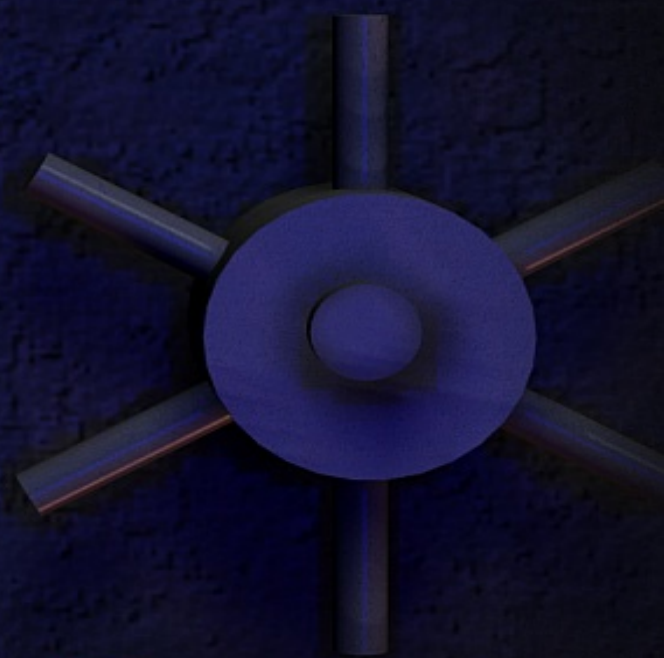




—THE—
PUSSY
VAULT



SIMON
GRAIL

THE PUSSY VAULT

Simon Grail

© Copyright, 2013 Simon Grail

The right of Simon Grail to be identified as the author of this book has been asserted in accordance with Section 77 and 78 of the Copyrights and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved.

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying, and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the written permission of the author.

All characters in this book have no existence outside the imagination of the author and have no relation whatsoever to anyone bearing the same name or names. They are not even distantly inspired by any individual known or unknown to the author, and all incidents are pure invention.

This electronic book published by 4Play Press

4Play Press is an imprint of Fiction4All

<http://www.a1adultebooks.com>

Chapter One

‘How desperate are you for a loan, Ms Latham?’ Pemberton asked. ‘And please be totally honest with me.’

‘Very desperate,’ Sue admitted.

‘Would it be true to say that your only other options are a payday loan company charging outrageous rates of interest, or perhaps an even more unsavoury loan shark?’

Sue bit her lip. ‘Probably.’

‘So we are in effect your last hope?’

‘Yes.’

He smiled. ‘Well, let’s see if we can avoid those unpleasant eventualities. Tell me in more detail how you lost your job...’

Pemberton was the “Loans and Assets” manager for Charnley’s Bank in Walbaston. His office was closed, not one of those open plan partitioned cubicles, and neat if rather old fashioned, with a large solid desk and frosted glass on the lower half of its windows. Pemberton himself was everything that you could have wished for in a person holding such a position: fifty-ish, soberly respectable, wearing gold rimmed spectacles and greying at the temples and exuding a quiet, assured manner. It was in keeping with the character of the bank. Charnley’s was a small chain, one of the last left that had not been swallowed up by the big banks. Sue had come to it because she had heard it took an “individual and personal” approach to finance.

Sue took a deep breath: ‘I was a project manager at Woodville, Burr and Hammond, the advertising agency, and I worked at their office just outside town. We’d just signed up Alex Rockley, of the Rockshop chain, as a client, which you can imagine was a major coup for the company. Actually I didn’t

like Rockley much personally, because he's aggressively bloke-ish, opinionated and self-confident. Maybe that's how he made all his money. Anyway, I put up with him right up to the moment he groped me at the party WB&H held to celebrate the deal.'

"“You may have hired my talent, but you haven't hired my bum!”” I said. Then I slapped him.

'It might have ended there but then I did a stupid thing. I spoke up about suspicions I had about the sourcing of some Rockshop products from dubious suppliers in the Far East which got leaked to the media. My bosses had to choose between keeping me or Alex and the Rockshop account and obviously they chose the money. I was dismissed on the grounds of disloyalty to the company and breach of client confidentiality. I considered appealing but a legal adviser said it was only an even chance I'd win.'

'You looked for other employment?' Pemberton asked.

'Of course, but by then my name was toxic in the advertising world so I had to try another line of work. I thought it wouldn't be too difficult. I mean I'm only twenty-five. But it seemed being fired like that counted against me and there were even younger graduates ready to take on similar positions for less than I had been getting. Of course there are always low paid jobs I was overqualified for but they wouldn't help me. After I got my job at WB&H and then quick promotion to a really good salary I bought a flat, a car and some other stuff. Our work was all about image and I felt I had to look successful. Unfortunately I'm still paying for them...'

'Yes, your liabilities are considerable,' Pemberton said.

He had already taken down the facts and figures of Sue's finances, including her credit and store card balances and added up what she owed. His desk screen still showed the alarming total.

'I never imagined things could fall to pieces like that,' Sue admitted bitterly. 'Now I don't want to lose everything I earned. I'm sure I can find work at my old pay scale if I just have a little longer. That's why I came to you. My own bank won't extend my overdraft any further. I need a temporary

loan to see me through the next few months.'

'Do you have any close family or friends who can assist you?'

'No. My parents split up a few years ago and neither of them has got any money to spare. I've got an older brother who lives in Canada but he's got a large family to support. Anyway I don't want to go begging to any of them. I want to sort this out myself because I know part of the reason I'm in this mess was my own pride. I was too proud of what I had achieved and too sure the company would support me over Rockley.'

But I won't make that mistake again. I'm ready to do anything, but it has to be for a decent wage...'

Pemberton steepled his fingers and looked at her thoughtfully, his probing eyes narrowing behind his spectacles. 'An interesting choice of words. Are you ready to sacrifice a little of your pride, now?'

Sue was not quite sure how to take this. 'Well I'm not afraid of getting my hands dirty, if that's what you mean. As long as the money's right.'

'I was not thinking of your hands getting dirty,' Pemberton said with a smile. 'Perhaps you might be suitable for one of our special loans... but you'll have to prove you mean what you say about being ready to do any work for a decent wage.'

Sue's heart leaped. 'I am!'

'But are you ready to prove it right now?'

'Yes!'

'I'm being serious, Ms Latham. 'We'd be investing a lot of money in you and you'd have to show you could repay it in full.'

'I promise you I can.'

He opened a drawer and took out a fat banded bundle of crisp fresh twenty pound banknotes which he laid on the desk. Sue goggled at in surprise

and shameful longing.

‘That’s a thousand pounds towards paying off your debts,’ he said. ‘It’s yours for free if you can prove your determination and suitability for our full offer.’

‘What full offer?’

‘First you must prove you are suitable.’

Sue blinked. This was a strange way of going about assessing her for a loan. Perhaps this was what “individual and personal” meant. But at least it seemed Pemberton thought she was worth the effort. ‘All right, what do I have to do?’

‘You do what I tell you to next. If you refuse or leave before I say then you forfeit the cash and any chance of a loan. Once again I remind you that this is deadly serious and that your future depends on your response. Do you understand?’

This was not like any bank meeting she had ever attended before, but she could tell Pemberton meant what he said. ‘Yes.’

‘Then strip off. I want to see you totally naked. You have one minute to obey...’ and he looked at his watch.

Sue gaped at him. ‘What?’

‘Strip off, Ms Latham. I want to see if you have what we are after under your clothes. Prove you meant what you said about being ready to get dirty and do anything... or leave and lose everything. Decide now. You have fifty seconds left... or are you still too proud?’

His expression was still totally sincere and business-like. He really meant what he said! And the money on the desk was terribly tempting. Sue felt sick and confused and helpless because she could not afford to refuse even this outrageous and insulting test of her character, or whatever it was. This was what real desperation tasted like. Beggars could not be choosers...

With her cheeks burning, Sue stood up, stepped aside from Pemberton's desk, and began to undress. A sense of detachment came over her as she removed her smart black business suit, silk blouse and expensive underwear, as if she was in a dream watching this happen to somebody else who looked like her. It had to be a dream because nobody made suggestions like this in a respectable high-street bank in real life...

And then she was standing naked in front of Pemberton and all her clothes were folded up neatly on the chair she had been sitting on. Then excruciating embarrassment rose up within her and she slid her hands across her breasts and pussy. Oh God what she done!

'Don't cover yourself, Ms Latham!' Pemberton said with quiet authority. 'A pretty body like yours was never meant to be concealed. Clasp your hands behind your neck and stand straight with your feet spread. Present yourself properly. You are a potential asset to the bank and it is my job to assess you fully...'

Miserably Sue obeyed, clasping her hands submissively behind her neck and opening herself to his gaze.

Working in advertising and knowing the value of outward appearance even ahead of intellect, Sue had taken care over keeping fit (her gym membership being another item on her list of debits) and maintaining a trim and supple body. She had a thick mane of brown hair and an even all over tan. Her face was a well-proportioned oval with bold straight brows, dark brown intelligent eyes and an appealingly up-tilted nose. Professionally whitened teeth showed between her shapely lips. Her high plump breasts were distinctly pneumatic with dark brown prominent domed nipples. Her waist was tight and she had a carefully trimmed wage of pubic hair over a smooth bare pudenda. Her legs were lean and her buttocks were strong under her smooth soft curves.

Even as she stood naked and trembling in the middle of this office, Pennington calmly walked round her, looking her up and down and nodding in approval. Then he picked up the wad of bank notes. 'Open your mouth,' he commanded.

In a daze Sue obeyed and he pushed the money into her mouth. She could smell its fresh ink. 'You drop it and you lose everything,' he told her. 'Now don't move...'

He cupped and weighed her hot breasts and pinched her nipples, which responded by hardening uncontrollably.

'Bend over', he told her and she obeyed.

He pried apart her bottom cheeks to examine the tight well-mouth of her anus and then slapped the soft hemispheres hard, watching the shivers ripple over her buttocks.

'Stand straight again...'

He ran his hand down between her thighs and rubbed her bare sex lips, sliding a finger into her slot to tickle the mouth of her vagina and the button of her clitoris. Sue's face contorted in shame and she snivelled and made tiny throaty whimpers, but she did not let go of the money.

Finally satisfied, Pemberton resumed his seat, leaving Sue standing naked before him, trembling slightly in fear and confusion, her cheeks burning, but still holding her display posture with the money clamped firmly between her teeth.

'Do you know how Charnley's has survived while so many other small banks around it were being absorbed by the big names?' Pemberton asked.

Sue shook her head.

'We capitalised on the supply and management of a particular type of natural resource that certain of our customers pay highly to borrow. It's something that never goes out of fashion, which some people say is an even safer investment than gold. I'm referring to attractive female bodies, like your own.'

A cold hand seemed to clutch Sue's heart. She should leave now... but that would mean losing the money...

‘We have clients who would pay a considerable sum for the temporary use of your body as a sex toy, a plaything or slave servant, call it what you like. That’s the asset we trade in. We operate a select and exclusive loan service whose commodity is female flesh.’ He turned to his computer. ‘These are a few still images from our catalogue. Of course, we have videos as well... ‘

He entered a code on his keyboard and turned the screen around to face Sue. On it flashed up a series of images of attractive naked bound women. They were suspended within a large open metal frame with their arms and legs spread out and cuffed to its corners, exposing every part of their helpless bodies. In addition to full figures shots front and rear, the sequences included close-ups of their breasts and buttocks and vulvas, together with head and shoulder images. Nothing was left to the imagination. There were black girls, brown girls, olive girls and white girls, with raven pubic bushes, blond bushes, red bushes and bare pubes.

But despite their individual physical differences, their vulvas had one thing in common. Each woman wore a large gold padlock threaded through holes pierced in their labial lips and each padlock was stamped with an individual number.

Yet even more shocking than this were the expressions on their faces. They were not smiling winningly at the camera, or looking coy, seductive or raunchy, as if they were posing for some men’s magazine. Each had a rubber bit clenched between their teeth and their faces were pleading and despairing and their cheeks were flushed and some looked as though they had recently been crying. It added a terrible dark undercurrent to their helpless exposure.

There were no names or any other details to accompany the images of each woman. They were identified only by a code number by each image that was preceded with the words: *PUSSY*... The same number as on the padlock that hung from their sex mouths.

As Sue gaped at this display of captive flesh in horror, Pemberton chuckled again. ‘They are given “Pussy” numbers for convenience and anonymity. Some of our employees have suggested the “plc” at the end of our name should stand for: *Pussy Loan Company*.’

With an effort Sue tore her gaze away from the screen to stare at Pemberton in disgust and disbelief. How could this eminently proper man possibly suggest such a thing? How could a high street bank, which had looked so respectable from the outside, possibly be engaged in such business? But to ask would mean opening her mouth and losing her money. She felt tears of despair welling up in her eyes. This was where her pride had got her...

Pemberton continued: 'We supply girls to our clients as required, who exercise total domination over them for the hire period and then return them. The pussies are not paid directly for their service. Like you they have debts which we have taken on and manage. When these debts are cleared, plus a reasonable profit for ourselves, they are released from their contracts.' He saw Sue's look of surprise at the word for he continued: 'Yes, we have contracts, Ms Latham. This is a properly managed business. We are not crude pimps, you know. Our pussy girls all understand exactly what is expected of them. It's part of our service. And I think that in your current circumstances it would be wise for you to become one of them.'

Fighting back her tears, Sue shook her head.

'Look at the matter dispassionately. If you refuse this offer what are your options? Will you end up in some pitiful job that will never clear what you owe? To avoid bankruptcy will you be forced to take up prostitution yourself perhaps, and have to fake affection for seedy and potentially dangerous clients? Yet you do have a pretty body which has commercial value if it is properly managed and we have many years' experience in this field. As a Charnley's Bank pussy girl, you don't have to pretend to enjoy what will be done to you, only endure it. And of course you'll have no choice but to do that. You see our customers want the fun of mastering unwilling girls. You are experiencing a taste of it right now, and do so most attractively, I can assure you.'

