

# **The Quarry Slaves Chapter 2**



**SLAVERY BOOKS**

# **Simon Grail**

# THE QUARRY SLAVES

# CHAPTER 2

Simon Grail

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## Chapter Two

The next morning Bethany and Maria awoke in each other's arms: creamy pink flesh and pale coffee brown flesh happily intertwined.

As their eyes met sleepily for a moment all they were aware of was the warmth they shared and the excitement of their soft warm bodies pressing together and the memory of an ecstatic coupling... and then hard frightening reality intruded.

They were lying naked in a sleeping bag on a makeshift bed, cuffed, hobbled and chained, locked inside a dilapidated hut that had been the childhood camp and hideout of their two youthful captors, situated in an abandoned quarry.

Maria saw this realisation spread across Bethany's face and spoke before despair could take hold of her lover. 'Don't worry, we'll survive this. It's Monday. We've just got to last until Friday and then they'll let us go...'

'But will they?' Bethany asked.

'It makes sense. They can only blackmail us safely for that long. If we give them what they want and play the part of their sex slaves then they'll have got everything they can out of us.'

Bethany bit her lower lip. 'I'm... I'm not sure I can do this... I mean being hired out to their friends for sex...'

'You don't have to do much,' Maria reminded her. 'We're not going to be given any choice, which in a way make it easier. They're going to chain our legs open so we can be screwed and they don't expect us to pretend to enjoy it.'

'You're so brave! And this is all my fault!' Bethany said bitterly.

'Never mind about that now,' Maria consoled her. 'We're together

and I wouldn't have it any other way...'

Just then they heard footsteps and voices from outside. Quickly they scrambled out of the sleeping bag and adopted the submissive postures they had been taught, sitting back on their heels with their knees spread and cupping their breasts with their cuffed hands to lift them up as if offering them to their new masters.

They heard the padlock on the hut door being opened and then Jay and Gary entered. Bethany and Maria bowed their heads submissively. To their shame they felt their nipples hardening. They had no feelings towards them as men, but after the ordeal they had subjected them to yesterday they were now associated by instinct and reflex with masterful domination.

The young men grinned down at them in delight, still amazed at the prize fate had delivered to them.

'Did you sleep well?' Gary asked. 'We want you to be fresh today. This afternoon we've got a couple of people who want to have some fun with you.'

Bethany stifled a whimper while Maria said with brittle politeness: 'We slept quite well, Master, thank you...'

Jay squatted down and poked his finger into their exposed groins. Bethany and Maria shivered and caught their breath at his intimate touch but they held their postures.

Jay showed his shiny fingers to Gary. 'We've got a couple of sticky pussies here. I think they had some fun with each other after we left.'

Gary frowned darkly. 'Did we give you permission to screw? We want you nice and juicy to entertain our customers.'

Maria said quickly: 'We will be, Master, we promise. It's not like with men having to refill their balls before they can perform again. We'll be nice and wet when we have to be. Please don't stop us making love, it's the only pleasure we have.'

Bethany pointed out desperately: 'If we hadn't been lovers, then you wouldn't have us here now, would you, Master?'

The boys looked thoughtful at this. 'Maybe we should let them lezzy fuck if they want to if it keeps them happy,' Jay said, 'especially if we can get people to pay to watch them...'

Maria and Bethany shuddered and looked each other in despair. Now their most intimate private life might be turned into a voyeuristic money-making opportunity.

'Yeah, that's an idea,' Gary said, brightening at the thought. 'Watch a couple of pretty lezzy women screw. We'll add that the list later.'

Fearfully Maria asked: 'What list, Master?'

'The one we're showing to people we think might be interested in having you,' he explained as he took a folded the sheet of paper out of his pocket and showed it to them.

It was a word processor printout headed: "*The Quarry Slaves*" and then: *Would you like to screw these pussies?* It showed the pictures of them naked which he and Jay had taken yesterday, together with a list of prices for coupling with them, starting with regular vaginal sex and working up to more exotic practices. It was followed by another list which read: *Fun and games extras*. A note at the bottom of the page read: *If you don't want our slave girls to know who you are then wear a mask*.

Bethany turned her head aside stifling a sob of fear, while Maria gazed at the document in sick fascination, marvelling at the nerve of the two young men who had prepared such a thing. They were treating them just like commodities. Were there really people around here who would take such a thing seriously? And yet the boys must know the tastes of their local community. What kind of place was Pillsden Down?

'But today we're starting you off easy,' Gary continued. 'We just want you to give a couple of our friends a good straight screw, all right?'

He spoke as if the prospect of merely having regular forced sex with two total strangers would reassure him. Maria took in the deep breath and bowed her head: 'Yes, Master.'

'And we'll be chained up all the time, will we, Master?' Bethany asked.

'Of course, that's part of the fun.'

Bethany shuddered.

Maria tried to be practical: 'Do you mean two of them will be in here at the same time having us side by side, Master. There won't be much room...'

'No, we're working on building somewhere better for our customers to screw you,' Jay said. 'We'll have it ready for this afternoon. So we've got to get busy...' Gary stopped him and indicated something on the list. 'Oh, yeah...'

The two young men suddenly looked uncertain and almost bashful.

'We've got you down for anal intercourse,' Gary explained, 'because they're always doing it in porn films, but, you see, we've never actually done it ourselves, so... do you think that's a fair price?'

Maria did not know what to think. They were actually being consulted about the price to charge for strangers sodomising them! Bethany gave a slightly hysterical choking laugh while Maria struggled to reply evenly: 'Yes, Master I think it's fair but we've got to be properly prepared. We must have some way of washing our bottoms out so that they're clean. Your... customers wouldn't want us to be dirty. We could make an enema douche with a rubber hose and an old hot water bottle. And then we must be properly lubricated. We must have plenty of medical lubricating jelly or Vaseline.'

The boys were nodding seriously, taking note of what she was saying. This was so surreal and perverted!

‘Right, we’ll sort that,’ Gary said. ‘Now get yourselves some breakfast and wash and then put on trainers or walking shoes. Save your stockings and high heels for later. You’ve got fifteen minutes and then you’ve got work to do...’

Maria and Bethany washed and fed themselves with food from the camping supplies Maria had brought. Then they put on socks and walking shoes. The boys removed the padlocks that had joined them to the big chain fastened to the spike in the floor and, with them still hobbled and cuffed, took them outside to the latrine pit behind the shack by the quarry wall that they had been made to dig the previous day. Once again they were subjected to the humiliation of emptying their bladders and bowels before their young masters’ fascinated and inquisitive eyes.

‘Maybe we should add watching them peeing to the list,’ Jay suggested as he gazed at the stream of urine gushing from between Bethany’s neat pouting sex lips.

‘That’s a good idea,’ Gary agreed.

Bethany whimpered.

When at last they were clean and empty, they were led by their collar leashes over to where Maria’s car was parked. Its hatchback was open and it was laden with several lengths of salvaged timber, a couple of old single mattresses and some bundles of plastic sheeting.

‘Thanks for the loan of the car,’ Gary said. ‘Don’t worry; we’ve been very careful driving it around. This stuff is for your screwing tent...’

The women were set to unloading the items and carrying them back between them to the shack, shuffling awkwardly back and forth in their chains. By the time that they were done, despite their nakedness, they were sweating. But they were not done yet. The boys picked up the shovel that had been used to dig the latrine pit and an old heavy garden rake which they must have brought with them that morning, and then led the girls, shuffling along in their hobble chains, out into the middle of the quarry amongst the straggling weeds and piles of rubbish. They felt painfully exposed and were



glad of the screens of trees and bushes growing up around the quarry rim that shielded them from outside view.

