was a large red rubber dildo with a twin plug base. She spread her legs and pushed them up inside her. The front plug slid up into her naked cleft, parting her pale labia, while the rear one, more mushroom-shaped, she forced up into her rectum. Between the two they braced the dildo shaft, so that it jutted up from between her bare thighs, with a bristle of rubber prongs at its base pressing up against Ivanka's clitoris. As they dildo wagged and bobbed it was clear from the look of pleasure on her face that they stimulated her.

Then she took a two more objects from the desk and handed one to Chiltern. They were electric shock batons.

'You've been so good I've not needed to use them on you, Courtney,' Ivanka said. 'But we will now...'

Chiltern took up position in front of Courtney and Ivanka stood behind her. She snivelled and whimpered, totally petrified with fear.

'Do you still claim you are innocent?' Ivanka asked.

Courtney nodded as far as the elastic cords hooked to her cheek straps allowed.

'Are you prepared to offer yourself for suffering and hard usage one more time to prove it?' Chiltern asked.

She nodded again.

They switched on the batons and jabbed them into her with flashes and cracks.

Courtney screamed and bit on her strap as sharp spikes of electric pain hammered into her.

The batons jabbed into her stretched breasts and belly and thighs and pussy and into her buttocks and between her buttocks and up into her anus. Chiltern jabbed his right up into her gaping sex mouth and pee spurted out of her stretched pussy lips into the metal base tray. The helpless convulsions she made yanked on the clips and clamps and pinched her flesh so that she bounced between imprisoning beams while adding to her own torment.

Then they tumbled her over so she hung head down and jabbed the batons into her all over again. Some residual pee squirted out of her and dripped down her body as it cringed and shook and contorted within the web of rubber. She was screaming and dribbling about the strap in her mouth, trying to draw in breath before her next bawl of pain. Her body felt as if it was on fire and being torn apart and stabbed with electric knives. It was too much... she couldn't take it...

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The next thing she knew she was upright again and Chiltern was slapping her cheeks, looking concerned.

She had actually fainted from the pain.

‘Are you back with us, Courtney?’ he asked. ‘Good. That was nasty wasn’t it, but we had to do it. Do you still claim you are innocent?’

Feebly Courtney nodded.

‘Do you beg us both to screw you together to prove it?’

She nodded again.

They pulled the waste tray off the base of the device so that they could take up their positions. Ivanka stood behind her while Chiltern stood in front. She felt the rubber tip of Ivanka’s phallus sliding up into her rectum, while the fleshy head of Chiltern’s cock slipped into the gaping mouth of her

vagina. Ivanka reached round her and clasped her breasts while Chiltern reached round and squeezed her buttocks.

Together they thrust into her, filling both her passageways, grinding their shafts of flesh and rubber almost together within her. Their bodies rasped across her beaten, tingling flesh. They jerked and pumped and thrust and she clinched and squeezed her sheathes about them. She was the filling in their sexual sandwich, she was the focus of their pleasure; they were pumping themselves into her and she was the star of the show and now she was going to go supernova and burst with terror and lust... and that was the absolute and final truth!

Then she fainted again, but this time riding the high of a shattering orgasm.

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Courtney hung limp in the rubber rope frame while Ivanka, properly dressed once more, spoke in Barovian on the desk telephone. She was passing on the results of their final assessment.

Chiltern, with his well-drained penis now also tucked out of sight once more, stood by Courtney rubbing his hand over her sore bottom in a reassuring fashion.

On the phone, Ivanka was waiting for a response. Then she got it, gave her acknowledgment and put the phone down.

She looked Courtney.

‘Courtney Carpenter,’ she said formally. ‘The judges, Sir Humphrey and I agree: you are innocent of the charge of being a terrorist sympathiser. You are free to leave Barovia whenever you wish without a stain on your character.’

‘Hear, hear!’ said Chiltern.

And for a moment, Courtney thought she was going to faint and orgasm

all over again.

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Half an hour later Courtney stood dressed in her regular clothes once more (which felt very strange and rough and heavy) holding the extending handle of her suitcase on wheels, ready to leave the Checkpoint.

What did you say to people at a time like this after what they had both done to her, after the intimacy they had shared, the pain and pleasure...? It was not something that had bothered her much before. She had always been polite to people who might give her more work, of course, but others... well, she had just said a simple goodbye and left. She wasn't actually rude, but they weren't important so why waste time with them? But this was so much harder and more complicated. She had experienced some of her greatest highs and worse lows in their company. She had been their shared sex slave for Gods sake! It wouldn't be surprising for her to tell them she hoped she'd never meet them again, but somehow she couldn't do that.