Sue swayed at the implications of this twisted compliment, thinking she was going to faint. Yet even as he spoke she felt a warm slickness seeping through her sex lips. What would it feel like to be used like that?

'If you became a Charnley's pussy girl you could tell your family and

friends you had taken a highly respectable job with our Customer Service division. However it will sometimes involve you disappearing at short notice for a few days or even a week at a time. But the pay is good and your position is far more secure than it was with your previous employer. What service you actually provide for our customers of course they will never know. Your reputation and character would be perfectly safe. Put yourself in our hands and we will take on your debt payments so you can keep all those luxuries you acquired, plus an allowance for day to day living expenses. Isn't that the best offer you can hope to get?'

The way he put it sounded so reasonable and for a moment the possibility thrilled her. Then she thought of the terrible price she would have to pay. Even the fact she was considering it was a measure of her desperation. She could spit the money out in his face and leave with her treacherous pride intact... but that would not pay the bills.

As she hesitated Pemberton said: 'Would you like to see a contract to know what would be expected of you as a flesh loan asset?'

That could not hurt. It would give her a little more time to think. She nodded.

'Lower your arms and bend over the end of my desk...'

Sue bent trembling over the desk, resting on her elbows. Her breasts brushed its cool red leather inlay. Her nipples were still hard... Pemberton took out a printed sheet of paper from the drawer and set it down on the desk in front of her together with a pen. He took the wad of banknotes from her mouth and put it down beside the contract.

'If you move from the desk before I give you permission, you lose everything. Now read the contract out loud, so I can be sure you understand...'

The contract already had her name at the top with her full address as well. Had Pemberton been checking up on her before she even arrived for her appointment? Had he known it would come to this before she even stepped through his door?

Pemberton moved round behind her and slapped her bottom hard. 'Begin!' he commanded.

Sue began to read falteringly: *'The undersigned (hereafter known as Pussy 37) grants full use of her body to Charnley's Bank plc for the exclusive use of its approved customers. She is to be available at all times of the day or night and either attend the branch or be ready for collection by bank representatives within one hour of notification of her being loaned...'*

Pemberton pushed her legs apart. She thought she heard a zipper. Oh God no! She must run now! But she seemed paralysed, losing her will to the terrible words of the contract.

'She will serve bank customers as required in their own homes or previously designated locations for loan periods of not less than one day and no greater than one week...'

Pemberton's hands clasped her hips as his hard cock head rubbed along the cleft of her buttocks and pressed against the slot of her sex mouth. Sue whimpered but she did not move. She kept reading:

'During these sessions they may inflict upon her any kind of sexual degradation, mental or physical use or misuse, (unless it will result in permanent harm); including but not limited to...'

Pemberton entered Sue, forcing his cock into her slippery vagina until he filled it to the hilt. He felt so big... She faltered. He slapped her buttocks again: 'Continue!'

'...enforced nudity, bondage, restraint and close confinement; corporal punishment...'

Pemberton began to ride Sue hard, thrusting steadily in and out, the head of his cock thudding into the head of her passage with bruising force.

'...including but not limited to caning, strapping, spanking, lashing; ordeals and challenges including but not limited to total immersion, electrical torture/ stimulation, hot waxing, enforced couplings...'

He bent over her, reached under her body and cupped and squeezed her heavy warm breasts, which were heaving and bobbing in time with his thrusts.

‘...with one or more members of either sex using all orifices, the insertion and use of electrical or mechanical devices to simulate vaginal, oral and anal sexual intercourse...’

He was kneading her breasts and flicking her hard nipples with his fingertips.

‘... both individually and simultaneously and the general application of pain by any means until it causes loss of control over her bodily functions...’

He pinched and twisted her nipples, bringing hot tears to her eyes and blurring the words so she had to snivel and blink to clear her sight.

‘During the period of this contract Pussy 37’s compliance will be enforced by all necessary means, electrical and mechanical...’

Pemberton was slamming in to her now, banging her hips into the desk side. Her pussy was dribbling over the polished wood.

‘Once entered into this contract cannot be cancelled except by the agreement of both parties, or until Pussy 37 has repaid her personal debts, including interest and maintenance costs, and in addition has earned the bank the sum of £100,000 in body loan fees.’

Pemberton hunched over her, impaling her on his shaft. ‘Sign it, Ms Latham... Let us take care of you... or risk being ruined!’

It was then Sue realized she had no choice. There was no other way she was going to save herself.

Sue signed her name shakily even as he rammed into her, signing away her freedom and the rights to her body, becoming a piece of property and committing herself to pain and shameful degradation. And then Pemberton came inside her.

He lay across her back for some moments, savouring his mastery of her body as his sperm began to drip out of her cleft and down her thighs. And then he whispered in her ear: 'Welcome to Charnley's plc, Pussy 37.'

Chapter Two

Sue felt soiled and wretched and utterly lost. And into this confusion Pemberton's words flowed, filling her mind even as his masterful cock still filled her pussy.

'Whether the contract you have just signed has any meaning in law is irrelevant. Charnley's will honour it and we will ensure you fulfil your part. I gave you the chance to leave and you did not take it. Now you are bound by it. You may hate what we are going to make you do but then you did come here hoping we would solve your problems and this is a solution. If your pride was really the most important thing in your life you would never have stripped, never have held a bundle of money in your mouth like a gag, never have let me humiliate you like this. But you did and you belong to us now, and I'm going to make your obedience easier by removing your freedom of choice. You may never admit it but secretly you want this as well. From now on we will control you as we do any other asset in our possession. From now on you are just a piece of pussy flesh and I am your manager. You will call me "Sir", obey me without question and treat me with respect at all times, do you understand?'

'Yes, Sir,' Sue choked out meekly.

Pemberton pulled out of her aching pussy, dribbling her juices on the carpet. With his cock still exposed he took from his drawer a choke chain leash. He looped one end about her neck and gave it a tug, as though bringing a dog to heel.

'Kneel, Pussy 37,' he said.

Obediently Sue slid off the desk and went down onto her knees.

'Open your legs wider than that,' he told her. 'While naked you will show your pussy off properly at all times.'

Sick with shame Sue shuffled her thighs wider until her sore wet pussy mouth gaped. Pemberton stood between her spread knees with his soiled shaft hanging before her eyes.

‘Lick me clean,’ he commanded.

Wretchedly, Sue obeyed, forcing her lips and tongue to suck and lap his spent sperm and her juices from his shaft. Now she had the taste of him in her mouth as well as burning in her vagina. How had she become so filthy so quickly? Was this how it was going to be from now on?

When Pemberton was satisfied he said: ‘Now use your hair to dry me.’

Biting her lip Sue awkwardly gathered up a handful of her hair and rubbed it over his cock.

‘Are you feeling properly humiliated and degraded right now?’ he asked.

‘Yes... Sir,’ Sue admitted in a feeble voice.

‘Good. That’s how it’s meant to be. Our clients will pay good money to have you in a position like this so they can enjoy your shame...’

When he was dry he tucked his penis away again and once more appeared to be the perfect bank manager. He tugged on Sue’s leash. ‘Follow me on your hands and knees, Pussy 37,’ he commanded. ‘You will not stand upright until I tell you...’

He led her across the room to a door with red leather inlaid panels opposite from the plain wood one she had come in. She shuffled after him like a dog.

The door opened onto a short corridor that ended in a pair of sliding doors with an access keypad beside them. The doors bore what seemed to be a soft abstract “V” shaped chevron pattern on them with a narrow sharper rippling form running up its middle like an aerial view of a river valley. And then Sue realized that it was a hugely magnified image of a bare vulva

rendered in tones of steel grey.

‘This is what we like to call our pussy vault,’ Pemberton said as he punched a code on the keypad. ‘In here we store your details, advertise your availability to our clients, process loan requests and orders, monitor your location and control all your activities. Although you are not physically kept in this room, this is where we in effect contain you on behalf of our customers, ensuring that you are on call twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week to service their pleasures.’

The doors slid open, parting the image of the huge vulva down the middle, and she shuffled after him inside.

Within was a windowless room lined with white acoustic tiles and floored with rubber and illuminated by uplighters. There was a desk and computer console, a tripod with a camera mounted on it and a large metal cabinet. There was also a device comprising a pair of asymmetric horizontal metal bars standing about head high, capped at each end by large knurled wheels and supported by vertical metal struts. The struts rose from out of a pair of larger hollow posts mounted on a low wheeled solid base, over which was placed a low padded bench. Heavy rubber and metal cuffs hung on chains from the ends of the horizontal bars while a crank handle projected from the side of one of the supporting posts.

Pemberton led Sue to the frame. ‘Sit on the bench and lift and spread your arms and legs,’ he told her.

He cuffed her wrists and ankles to the ends of the bars, with her wrists cuffed to the higher bar and ankles to the lower. Then he turned the wheels on the bar ends with a clicking of internal ratchets so that the bars rotated, reeling in some of the slack chain until she was sitting on her buttocks with half her weight supported by her up-stretched limbs. This posture exposed her groin, displaying the pout of her sex mouth and the pucker of her anus.

Pemberton went to the cabinet and took several items out that he set down on the bench in front of Sue, so she could see them through the “V” of her spread legs. There was a rubber gag bit, a pair of surgical steel pliers with oddly shaped jaws, a box of golden metal eyelets, a small plastic bottle with a

thin flexible hose nozzle, a bottle of antiseptic and some cotton swabs and a golden padlock with a number 37 on it. It had a combination lock she now saw.

‘What I’m going to do to you next will hurt of course,’ he told her, ‘so it would be best if you had this in your mouth.’ He held up the rubber gag bit and pushed it between her lips before she could protest. He pulled its elastic strap over her head, holding it firmly in place. ‘Don’t try to be brave. Make as much noise as you want. Nobody can hear you in here. Remember we want to see you suffer. That is what a Charnley’s pussy girl is for. Biting on the bit may help...’

By now Sue was squirming fearfully, grinding her bottom on the padded bench as she swayed beneath her up-stretched limbs. But she was totally helpless.

There was a recess in the bench top under her and from it Pemberton extended a small bracket with a fat rubber plug mounted horizontally on its tip. This he pushed into the tight pucker of Sue’s anus and screwed it tight until her bottom was secured and she could squirm about no more.

He stroked her smooth sex lips below her wedge of pubic curls. ‘You have well shaped pudenda,’ he observed. ‘But they’ll look even prettier when they are properly pierced and padlocked...’

Sue shook her head and tried to scream: ‘No!’ about her gag bit. But of course he took no notice.

He wiped her inner and outer pussy lips clean with the antiseptic and then took up the pliers. One jaw had what looked like a curved metal tooth and the other ring hole.

Carefully positioning them about her inner labia level with the mouth of her vagina he squeezed the pliers shut. Sue felt a stab of agonising pain and shrieked and clamped her teeth about her bit. The pliers sprang open again leaving a neat hole pierced through her tender flesh. Quickly Pemberton mopped the blood away and then squeezed some fluid from the small plastic bottle into the fistula he had made, taking some of the sting from it.

‘This is an anaesthetic coagulant,’ he explained. ‘It will help the piercings heal quickly. ‘It’s designed to work with these...’ He held up one of the small golden flange – ended tubes. ‘Gold anodised titanium flesh tunnels. They’ll hold your piercings open so anything required can easily be threaded through them...’

He pushed it into her pierced labia, making her gasp once again. The rounded flanged lip ends curled over the outsides, holding the tunnel in place. Then he pierced her other lip and fitted it with a matching flesh tunnel.

Piercing her plump thicker outer labia hurt far worse and tears streamed down her cheeks, but Pemberton ignored her muffled screams as he drove the piercing point of the pliers through her flesh, flushed out the holes he had cut through her and then fitted longer flesh tunnels in place.

By the time he was done Sue had been reduced to a trembling, snivelling wreck, but she had four holes cut through the lips of her pussy mouth, each held open with a gold tube and aligned in a neat row on either side of her vaginal mouth. They were no longer bleeding but they throbbed and stung and burned. She just wanted to crawl away and hug herself and press ice against her poor pussy mouth, but there was no let-up in her suffering.

Pemberton took up the padlock and threaded its hoop through the eyelets in her flesh and snapped it shut so that it hung down from her pussy mound, making Sue whimper once again as its weight tugged on her freshly pierced flesh. Then he cleared away the piercing tools and pulled the bench out from under her, leaving her dangling from her wrist and ankle cuffs. Moving to the side of the frame he turned the crank handle. The supporting struts carrying the bars rose upward out of their slots in the posts. When the upper one was over head high the lower one hinged outward and down, unfolding Sue’s body and stretching it out flat and wide. It had become the frame in which the girls in the catalogue photographs were imprisoned! And now she hung within it just like they did, with an agonised fearful face and her freshly pierced pussy hung with a terrible padlock bearing her new identification number.

Pemberton positioned the camera on its tripod in front of Sue that so her whole body was included within its field of view.

‘Now I’m going to record you for our catalogue,’ told her. ‘We find it’s best to do it immediately after initiation and piercing. It captures your vulnerability and the rawness of your feelings and shows our customers the fun they can have if they handle you properly. Remember, you don’t have to try to be brave or respond in any way that does not feel natural. We want you to suffer attractively. That’s what you’re here for. I’ll edit it afterwards to select the best live-action and still images.’

Leaving Sue to stare in horror at the camera lens, he went to the cabinet again and took out a black cloth executioner-style hood which he put on so that only his eyes were visible through its slots. Then he took out something that looked a little like an oversized flyswatter with a black rubber blade dotted with silver studs and a thick chunky handle with a switch mounted on it.

He swished it through the air in front of Sue. ‘This is an electric spanking paddle,’ told her. ‘It allows for the fun of brisk spanking combined with the extra sting of electric shocks. It’s very stimulating without leaving any lingering marks. I’m going to use it on you now while I film your responses. Don’t hold back. I want to see you crying in pain so that our clients know how prettily you can suffer for them...’