‘See where we’ve laid out some sticks and thistles to make a figure of eight,’ Gary said, indicating a course marked on the chalky ground between the dump piles that extended across most of the level floor of the quarry. ‘We want you to clear that of weeds and rocks and stuff so that it looks like a running track. Make it at least two lanes wide.’ He gave Maria the shovel and Bethany the rake. They held them awkwardly, but there was just enough slack in their wrists chains to allow their use.

‘Please, Master, what are you going to race?’ Bethany wondered.

‘You two of course,’ Gary said. ‘We reckon people will pay good money watch a couple of naked women going for a run. With the right accessories...’

He did not give any further details and Maria and Bethany shivered in fearful anticipation.

‘And just so we know where you are and can tell you’re working, you’re going to wear these,’ Jay added. He produced a bag which contained half a dozen small bells of different sizes. ‘They bell cats and cows so we thought we could do the same with you...’

Maria had no idea where they had obtained the bells from, but they had all been fitted with crocodile clips. The boys pinched the clips onto Maria and Bethany’s nipples and their inner labia so that the bells hung beneath them and the slightest movement set them jingling. Two larger bells with snap hooks on their ends were clipped to the rings of their dog collars.

The painful pinching of their delicate flesh made them shiver, which set the bells chiming softly. And yet despite the pain their nipples stood up hard. The boys grinned at their reaction while the women blushed.

‘Now get to work like we told you,’ Gary said. ‘And don’t think about trying to escape. The front gates are locked and you can’t climb out of here chained like that and anyway we’ll just be over there by the shack working

on your screwing rooms...’

‘And if you did get away we’d send your families those pictures of you two kissing and cuddling together like hot lezzy lovers,’ Jay reminded them.

It was that fear of the exposure of their secret love to their families that bound them even more strongly than padlocks and chains.

And so Maria and Bethany bent to their task clearing the ground while the boys set to work a little way off with saws, hammer and nails. As Maria and Bethany worked, piling up dirt and weeds and rocks about the perimeter of the planned race track, they talked in low voices, masked by the humiliating jingle of their bells.

‘I never expected them to go to such trouble,’ Bethany admitted. ‘I mean actually making up that awful list... and getting all this stuff in to build new rooms for us.’

‘I know,’ Maria said, ‘they’re much more inventive than I imagined they’d be. I think they’re enjoying making this as elaborate as possible. They’re combining your British love of DIY with making money from us in as many different ways as possible.’

Bethany wondered nervously: ‘What kind races will they make us run? And what did he mean by “the right accessories”?’

‘I don’t know. Something humiliating, I imagine. But maybe it’ll be better than us just lying chained down on our backs in that shack for five days being screwed...’

‘It’s horrible when you say it like that!’ Bethany protested.

‘But it’s what we have to face,’ Maria said firmly. ‘At least running around on the track will get us out in the fresh air and give us some exercise.’

It took them nearly three hours to clear the track of obstructions and leave it as level as possible. By the time they had finished they were hot and

dripping with sweat. The boys inspected their work and approved it. Then they gave them water to drink.

‘Look how sweaty they are,’ Jay said appreciatively as they gulped the fluid down. ‘Its even dripping off their nipples and pubes. ‘Fuck, they look hot!’

‘That’s why people will pay to watch them sweating round this track,’ Gary said.

The boys had also completed their task and they led Maria and Bethany by their leashes over to admire it. They had built a kind of low tent on the other side of the latrine pit from the shack with a simple and lightweight timber box frame covered in old plastic sheeting roughly tacked to it. Plastic curtains hung across the front in place of a door. Inside it was divided down the middle by another strip of plastic curtain into two small compartments just large enough to contain the two old mattresses. These had been covered in black plastic sheeting, including plastic wrapped pillows, and then encased in timber frames into which had been hammered many heavy staples. An assortment of old bungee cords, ropes and chains had been hooked to them.

‘Customers can tie you down on these any way they want,’ Gary explained, while Maria and Bethany shuddered at the thought.

Once the inspection was concluded they removed their nipple and pussy bells but left the one ones on their collars. Then they took them back to the shack and secured them to the big chain again.

‘You said you’d still be juicy even after you’ve had sex, right?’ Gary asked.

‘Yes, Master,’ Maria said, wondering for all their daring and boldness how knowledgeable they really were about female sexual processes. She added quickly: ‘I mean after we’ve had lesbian sex, of course. Having sex with a man uses up more juices.’

‘So how many men could you have in a day?’

Maria calculated for a fraction of a second, knowing whatever she said had to sound reasonable. 'If we have to please both of you as well, Master then we can't have more than two men extra a day each. We need to rest to be fresh.'

To her relief Gary said: 'that would work out about right. We've got 15 or 20 people interested in screwing you. We'll give them maybe an hour, an hour and a half each with a chance for extras. Yeah, that'll work out...'

Inwardly Maria breathed a sigh of relief.

'But if we use your bottoms this morning it won't spoil you for our first clients later?' Jay asked slightly anxiously.

'No, Master,' Maria said, knowing they must keep them satisfied at all costs. Refusal was not an option.

'Do you think we'll enjoy having you up your backsides?' Jay asked.

'I think men like women's orifices as tight as possible,' Maria said. 'And our bottoms are tighter than our pussies, and even if it didn't feel any better I think you'll enjoy doing it because it humiliates us a lot more.'

Gary grinned. 'Now you're getting the idea...'

'We're going to get that hose and water bottle and stuff you talked about earlier,' Jay said. 'And when we come back we're going to christen your screw beds by fucking your bottoms. Then we can tell our customers how good they feel...'

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While they were gone the two women hugged each other in consolation and reassurance.

'Why didn't you say we could only have one man a day extra,' Bethany said. 'That would have been something.'

'I had to make it seem reasonable. We know they want to make

money out of us. We can't be too exclusive. Just be grateful that they're rather naive and didn't realize that anal sex wouldn't use up any of our precious "juices."

'I've never had a man's cock up my rear before,' Bethany admitted. 'Will it be terrible?'

'No, just tight and a bit painful,' Maria said. 'There might be bruises afterwards.'

'You've done it before?' Bethany asked, realising that despite their intimacy there was still much about Maria's past that she still did not know.

'Just once,' Maria said. 'I think you call it an acquired taste. But there are worse things. We can survive it. We can survive anything...'

'But last night... they did make us cum. What if I cum with one of their cocks up my bottom?'

'Then cum. Don't fight enjoying it if you can. That would be stupid. I don't hate men for having cocks or wanting to use them, I just prefer women more. And you above all...' They kissed again and then Maria continued: 'remember that getting off on having a cock inside you doesn't mean you're being unfaithful to me. Let's agree that for these five days we both can do whatever we need to survive. If we enjoy bits of it, that's fine as well. No guilt. In fact an occasional orgasm will probably please them. Most men think they have the power to turn lesbians straight again with a good screw. Let them. It won't change us. Maybe this is a test of our love...'

But Bethany shuddered. What if it did change them? Maybe this living nightmare would destroy their love forever...

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When the boys returned after little over half an hour they brought with them an old water bottle, a length of hose and a big pot of petroleum jelly.

'Now let's get your bumholes cleaned out,' Gary said eagerly.