All that was welling up inside until she blurted out, 'Thank you...'

It was the best she could do.

'Would you like a lift anywhere?' Chiltern asked. 'To the airport, maybe? I'm sure they'll be a flight back to England sometime today.' He chuckled. 'You won't have to sit on the dildo mat this time...'

'Thank you, Sir, but I think I'd like to walk... to clear my head...' Courtney said.

'Go where you please,' Ivanka told her. 'You are perfectly free.' Then she stepped forward and kissed Courtney on the lips. 'I had my doubts about your courage at first, but you are a far braver and nicer person than I believed.'

Perhaps she was... now, Courtney thought.

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Courtney walked out of the Checkpoint gates and down into the city, enjoying her freedom, even though it felt strange. After a week of strict obedience, she wasn't sure what to do with it. Eventually she found a little green park and sat down on a bench, just enjoying the summer air and sight of people enjoying themselves. Maybe you only really appreciated such things when you had to go without them.

But she was free now! She could go home and pretend it never happened...

No, she could never pretend that, she realized. Even when the aches and pains went away, it would always be a part of her. It was too big to wish out of existence, even if Ivanka and Sir Humphrey never said a word to anyone else about it. Even if as far as the British government was concerned it had never happened....

She took out her phone. Before she did anything else, there was something she had to check...

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An hour later, Courtney was knocking urgently on the door of Number 23 Villander Strato and ringing its bell.

Lucretzia answered. This was the woman who had seen her naked and leashed like a dog eating at Chiltern's feet. Courtney felt her shame returning but she was free now and this was too important.

'I must talk with Sir Humphrey right now!' she said firmly. Then added: 'Please...'

Perhaps a slight smile twitched at the corners of Lucretzia's mouth, but she beckoned Courtney inside and took her up to Chiltern's office. He was seated at his desk in front of his computer as usual. He turned round in his chair as Lucretzia announced Courtney and then withdrew, looking politely surprised.

Courtney held up her phone with an encyclopaedia article displayed on



it.

‘I looked up what an Honorary Consul actually does. He helps companies with trade and business relations in another country. He’s not paid and he’d not really a diplomat and he’d never have anything to do with suspected terrorists! What was this all about?’ she finished angrily, then added, ‘...Sir...’

Chiltern smiled and steeped his fingers. ‘Have you looked in a mirror yet?’ He pointed to one on the wall. ‘That’s not the face of the young woman I brought back here a week ago...’

Courtney looked in the mirror, peering at herself intently. There was something different about her. Something in her eyes...

‘Sit down and let me tell you a story,’ Chiltern said. ‘Any resemblance to real people or countries is purely accidental, of course. Once upon a time, there was this little country in the middle of Europe that had to make its way in the world alone. It had few natural resources, apart from some quaint architecture and picturesque countryside, and was in danger of being swallowed up by other larger countries around it. But it wanted to maintain its independence. So it had to earn money in anyway could. So it staged many international events to try to draw in tourists and that helped. Sometimes those tourists broke the laws, and a few female tourists were even punished under the old laws of the country, just like native women. In fact, to the authorities’ surprise, the women put up with quite severe punishments. Perhaps that was to spare themselves shame and humiliation back home, or perhaps because it was different and exotic and foreign and the greatest thrill they had ever had.

‘And the authorities in this small country discovered that some other people with certain special tastes were very happy to pay for the privilege of interrogating and testing pretty naked women, and that recordings of these interrogation sold very well to discerning collectors. Unfortunately, not enough pretty foreign women broke the laws to satisfy the demand, so sometimes they had to be given a helping hand...’

Courtney gulped and felt dizzy but said nothing.

Chiltern continued: 'At one of these international cultural events, a foreign business man who enjoyed living in this small country, saw this very pretty woman handing out leaflets, although she did not see him. But for all her prettiness and apparent intelligence, there was something wrong about her. She was cold and self-obsessed, he thought. A few quiet words with her fellow workers confirmed it. The pretty woman did her job well enough, but she wasn't very friendly. When she did talk to them she boasted about meeting celebrities and fashion shows, which she made sound far more important than they were.

'And the businessman wondered what he could do about it. Fortunately, he was friendly with a policewoman in the country's border force who liked interrogating pretty young women herself, and who was always looking out for more subjects to help the country's balance of payments. And it so it came to pass that this pretty girl was found to have been handing out terrorist literature and was arrested...'