With the camera running Pemberton positioned himself behind Sue and swung the paddle across her buttocks. Sue shrieked in pain from the sharp smack of rubber on her bottom cheeks multiplied by the hot stabbing of its electrified studs that seemed to drive into her flesh like needles. At the same time this stab of current stimulated her muscles into a convulsive twitch that jerked her hips wildly and made her breasts heave and her body flutter helplessly and rattle the chains within her imprisoning frame.

Swish, smack, crack and flash! The electric paddle filled her with pain. And helplessly she responded, shrieking and sobbing and writhing, biting on her gag in between her cries, saliva dribbling from the corners the mouth over her chin and onto her heaving breasts, mingling with splashes from her tears. Pemberton worked his way methodically around her body, beating her from every direction, moving the camera as necessary so every detail was captured. Her buttocks rippled and her breasts were flattened and made to jiggle and bounce. Even her padlocked pussy did not escape its rain of blows,

driving the hard metal into her soft, sore, wet-cleft flesh mouth while filling it with electric needles. This last assault was too much for her and she lost control of her bladder, peeing onto the rubber floor. The camera captured this humiliation as well.

After what seemed an eternity Pemberton finally switched off his terrible spanking paddle. Sue hung limply within the frame, shivering and trembling spasmodically as memories of multiple electric shocks still tingled within her. Her body was mottled with pink blotches from the paddle blows. Her cheeks were red and streaked with tears and her padlocked pussy mouth dripped with urine and a helpless exudation of lubricating fluids.

Pemberton spoke for the benefit of the recording. 'This is our latest acquisition: Pussy 37. Would you like to borrow this pretty, and, as you have seen, deeply unwilling piece of pussy flesh? The usual terms and conditions apply...'

Pemberton switched off the camera, pulled out Sue's bit gag and fed her water from a plastic bottle. Even after what he had done to her she gulped it down gratefully and even choked out a pitiful: 'Thank you, Sir...'

There was no room left in her for pride now. She must be grateful for every consideration.

He unhooked the padlock from her bruised and sore vulva. For a moment she thought that at least one source of her pain and humiliation had been removed. But it was only replaced with something even worse.

From the cabinet he took out a U-shaped device that looked like two ribbed dildos, one slightly slimmer than the other, linked by a narrow curving arm from which hung two loops of thick golden wire. He held it up for her to see.

'This is a remote pussy control unit. It contains batteries and a GPS transmitter. It will ensure you remain within our control even outside this vault. The wires also have titanium cores which can't be cut by any tools

you're likely to find. They can only be unlocked by a signal we send it. After all, you are a valuable bank asset now and we can't have you getting cold feet or running off, can we?'

'No, Sir,' Sue agreed miserably, her eyes widening in horror.

Pemberton stood between her spread legs and slid the device up into her so that the slimmer phallus went into her rectum and the fatter one filled her vagina. She groaned as she was doubly plugged. He pushed the thing hard up into her until her sphincter closed about the tapered neck of rear phallus and only the narrow curving bridge showed between her plugged orifices, dangling its golden wires. He unplugged one end of each wire from its locking socket and fed it through the flesh tunnels in her left outer and inner labia's and then reconnected it. Then he did the same for the other wire, threading it through her right set of labia. Now the device was locked into her. To remove it she would have to rip out her piercings.

He went to the computer console and tapped a few keys. Sue shrieked and jerked in her chains again as stabs of electric fire seemed to fill her pussy lips.

'I should have mentioned it also contains a punishment setting. This is what you will feel if you do not obey our commands. Do you understand?'

'Yes, Sir I understand,' Sue choked out.

'And will you be a good pussy and do what you're told?'

'Yes, Sir, I'll be a very good pussy, Sir,' Sue promised wretchedly.

It was half an hour later that Pemberton ushered Sue out through the front hall of Charnley's Bank. She was respectably dressed once more and outwardly perfectly normal, except perhaps for a slight stiffness in her walk, a haggard look about her eyes and an odd flush on her cheeks. No one could have told that she was now naked under her skirt with her panties in her pocket. She also carried a black holdall that she had not had with her when

she had entered the bank a few hours before.

At the front door Pemberton shook hands with her and said aloud: ‘Goodbye, Ms Latham. I hope you will enjoy doing business with us...’

It was a fifteen minute walk from Charnley’s to Sue’s flat in Palmerston Road, which was the top floor apartment in a tasteful conversion of an old Regency town house, but Sue hardly remembered a step of it. The ever present pressure and weight of the pussy control device within her and the dull throb of her pierced labia exposed to the air dominated her thoughts, as was the memory of what she had been made to do. She was not the same person who had set out filled with desperate hope earlier that morning. It was true that one set of worries had almost magically been lifted from her, but only to be replaced by prospects of a new life of shame and misery.

Could she possibly do what Pemberton expected of her? Submit herself to the sick desires of Charnley’s clients for their sadistic pleasure? Of course that was the point of the device within her and the things she carried in her holdall. They would ensure that she had no choice but to obey. Outwardly to anybody who passed she must still look like a confident, successful young woman. They did not know that she was now virtually a sex slave allowed only the illusion of freedom on the end of an invisible electric chain.

Back in her flat she made herself a mug of strong coffee. She desperately wanted a shower to wash herself as clean as possible and then put an ice pack on her sore pussy, but she had her instructions and already she dreaded the consequences if she did not obey them to the full. She was already thinking like a submissive pussy girl. Pemberton had taught her well in those few hours.

She went through to her bedroom and put the holdall down on her bed and opened it up. The first thing she took out was a brand-new laptop computer with the Charnley’s Bank crest stamped on it. She opened it up, plugged it in and set it out on her dressing table. In a minute it had booted and made its pre-programmed connections and Pemberton’s face appeared on the screen.

‘There you are, Pussy 37,’ he said. ‘Why aren’t you kneeling?’

Sue felt a warning tingle in her labia and hastily went down onto her knees submissively before screen. ‘Sorry Sir,’ she said.

There came another warning tingle. ‘What about your legs!’

‘Sorry, Sir,’ Sue said again, desperately hitching up her skirt and shuffling her thighs wide so that she bared her pierced, wired and plugged sex mouth to the laptop camera.

‘That’s better,’ Pemberton said. ‘That is how you will present yourself every time you talk to me in future. This connection is scrambled both ways and is completely secure and private so you need not have any inhibitions about what you show me, is that understood?’

‘Yes Sir,’ Sue said.

‘Good. Now I’ll guide you through the procedure for changing your pussy controller for your control collar...’

Following his directions, Sue unpacked the holdall and laid several items out on her bed. Some of them were distinctly alarming. The first was a charger unit she plugged into a mains socket which would recharge the batteries in her pussy controller and a collar that she would wear in its place while she was inside the flat. Outwardly it looked like a broad thick fabric band that might be an elaborate choker for an evening dress. It could be concealed by a roll neck jumper or scarf. Within it was reinforced with more titanium wire and contained batteries, capacitors and a link to her new laptop. Its inner face was studded with electrodes which would shock her if she tried to remove it without permission.

Sue put it on and snapped its concealed lock catches about her neck. Only then she was able to un-plug the pussy and rectal control unit wires, unthread them from her pierced labia and gratefully if painfully pull the device out of her orifices with wet sucking pops. She wiped the dual plugs clean and then plugged it into the charger unit. Then she examined her collar in a mirror. It looked deceptively innocent.

‘It is waterproof and fully washable,’ Pemberton told her. ‘You will wear it at all times you’re not fitted with the pussy controller.’

‘Please Sir, why Sir?’ Sue asked. ‘I’m not going to run anywhere. Really.’

‘But we can’t take that chance. All our pussy girls are advertised as being ready for delivery within a couple of hours of a request being made and we never let our customers down. We must know where you are and be able to collect you without delay. That is why you will keep your new phone with you at all times. If you do not respond to our call within thirty seconds we will activate the punishment circuits of your pussy or collar devices.’

Sue examined the mobile phone that had come in the holdall. It also had a Charnley’s crest on it. A contact number for Pemberton was already in its directory. ‘But isn’t this enough, Sir?’ she protested as forcefully as she dared.

‘Your will, resolution and determination will be tried to the limits when you are on loan, especially in the first few months before you acclimatise.’ Pemberton said. ‘It is possible that you will be moved to try to something foolish. Therefore it is simpler if we removed that possibility, and the temptation, from the start. You must also become used to being under continuous control and observation. It will help you through the transition between a call and your passing into the control of our delivery service. That’s the time you’re most likely to panic and resist. It will help if you know that it will be totally futile. Now, you will install the other items as I direct so this flat becomes a suitable residence for a pussy girl...’

Under Pemberton’s direction, Sue installed other items from the bag. These were miniature CCTV cameras concealed within what looked like electrical adapters that plugged into standard wall sockets. She placed them all round the flat, even in the bathroom, where there was one made to fit the built-in shaver socket by the basin mirror. It even had a little speaker through which Pemberton could communicate with her

‘Don’t I get any privacy at all, Sir?’ she begged.

‘No,’ Pemberton said simply. ‘You belong to us now and we like to keep a close watch on our assets. Your health and well-being are of the greatest importance to us. We must be sure you are eating properly and keeping yourself clean. We shall start now with you using the toilet.’

‘No, please don’t... uhhh!’ Her collar had stabbed electric needles into her throat.

Hastily she lifted the toilet seat, pulled up her skirt and squatted down on it.

‘What have I told you about your knees, Pussy 37?’ Pemberton said.

Wretchedly Sue pulled her thighs wide and screwed up her eyes and forced herself to empty her wastes into the bowl, burning with shame as she felt every detail of this intimate process being watched.

‘Don’t worry, you’ll soon forget that they’re there...’ Pemberton’s disembodied voice came eerily from the shaver socket.

Sue could not believe that was possible, but she knew it was futile to argue. They had stolen her freedom and now they were stealing her privacy.

As she wiped her pussy mouth clean with toilet tissue her fingers brushed over her pierced labia and she winced. How long before she got used to that she wondered? If she had been alone she would have cried, but she would not let herself go in front of Pemberton. She must try to hold on to some shreds of self-respect.

Eventually all that was left in the holdall were some sinister items that Sue had to fit to her bed, clamping and screwing them to its brass frame, and then arrange for their transformers and power cables to plug into the mains. There were sets of remotely operated cuffs and a pair of devices on the bedposts with long arms ending in electric spanking paddles. Last there was a device the size of a shoebox clamped to the middle of the footframe which had various accessories that could be plugged into it. Now it held an expanding rod running up the bed tipped by a twin-pronged power dildo. Everything was remotely controlled by Pemberton who looked across the bed

from the laptop screen which he had directed Sue to move to her bedside table.

‘Now we shall give the system a full test,’ the Pemberton said. ‘You’re going to be spanked and stimulated until you cum. This is going to be something you’ll have to get used to so your acclimatisation will start now. Undress...’

Biting her lip Sue obeyed, stripping down to her collar.

‘We don’t want you disturbing the neighbours so you had better gag yourself,’ he commanded.

The holdall had contained a heavy rubber strap and plug gag which she buckled about her face was trembling fingers. A broad strap went across her lips and cheeks, on the inside of it which was a fat rubber plug which filled her mouth.

‘Lie on the bed and secure your arms and legs to the lower cuff sets.’

She climbed onto the bed and spread her legs out. She pulled the cuffs on their extending cables out from their mounts on the foot of the bed and clamped them about her ankles. Then she lay back and clipped her wrists to the cuffs trailing from the lower sets on the head of the bed. The motors within them came on, pulling the cuff cables taut and spreading her out into fleshy starfish. The rod on the vibrator device extended, probing for her pussy mound. Its main shaft eased up into it, painfully spreading her pierced labia, while an upper finger curled over her slot. It had a spiked wheel mounted upon it. This ground through her slot and across her clitoris, making her yelp into her gag.

The vibrator in her vagina began to buzz and pump and the wheel began to roll back and forth along her slot, delivering little sparks of electricity. Her eyes bulged and she squirmed and moaned.

The power spankers mounted on the bed head posts came on. Their shafts swung about downwards until the paddle’s rested on her trembling naked breasts. Then they began to flick up and down, smacking into her

defenceless mounds, grinding her hard nipples into their soft flesh pillows even as they delivered their stabbing needle-like shocks.

‘This is just a taste of the way our customers are going to use you,’ Pemberton said from the screen as she writhed and moaned. ‘You’re going to be their plaything, their fuck toy, their living, crying doll. The more you struggle and show fear and shame, the more they’ll enjoyed misusing you. That’s your purpose in life from now on so you better get used to it...’

She was trapped between pain and pleasure and utterly helpless. Her flat had become an extension to the pussy vault. Charnley’s power now held her in its grasp even in her own home.

Her breasts stung and burned even as her pussy felt hot and swollen and flowed with her juices. Every flinch and twitch she made only drove the dildo deeper inside her, tugging at her piercings. She screamed about her heavy gag, at least able to give vent to her shame and rage freely, even if what came out was muffled and feeble.

On and on it went with Pemberton’s face looking down at her intently. Was he getting a kick out of this? Did he enjoy torturing his helpless victims? Presumably that was a requirement of his job. Assets and loans manager! How innocuous that it sounded. Now she understood the assets and loans were all helpless parcels of female flesh.

‘Come on, Pussy 37,’ Pemberton said. ‘You’ve got to find your way through this...’

Her only escape was to cum, but how could she respond with an orgasm to this kind of brutal treatment?

She had to let herself go, to surrender to shame and pain and relentless stimulation. She had to accept it and embrace it... This was going to be normal from now on. Somehow she to let it master her, to drive her and lift her to... And then it came in a rush that seemed to burst her loins and for a few seconds all her guilt and fears were swallowed up by a huge orgasm that made her hips drum so hard that the bed frame shook.