They took them out of the shack and made them watch as they strung a line across the latrine pit and hung the water bottle and hose from it. Then the women had to squat over the pit while Gary and Jay pushed the hose deep into their rears and squeezed the bottle so they were flushed out. They laughed at the faces Maria and Bethany made as the cold water surged through their rectums and then spurted out of them.

Once they were wiped clean they had to bend over the boy's laps while they greased their bottoms with petroleum jelly. They did not hurry, enjoying the feeling of forcing their slippery fingers through the women's tight sphincters and warm passageways beyond, alternating their greasing with slaps on their bottoms. Maria and Bethany could feel the lads' cocks swelling and stirring under their trousers and bit their lips to control their feelings as they thought about where there were going to be very shortly.

'They do feel really hot up there,' Jay said.

'And their bumhole mouths are so tight,' Gary added. 'This is going to be fun...'

When they were ready the women were taken over to the new screwing tent. The lads pulled the dividing curtain back between the beds so they could watch each other. Gary took charge of Maria while Jay had Bethany. They pushed them face down onto the plastic covered mattresses with the pillows under their hips so that their bottoms were lifted up invitingly. Then they unclipped the girls' hobble chains and spread their ankles wide and hooked the ends of bungee cords into their ankle cuffs. They freed their wrist chains and spread their arms out to the upper corners of the bed frames and clipped them into place. Now they were spread-eagled on their fronts with their bottoms exposed and their greased anuses ready for use.

'Should we gag them?' Jay wondered.

'No, let them make a noise if they want to...' Gary said.

With their eyes growing lustful and licking their lips in anticipation, the boys tore down their trousers and fell upon their helpless slaves. Their

hard cocks rasped up into the hot and humid clefts of their bottoms and found the tight puckers of their anal sphincters. The girls yelped as they were forced wide open as the boys' penises slid up inside them.

Bethany and Maria were stretched and penetrated and then the boys' weight pressed down on their backs, flattening their hot breasts against the mattresses. As they were ground down they felt their hard nipples digging into the plastic sheeting under them.

Gary and Jay sodomised them with glee, riding their bodies with frantic delight, not caring how hard they rammed their teenage cocks into them. They were their masters and the women were their slaves and that was all that mattered.

It only took the lads a few minutes to orgasm, giving Bethany and Maria little chance to get any pleasure for themselves before they felt their hot sperm filling their bowels. Then the boys collapsed happily across their backs, with their cocks still plugged up their bottoms. They lay on them sighing from their exertions but content for longer than they had frantically coupled with them. Bethany and Maria lay still under them, twisting their heads round so they could look across the tent into each other's eye, each searching for signs of suffering. Bravely they smiled at each other through their tears.

Eventually Gary levered himself up on his elbows and said to Jay: 'That was amazing. They're going to love having them like this. Maybe we should charge more for anal.' He slapped Maria's cheek lightly. 'You were great...'

Meekly Maria replied: 'Thank you, Master...'

Jay said to Bethany: 'Yeah, you were as well.'

'T... thank you Master,' Bethany said feebly.

'Now let's get you washed out and greased again and give you a sandwich. Then you get your high heels and stockings on. You're going to do some entertaining...'

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The first customers arrived in the quarry an hour later.

They were two young men of about Gary and Jay's age, but anonymous in faded jeans and sloppy shirts even without the home-made bandit masks they were wearing, which were made out of tow broad strips of silver repair tape with their adhesive sides pressed together and slots cut into them for their eyes and notches for the bridge of their noses. One wore a blue T-shirt and the other a grey one, which was the only way of telling them apart. Their captors showed them the screwing tent and its facilities were explained to them. Then some money changed hands. Maria and Bethany, now wearing their heels and stockings, saw all this because Gary and Jay, filled with entrepreneurial spirit and keen to put on a good show, had put them out on display to welcome their customers.

With an old pickaxe they had hacked a couple of holes in the quarry floor in front of the shack deep enough to drive a pair of posts into them. Screwing hooks into their tops they had hung the ends of Bethany and Maria's leashes over them and pulled them tight, forcing them to stand upright against the posts with their wrists cuffed behind their backs. Two shorter horizontal lengths of timber with hooks on their ends were nailed to the bases of the posts, hooking into their ankle cuffs and holding their legs invitingly spread. Strips of repair tape now sealed the women's lips shut.

They felt sickened at being put on show like this and terrified at the thought of strangers using them, and yet their sex lips felt hot and slick and their nipples stood up hard. This might have been in part due to a last-minute addition Gary and Jay had made. With a couple of pieces of cardboard, a pen and some wire they had made signs which they hung from Maria and Bethany's collars above their breasts. They read: PUSSIES FOR HIRE.

This improvised display appeared to do its job because blue shirt and grey looked at them with goggle-eyed wonder through their masks as Jay and Gary escorted them over.

'Go on, take a good look at them,' Gary said generously.



‘Yeah, have a feel of their tits and pussies,’ Jay said. ‘Then choose which one you want to have first...’

Blue and Grey walked around the two girls, feeling them over with trembling fingers while the fronts of their jeans bulged with their excitement. Stiff fingers rubbed through their slippery slots and Bethany and Maria shivered at their touch.

‘You see, we said they were hot,’ Gary said proudly.

‘And we can really... screw them?’ Blue said.

‘Up any hole you like,’ Jay said. ‘But it’s extra if you want to have them up their bums...’

‘And they’re really your sex slaves?’ Grey asked.

‘Sort of temporary sex slaves,’ Gary said. ‘We got a kind of bargain where they have to let us do what we want with them for a few days. But I think they like it really. Look at how their nipples are standing up...’

Bethany and Maria felt their cheeks burning in shame and even as Grey and Blue grinned in appreciation. Their teats were swollen by terror of their exposure and dreadful anticipation of what was to come. They could not help themselves...

‘Tell them what to do or just make them, it doesn’t matter,’ Gary said. ‘You’ve got them for the next half-hour. Smack them about a bit if you like, as long as you don’t leave any marks. We want them to stay fresh until Friday after all...’

Bethany stifled a whimper while Maria groaned.

‘Now, which one do you want to have first?’ Jay asked.

Blue chose Maria and Grey took Bethany. Gary and Jay freed them from their posts and handed their leashes over to their temporary masters, who dragged them impatiently over to the screwing tent with their collar bells jingling.

Out of sight inside their flimsy compartments, although able to hear what was going on next to them, Blue and Grey became further emboldened. They pushed the women down onto their backs.

‘Spread your legs wide,’ they commanded and Maria and Bethany obeyed.

They wrapped ropes around their ankles and tied them to the convenient staples. They pulled their chained wrists up above their heads and tied them to the top ends of the frames. And then they were spread out helplessly before them, their bodies highlighted by the black plastic mattresses. The women made pleading grunts and moans through their taped lips but Blue and Grey were unmoved. They weren’t interested in hearing anything they had to say at this moment.

Inflamed with desire they practically tore down their trousers and kicked them off, releasing stiff young erections that bobbing up before them hungry for sex. They practically fell on Maria and Bethany, spearing them with their straining shafts which plunged into their wet pussies and drove sobs of despair from their silver taped lips. Their dominators masked eyes glittered above them as they ground their chests against the women’s bare breasts. In them they read not a trace of sympathy, only overwhelming need.

Fired up with their desperate lust their coupling was frantic and clumsy and over very quickly. With wild grants they spurted their seed up into Maria and Bethany’s vaginas. Then the boys lay limp across them hardly able to believe what they had done.