'You set me up!' Courtney exploded. 'You knew I was innocent all along! It was all just to let you and Ivanka a screw and use me and... and... I thought you were being kind to me... and I actually started to like you...' then words failed her.

'I don't deny that I... I mean, this businessman, enjoyed having this pretty woman to play with,' Chiltern said. 'But the woman got something very important out of this as well, as she knows in her heart but might have trouble admitting to herself. That part of the story hasn't been written yet...'

'What did I get out of it?' Courtney demanded.

'Courage, empathy, determination, learning what it feels like to worry about other people's feelings, warmth, sympathy, appreciating the little things in life as well as the big ones such as freedom... I could go on, but I'm sure she can work the rest out for herself.'

Courtney clutched her head in her hands. She had been used and deceived, and hurt and humiliated and it had been cruel and shameful and illegal and... and... was she really a better person for it? Yes, it had been awful, but she had never been as important to so many people as she had

been this last week. Like in the Whipped Kitten Club, she had been a kind of star, like she had always dreamed of being. A BDSM sex slave star, it was true, but the thrill had still been there. And the orgasms had been amazing...

Chiltern leaned towards Courtney and took her hand. 'You are not alone,' he assured her. 'Other women before you from all round the world have endured permezatenci and a few have suspected the truth, but they've never spoken about it. Perhaps it's out of shame or fear of the details coming out, but I think most realized that they were not simply being used, they got something out of it as well: *an adventure that tested them to the limits!* Why do people ride rollercoaster's or go white water rafting or parachuting? For the adventure of having a controlled taste of fear! And this was a lot safer, and sexually far more rewarding, than many of those. But they didn't realize it until it was over, which made it even better. They learned they could face up to an extraordinary challenge and survive!'

Courtney got up and looked at her face in the mirror again. 'I am different, aren't I? Oh...Sir, what I do next?'

'You go home and be a better person, of course. Be proud of what you did: never giving in, never denying your innocence, because it was real for you. Just as it was learning to give your body completely and please other people, not for a reward but for the truth! Make some more friends and be just as true to them.'

'But... I can't tell them about any of this, Sir.'

'No, you can't. The Barovian government will never admit to any of it. It's a matter of survival for them. If you push them too hard they will produce those pamphlets you were handing out and say you volunteered for judgement under traditional and revered Barovian law and were graciously judged to be innocent, but now for some reason you're making malicious mischief. But it doesn't matter how you improved your character, your family and friends will just be pleased that it happen at all.'

'Can I live with a lie like that, Sir?'

'You can if you accept the bigger truth that you're better person for it.'

Courtney thought for a long minute and then she said, 'I can't just go straight back, Sir. I've got to get used to... to the new me.' She scratched her clothes absentmindedly. They felt thick and itchy and... unnecessary. 'I still haven't stopped feeling like I'm a sex slave.' She smiled ruefully. 'Do you want a pet, Sir? You know I am housebroken... if you hadn't got anybody better... '

'I'd always be proud to have a pet like you,' Chiltern said sincerely. 'I'd be able show you off again at Madeleine's house parties. That is one advantage of living in Barovia.'

And because this was Barovia, Courtney knew that he meant it.

She felt her nipples standing up and her pussy growing hot and wet. Everything was squeezing together as if a momentous decision approached. But she'd only just got away from him and won her freedom. Yes, but the freedom to do what? Would it ever be as intense and important as this last week had been? What was there for her back home? More pretending she was a model with a great future ahead of her, when that was just a lie. This was not perfect, but at least it was true.

Licking her lips, Courtney went down on her knees before Chiltern. 'I would like to be your pet, Sir, as long as you don't give me to any other men. I only want to belong to... and serve... a gentleman.'

'What about Sergeant Ivanka?' Chiltern pointed out. 'I know she's grown very fond of you. I might decide to give you to her from time to time to play with. Pet sitting, perhaps?'

Courtney felt her nipples pricked up even harder and knew it was impossible to fight her new instincts. She smiled. 'Oh that would be all right, Sir, she's different.'

'Well if you're my pet again, then what are you doing with your clothes on?' Chiltern asked.

Courtney stripped quickly and gratefully. In a minute she was kneeling naked before him. It felt so much more natural...

He opened a drawer of his desk and brought out a nice black studded leather collar and chain leash. He buckled the collar about her neck, its pressure and weight feeling reassuring. Then he clipped the leash to the ring on the front and then he led out of the office.