When Sue recovered from her post-orgasmic stupor the clamps had released her wrists and ankles and the twin pronged vibrator had withdrawn. Her hot, spanked and shocked breasts simmered and tingled. A dark stain was spread across the sheets between her thighs. It had been a huge orgasm brought on by the intensification of her sexual responses through fear, pain and humiliation. She had felt so impossibly dirty that for a few seconds her values had flipped in her mind and bad became good. Now she realized how sick it had been. Still an orgasm was an orgasm and she clung to its afterglow as the only good thing about this nightmare day.

‘Well done, Pussy 37’ Pemberton said. ‘I’m sure you will be an excellent asset to the bank. We shall allow you two weeks for training and for your pussy piercings to heal. Then you will be advertised as available for loan to our customers. I shall talk to you again this evening...’

Pemberton’s face vanished from the laptop screen to be replaced by something that was a message of both hope and fear that perfectly encapsulated her new life with its illusion of freedom. It was a tiled array of financial statements, including her regular bank account, store, credit and debit cards and her building society mortgage repayment schedule. They had all recently been updated. Her bank account showed a thousand pounds had just been paid into it. All her other regular payments had been made with the interest owing and a portion of the capital paid off each one. For this month at least she did not owe anybody anything. Well, not quite anybody... At the end there was a statement that she had never seen before. It was her new account with Charnley’s opened that morning showing what she owed them. In two weeks’ time she would begin to pay that off with the only asset she had that was worth anything any more: her body.

Chapter Three

Over the next two weeks Pemberton trained Sue for her new life over the laptop link and through the devices in her flat that now connected her to the bank. Soon he was controlling nearly every aspect of her life. Whether it was inside her flat or in the town, she now had to live by Charnley's rules. In a way she supposed it was reassuring because it meant they did care about her health and well-being, even if it was strictly as a potential money earning asset.

It began with her diet. Every meal she prepared for herself Pemberton had to approve of. Her appearance was now a matter of commercial interest and he was not going to allow her to wallow in an orgy of comfort eating to distract her from fear of what was to come, much as she would have liked to. She had to eat balanced meals and keep count of her calories.

For the same reason she had to exercise every day. Inside the flat as she did so naked in front of the concealed cameras or his face on the laptop screen. She had a set number of exercises and repetitions to run through and he did not allow her to evade them. A warning tingle from her control collar was all it took to encourage her to keep going. Afterwards she weighed herself naked and Pemberton noted the results.

She was also exercised sexually. Once a day she had to strip and chain herself to her bed and let the spanking paddles and various stimulator box attachments do their worst under Pemberton's watchful camera eye. And so she sweated and dripped and bucked and sobbed into her muffling gag as she was penetrated and beaten until she came.

'A Charnley's pussy girl has no inhibitions about expressing her pain, humiliation and arousal as is appropriate, without her responses being dulled by overstimulation.' Pemberton explained as Sue lay exhausted on her bed after another enforced orgasm. 'Ultimately our clients will expect you to show your appreciation for their efforts by coming repeatedly, but obviously unwillingly and not too soon.'

The terrible thing was Sue was finding she could not resist her orgasms. In fact she almost welcomed them. It was her only option left, her only means of blotting out however briefly the pain and shame she felt. Was that abnormal or was that how any woman would react in her situation? Before this, sex games involving bondage and corporal punishment had held no appeal for her. Now she was worried her conditioning might make it impossible for her to enjoy normal sex again.

An illusion of normality was required from her in other aspects of her life, however.

‘When not training or on loan you will maintain as ordinary a lifestyle as possible, Pussy 37,’ he told her.

So she was encouraged to go out to the shops, visit the cinema or walk around the local park, although of course she had to do so with her terrible pussy and rectal controller fitted. At least out of her flat she did not feel quite so closely observed, although she was acutely aware her every movement was being tracked and Pemberton could call on her bank phone at any time.

With a sanitary towel padding the crotch of her shorts to prevent her pussy wires from showing she could go to her health club and even use its pool. Her new internal fittings were completely waterproof. After her initial hesitation, finding it hard to ignore the weight of the plugs within her and their intimate connections to her labia, she decided that if Charnley’s was now paying her club membership then she might as well take full use of it.

Hard exercise also tired her out and helped her sleep at night. The first few days after signing her life away to Charnley’s she hardly slept at all and she was plagued by nightmares of what was to come. The club was a distraction and it gave her an opportunity to socialise with other members she had got to know slightly before she had lost her job at WB&H. For brief intervals it was almost possible to forget what she had now become.

However it also highlighted the sad fact that she had no close friends in Walbaston except those who worked for WB&H, most of whom had distanced themselves from her following her embarrassing dismissal. She had wrapped herself up in her work at the cost of a full social life. She had even

used it as an excuse not to find a serious boyfriend. Now she told herself it was a blessing in disguise as it would mean fewer awkward explanations and excuses for her to make when she started disappearing at short notice.

But she still had her old friends and family beyond the town and if she wanted to maintain the pretence that everything was normal she had to update them on her new situation. They were of course all delighted to learn she had found a well-paid position with the bank. It took an effort to sound as enthusiastic about it as they would expect while giving little details away about her fictitious new job. However as Pemberton had instructed she did explain that there would be times when she would be out of touch while she was away on “bank business”. They seem satisfied with that.

Meanwhile her secret conditioning and training continued as she prepared her body for the suffering to come.

Every day under Pemberton’s camera eye she had to sit naked on her bed with her legs spread so that he could see how her piercings were healing. How she hated the things and wished she had the courage to rip them out. But instead she had to apply ointment he had provided to the flesh tunnels and work it into the fistulas in her flesh. The first few days had been extremely painful, but gradually they get less tender. That was a small mercy. But it also meant she was one step closer to her first loan when presumably the things in her pussy lips would be put to the ultimate test.

They already served to teach her about confinement. Every night she slept with wires running up from the big stimulator box clamped to the foot of her bed between her legs and looped through her labia. If she pulled on the wires they automatically gave a warning shock. It was though she was wired directly through the electrical circuit of her house and by the internet to the pussy vault in the bank.

But perhaps the strangest thing was, as Pemberton told her on the first day, she was acclimatizing to this strange new lifestyle. For longer intervals of time, especially when she was watching something on television or listening to music, it was possible to forget there were cameras all around her in the flat and the collar she wore contained electric punishment circuits. By being made to play the part of a person living a normal life she was beginning

to convince herself that it was true.

And then came the morning when she was woken by her bank phone at 6.30. As she reached for it she realized this was the fourteenth day since her transformation into a potential sex toy...

‘Your details were sent out at six o’clock this morning to our selected customers and as I suspected there have already been several responses from early risers,’ Pemberton told her. ‘We’ll start you on day loans first and work you up to the full week. Fortunately the first one was one of our regulars with traditional tastes who will I’m sure do an excellent job of breaking you in. You have been loaned to him for today. You have half an hour to get yourself ready. At seven you will go down to the alley at the back of the flats wearing your pussy controller and dressed in casual clothes. Take nothing else with you except your keys. A Charnley’s van will be waiting for you. You will enter it and obey all instructions given to you by our operative, who will have complete control over you during the journey to our customer’s house. When he’s finished with you this evening they’ll bring you back home.’

As Sue felt sudden sick fear clenching her stomach, she asked foolishly, in an attempt to maintain some sense of normality: ‘But what should I do when I get there? Who is he?’

Pemberton chuckled. ‘There is no script, except that you are going to be made to suffer entertainingly. You do whatever he requires you to do, Pussy 37. That’s what you’re for. For today you’ll know him as: “Bulldog.” You’ll never know his real name, face or where he lives. In return all he’ll know about you is your pussy number and what you look like. You’re also anonymous. I suggest you take comfort in that...’

At seven o’clock, Sue, wearing a casual blouse, a denim skirt and sandals, left her flat and made her way around to the back of the block to the small lane between rear garden walls. Her stomach was churning and she was struggling not to be sick. She was terrified of what was to come, but two

weeks of conditioning had instilled in her the reflex to obey or suffer. She did not want her pussy lips zapped again and with her control unit inserted she was acutely aware of her pierced sex mouth.

She found she was squeezing her sheath tight about her vaginal plug, almost as though she was sucking on it like a comforter. It was in turn making her pussy feel hot and slippery, as though she was perversely looking forward to sex. That was sick but she supposed been lubricated would make her usage slightly less uncomfortable.

There was a black transit van waiting for her in the lane with a discreet Charnley's crest on its side. She went round to the rear doors and tremulously knocked. They swung open and a male voice said crisply: 'Get in, Pussy 37.' She climbed inside and shut the door behind her. As the motor started and the van pulled smoothly off, lights came on illuminating the rear compartment.

The interior was lined with rubber matting. Straps, lengths of chain, cuffs and webbing hung from rings bolted to the bracing ribs of its sides and ceiling frame. Four small wheeled cages, all empty, were attached the sides of the van by restraining straps. They had black fabric covers folded on top of them and expanding handles so they could be wheeled along easily. At the back of the compartment was a caravan style chemical toilet and plastic washbasin. Hung above it was a water cooler style flask connected to a length of hosepipe. Beside this was a padded bench on which sat a solid-looking man in fresh dark blue coveralls. He had a Charnley's crest on his breast pocket.

'My name's Harry but you'll call me "Sir,"' he told Sue briskly. 'Now strip...'

Biting her lip Sue obeyed, slipping easily out of her blouse and skirt and kicking off her sandals. When she was naked she stood in her display posture as Pennington had taught her.

Harry looked Sue's naked trembling body up and down with professional appreciation. 'This is your first loan, Pussy 37, right?' he asked.

'Y... Yes, Sir,' Sue said faintly.

‘You could have had worse. Old Bulldog is a pretty easy man to please. We’ll be there in half an hour. Let’s get you ready for him...’

Harry took down one of the harnesses and fitted it onto Sue, securing her cuffed wrists behind her back and linking them by a strap to a simple buckled collar. The strap formed a handle so she could be controlled easily. A bundle of simple black ball gags hung by the harnesses and he pushed one into her mouth and buckled it tight.

Once she was secured he unfastened her pussy wires and pulled her control unit out and set it aside.

‘No need for you to have that in you again until I collect you this evening,’ he said. ‘Don’t worry, Bulldog will find plenty of other things to put in its place...’

He sat her on the portable toilet with her legs spread wide and used the water bottle hose to flush her rectum out. Which she was clean he scooped some petroleum jelly out of the jar with a big finger and pushed it up into her bottom hole.

‘Never be loaned out without getting your arse greased first. You never know what they might want to use it for...’

It was practical if chilling advice.

Harry took from his pocket a familiar device. It was her number 37 pussy padlock. He slid it through the flesh tunnels in her labia and snapped it shut so that its weight tugged on her flesh lips. Sue whimpered behind her gag but after two weeks her wounds had healed so that it didn’t feel as painful as it had the first time. It was what it symbolised that was more shocking. Access to her most intimate passage was locked off and beyond her control.

‘Bulldog knows your combination,’ he said. ‘He’ll take it off when he’s ready...’

But of course she did not know the combination. Even if her hands had

been free she could not have taken the padlock of her own sex lips.

Harry pulled a loop of plain black rubber strip over her eyes, blindfolding her. Unable to see to help her balance she suddenly felt unsteady with the swaying of the vehicle and was actually grateful for Harry's grip on her handle strap.

'This is how we deliver pussy girls to our customers,' he told her. 'What they do with you afterwards is up to them...'

He guided her over to one of the cages, opened a door in its top and made her step inside and then kneel down doubled over tightly. The floor of the cage was lined with thick rubber matting which was its only concession to comfort. The cage door closed over her, pressing down on her back and folded arms.

'We'll be there in about fifteen minutes,' Harry told her, throwing the cover over the cage. 'I'll take you inside and hand you over to Bulldog and you'll be his to play with for the rest the day. I'll collect you this evening and take you back home. Then Mr Pennington will check how you got on over your home link.'

He sat down again, leaving Sue blind and mute doubled over in her tiny cage shivering with fear and acutely aware of her clenching stomach, her greased anus, her wet pussy lips and her hard nipples. It was as Pemberton had said: they made it easy for her by removing any possibility of refusal or evasion. She could not avoid what was going to happen to her so she had to make the best of it. It was as simple as that.

Sue would never know what kind of house "Bulldog" occupied. The van turned off the main road, went along what felt like a smaller twisting lane or perhaps a long private drive for a short way and then pulled up. The back door was opened and a ramp was slid out. Harry took hold of Sue's cage handle and wheeled her down it and across some gravel onto a harder smoother surface. A bell rang and what sounded like a heavy door was opened.

‘Your number 37 as ordered, Sir,’ Harry said smartly.

‘Good, bring her in,’ said a deeper male voice that presumed belonged to “Bulldog”.

Sue was wheeled over a step inside.

The cloth cover was pulled off the cage and Sue felt a hand reaching between its bars to examine the number on the padlock dangling from her pussy mouth.

Harry said: ‘I’ll collect her this evening as usual, Sir...’

‘Yes, fine,’ said Bulldog distractedly.

The door closed. With her heart thudding in anticipation Sue felt her cage being wheeled along a smooth wooden floor, turn and stop. A door closed. Then there was a hum of a motor and a dropping sensation. Was she in a lift? The journey was not far. Doors opened again and she was wheeled out into some space where cooler air played across her bare skin.

‘Now, let’s have a proper look you...’ Bulldog said. She felt him open the top of the cage, take hold of her strap handle and haul her to her feet, her collar cutting into her throat making her gasp for breath.

‘Step out of the cage,’ Bulldog commanded, and she obeyed. Under her feet she felt smooth cold flagstones.

‘Ah... yes, you are lovely,’ Bulldog said, as she felt large hands run over her body, pinching, prodding and squeezing her helpless flesh. ‘Let me see your face properly...’ and he pulled the blindfold strip off her head.