Fifteen minutes later, with their cocks revived by youthful vigour, they had them again.

When their half-hour was up Blue and Grey emerged from the screwing tent looking supremely contented. They watched with interest as Jay and Gary took Bethany and Maria over to the latrine pit and, acting like experience slave handlers, confidently used the bottle and hosepipe to flush the sperm out of their pussies.

‘You can play with them before you have another go. Just for another tenner you can spank them until they beg you to screw them again. That’s real fun...’

Maria and Bethany shuddered as he spoke so casually about selling the rights to inflict suffering upon them but said nothing.

‘Spanking them is fun?’ Grey asked.

‘Oh fuck yes... Especially when they cry. Give it a go...’

Grey and Blue exchanged thoughtful glances and then handed over more money.

They tied Bethany and Maria to the standing posts again but this time facing them so that their bottoms were turned outwards. Not only were their legs then spread but they tied ropes about their waists to bind them to the posts and hold their hips in place. Then Gary and Jay gave Grey and Blue their home-made spanking paddles.

‘You can hit them a dozen times each until their bottoms are nice and rosy,’ Gary said.

The first few swipes were tentative and hardly shivered their bottom flesh. But then Grey and Blue became bolder and swung with more force. Crisp smacks rang out and the girls jerked frantically against the posts, grinding their bellies against them as they tried to escape the stinging blows. Grey and Blue became fascinated by their desperately weaving bobbing bottoms as they grew hotter and redder.

When their dozen strokes were up Gary went round the posts and tore the gagging tape off Maria and Bethany’s lips. ‘Shall I give them another half dozen spanks for free or have you anything to say to them?’ he asked.

Both Maria and Bethany sobbed together: ‘please screw us again, Masters... Please... we want you to fuck us!’

‘You see, they like being handled rough really,’ Jay said.

As Blue and Grey's eyes grew wide in delight, Gary said: 'For another fiver each you can have their bottoms. We've tried them and they're great!'

'Yeah, really hot and tight,' Jay confirmed.

'And they should be even hotter now you've warmed them up...' Gary pointed out.

'And very eager to please and obedient now you've shown them who's in charge,' Jay added.

Blue and Grey needed no further encouragement. More money changed hands. A trembling Bethany and Maria were untied from the posts and Blue and Grey led them back to the screwing tent again. This time they were pushed face down onto the beds.

'Now show us how obedient you are,' the lads said, pulling down their trousers and freeing their swelling penises once again.

Snivelling, Bethany and Maria hunched themselves up and spread their knees wide and lifted their bottoms high, exposing the shiny greased mouths of their anuses. Then they said plaintively: 'Please fuck our bottoms, Masters...'

Blue and Grey knelt between their legs, took hold of their hips and rammed their shafts into their tight anuses, stretching them wide.

Bethany and Maria sobbed as their rears were plugged and plundered and bruised, rocking back and forth with the power of the thrusts, their tears dripping onto the plastic sheet beneath them, until finally the boys spent themselves inside them for the third time that afternoon.

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When they emerged from the tent fifteen minutes later Blue and Grey were clearly very satisfied customers. In fact they wanted more. As they handed Maria and Bethany, with their haggard faces hung low and sperm still oozing

from between their buttock cheeks, over to Gary and Jay they said: 'We can get more money... we want to have them again tomorrow...'

'No, sorry, they're all booked up for the rest of the week,' Gary said regretfully. 'They've got to be rested in between being screwed, you see, to keep them in top condition. But you and every else who has them can come around here Friday afternoon. We've got a special event planned for them before they go...'

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That evening Gary and Jay had them once again for their own pleasure. But they wanted their sexual curiosity satisfied in a new way.

'Can you do oral?' Gary wondered.

Bethany moaned while Maria bowed her head wearily. 'Yes, Master, we can do oral. But please let us breathe when you have your penises in our mouths.'

'I've heard when girls give oral they've got to swallow it all down afterwards,' Jay said.

'We'll try our best, Master,' Maria promised.

'You'll do more than "try",' Jay said sternly.

'We won't spill a drop, Master,' Bethany promised quickly.

'Maybe we should give them a little encouragement to make sure they don't,' Gary said, unhooking his spanking paddle from his belt. 'Lift your tits up again and keep them there...' he commanded.

They used their paddles on the upper slopes of their breasts, making them shiver like jellies. Maria and Bethany yelped and sobbed fitfully as they were beaten, jerking and trembling but keeping their breasts cupped and offered up as they had been commanded. Soon the boys' penises were bulging beneath their jeans at the sight.

‘Now beg to suck us off,’ Jay said.

By this time their tears were falling on scarlet burning breast flesh so their pleas were more like shrieks: ‘Please, Master! I want to suck you off... I want you to cum down my throat...’ Maria groaned.

‘Please Master, put your cock in my mouth... You’ll love it... I’m really hot... I’ll have you all the way...’ Bethany shrieked.

The beating stopped leaving the women dizzy with relief. Jay and Gary ripped open their flies and then took hold of their captives by their hair.

The two hard cocks slid into their mouths and Maria and Bethany sucked on them desperately, working to pleasure them with their lips and tongues until their jaws ached. And then suddenly they spouted hot and hard down their throats.

And as promised they swallowed it all down without spilling a drop.

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After Gary and Jay had left them secure for the night, Maria and Bethany huddled close together in their sleeping bag, trying to position themselves so as not to aggravate their sore breasts and bottoms.

‘You see, it wasn’t so bad,’ Maria said, attempting to reassure her lover.

‘It was awful!’ Bethany sobbed. ‘I can still taste them... my tits feel like they’re on fire and my bottom hurts.’

Maria forced an ironic laugh. ‘All right, yes, it was awful... but it could have been much worse. In their way Gary and Jay are looking after us. They’ve got to keep us in good condition for the next four days. We’ve got through Monday and we can get through the rest of the week one day at a time...’

‘But I feel so dirty!’ Bethany said. ‘Gary and Jay are disgusting enough but having their slimy masked friends do things to us for money...

That's terrible... and frightening...'

Maria stroked her hair and kissed her. 'I know. But we'll get over it.'

'What did Gary mean by a special event on Friday?' Bethany wondered.

'No idea. I suppose we find out when it comes...'

'I suppose whatever it is will be humiliating and painful,' Bethany said.

'I think that's the whole point,' Maria said.

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But before then they had to survive Tuesday.

The boys used Maria and Bethany for what already felt like their regular morning anal screw to spare their juices for the pleasure of their customers, and then they cleaned them up and secured them outside to the posts to await the arrival of their next pair of guests.

'You've got two in the morning and two in the afternoon,' Gary said as he clipped Maria's ankles to a spreader bar. 'You make sure you send them all away happy.'

'We'll try, Master,' Maria promised despairingly.

Gary smacked his hand up between her spread legs into the full pout of her sex mouth, flattening it and making her yelp. 'You'll do more than just try, you'll be nice and hot and juicy and fuckable, understand?'

'I understand, Master,' Maria sobbed.

Taking his cue, Jay smacked Bethany's pussy, making her eyes bulge. 'Did you hear that?'

'Yes, Master,' Bethany gasped. 'I promised that I'll be hot and juicy

and fuckable for them and send them away happy.’

Tape was put over their mouths and they were left to wait while the boys went back to building more playthings for their guests to use on them, which they were storing under a sheet behind the shack. Maria and Bethany twisted their heads round to look at each other in despair.