They went downstairs and across the main hall to the door that led down to the garage. Courtney wondered if it was taking her somewhere. But at the bottom of the steps they continued on past the garage door to the green door. It was a door she had passed several times during the last week, but which should have never been seen open. Now Chiltern took a key out of his pocket, unlocked it and switched on a light.

It was the other half of the cellars not used for the garage that had been converted into a dungeon cell. It had a high narrow barred window on the opposite wall letting light in from the courtyard garden at the back of the house. The walls were whitewashed rough brick, but the floor was smooth black rubber. So much easier to clean after spillage, Courtney thought. There were familiar looking devices stacked about the walls and a rack of pain and pleasure implements. It felt as if she had come home...

‘If you are to be my new pet, then you’ll need a whipping in,’ Chiltern said.

He rolled out a stout black post and T-beam mounted on a low-wheeled base into the centre of the room. Both the vertical post and its crossbeam had several rings and chains and cuffs dangling from it.

He stood Courtney with her back against the post and pulled her arms up above her head and crossed her wrists behind the beam and just under the crossbeam and cuffed them in place. Next, he pulled a chain across her neck, hooking it tight to the back of the post and then more chains across her left knee and ankle, binding them tightly to the beam. Her right leg alone he left free. Then he uncoiled a chain and cuff fastened to a ring on the right hand end of the beam. He pulled her right leg up and outwards, forcing her hips to twist and bowing her supple middle sideways and stretching her groin so that she whimpered in pain, until her foot was higher than her head and he could cuff her ankle to the end of the crossbeam.

Her pale body was now twisted and tightly chained to the heavy post and beam, trembling with tension. Now the soft insides of her thighs and the pretty cleft pout of her pussy and the parted cleavage of her buttocks and the pucker of her anus were totally exposed. Chiltern ran his hand from her raised right foot down the inside of her thigh and across the bridge of her pussy and down to her left ankle in one unbroken sweep.

Courtney felt the pain in her stretched body and the thrill of his touch while her eyes never left Chiltern's face. If he wanted her to suffer then she would suffer. It was good to suffer for the right man. That was what being a pet was all about...

Chiltern opened his flies and freed his swelling penis, showing her his lust. She was exciting her master. That was good, that was as it should be...

Chiltern took a lash from the rack on the wall and stroked it across her body, watching her nipples swelling up almost to their bursting point, while her engorged pussy dripped with excitement.

'You really are a most juicy creature,' he observed.

'Thank you, Sir,' she said huskily, thrilled to be praised.

He rubbed the thongs of the lash through her dribbling cleft, making her shudder with delight as her juices soaked into it, and then he stood back and swiped it across her hot breasts. She shrieked as they were beaten flat and swatted and scoured. Her hard nipples were flattened again and again. Then he worked his way down her body to her invitingly weeping groin. Her intimate parts were totally exposed and she had nothing left to hide. The lash swished and cracked up between her legs, ripping through her buttock cleft and over her anus and into the wet dribbling gash of her pussy, searing her with pain and dark pleasure. She shrieked and sobbed in delight.

He lifted her chin and wiped the tears from eyes. 'Are you happy now?' he asked.

'Yes... please... more, Sir...'

And he obliged her, firmly lashing her from neck to knee and making her twist and jerk against her chains with ecstatic passion. 'Eeeek... thank you... owww... harder Sir...awww! Please keep me forever, Sir. I'll be a good pet... I'll cook and clean... whatever you want...'

'Actually, perhaps you can do more than that,' Chiltern said, pausing to re-oil the thongs of the lash in her by now shamelessly dribbling pussy cleft, and making her shudder once more and roll up her eyes in near ecstasy. 'As you said, the job of an Honorary Consul is all about helping business and trade deals run smoothly. Well during the cultural festival, I met a British film director of some note, who said he wanted to make a period film in Barovia. There would be English-speaking female parts to be cast. I said I happened to know of a pretty English girl who wanted to get into movies and who had the right empathy that he was looking for in a suffering romantic heroine. I can arrange a meeting with him if you like...'

Courtney hardly knew what to say. He had been thinking of her all this time. 'Oh... thank you so much, Sir... you are wonderful... now please have me, Sir before I burst!'

And he dropped the lash and embraced her well-lashed body and kissed her and thrust his manhood up into the eagerly expectant void of her pussy, filling it with life and purpose. And so they merged, and one story ended and another began.

A whipped kitten had found her perfect gentleman master.

**THE END**

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