Sue blinked, looking about her fearfully. She was in a windowless space with a wood beamed ceiling and lit by wall brackets lights carrying flickering flame effect bulbs. It might have once been a large cellar but it was now a miniature dungeon. Heavy iron rings and chains hung from the bare brick walls and various ominous devices lurked between them. But she did not have time to take in any more details because her attention was arrested by

her owner for the day.

Bulldog was a large fat man dressed only leather trousers and knee-high black boots so that his paunch overhung his belt. But his shoulders and arms were still broad and muscular. She could see nothing of his face because he had a leather executioner style hood over his head which left slots only for his eyes, nose and mouth. His eyes, she noticed, were a very bright blue.

He took hold of her chin and twisted her head from side to side, examining her face closely. 'Yes, you'll do very nicely indeed. Well up to Charnley's usual standards. What sort of voice have you got?' He pulled her ball gag out to let it dangle about her neck. 'What have you got to say for yourself, Pussy 37? Don't be shy, nobody can hear us down here.'

Sue's mouth hung open foolishly. She had feared many things about this moment but being tongue-tied was not one of them. Pemberton had not prepared for this, except to say there was no script. What was she supposed to say? What did he want to hear?

'P... Please, Sir, don't hurt me,' she pleaded feebly. 'I'll be very good... I'll do anything you say... but don't hurt me...'

Bulldog chuckled. 'But that's what you're here for, my Pretty Pussy. I like seeing pretty girls in distress. No two of you ever react quite the same way. It's one of the last great pleasures in life.'

'I'll cry for you Sir,' Sue promised. 'I'll sob and I'll scream if you want but just don't hurt me...'

'But I'll have to hurt you to get the tears flowing, won't I, Pussy?' Bulldog said. 'You need a lashing on those pretty tits and that pert bum of yours to get you going.'

'Then please don't do it too hard, Sir,' Sue begged, giving ground. 'It's... it's my first time and I'm very frightened...'

She was sick and terrified and yet she suddenly had the feeling she was back at WB&H pitching a concept at a client. Oh my God, she was selling

herself, making herself seem even more vulnerable and pitiful! But then that was what the client wanted...

Behind the slot in his mask Bulldog's mouth turned up in a cruel smile. 'I know it's your first time, Pussy. That's what makes you so special. Don't worry; I'll do a good job...'

He led her across to a section of wall hung with a variety of chains and straps arrayed about a small but solid metal bracket with a rubber dildo mounted vertically on it like a curled finger. Taking hold of her waist Bulldog lifted Sue off her feet, pushed her back against the wall and simply impaled her on the dildo bracket, which slid easily up into her greased rectum. She sobbed as her full weight was suddenly taken by the plug up her rear and flange about its base which dug into her groin.

'Would you like to be a little more comfortable?' Bulldog asked.

'Yes... please Sir!' Sue whimpered.

'Then as soon as I free your wrists you stretch them out wide and high, got that?'

'Yes Sir!' Sue promised.

He reached around her and freed her wrists and immediately she stretched them upward. He buckled heavy rubber-lined cuffs about her wrists which hung from chains bolted securely to the wall. Then he adjusted them so they were taut, taking a little of her weight off her impaled anus. Then he pulled her legs out wide, bending them at the hips and knees until the backs of her thighs were flat against the wall. The big tendons on the insides of her groin stood out and she whimpered as she was stretched almost to her limits. He pulled chains around her thighs and the backs of her knees and then secured her ankles with more rubber-lined cuffs. He undid her collar and pulled the dangling back strap and cuffs free, leaving only the strap of her ball gag hanging about her neck. Then he bound more chains across her throat and over her shoulders and chest, crossing them between her breasts.

He stood back to admire his handiwork. Sue was now bound flat to the

wall with her outthrust breasts framed by loops of chain and her legs painfully folded back on either side of her. The chains took some of her weight but half still pressed down on her impaled anus. The taut spread of her thighs made the soft cleft mound of her pussy bulge, showing off starkly her quadruply pierced pussy lips, stretched downward by the weight of her padlock.

‘Very nice,’ Bulldog said. ‘But let’s see what you’ve got up there...’ He bent down between her splayed thighs and worked the tumblers of the padlock until it snapped open and he pulled its hoop out of her flesh tunnels. The natural pliancy of her sex lips and the tension of her thighs made them gape wide, exposing the secret valley between them. The mouth of her vagina, the pinhole the urethra and the mound of her clitoris were all on display to him now. To Sue’s horror she realized how wet she was and how the nub of her clitoris was tingling and swelling under his masked gaze.

But Bulldog was not finished restraining her yet. Hanging amongst the larger chains on either side of her hips were two very fine lengths of chain. Bulldog took these one at a time and pulled them across the tops of her splayed thighs and then threaded them through the eyelet sets of her labia, pulling them tight and then dragging the chain ends down below her trembling suspended buttocks and fastening them to another set of hooks.

Now her vulva was truly and utterly exposed. The tension on the chains pulled her lips painfully wide, opening up her secret valley in its entirety and blatantly exposed in her vaginal mouth, urethra and clitoris which was perversely straining and pulsing even harder than before. Sue bit her lip in shame and despair at her exposure. She had never felt so vulnerable before.

‘Now that’s a picture I could live with,’ Bulldog commented. ‘I wish Charnley’s sold girls like you instead of just hiring them out. I’d have you hung on my wall anytime.’

Sue supposed it was heartfelt compliment, even if it was in the most perverse of taste. And still he showed not a trace of guilt about what he was doing to her. In this secret world she had been dragged into this must seem perfectly normal. It made it hard to hate him and foolish to antagonise him. With an effort she said humbly: ‘Thank you Sir. I’d hang on your wall as

long as you wanted if you didn't hurt me, Sir.'

'Not possible, I'm afraid, Pussy,' Bulldog said, running a big finger through the wet gash of her sex mouth and making her shudder. 'You're not complete until you're suffering. That's the icing in the cake. It's what makes you different to a dead painting. It shows you're alive and I'll know I was the one who forced those tears out of you and made your tits blush and tremble.'

He moved to one side of Sue where an array of whips, canes and lashes hung on the wall. He selected a cat o'nine tails and drew its thongs across Sue's trembling, helpless body. Her eyes grew wide in horror as she stared at it.

'Now get ready to live!' he said and drew his arm back.

He lashed Sue expertly with the sure hand and eye of long practice, laying the thongs across her from neck to thighs. He made her breasts leap and bounce, her stomach palpate and her pussy clench in desperation. True to his word he was making her flesh turn pink and scarlet even as tears streamed down her cheeks and dripped onto her dancing breasts.

Her screams of pain rang back from the stone walls and floor, interspersed with desperate pleas for mercy, filling the dungeon with their echoes and mingling with the swish and hiss of the lash and the crack as it bit into her flesh.

'No! Please Sir ... not my pussy... ahhh!... I'll do anything else but please... uhhhh... stop please... ohhhh.... ughhhh ... no... no more.... please Sir... eek!'

Moved by her pleas, but not in the way she was hoping, Bulldog said: 'You keep singing like that, pussy, I like your song...'

And yet despite the pain her nipples were hard and filled with blood, which only made them more tender targets. The lash blows drove them deep into the pillows of her breasts only to spring back out as if begging for more.

The cuffs and chains held her tight against the wall, cutting into her

flesh as she writhed and jerked against them, their desperate jingles mingling with the cracks of leather on flesh. With her rectum impaled on the wall-mounted dildo she could not even wriggle her thighs to dodge or ride the blows. Wild with pain she clenched onto the dildo even as it impaled and confined her, her sphincter clenching tight as though trying to hold her fast against the onslaught of the lash.

But the absolute exquisite agony came when Bulldog shifted position and swung the lash up between her splayed thighs right into the chained and stretched gash of her vulva. The thongs rasped up through her cleft, tearing at the mouth of her vaginal tunnel and smacking into the stiff, throbbing bulb of her clitoris, driving it deep into her only for it to pop back out again.

Nothing Pemberton had done to her had prepared her for such suffering. It was more than she had ever imagined, more than she could endure. She hardly noticed as her bladder cut loose and she sprayed her pee in an arcing jet between her spread thighs, squirting it across the swishing folds of the lash, making them wetter and crueller in the process.

Bulldog laughed appreciatively at her humiliation.

And yet even as she thought that this was the end and she would die, she felt her loins explode with the most perfect wave of lustful delight which tore through her body and seem to burst in her brain. A spray of orgasmic juices spurted from her pussy mouth after her jet of pee. Then she fell into a dark warm pit of delight...

Sue woke in throbbing pain, muted only by the afterglow of her monstrous orgasm. She ached and burned all over, her eyes were crusted with tears and her cheeks stung with their salt and she felt utterly drained. At first she could not remember where she was, and then the full horror of the situation returned.

Had she had actually fainted from a combination of extreme pain and sudden orgasmic pleasure? She would not have believed it possible but it had happened. Perhaps it was the ultimate escape. Certainly it was the only option

she had left. Was it shameful or wonderful? But how long had she been unconscious? Then she realized that she was no longer chained the dungeon wall. She was lying tilted forward with her arms and legs spread out and with something coarse pressing against the front of her body.

‘Ah... so you’re back with me are you?’ Bulldog said as he strapped her into place. ‘There aren’t many pussies who could come that strongly so they faint clean way. You’re rather special, Pussy 37. Glad I got you fresh. But now it’s time for round two. I’ve seen to your tits and pussy and now I want to have a go at that pretty arse of yours...’

She lay face down on a diamond net of coarse ropes strung across a hollow rectangular wooden frame that was in turn mounted between a pair of heavy wooden upright posts by iron pins driven into the middle of its sides so it could be flipped about. The posts were mounted on a low wheeled platform. Cuffs and straps were bolted to the tilting frame and Bulldog was using these to strap her firmly in place. She was just as helpless as she had been on the wall but at least her sex lips were no longer chained wide, even though her pussy throbbed and stung abominably from its lashing and the drips of her spent juices were still falling from it onto the platform of the rack frame.

When she was secured Bulldog came round to the back of the frame and pulled her breasts through a pair of adjacent diamonds in the lattice. The coarse ropes scraped her soft sore flesh as her breasts bulged out between them. Bulldog selected a length of cord from the wall rack and bound it about her breasts in a tight figure of eight round their roots, forcing them to bulge even further and making Sue bite her lip as she felt the blood being squeezed out of them.

Bulldog pushed the rack frame so that it tilted backwards past the upright position until Sue was hanging from it. Bulldog took up another length of fine cord and passed it through the rope lattice over her groin and once again threaded it through her sex lips. But this time he did not pull them wide. He ran the cords back though the net and up to her bound breasts and tied the ends about her nipples.

Sue discovered an entirely fresh level of shame, humiliation and pain.

Now her tied nipples sat upon bound breasts connected to her stretched labia. The most sensitive parts of her body were linked. As Bulldog tilted the rack back her weight stretched the net and increased the strain on her nipples and labia.

Sue whimpered and snivelled, choking back fresh tears. This nightmare was far from over. Bulldog picked up his lash again and took up position behind her.

‘Let’s see if you can do it again, Pussy,’ he said. ‘I’ll stop when you cum...’

‘No, please so don’t make me, Sir... I can’t... I’ll die, I really will... eeeeeek!’

Her as yet untouched buttocks were his principal target but he made sure her back received its share of attention as well as the backs of her thighs and of course the pouch of her sex mouth, pulled out taut by its cords and making it once again desperately vulnerable. The thongs curled up into it from the direction of her cleft buttocks, catching those parts of it which had escaped the worst of its frontal lashing.

With each lash blow she bounced against the rack netting, stretching the rope lattice and pulling on the cords tied between her nipples and vulva. The coarse ropes ground against the sides of her breasts even as they were stretched downwards by the cords bound about her nipples. These pulled on her labia and stretched them through the mesh, grinding them against the rough ropes in turn.

It felt as though her pussy lips were being torn off! Staring through the rope mesh through her tear streaked eyes she saw her breasts and nipples were going purple as the cords about them cut off their blood flow. She had to come before she could no longer feel them. Somehow she had to turn this pain into pleasure. She had to convince herself that this was the greatest turn on in her life, that being stretched out on a rack totally helpless with her backside being lashed until it burned and her pussy lips and nipples almost being torn off was simply foreplay. She could feel her juices dripping through the netting. Her clit was hard. There was a sort of dark thrill about it. She was

utterly exposed and helpless. That gave her a kind of freedom to express herself. It was one thing she was free to do as long as her pride did not get in the way.

To hell with her pride, she just wanted to cum so the pain would stop!

This was what she wanted, she told herself. She was secretly a BDSM addict and closet masochist but only in dungeons like this where it was safe to admit it: safe to cum. Bulldog wanted her to cum as well. He was doing his best to help her by lashing her so thoroughly and it must be working because her pussy felt hot and slippery. Even her poor bound purple tits were part of the thrill. The pain was what she needed to set her off. She wanted to cum and spray her juices out through the net and then everything would be perfect. Every time she came brought her one step closer to paying off her debts and being free... ahhhh!

She awoke to find Bulldog slapping her cheeks.

‘I said you could do it twice, girl,’ he said.

She was still stretched out on the rope rack but he had unbound her breasts and untied the cords from her nipples and labia. Blood was flowing back into her breasts filling them with agonising pinpricks as they turned pink again. But she was only half aware of it because she was still cocooned in post orgasmic bliss.

She had done it! She had cum! Oh my God that the incredible and terrible. But now she was utterly drained and exhausted. Every part of her was burning or aching. She could not go through anything like that again. It will kill her, it really would...

‘How would you like to try pleasuring me instead of me lashing you again?’ Bulldog said.

At that moment it seemed to Sue the most wonderful and kindly offer she had ever heard. The fact that it was being forced upon her as the lesser of

two evils did not matter one little bit at that moment. All she knew was that the thought of being screwed by Bulldog filled her with a desperate eager desire to please...

‘Oh, yes please Sir,’ she choked. ‘I’d love to do that, Sir. Please let me pleasure you. My cunt’s all juicy and tight, Sir. Just try it out...’