On time two more young men in home-made masks entered the quarry and were greeted by Jay and Gary and shown around. One wore a black T-shirt with a lightning bolt on its front and the other concealed his features with a Zorro-style mask. Again “Lightning” and “Zorro” appeared to be Jay and Gary’s age. Maria supposed that made sense. They were probably old school friends, who were the most likely people Gary and Jay could entice here on with a promise of slave girl sex. Not their whole school year, she presumed, but enough of them for them to make money out of it. Were so many young British men as venal and carnal as this, Maria wondered? Or was Pillsden Down something special?

Lightning and Zorro were suitably impressed by Maria and Bethany’s bound bodies, the exposure of their torsos emphasised by their stockings and high heels, which seemed so out of place in the quarry.

‘You fucking, lucky, jammy sods,’ Lightning exclaimed. ‘How the hell did you manage to get hold of a pair like this?’

‘This one sort of dropped in on us,’ Gary said, slapping Bethany’s bottom and then the Maria’s, ‘and this one we kind of had to fish for.’

‘And you really are letting people buy a screw with them?’ Zorro asked.

‘Pay up and you’ll find out,’ Jay said smartly.

For a moment Maria thought she saw a glimmer of doubt behind Zorro’s mask, even though his trousers proclaimed his arousal. ‘But what do they feel about it? I mean it isn’t exactly legal, is it, keeping sex slaves...’

‘What the hell does it matter,’ Lightning said harshly, squeezing



Bethany's breasts appreciatively. 'They're just a couple of sluts. They probably get off on this...'

'Why don't you ask them?' Gary said boldly. And he ripped the tape off their lips. As he did so he glared at Maria and Bethany, wordlessly telling them: now you say the right thing or else...

Zorro asked: 'will you enjoy it if we screw you?'

Maria took a deep breath, trying to keep her voice level as possible as she replied to a strangers questioning her while she was bound naked in front of him: 'We've agreed to be Master Jay and Master Gary's sex slaves and let people screw us, as long as they let us go on Friday,' Maria said.

'But you're not doing this for fun?'

'No Master...'

'Then why?'

'We... we have our reasons, Master,' was all she could say.

'And you don't like any of this either?' Lightning asked Bethany, fingering her pussy.

'N...no...' Bethany shuddered: 'But we haven't got any choice...'

'But even so they're still really hot and juicy,' Gary assured him. 'Once they get going they can't help themselves...'

Zorro was clearly still concerned, but now clearly for himself. He asked Maria: 'Afterwards... will you tell anybody about what we do? The police I mean?'

'No, not if they let us go as they promised,' Maria said.

'You see they're quite happy with this and you're perfectly safe,' Jay said with some exaggeration. 'Anyway, they don't know who you are so why don't you get stuck in?'

The pressure in their balls overcame any lingering scruples. Zorro and Lightning took the girls to the screwing tent.

Zorro had Maria. She thought his earlier concern for her might make him hesitant and perhaps a little gentler. But as soon as he tied her to the bed frame with her thighs spread wide and her dark glistening pussy cleft open to him, he stripped off and mounted her with animal-like frantic vigour and without any concern for her comfort.

From the other side of the curtain Maria could hear Bethany sobbing as Lightning took his equally violent pleasure with her.

After their first half-hour when Lightning and Zorro took a rest, Jay and Gary suggested, as an extra bit of fun for a modest additional fee, they might like to walk the girls about the quarry track as if they were dogs. They had made up some props to help.

There were a couple of old pram wheels with wooden rods skewered through them in place of their normal axles. The women's hands were cuffed to the rods on either side of the central wheel. Then they were bent forward so they rested on the wheels with their arms outstretched before them and with their legs straight and bottoms up. Bamboos were then strapped to the outsides of their legs so they could not bend them.

This meant that to move they had to roll along on their hand wheels with their bottoms grotesquely raised and their stiff legs swinging out to the sides as they walked, showing off the mounds of their pussies and bottom clefts. As a finishing touch rubber balls on coil springs were plugged into their anuses so that as they walked the balls whipped from side to side and smacked into their bottom cheeks. This was made particularly painful by the drawing pins which had been taped over the surface of the balls with their points facing outwards.

The girl sobbed as they were led along by their collar leashes around the track they had so arduously scraped out of the quarry floor. Their dangling breasts bobbed and swayed in time with the pain balls swiping their bottoms and raising spots of blood on the soft cheeks.

Naturally it was deeply humiliating and degrading to Maria and Bethany to be treated like dogs and Lightning and Zorro clearly enjoyed inflicting that shame upon them. All traces of Zorro's initial concern for their wellbeing had vanished. Now it seemed they were simply naked sex toys there to provide him entertainment. The walk aroused their desire once more and they had a second session with Maria and Bethany kneeling on the screwing tent mattresses. The spike ball springs were now plugged into plain rubber balls which in turn were stuffed up into their vaginas while they sodomized them. With each thrust the balls swung back and forth and stabbed into the girls' inner thighs. Their muffled sobs of pain heightened the boys' enjoyment and they came inside them for the third time.

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That afternoon two more nameless masked young men, who Maria christened in her mind after their hair colours as Ginger and Blondie, took their turn with them. They were no worse or better than the others in the screwing tent, filling their pussies with their thrusting cocks and jerking about on top of them until they came. Then they watched with interest as Jay and Gary flushed them out. But for their intermission between screwing sessions they chose a new item from the list.

'We want to see them screw each other,' Ginger said.

'Yeah, two hot women fucking... that's we want,' Blondie said eagerly.

'But they've got to do it hard, you know, not just a bit of kissing,' Ginger elaborated.

'Proper rough screwing,' Blondie confirmed.

Bethany looked at Maria in horror. Had Gary and Jay told them they were lesbians or was it simply something they just wanted to see for the fun of it? Perhaps it was more exciting if they thought they were straight. Whatever the reason they each knew this was something they did not want to do before an audience. Their love was personal and private: theirs alone. But what they wanted no longer mattered...

‘We can arrange that,’ Gary said. ‘We’ve made up a few toys for them to use on each other. We want see to see how well they work...’

They pulled one of the framed mattresses outside the screwing tent so they could watch from all angles.

‘Which one of them do you want to screw the other?’ Jay asked.

‘Let’s have the white one on top,’ Ginger said.

Maria was chained down on her back with her arms pulled up over her head and fastened to the top of the frame, while her knees were bent and her legs folded up and then spread wide. They tied ropes about the insides of her knees to hold them down flat. This opened up the cleft of her pussy already red lipped and aching from Ginger’s screwing earlier.

They re-cuffed Bethany’s wrists behind her back and then fitted her with a double dildo made out of a length of heavy rubber hose braced by wire inside and bent into a “V”, with foam pipe lagging off cuts taped into each end to form bulbous padded tips. These were lathered in petroleum jelly. Bethany squealed as one end was forced up inside her pussy leaving the other jutting out between her pale thighs like a black rubber and plastic penis. Then she was knelt on the mattress in front of Maria. A length of nylon cord was tied to the ring in her collar and then it’s free end was passed through the matching ring in Maria’s collar. Standing beside the mattress Gary took up the slack and pulled on it and Bethany was dragged forward and down until she was hunched over Maria with their eyes locked together in horror and the bobbing tip of her dildo brushing the tight black curls of Maria’s pussy.

‘Do you want to see them kissing each other as well?’ Gary asked.

‘Yes, they can kiss,’ Ginger said.

‘And say how much they’re enjoying it,’ Blondie added.

Gary pulled the tape off Bethany and Maria’s lips. ‘The sooner you cum the sooner it’s over,’ he said.

Jay gave Ginger and Blondie the spanking paddles. 'Now you smack her bum so that she screws her friend properly,' he told them.

Taking up position either side of the mattress, Ginger and Blondie eagerly swiped the paddles down across Bethany's pale buttocks.

With a yelp Bethany dipped her hips and rammed the dildo up into Maria's waiting sex mouth. Then she collapsed on top of Maria and their hot bodies began to grind together. Their heavy throbbing breasts mashed against each other as their hard nipples dug furrows in their softness. Maria looked up into Bethany's contorted face as the spanks rained down on her bottom. Gary gave another jerk on the cords linking their collars and their heads were pulled together. Desperately Maria kissed Bethany with all the passion she could muster, crying out: 'Do it, do it... make love to me... screw me...I want to come...'

And frantically Bethany kissed her back as she writhed and jerked and pumped away inside her lover.

Ginger and Blondie laughed. 'Look at them go!' and: 'They're screwing like rabbits!'

Bethany's bouncing, thrusting buttocks were rosy red when suddenly she felt her loins explode. Her expelled juices sprayed out about the shaft of the dildo plugging her pussy. As she did so Maria's tear-filled eyes grew wide and her vagina clamped about the plunging shaft as she came as well.

They shrieked and kissed with burning passion and for a moment it was wonderful. And then reality intruded once more and they felt the hungry contemptuous eyes looking down upon them and all that was good became dirty and they collapsed in tears.

'That was fucking king awesome! Ginger said.

The women hardly cared what was done to them next. They were freed from the bed and Ginger and Blondie swapped them over and they and the mattress were taken back into the screwing tent and both men had them up their greased rears.

When they finally came and had filled their bottoms with their sperm, the young men pulled out of Marie and Bethany and left them sobbing miserably and feeling totally wretched.

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That evening, when Maria and Bethany pleased Jay and Gary as usual in the shack even the lads noticed how subdued they were as they lay between their spread and bound legs riding their sweaty bodies. They lay under them listlessly and their eyes were full of a misery so deep even their cocks could not dispel it. Eventually they pulled their gags out and Gary slapped Maria on the cheek to make her respond.

‘What’s the matter with you two?’

‘It doesn’t matter, Master...’ Maria groaned. ‘Just do whatever you want to us and then let us get some sleep...’

Jay took hold of Bethany’s nipples and pinched and twisted them until she screamed. ‘No, you tell us what’s wrong now.’

Maria spoke up to save her lover pain: ‘It’s because of what we had to do earlier, Master. Being made to... to make love to each other in front of those two friends of yours.’

The lads looked genuinely puzzled. ‘But you’re lesbians,’ Gary said. ‘You love each other. You screw each other at night. Didn’t you enjoy doing that?’

‘You came, I saw you,’ Jay said.

‘We came because we had no choice, Master,’ Bethany said wretchedly.

‘Being made to screw you... and screw other men is bad enough, Master,’ Maria said. ‘But we can try to think of that as just sex.... just physical. We knew that was going to happen. But what you made us do out there earlier felt so much worse! We never thought we’d be made to do that

to each other using that terrible dildo. To be made to play at being lovers for your customers' entertainment! It's too close to how we really feel. It was... opening up our private lives. It's confusing and frightening. It might have... contaminated our love... It might have destroyed us forever!'

'You won't understand now, Masters,' Bethany said. 'But if you ever really love someone then you will...'

Gary and Jay looked at them with curious interest but without comprehension. Then Gary said: 'Well we're not trying to break you up, but the deal is you do whatever we want until Friday. So if anybody asks to see you screwing each other again then you're going to screw, get it?'

Bethany and Maria miserably nodded.

Jay said unexpectedly: 'Look, we're making you do this, so you blame us if you want to. You're not being unfaithful or cheating on each other with another woman or anything. That shouldn't make any difference should it? Not if you really love each other?'

For a moment Maria and Bethany looked each other, wondering if there was sense in what he had said. But they were not allowed to think on it for very long.

Gary slapped Maria's breasts to get her attention again and then began to thrust into her once more, grunting as he did so: 'Look at it this way, if what you feel for each other can't take being our sluts then maybe it wasn't much to begin with. Wasn't that what you went to Brighton to find out? And why you had that bust up? But whether you split or stay together is up to you, not us or anybody who sees you screw. But until Friday what we say goes. And now we say we want to feel a bit more life in your cunts!'

Jay slapped Bethany again. 'I want to feel you squeezing my cock hard now!'

And with desperate sobs Maria and Bethany strove once more to serve their Masters' needs. And suddenly their pent-up fear and frustration was released as fierce orgasms overwhelmed them and, however briefly,

blotted out their fear and misery.

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Perhaps they had crested some mental hill of despair because, incredible as it seemed, by midday Wednesday their forced couplings on the plastic covered mattresses in the screwing tent felt as if they were becoming simply part of a strange routine.

Half way through the day Maria gave up trying to pin names onto the young men who use them. It seemed that Jay and Gary were the only real people they knew in the while world anymore: at least the world bounded by the quarry perimeter. They could respond to them but the rest were simply anonymous penises on legs.

That morning they served a faceless young man in a purple shirt and another in a yellow one, but the pair in the afternoon were simply a couple of eager, smirking, excited, swaggering, cocks. They were not real people. Maybe was easier this way. Maybe this was how they would last until Friday

The cocks could not even think of that many different ways to have them in the circumstances. They tied them down on their backs or on their fronts with eager trembling fingers and then rammed their straining penises into whatever orifice took their fancy. But mostly it was straightforward vaginal sex and Maria and Bethany gasped and moaned under them as they were pressed down deep into the mattresses while a young man bounced and jerked on top of them.

Sometimes they were pinched and slapped and paddled, but it was mostly a matter of accepting shafting with the least amount of pain and bruising. Their renters were so inflamed with desire that they usually came in a couple of minutes. Sometimes they recovered enough to have them for a second time within their allotted half-hour. By this time Bethany and Maria had become unwillingly aroused and felt the stirrings of instinctive passion within them. At least this caused them to be suitably juicy as advertised, but they did not achieve orgasms, only a lingering shameful desire for more.

Strangely it was the diversions in between the sessions organised by



Gary and Jay that were novel, degrading and sometimes frightening but always intense. At least they demonstrated their ingenuity. It had been a shrewd idea of theirs to arrange them to lure their customers into paying for extras. They had realized early on that half the fun of having sex slaves was playing games with them so they could enjoy their repeated submission and humiliation and not just the simple crude carnal delights their bodies unwittingly offered. It was all about power and mastery...

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Bethany lay on a blanket on the quarry floor with her wrists cuffed behind her and her legs pulled up and spread wide. An anonymous cock knelt across her chest facing her pussy and sighting between the “V” of her legs where several sheets from old newspapers had been laid out on the ground in a line away from her open pussy.

One of his hands was pressed flat down on her belly, which was feeling bloated by the half litre of water she had been made to drink a while ago. His other hand was working away at the dripping wet mouth of her pussy, tickling her clitoris into straining erection and making her groan with desperate mounting arousal. The stimulation combined with the pressure from her full bladder was becoming too much...