He slapped her raw buttocks, making her yelp in agony. ‘Good pussy,’ he said.

Leaving Sue bound to the rack he pulled another device out from the walls and set it up. It was a low padded reclining couch on wheels with a wooden post arch mounted over it. From the crossbeam of the arch hung a tubular metal bar fitted with four heavy cuffs. On one of the arch posts was set a small crank handle.

Bulldog unstrapped her from the rack and dragged her off it by the hair and across to couch and arch. She was too weak to resist and could hardly stand, so she half dangled from his big fist holding a handful of her hair. He had her sit on the middle of the couch and pulled her legs up into the air so he could secure her ankles to the outermost cuffs of the bar. Then he lifted her upper arms so he could fasten them to the inner set of cuffs. Then he turned to the crank handle built into the arch post and the wire rope from which the bar was suspended was wound in, lifting Sue off the couch until she was suspended in the air with her legs spread in a “V” over the middle of the couch. Her crimson bottom and the cleft peach of her sex mouth hung under her dripping and simmering and totally exposed once more.

Bulldog climbed onto the couch underneath Sue’s suspended body and lay back comfortably, his big belly wobbling as he did so. He opened the flies of his leather trousers and exposed a heavy ball sack and thick penis which was already swelling and stiffening, rising up towards her gaping pussy mouth like a flagpole. He turned the crank handle and lowered her down onto him so she impaled herself on his shaft. Then he took hold of her splayed and upraised thighs and began to twist her from side to side, literally screwing her onto his shaft.

Desperately burying her revulsion at having this fat man’s cock inside

her, Sue clenched her vaginal sheath about it, willing herself to give him all the pleasure she could. This was bliss compared to the rack or the wall chains, she told herself. Really it was no trouble at all. Her pussy had after all been very well prepared and could not be better lubricated. It was what she was here for. Even her suspension was not that painful. The cuffs were broad and padded on the insides so it was not hard to hang from them and of course her aching pussy mouth needed to be filled.

A part of her knew she had been cowed and terrified and beaten into this state of compliance but that did not matter now. Think pleasure! She was just doing what came naturally. Bulldog had showed he had the will and strength to master her and the devices to restrain her so of course he was screwing now. Really it was a celebration of her submission. In fact she should be proud of how well she had done. After all she had come spectacularly twice already. Could she do it a third time? Those two had been almost entirely stimulated by pain but now her pussy mouth was being used as nature intended. There was a big cock up inside that was going to spout any time soon and it was only right that she came as it did to show how much she wanted to please it. She could cum! She would cum!

And then with a grunt she felt Bulldog's sperm boiling up inside her and filling her hot aching pussy tunnel and with a sob she came as well...

When it was over and she could think clearly once again, Bulldog reached up and patted her sweaty breasts in a kindly way.

'Well done, Pussy 37. You really do have a juicy eager cunt.'

'Thank you, Sir,' Sue said feebly.

'Rest for five minutes... then we'll do it all over again...'

When Harry returned to collect Sue that evening she could not have walked to his van even if she had not already been locked up in her travel cage once more, bound and gagged and blindfolded as she had been when she had been delivered. She actually felt grateful that somebody else would be

moving her.

‘I hope she gave satisfaction, Sir,’ she heard Harry ask Bulldog as he handed her over.

‘She was excellent, thank you,’ Bulldog said heartily. ‘She’s the best girl I’ve had to date...’

Back in the van Harry took her out of her cage and washed her over and flushed her aching passages out.

‘Looks like Bulldog had plenty of fun with you,’ he observed as he wiped her sore pussy over.

‘Yes, Sir,’ Sue said feebly. Then she began to cry helplessly. She was completely shattered and confused. Her joy at having survived the day was giving way to disgust. And yet Bulldog had complimented her. Should she feel proud of that?

Harry wiped her face over with a cold flannel. ‘The customer is happy so that’s all that matters, Pussy 37,’ he reminded her.

Her pussy padlock was removed and her control unit reinserted. Then she was allowed to dress. By the time the van reached the lane at the back of her flat Sue was feeling a little stronger and was able to walk unaided. As she climbed stiffly out of the back of the van Harry said: ‘I’ll be seeing you again soon, Pussy 37, because I think you’re going to be very popular...’

Back in her flat Sue made herself a quick coffee and gobbled down half a dozen biscuits. Bulldog had given her water through the day but no food and she felt famished. But a proper meal would have to wait. She stripped off again, knelt with her legs spread in front of her laptop and connected to Pemberton.

He looked her up and down, getting her to show him her body from all angles so he could assess the injuries she had suffered. ‘You can have two days off to recover and rest, Pussy 37,’ he said generously. ‘By the way, Mr Bulldog has been already been in touch. He was extremely pleased with your

performance. Well done.'

'Thank you, Sir,' Sue mumbled.

'Aren't you pleased that he liked you, Pussy 37?' Pemberton asked.

Sue took a deep breath. Just because she belonged to the bank did not mean she had to lie about her feelings. 'Why should I be, Sir? I've just spent a day in a dungeon being screwed and beaten by a fat stranger. It was *disgusting!* Why should I be pleased about what he thought of me? You know I only did it because I had no choice.'

'Yes, Pussy 37, but nevertheless you could have suffered all that and also done it *badly*. Think how much worse you would feel then!'

Chapter Four

Sue needed those two days to recover her strength. The simmering tenderness across her breasts and bottom faded fairly quickly. The skin had not been broken and any bruising she had suffered had been relatively minor. Soothing creams and ice packs helped the healing process. But inside she still felt totally drained and the ache in her pussy took longest to subside.

She still felt terribly confused by her sexual responses. Was it true that the more she was degraded and punished the more intensely she ultimately orgasmed? That was so twisted and perverse. Maybe it was simply a defence mechanism? Should she be grateful or disgusted?

The second night, fuelled by her experience with Bulldog and knowing now what might be done to her, dread set in about what was to come and she slept terribly.

She was woken early next morning by a call from Pemberton. (Did he never sleep, she wondered?) ‘You have been loaned out for another day. Be ready in half an hour for collection, Pussy 37.’

‘Can you tell me anything about it, Sir?’ Sue begged.

‘Two people will be sharing you this time. They are old customers who go by the names of Miss Grace and Miss Charity.’

‘Women, Sir?’

‘Of course. There are many women who enjoy playing with an unwilling pretty girl. Now get ready...’

As she hastily washed and dressed she turned over the idea of being loaned to two women. It was oddly disturbing. Domination and sadism always seemed such male thing. Of course there were stories about riding

crop wielding black corset wearing dominatrixes, but usually they were portrayed as mastering men. Were these two lesbians? Would she be expected to make love to them? She'd have no choice, she thought with a shiver. Evasion or escape was simply not an option. In a way that did make it easier. Still, she did not imagine they could be as cruel to her as Bulldog.

The Charnley's van was parked in the same spot as before. Inside Harry was waiting for her.

'I said I'd be seeing you again soon, didn't I Pussy 37? Now get your clothes off...'

Once she was prepared and secure in her travel cage he said: 'So we're taking you to the Lavender Ladies? Don't be fooled by their looks. Underneath they're a pair of tough dykes. Be good and don't disappoint them.'

While her stomach churned Sue's pussy began to grow hot and wet.

The first thing she saw when her travel cage was opened and her blindfold was removed, however, made it hard to take Harry's ominous words seriously.

She was in a lovely old closed garden extending from the back of an ivy-covered cottage with high walls and roses in well-tended flower beds. A spreading oak tree gave shade over the lawn with a swing hanging from one of its lower branches. Near it was a round white wrought-iron table laid out with a carafe of fruit juice and glasses, some garden chairs and close by a tiny white ornamental cart.

Looking down at her were two slender hansom women perhaps in their mid-forties wearing ankle-length pale lavender dresses with long sleeves puffed at the elbows and high lacy collars, which could have come from the turn of the last century. Their dresses matched the lacy masks they wore over their eyes. Both had their hair pinned up. The one with auburn hair wore a large filigree brooch with a "G" on it picked out in seed pearls while the other

with blonde hair wore a matching broach with a “C”. She realized that not only did they dress in lavender they both used it as perfume. It made them seem ridiculously genteel and old-fashioned.

They helped Sue out of her cage and stood her between them so they could look her over.

‘She’s lovely, Charity,’ Grace exclaimed, running her hands over Sue’s body and making her shudder.

‘Yes, isn’t she, Grace,’ Charity agreed, doing the same. ‘What does she sound like?’

Grace pulled Sue’s ball gag out. ‘What have you to say for yourself girl?’

Her session with Bulldog had given her a clue as to what people like these women wanted to hear from their flesh loans. ‘I... I’ll do my best to please you, Mistress,’ she said meekly. ‘You don’t need to punish me, just tell me what you want me to do.’

‘She has a pleasing voice,’ Grace observed. ‘I think she’s been well brought up which is such a rare thing nowadays.’

‘But I think she’s very nervous,’ said Charity. ‘Look at her eyes. Like a frightened rabbit’s in car headlights. Didn’t Mister Pemberton say she was a new asset?’

‘He did.’

‘And she only said she’d “do her best” to please us. I think she’s rather innocent.’

‘Innocence can be quite appealing though can’t it? And I think she means well.’

‘Even accepting her good intentions, that’s not good enough, is it? We expect absolute and unconditional obedience from our girls, don’t we Grace?’

‘We do. You think she needs to be broken in to ensure she is properly obedient?’

‘I think it would be wise. We don’t want to be disappointed, do we?’

‘The swing, do you think?’

‘I think that would do perfectly...’

Between them they led Sue over the soft grass to the swing that hung from the sturdy bough of the oak tree. Close-up she saw that it had straps fastened to the chains on either side of its wide wooden seat, which had a hole drilled through its middle. A second set of straps were hung from its suspending chains. What were they going to do to her?

Grace and Charity helped Sue stand up on the seat and pulled her legs wide so they could strap her ankles to the chains just above where they forked to the securing eyebolts in the seat corners. Then they reached up and used the other pair of straps to bind around her upper arms just underneath her shoulders, holding them against the chains and so securing her in a standing position.

Charity undid Sue’s pussy padlock and removed it from her pierced lips. Meanwhile Grace had gone over to the tree and picked up three items that been lying unnoticed beside it. One was a trimmed length of wood about the size of walking stick with a long narrow fork at one end. The other two items were holly branches that had been trimmed down to a pair of long springy stalks with a bunch of glossy green spiked leaves on their ends.

Charity took the forked stick and slid its base into the hole in the swing seat. Then she took hold of the trimmed tuft of Sue’s pubic curls and tugged sharply upwards, stretching her pubic mound and till Sue whimpered and went up onto tiptoe. She pushed the forked end of the stick between Sue’s legs and then let her down so that the prongs of the stick slid up into her vagina and rectum. Sue gasped as the trimmed wooden prongs ground into her sex mouth and forced her anal sphincter wide. Their tips had been rounded off and sanded, but they still felt frighteningly rough and hard. Now she stood on the swing strapped between its chains doubly impaled upon the

forked stick, which forced her to stand upright with her legs very straight.

She began to suspect that Harry had been right about this pair. She could not protest about this treatment but she could plead. 'Please, Mistresses, I'll be good. Don't hurt me.'

The two women had taken a holly switch each and positioned themselves in front and behind her. Grace, standing in front of her, said: 'but we have to hurt you to break you in, girl. It's necessary...'

'We have to have total obedience from you,' Charity added. 'We cannot tolerate uncertain and hesitant servants. You must obey us without hesitation or question.'

'Now start swinging as hard as you can,' Grace commanded.

Taking a deep breath Sue began to push her hips forward and then back, slowly setting the swing moving. It was the only part of her body she could move far enough but of course it ground the stick prongs alternately deeper into her pussy and then her rectum as it pivoted about its base lodged in the hole in the swing seat.

She snivelled in pain as she swung the seat in an ever-increasing arc forward and back, ever closer to the pair of waiting women with their raised holly switches.

Swish, thwack!

Grace had swung her holy switch across Sue's outthrust breasts, driving what felt like a thousand burning holly spines into them. The tiny spines jabbed into her soft flesh filling it with a myriad of pinpricks. Her hard nipples suffered the worst and spines jabbing into them felt white hot.

Sue screeched in pain. Flinching away she swung backwards only for Charity to thrash her buttocks, redoubling her pain. She swung back again her bottom clenching and throwing her hips forward only for Grace to slash the holly switch up between her legs and into her pussy mound. Having holly leaves swiped across her breasts and bottom had been bad enough but this

was sheer agony. Spines seemed to be sticking right up into her slot, forced apart by the wooden prong within it, exposing her wet inner valley and the nub of her clitoris into their needle tips. She screamed aloud, her cry echoing back from high garden walls.

Then she surrendered to the pain and shame and let it overwhelm her. It was all she could do. They did not want to see her being brave, they wanted to see her suffer and humiliate herself. They wanted a beaten and broken sex toy. So be it...

Sue let her bladder burst open and sprayed her pee messily about the stick grinding into her and over the grass in a wide arc. The two women laughed at her shameful display and continued to beat her, batting her back and forth between them, using the helpless convulsions of her body to keep her swinging wildly, sobbing and wailing from the grinding of the stick inside her soft passages and the terrible sting of the holly leaves, dripping urine from her cleft as she went.

But already her second line of defence was cutting in. Her sore, burning, bulging vulva began to drip with lubrication as the prongs did their terrible work. As with Bulldog in his dungeon cellar, the pain was arousing her. She began to revel in her misery, using it to boost to her excitement further. These two cruel women wanted a show of humiliation, so she would give them one. It was not what she wanted and she would have gone a thousand miles to avoid it, but now they had pushed past that critical threshold it became inevitable. And then it became her reward and release...

With a sob and a wail she came, spluttering her juices down the stick and over the swing seat and across the neat grass and even over the skirts of her tormentors.