As he felt her coming to a climax the cock said: ‘Three, two, one... pee!’ at the same time pressing down hard on her stomach. Bethany whimpered as a jet of clear hot urine erupted from her pussy and spurted down the line of newspapers, mingled with a spray of her orgasmic juices as her urination combined with a shameful orgasm to boost its power.

It was a contest to see which of them could pee the furthest.

While Bethany’s cheeks burned with shame, Gary made a mark where the furthest drop landed. Then Bethany was lifted off the folded blanket and Maria was put down in her place...

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Maria grunted and snivelled as she strained against the strange intimate

tension in her pussy. Was there no end to the fiendish ingenuity of Gary and Jay's little "extras"?

Maria's arms were twisted painfully at the shoulders round behind her so she was holding them almost straight down to the ground with a little slack in the chain that linked her wrists, allowing her hand to spread. Her upper body, supported partly by her trembling arms, was parallel with the ground down to her knees which were bent so that she swayed on her high heels. Her bent legs were spread wide and half an old broomstick with hooks on its ends was clipped to her ankle cuffs to keep them that way. She was looking down between her trembling breasts at the rope emerging from the bulging mound of her pussy.

Its end stuffed up inside her had half a dozen large knots in it and it was to these that her sheath clung desperately. The middle section of the rope stretched tautly out between her thighs and across to Bethany's pussy which was plugged in the same way. Bethany, swaying on her cuffed hands and feet in the same exposed position as Maria, was in turn pulling back from her, trying to drag her across the line marked in the chalk between their feet or else rip her end of the rope out of her vaginal grasp.

It was a pussy tug of war.

A guest cock stood over each of them with a spanking paddle raised, shouting encouragement to their chosen champions as they shuffled back and forth. When they thought they needed additional motivation they smacked their paddles down on Maria and Bethany's red, wobbling, simmering breasts. Again and again hard nipples had been driven back down into their soft parent mounds only to spring back up again, while the cracks echoed about the quarry and the girls yelped and strained to obey their commands.

Between the pain and shameful exposure and unnatural stimulation, they could feel themselves losing control, and not just of the slippery knotted rope ends. Dribbles of female juices dripped from their bulging pussies and stained the ends of the rope. It was so terrible and degrading that it was exciting.

At last with a moan Bethany felt an orgasm overcome her and gasped

and swayed and bobbed her hips. As her juices spurted out of her distorted pussy she felt the slippery knotted rope popping out of her a knot at a time, its insidious intimate expulsion only adding to her sudden excitement. As it tore out of her with a wet jerk she lost her balance and sat down heavily.

Her cock cursed and spanked her breasts as a punishment, while Maria's cheered.

'The winner,' Jay declared, pointing at Maria.

'Best out of three?' Bethany's cock asked hopefully.

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On Thursday morning, in between being mounted in the screwing tent, Bethany and Maria took turns pulling their temporary cock masters around the track on a cart made of old pushchair wheels and bits of board. It was a rough and ready device but the cocks loved riding on it because of the way it was fastened to their chosen sluts.

A belt had been buckled about their waists, from the front of which a rope ran down between their legs, cutting deeply into their pussies and then back under their bottoms and down to a ring set in the front of the improvised cart. The cock riding on it had been given along a bamboo cane with a section of bicycle inner tube sliced into thongs on the end which he could flick across his pony's straining buttocks, urging her to run ever faster round and round the figure eight track, tottering on her high heels as they clattered across the chalk quarry floor. Soon their straining buttocks rolled red and sweaty between their waists belts and the tops of their stockings.

To make their progress more entertaining, their nipple bells had been clipped in place once more, so they jingled with mounting jollity as their breasts bounced and they sweated and strained to pull their loads. All the while the insides of their thighs became shiny with the juices seeping from their cruelly rope-rasped vulvas.

When their drivers decided they were ready they brought them to a halt, undid the towing rope and dragged them back to the screwing tent where

they enjoyed the delights of their sore and dripping pussy mouths.

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That afternoon Gary and provided their customers with another delightful way to humiliate their sex slaves.

They had set up waist high posts a few metres apart between which was strung a knotted rope glistening with grease. The girls, with their arms cuffed behind their backs, were made to straddle it facing each other, and then they were driven back and forth along it by smacks from spanking paddles so that it ripped forward and back through their sex lips.

As they met in the middle their breasts mashed together and they kissed as they had been commanded. This was made more painful by the sprigs of holly hung from their collar rings on strings so they hung level with their nipples. As they met they stabbed into each other's most tender breast flesh. And then they had to totter awkwardly backwards, ripping the rope through their pussies again until they reached the end posts. These were also decorated with sprigs of holly, which stabbed into their soft sweaty backsides.

The women yelped and flinched away and started off along the rope to their painful rendezvous once more...

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And then, after the most traumatic week of their lives, it was Friday morning.

Trembling with hope and fear Maria and Bethany knelt before Jay and Gary in their submissive postures, keeping their thighs wide and holding their breasts up for inspection, while their young masters looked sternly down at them.

'Now if you're good today then it's all over as we agreed, right?' Gary said.

'Yes, Master,' Maria and Bethany promised.

‘But you’ve got to give it all you’ve got,’ Jay warned them. ‘No slacking off until we tell you it’s done, right?’

‘Yes, Master,’ the girls said.

‘If you’re good then your families will never see those pictures of the two of you,’ Gary reminded them.

‘Yes, Master... thank you, Master...’

Their pitiful words of thanks grated in their own ears, but still they believe them. In a few hours they would be free!

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In between being screwed in the tent by their last pair of booked cocks, Maria and Bethany were used in a little game of sadistic target practice.

Jay and Gary bound them between their display posts, the tops of which were now linked by a heavy rope, with their arms and legs outstretched. Sprigs of holly had been hung from their nipple bells while old table tennis bats with extended handles padded with foam and bound with tape were pushed up into their vaginas, so that they hung vertically between their thighs. Rings of holly leaves were bound about the handles so that they nuzzled up against their pussy lips.

The cocks threw wadded balls of wet newspaper at Maria and Bethany which smacked painfully into their flesh. If it struck the sprigs of holly hanging from their nipples it drove them into the undersides of their breasts, which made them yelp and dribble about the gags balls in their mouths. If the shots struck their pussy bats hard enough then they bounced and flexed and twisted in their wet slots, digging the holly leaf spines deep into their delicate labia, and making them scream in pain even as spots of blood dripped to the ground beneath their trembling legs. A good hard on-target shot made them lose control of their bladders and wet themselves.

‘When we screw you again, are you going to be good hot sluts for us?’ the cocks called out to them.

Desperately they nodded their heads. Oh yes, they would be so very good...

The cocks laughed at their servile humiliation while Maria and Bethany's juices and urine dribbled down the pussy bat faces. As their tear-streaked faces burned with shame they wondered how such treatment could possibly arouse them? Surely they could not actually be enjoying it? No, it must be their growing anticipation of release.

When the women had been reduced to trembling wrecks, the cocks took them down and dragged them back to the screwing tent and then made them sob again as they rammed their revived penises between their sore pricked sex lips.

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After lunch Jay and Gary explained to Maria and Bethany how the afternoon would go.

'We've invited everybody who's had you so far to come back and buy a ticket for a little raffle. They'll be two winners who will get a free screw with you. To give them a bit of fun there's going to be a race first. We're taking bets on that as well. It's going to be a lot hotter than anything they can do online... '

'You be good and by this evening you'll be free,' Jay reminded them.