‘Why, I think our pussy has disgraced herself very prettily,’ Grace exclaimed.

‘I do believe she has. What a lovely passionate creature she is...’

They rested their holly lashes and let Sue swing to a stop, trembling and shuddering, still impaled upon the stained and shiny forked stick that she was

now using it to grind the last dregs of pleasure from herself. As she did so they stepped forward, reached up and took hold of her by the hair and then looked into her eyes.

‘Will you be a very good and completely obedient pussy?’ Charity asked.

‘Will you obey us without question or hesitation?’ Grace added.

‘Y... Yes, Mistresses,’ Sue said feebly.

The white ornamental garden cart was not ornamental at all. It was just large enough for Sue to pull round the garden while Grace and Charity took turns sitting in its tiny seat and using a cane across her bottom to urge her on while the other sat at the garden table delicately sipping iced lemonade. They had put a rubber gag bit between her teeth and bound it in place with straps about her head. The vertical straps running up over her crown on either side of her eyes held blinker flaps like those horses wore which limited her field of vision and made her feel even more helpless.

She pulled the tiny cart bent over the bar bridging between the ends of its slender shafts which pressed into the top of her hips and lower belly. Straps from it went across the small of her back, holding her in place. This presented her holly-burnished blushing buttocks very nicely for flicks of the cane and simply as a pleasing spectacle to her driver.

Round and round the lawn they drove her, admiring the roll of her buttocks and the straining of her thighs and the sweat forming on her back and dripping off her bobbing breasts. The cane flicked across her buttocks and sometimes up between her thighs to kiss the wet tender cleft of her sex mouth. She feared and hated it and yet she could feel her simmering outrage at being humiliated like this gradually turning once more into that strange sense of mounting anticipation.

It distracted her from her immediate suffering but was it screwing up her natural responses? Would she become addicted to pain and humiliation as if

they were drugs, hating and detesting them and yet secretly needing them to achieve orgasm?

Charity and Grace drove Sue round and round until finally she was exhausted and sank to her knees.

‘Would you like a drink?’ they asked solicitously.

‘Yes, please Mistresses,’ Sue croaked.

And so they gave her copious amounts of lemonade until she felt she was bursting.

‘Do you need to relieve yourself?’

‘Yes, Mistresses... Please.’

So they unfastened her from the cart, took off her rubber gag and put the tape bound handle of a garden trowel into her mouth.

‘You can dig a hole for your wastes on the bare corner of that flowerbed over there,’ Grace told her.

‘We want to see you perform properly,’ Charity added. ‘Afterwards you can fill it in neatly. Then you’re going to rub your pussy on the long grass under the tree until you’re properly clean. Do you understand?’

Yes, she understood. They were making her behave like a well-trained dog. Burying its waste in the right place and then cleaning herself off. But with her arms still strapped behind her back of course she had no choice.

And so she hunched over the corner flower bed and laboriously dug a small pit in the soil. Then she squatted over it with her thighs wide, exposing yourself to Grace and Charity who watched with close interest as she peed into it. Then she filled in the hole again and went over to the long grass and squatted over it rubbing her bottom and pussy through it until she was perfectly clean and dry. Then she came back to the garden table and knelt down meekly beside it and returned the trowel.

Both women patted her on the head as though she was a good dog.

‘Good girl, well done,’ they said.

And to her horror Sue felt a tingle of pleasure in their words.

She knelt by their table when they ate a light lunch, eating scraps out of their hands when they were presented to her. It was of course deliberately humiliating but she was desperately hungry by then and so accepted them gratefully.

Afterwards she hoped they might rest as her buttocks and thighs ached from pulling a cart and she was still sore from her holly lashing. The day was bright and still and the garden was filled with pleasant drowsy warmth scented by roses. But the women had other plans.

When they were finished Charity went into the house with the plates and returned with a collar and leash, some straps, a spanking paddle and a bright pink double ended dildo. Sue bit her lip at the sight of them.

They bent Sue over the back of a chair and used the straps to bind her ankles and knees spread apart to its back legs and a longer strap over the small of her back to hold her across it. This left her bent over the seat of the chair with her breasts hanging freely.

Then the two women calmly stripped their light clinging dresses off to reveal they wore nothing beneath them but white silk stockings tied beneath their knees, white pumps and silk basques, leaving their neat dark-nippled breasts and clean-shaven glossy pussy mouths totally bare. Their legs were lean but strong and their buttocks still firm and smooth. In the tranquil garden setting they looked imbued with a strange kind of innocent Victorian naughtiness. But there was nothing naughty about the hunger in their eyes. Sue gulped at the sight of them, feeling the dread which she had suppressed for several hours returning. This was it...

Charity took up the pink dildo, spread her legs and fed one end up into

her tight pussy cleft, leaving its other half jutting absurdly out of her. Meanwhile Grace had picked up the spanking paddle and positioned herself in front of Sue.

‘Now you’re going to beg us to screw and paddle you, Pussy 37, do you understand?’

‘Yes, Mistress, I would like that very much Mistress...’ Sue said in despair. And then because she had nothing left to lose and pleasing them was all that mattered, she let her tongue loose, spouting every perverted suggestion she could think of. ‘Please fuck me hard, Mistress. Make my tits bounce about like bells. They need a good slapping. Shove that thing up my cunthole please! I want to be filled with it... I want to burst... I want to cry! Please do it all now!’

They did so.

Grace beat her dangling tits so that they swung like bells while Charity took hold of her hips and rammed the pink dildo up into the dripping gash of her sex mouth. It squelched and splattered as it was pumped into her making her belly bulge as it filled her vagina to its limits. And Sue screamed and sobbed and thought she was going to die and then she came so hard she fainted.

When Sue recovered she found the women had swapped positions and now Grace was screwing her while Charity was beating her tits. And Sue screamed and sobbed and wept again until the moment came when it all made a perverted kind of sense and inevitably she orgasmed once more.

When they were finished Sue was shattered and both the women’s inner thighs were shiny with their own orgasmic juices and their cheeks were flushed and they beamed in satisfaction.

They patted Sue’s head and sore breasts and dribbling pussy mouth and said she had been a good girl. And perversely she felt a strange satisfaction. She had just had sex with two women and survived. Now she thought at last they were done with her and she could rest too, but she was mistaken again.

Still virtually naked, Charity and Grace got out a large rope hammock, braced by wooden rods top and bottom, which they slung beneath the oak tree as though for an afternoon rest. Then they put the collar and leash on Sue and freed her from the chair. They made her squat down beneath the hammock, tying her leash end to one of the bracing rods. She now saw that the rope lattice had one enlarged gap in its middle. They pushed her head up through this until it poked out into the middle of the hammock. Grace got on to the hammock and laid back with her splayed her legs on either side of Sue's protruding head, so that her face was pushed into her soft slippery vulva, which was heavy with her own love scent.

'Have you ever pleased a woman before mouth to pussy?'

'No, Mistress,' Sue admitted tremulously.

'But you're going to do your best now, aren't you?'

'Yes Mistress, I will,' Sue promised.

But it was not as simple as that. Charity plugged the dildo into her pussy and then clambered onto the hammock and lay on top of Grace. Sue saw in front of her eyes the wet end of the fat dildo slide up into Grace's sex mouth until both pussies were conjoined before her with their hot sticky thighs pressing against cheeks and ears.

'Begin,' Grace commanded her. And she began licking the cleft sexes in front of noise and kissed the bottoms as they began to pump up and down and the hammock rocked and swung about her neck. She licked and kissed and tongued them as they passionately screwed each other until they came and a little of their expelled juices sprayed over her face. And then at last still joined by their dildo, they lay still, slumbering one top of the other in the warm afternoon air.

And Sue knelt patiently, helplessly, under the hammock with her head trapped between sweaty thighs as they dozed. Her nostrils were filled with the heady scent of their pussy juices. Now beneath their lavender she thought she could smell wild honey.

Chapter Five

Pemberton allowed Sue just a day to recover from Charity and Grace's attentions.

'They were not physically very severe on you, were they Pussy 37?' he said as he surveyed her naked body through the laptop camera. 'Those holly scratches will soon clear up if you use our approved ointment. It works internally as well. That combined with ice packs will soon restore your vulva and rectum to full functionality.'

'Yes, Sir,' Sue agreed.

'What's the matter? Are you are you feeling disturbed because it was your first lesbian encounter? Miss Grace and Miss Charity were very pleased with your performance.'

'I know they enjoyed themselves, Sir. It's me. I... came as well. More than once...'

'Are you worried that you might have lesbian tendencies? What does that mattered nowadays?'

'But not finding out like this, Sir. I don't know if it's genuine or not. I was made to cum as a kind of escape. I don't know what I am any more!'

'Whether it's right or wrong is not your concern at this moment, Pussy 37. While you are an asset of this bank your only concern is satisfying our customers. They come first. When you have paid off your loan you can have the luxury of analyzing your own feelings. For now get some rest and recover, because you will need your strength. I already have your next borrower booked in and he will not be as gentle with you as Charity and Grace were...'

He simply called himself “Dave” and his wife or partner was “Sandra.” Whether those were their real names which he could not be bothered to conceal, or they had assumed bland pseudonyms Sue would never know. But they seemed to fit them in a curious way.

The only room she saw of their house: a den cum torture chamber, suggested a certain bling-like gaudiness when too much money has been spent for the fun of individual effect instead of harmony. It had heavily patterned wallpaper, ornate gilt-frame erotic prints and a huge black leather sofa. Several thick rugs been rolled up and put aside, exposing a woodblock floor. Thick curtains matching the wallpaper had been pulled across the windows. The only voice she heard in the house (Dave’s) had an accent that suggested lower class roots. Sue recognised it because she had worked hard to dilute a very similar accent herself when she was younger. But whatever their origins they were certainly enjoying the luxury of having a living sex toy to play with.

At least Dave was enjoying her and Sandra was made to watch him doing so, which may or may not have excited her. That was where the fear began to creep into Sue’s soul. Dave could do more or less as he wanted with her: that was part of the bargain. But how was he treating this woman Sue assumed was his partner/wife? If she had been another sex toy like she was then her face would have been uncovered. But of course there was nothing she could do about it. At that moment Dave was the undisputed master of both of them...

Dave was dressed in black leather trousers with an open crotch, exposing his genitals, and a matching loose jerkin, exposing a thick mat of greying chest hair, with a black cowl mask covering his face. At that moment he held a short black whip in his hand. It had a chunky handle with a slider control switch on it. The fine thongs of which the whip tail was woven were threaded through with fine copper wires, which added an electric shock to its physical impact.

He swung it again across Sue’s helpless body, making her shriek about her ball gag. ‘You see that!’ he said angrily to Sandra. ‘That’s what a real woman looks and sounds like when she’s in pain. Not an unresponsive, fat-arsed lump like you!’

That was an exaggeration. From what Sue could see of her Sandra she was 30-ish, getting a little fleshy perhaps but still quite attractive. Her responsiveness she could not judge because at that moment she was totally immobilised.

Sandra was strapped upright to a wooden post set on a low base supported by heavy castors. Black leather straps bound her from forehead to ankles, leaving only narrow slots of pink flesh visible which bulged between the straps due to their compression. Only her full pink breasts with cherry red nipples and the band over her groin and buttocks were left exposed. It was here at groin height that the post briefly divided in two, forming a thick open rectangle wider than her hips that appeared to enclose her buttocks almost like a picture frame before merging once again into a single post. The shorter upright sides of this rectangular section were broken in the middle by heavy pivot joints locked in place by large wing nuts. Framed within this break in the post, her pale buttocks showed the marks of a recent whipping.

Sandra's face was obscured by a tight black glossy cat mask, through which her red-rimmed green eyes stared out fearfully. Her mouth was plugged by a black ball gag.

Sue was immobilised in a different fashion. She was strapped on her back to a Y-frame that had been folded up against the wall. Her arms were drawn back and pulled downward and her wrists were crossed and bound underneath the narrow horizontal beam that supported her back and head. Heavy black leather straps bound her to the frame, crossing her neck, shoulders and chest above and below her breasts, and her waist and then as her legs were divided and spread wide to lay along the forks of the "Y", more straps encircled her thighs, knees and ankles.

Dave slashed the whip across Sue's body half a dozen more times. With each blow his stiff cock bobbed and seemed to seem to swell a little harder, savouring the pain he was causing and anticipating pleasure to come.

Sue shrieked again as it cut across the jelly-like mounds of her breasts, making them shiver and bounce, and then deep into her gaping pussy mound and buttock cleft, which overhung the cleft of the Y-frame and so was totally exposed. The electric whip cutting into her sex mouth filled it with hot

stabbing barbs and made her buck by reflex against the straps that held her down so firmly.

And yet once again she was responding to this cruelty by becoming perversely aroused. Her gaping red-lipped sex was shiny and wet with the juices that pain seemed to make her produce so readily. This shame only added to her fear and pain.

Unfortunately Dave had noticed her discharge and it only seemed to make his case for him. Turning off the current he drew the whip slowly through Sue's dripping pussy cleft so that it soaked up her juices. And then he carried it across to where Sandra was bound upright and held the whip up to her nostrils. She whimpered and tried to turn her head away.

'You see this is what I mean, Sandra! She's gagging for it. Her pussy is pouring out this stuff. She knows how to respond to a good whipping. That's what you should be more like.' He jabbed his stiff fingers up into Sandra's smooth plump cleft and twisted them about. 'Are you as hot and slippery as she is? No! Why not? Do you think I want to screw a pussy hole that feels like sandpaper inside? No. I want to fuck a nice juicy wet cunt hole that makes me feel welcome... Like this!'

He strode back to Sue. She gazed up into his stern masked face in fear as he took hold of her splayed thighs and rammed his hard cock up into her. She groaned as the shaft of strange male flesh filled her. She was being screwed by a man in front of his partner as a demonstration of proper female response to sex. How sick was this?