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Bethany and Maria sobbed and moaned and dribbled as they pounded around the figure of eight track that they had cleared on the quarry floor. When they had done it they had never imagined it would put such a use. Jay and Gary had planned well...

The track was ringed by all the masked and anonymous young men who had screwed them over the past five days. There were sixteen of them in all. Had they really been screwed by that number of men whose faces they had never seen and whose names they would never know? They were calling

out encouragement or insults or just shouting wildly at the most bizarre and erotic spectacle they had ever seen in their lives.

The women ran with broom handles jammed up their bottoms; the lower ends of which trailed across the ground, bouncing and skittering along and churning their upper tape-bound ends in their rectums, painfully and insidiously vibrating their vaginas' from within. Their nipple and labial bells jingled merrily as they ran. In addition they each carried one further terrible burden which was not immediately apparent, except perhaps from the look on their red-cheeked and sweat stained faces and a slight swelling of their lower bellies.

A dozen glass marbles were stuffed up their pussies, the weight of which shifted within them with every stride and which were only contained by keeping their sheaths tense. The winner was not necessarily the one who came first but by a time penalty system the one who still had the most marbles inside her when she crossed the finishing line. The cheering cocks had been taking bets on how many marbles each of their pussies contained at the end of the race. They had seen quite a lot of money change hands. No doubt Gary and Jay would get their cut. How much had their humiliation and sacrifice made them this week, Maria wondered briefly as she pounded round the track? But soon all such thoughts melted from her mind.

They raced along side by side for much of the time, with the lead constantly changing. Maria was stronger but Bethany had slightly longer legs. By lap eight they were dizzy with sweat and exhaustion and their vision was blurring. But collapsing was not option. They staggered on, dragging the broomsticks behind them, aware of the terrible jiggling and clicking of the marbles inside their vaginas agitated by the churning broomstick ends, and occasionally the strange feeling as one dropping out through their wet dripping pussy mouths.

And then there was a white tape held across the lap by Gary and Jay, and Maria stumbled across it a breast ahead of Bethany.

Jay and Gary led them rubber-legged across to a mat laid out by the track. As they were given water their legs were spread and the slippery marbles were squeezed and pulled out of their vaginas and counted, under the

intense gaze of the waiting cocks. Bethany had managed to keep one more marble inside her than Maria, which gave her a net penalty of five seconds.

‘Bethany is the winner!’ Gary said, to great cheers.

They had to be practically held up for the presentation when the boys pinned coloured winners’ rosettes with first and second place marked on them directly into the flesh of the upper slopes of their breasts. Bethany and Maria yelped feebly in pain, but what was one more pinprick when they would soon be free...

The two cocks who had won the lottery for their service took them to the screwing tent. They tied Maria and Bethany down securely for the fun of it but so exhausted were they that they did not have the strength to resist even if they had been unbound. Instead they lay there twitching and groaning feebly as their masked users pounded into them for the very last time...

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A couple of hours later all the cocks had gone home. Bethany and Maria had recovered from their exertions on the track and now it was time for a final screw from their masters before they were freed. Well that was only to be expected. But it soon became apparent that they were going to make it a special one...

They had fitted a beam of wood across the top of the display posts with sturdy rings hung from it to which Bethany and Maria’s cuffs were chained as they stood beneath it facing each other, stretching their arms up over their heads. This tension pulled them together so that their breasts touched. They looked into it other’s faces anxiously. Their mouths had being gagged by lengths of thick tape-bound rope so their teeth were bared. It almost looked as if they had been given something to bite on. What had the boys got planned for them they wondered, as they took hold of their legs and pulled them out wide and roped their ankles the bottom of the display posts so that their thighs were also pressing together.

Then, while Gary held their hips apart, Jay slid the big double-ended rubber hose dildo up into their pussies so they were both plugged and joined



together. It now had lengths of string tied to its middle which they ran up their bodies between their breasts and tied to their collar rings, ensuring the dildo could not slip out of them. They looked into each other's eyes and saw helpless desire begin to grow in them.

Then the boys stripped off until they were naked. Their stiff penises bobbed in front of them: the only cocks they had known for a week that belonged to owners with names and faces. How many times had they come inside them? Probably more than any men they had ever known before they found each other. Wasn't that shocking?

Gary and Jay picked up their spanking paddles and positioned themselves behind the girls with a bottom invitingly presented to each of them.

'You're going to screw each other again, just for us,' Gary told them. 'And we're going to spank you to make sure you do it properly. And then we're going to arse fuck you while you're still joined. And then you're going to thank us for giving you the greatest thrill you've ever known in all your rich, spoilt lives. Because if you can stay together after this, then you can stay together after anything...'

He spoke with excited anticipation and also a touch of bitterness. It was then that the women knew for certain that they were going their separate ways again, back to their different worlds. Maria realized that they knew nothing about Gary and Jay's lives outside the quarry. And now they never would...

Jay and Gary drew back their arms and swung the paddles across Maria and Bethany's bottoms. The women shrieked and bit on their gags as they jerked their hips away from the stinging blows and ground the dildo deep up inside each other. Their breasts squashed and slithered across each other with their hard nipples stabbing into their soft flesh. Then the paddles swished and smacked into them again, and again...

The bottoms were burning and their plugged pussy mouths were frothing as the dildo churned within them, mingling their juices as their matted pubic bushes rasped against each other. Their nipples throbbed as if

they were going to burst. There were biting on their gags in between sobs, dribbling their saliva down their cheeks onto their mashing breasts.

Swish, smack!

There were being given no time to think only to react. They were pressed up against each other's naked bodies and they were coupled intimately, so what else could they do? The blazing pain in their backsides which should have prevented any thought of pleasure was somehow turning into something else, merging with the growing heat in their loins. How had they ever had any doubts? It could not destroy their feelings for each other, nor could shame or embarrassment. In fact it was feeding their passion. They tried to kiss with their gagged lips, trying to speak about them to say what they really felt.

And then their pussies convulsed and sprayed their juices out over each other and the dildo as a wonderful simultaneous orgasm took hold of them and they burned with desire. And for a few moments their universe contained only each other and their love.

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When recovered again they realized Jay and Gary were already pressing up against their backs, each holding onto them hard as they rammed their stiff penises up into their greased bottom holes. The pressure within them from two hard cocks and the big rubber dildo was shocking and yet somehow darkly thrilling. They had not yet come down from their orgasmic high and now it was being stoked again. They looked into each other's dazed, bleary, incredulous eyes and realized they could not fight it, so they let their bodies surrender to the inevitable again...

As the boys thrust up into their bottoms they gasped huskily in their ears: 'This is how we want you to remember us... with our cocks up your rich backsides... and after we've come... you're going to thank us for everything we've done...'

They pumped into them harder and harder, bruising the women's anuses and grinding their hips across their sore bottoms. And it hurt and yet it

did not hurt. And the lust grew within them again and as the boys groaned and spurted their hot sperm up into their rectums, Maria and Bethany came once again.

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Afterwards the four of them clung together, numbed by raw passion, with female juices and sperm dripping from between their naked thighs. The boys, with their eyes shut, were hanging onto the sweaty, spread-eagled, tightly roped and doubly-impaled bodies of the naked captives, enjoying a moment that they did not want to end.

So it was that they had no warning when a man's voice suddenly spoke out clear and loud right beside them: 'Did you really think you could get away with this?'

**To be continued...**

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