And yet she saw Sandra's eyes through her mask locked onto the pair of them as Dave began to ram harder into Sue's pussy mouth in helpless fascination. And as he pumped into her Sue found her guilt and revulsion being overtaken by growing arousal. She simply could not help being excited by his crude male dominance and her own helplessness. Of course she did not find it remotely attractive but this was the only way she could survive. The sooner she could orgasm the sooner it would all be blotted out.

'You see how it's done?' Dave called out as he reamed Sue sex mouth out vigorously. 'This is when a real woman is meant to get hot and slutty. Are

you learning something?’

His thrusts were making the Y-frame shake and set Sue’s breasts jiggling. Dave reached over and grabbed hold of them, squeezing and kneaded them, pinching and twisting her malleable flesh until her eyes watered and their pain added to the pummelling her pussy was receiving from his cock. And all the while Sandra watched with mute intensity, her nipples now standing up like hat pegs. Was she getting turned on by seeing her partner screwing a strange woman?

Dave grunted and spurted inside Sue lustily, filling her vagina with his sperm. For a minute he lay across her enjoying the warmth of her naked bound body and his triumphant ejaculation, while Sue sighed in relief as he stopped mangling her breasts. He had been too quick for her to cum but at least he was not ramming away in her any more. Although she found her sheath clinging onto his hard cock hopeful that it would bring her to the brink shortly. She was still repulsed by him but mechanically she still needed his help to escape her misery, if only briefly. Oh God, this terrible business was so confusing!

Dave pulled out of her, his still stiff cock dripping and shiny with her juices. Leaving his whip lying across Sue’s sweaty body he went over to Sandra and rubbed his slippery cock head up and down the cleft of her naked bulging pussy mouth.

‘Do you feel that, slut? That’s my spunk mixed with her pussy juice. Isn’t that something?’

Sandra rolled her eyes and whimpered about her gag.

‘Maybe you need warming up? Is that it?’ Well she’s good for that as well...

He rolled the platform and post to which Sandra was bound across the floor to stand the head of the Y-frame to which Sue was bound. Then he reached underneath the frame and pulled some hidden lever. The top end of the frame to which Sue’s neck and head were bound hinged downwards, and suddenly she found herself looking upside down into the smooth plump cleft

of Sandra's pussy mouth.

Dave then undid the lower set of straps that bound Sandra to her post, freeing her legs. He lifted them up and apart until her knees were almost level with her shoulders. Then he pulled more straps, which had been hanging behind the post where they were bolted to its upper end, around to the front and bound them tightly under her knees, so that she was now held with her legs crooked and splayed wide, exposing the plump cleft of her sex and the heavy twin hemispheres of her fleshy buttocks.

Sue gulped as she saw Sandra's pretty sex mouth suddenly displayed so blatantly, feeling a helpless responsive tingle of fear and lust in her loins. Then Dave reached over and pulled her ball gag out. Oh God no please don't let him make her...

Dave rolled Sandra's post forward until her pussy mouth ground against Sue's face. She smelt the other woman's heavy female musky aroma mingled with a dash of expensive sent.

'Now you tongue her out until she comes. I want to see plenty of juice coming out of her, do you understand? If you need a little encouragement... '

He stepped round to the other side of the frame to where Sue's legs still gaped wide in invitation, picked up his whip from her belly and began to crack it across her gaping pussy and inner thighs. Flashes and crackles of electric sparks played about her wet dribbling sex lips.

Sue's shriek of pain was muffled by Sandra's thick warm flesh lips that were half covering her face. Desperately she began to nuzzle, kiss and nibble them with as much passion and desire she could muster, her tongue probing for the hard nub of Sandra's clitoris and feeling it responding to her touch.

Pain and desperation caused her to grind her face deep into Sandra's vaginal mouth and slurp and suck at her pussy frantically. She even wriggled her face further forward so that her nose rubbed into the cleft of Sandra's buttocks and across the pucker of her anus, which to her passing relief was very clean. Another crack from Dave's whip across her own pussy mouth, sending an electric jolt of pain deep inside her, made Sue run her tongue

quickly across Sandra's tight little bottom mouth, hoping that would further excite and stimulate her.

Did Sandra resent and hate her for this intimacy and what she was being made to do? She hoped she would understand it was not of her choosing but only out of desperation. She was just an innocent tool of her partner's lust. They were two helpless women together who must cooperate to spare themselves further pain.

Perhaps it worked. She felt Sandra's juices flowing over her face and she lapped them up in a kind of ecstatic delight. She did not have sandpaper insides at all. She was a passionate and responsive woman. If only Dave would give her another few moments she could prove it.

With a muffled gasp and groan and a frantic clenching of her splayed thighs, Sandra came over Sue's face. And Dave's whipping of her pussy mouth abruptly stopped as he exclaimed: 'that's what I wanted to see!'

Sue did not orgasm herself but she felt something close: a strange wild sense of satisfaction at having brought about such an outpouring and ended her pain. That it was another woman she had brought to orgasm and her face was now soaked in her discharge did not seem to matter at that moment.

Dave rolled the post stand and Sandra's hot dripping pussy away from Sue's head and examined the results her efforts, rubbing his fingers through her engorged vulva and sampling its new slippery coating of love juices.

'There, I said you needed to be warmed up didn't I? You can come like a geyser when you get some encouragement, can't you? I said you were a proper slut all along.'

Sandra grunted indistinctly.

'Now, what about thanking this nice piece of pussy properly for what she's done, like the slut you are? She got you to cum, so it's only fair you do the same for her.'

Sandra grunted again, sounding alarmed, while Sue's eyes widened in

dismay. This little sex game was not over yet.

‘Oh yes you will,’ Dave told Sandra. ‘Or else I’ll whip your bum until it bleeds!’

Dave rolled Sandra’s post frame around soon until she was positioned between Sue’s legs. He undid the straps that had been holding her legs bent up and splayed wide, so she could rest her feet on the platform base again. Then he loosened the pair of big wingnuts on the jointed section in the middle of the post and pushed its upper half forward. Sandra was bent in the middle as her torso was lowered until it hung level with the floor, her large breasts dangling between the bands of strapping across her chest. Her buttocks pushed through the folded rectangular frame section and bulged out the other side. Dave tightened the wingnuts again, holding Sandra locked in place and bent into a right angle. He adjusted something on the upper end of the post just behind Sandra’s neck and it hinged backwards, tilting her head up. He pulled Sandra’s ball gag out, unplugging her mouth, and then pushed the frame forward until her face ground into Sue’s wet pussy.

‘Now you lick her out until she comes all over you,’ he commanded Sandra. Meanwhile I’m going to have fun with your bum hole...’

He took hold of the frame that contained Sandra was haunches and rammed his still wet cock up into her tight tunnel of her rectum.

Sue both heard and felt Sandra groan and gasp as he penetrated her even as her lips and tongue got busy in her pussy. Sue could feel the power of Dave’s thrusts into Sandra’s backside being transmitted through her body and along the frame to which she was bound to her head as she tongued her out. And she was very good! Unlike Sue’s still slightly clumsy and instinctive efforts she knew exactly how to rouse her. Her tongue circled her clitoris and toyed with the rim of her vagina and she freely and confidently kissed the sensitive greased mouth of Sue’s anus, making it clench in excitement.

Already excited as she was, Sue could not have resisted such stimulation even if she had wanted to. All her inhibitions melted away as she welcomed the other woman’s tongue inside her, bringing her the only release she could be sure of that day. It did not matter that it was a woman doing it at that

moment, she wanted the only reward that she could claim for herself, her escape from pain and degradation: that one intense blast of joy that made it all a little more tolerable.

She heard Dave grunt in triumph as he spurted into Sandra's rectum and then Sandra groan as she shuddered and came in turn. As if a wave of orgasm had passed through the three of them like a burning fuse suddenly Sue felt her own loins explode with lust released and she sprayed her gratitude all over Sandra's face.

Some time later, through her haze of delight, Sue heard Dave, still lodged up inside Sandra's bottom, say tenderly: 'You are gorgeous...'

'... so after all that I think he really loves her,' Sue said much later to Pemberton.

It was evening and she had been safely return to her flat once more and she was kneeling naked in front of the laptop while Pemberton assessed the damage Dave had inflicted upon her. Her pussy ached of course, and there were light whip marks across her buttocks pussy breasts, but nothing too serious.

She did not want to re-live her ordeal. Really she wanted to forget about it as soon as possible, but she had been so confused by events that she had to talk to somebody to get it straight in mind, and her list of confidantes was very limited.

'Does this make you feel better, knowing that in fact she was compliant when at first you thought she was genuinely suffering?' Pemberton asked.

'Yes, Sir, suppose it does mean it makes a little more acceptable. At least they both got something out of using me. I wasn't actually being used to shame her. It was all just one big game.'

'Do not expect that to be typical,' Pemberton warned her. 'We make no judgements about our clients' morals. As long as they pay for your loan

according to the scale agreed and return you in a reasonable condition, we do not require them to have a happy family life. Next time it might be very different... ‘

Sue shuddered.

Chapter Six

Sue knelt naked upon the padded top of the big sturdy table set in the anonymous farmhouse outbuilding (situated in the country somewhere outside Walbaston though of course she had no idea where) with its quarry tile floor and heavy square white sink and wooden draining board. The walls were hung with highly polished metal leather harnesses, links of chain and other disturbing accessories. In between them were pictures of naked women on their hands and knees like dogs. Sue was being turned into something just like them.

A large pink rubber dog tongue clipped about her own tongue worked very much like a gag. It hung out of the side of her mouth and she could not help dribbling around it. A studded collar was buckled about her neck with a ring on its back to which a chain was clipped that hung from the ceiling, holding her head up. Her hands and feet had been encased in tight leather pouches that resembled dog paws. Rings on their sides were clipped to snap hooks bolted to the corners of the padded table, forcing her to kneel in her alert posture while she was groomed and prepared. Her pussy padlock had been removed so that her mound and pierced labia pouted backwards from between her thighs.

To make her sex even more provocative a black rubber ring with two side rods had been slipped in between her lips by her borrower. The expansive pressure of the ring had the effect of pushing her lips wide and exposing the inviting dark pit of her vagina.

Her borrower she was a stout middle-aged woman dressed in a tweed suit, but her face was entirely and very disconcertingly concealed behind a joke shop mask of Margaret Thatcher. Since Sue had heard her give no other name, that was how she thought of her in her mind.

“Maggie” carefully combed Sue’s hair and then tied it into bunches on the sides of her head so that it looked a little like floppy dog ears.

‘You are a very pretty bitch,’ she said, half to herself as she worked. ‘I’m sure they’ll enjoy having you...’

Sue tensed. She had no idea who woman meant. Her cage had been opened up in this room and so far the only person she seen have been “Maggie”. All she had glimpsed through its small windows was a walled yard beyond.

But she was hardly in a position to ask questions. Whatever happened she would simply have to endure. After all she had survived three loans now and she thought she was getting the hang of it. She just had to get to the point where she could orgasm as quickly as possible. If she did that whatever else happened it made her feel as if she had done something for herself. It also gave her a goal to aim for, something to distract her from the bitter truth of her situation.

Maggie finished with Sue’s hair and then went to a shelf and brought back a cardboard box. She rummaged through it until she found a shiny bulbous black piece of rubber that she pushed onto the tip of Sue’s nose. It had some adhesive tape lining the inside that held it in place. Sue realized it was a stand-in for a dog’s cold wet nose. Maggie rummaged in the box again and brought out a hollow black rubber dog tail, looking a little like a large banana, which she plugged into Sue’s anus. It had a locating bar at its root that lay along the cleft of her buttocks and which stopped it twisting and held it up right.

Maggie stood back to admire her. ‘Now you look like a proper bitch,’ she exclaimed. ‘I’m sure they’ll love you. Are you hungry?’

Sue nodded. She was not particularly but being fed seemed an easy way of passing a little more time.

Maggie took down a pack of dog biscuits from the shelf, poured some out into a metal dog bowl and put it down in front of Sue. Of course, was else had she expected... Maggie released the chain holding Sue’s collar and Sue was able to dip her head down enough to eat from the bowl. She forced herself to pick up a biscuit between her teeth and crunch it and chew it up and swallow as quickly as she could. On the package it said they were designed to

freshen breath and keep coats glossy while providing her daily quota of vitamins and minerals. She hoped a few would not do her any harm.

When she was done, Maggie clipped a heavy chain leash to her collar. Then she released the snaphooks to her paw cuffs and helped her off the table.

But as she put a foot down to the floor Sue yelped as what felt like a dozen pins stabbed into its underside. She hurriedly dropped down onto her knees.

‘There are pins in the soles of your rear paws,’ Maggie told her. ‘They’re to make sure you don’t stand on two legs. For today you’re a dog bitch and you go on four legs, do you understand?’

Sue nodded miserably. She should have known that things would not be that easy. She was not simply expected to look the part of a dog, apparently she had to be convincing. There seemed to be no end to the weird perversions Charnley’s customers could think up for their sex toys to suffer.

Maggie led Sue, shuffling along on her hands and knees, across the hard floor and through a door out into the yard beyond. It was brick floored and totally enclosed and might once have been an old stable yard. On two sides were horse stalls with split stable doors in them. Half a dozen of them were open but in a reversal of normal practice the top halves of the doors were closed and only the lower halves were open. Inside these Sue could dimly make out beds of straw and figures on their hands and knees.

Oh God, what was going on here?

Maggie led Sue to the middle of the yard where there was a circle of what at first appeared to be very green grass but proved when she stepped onto it to be artificial turf. In its middle a heavy metal ring was set in the ground. Maggie clipped the end of Sue’s leash to it.

‘Now the boys are going to have fun with you,’ she told her. ‘I’ll clean you up after they had their fill...’ she went back into the washroom and closed its door behind her, leaving Sue alone in the yard except for the

figures peering out of the bottom halves of the stable doors. She pulled on her leash but it was held fast. She was confined to the circle of plastic grass.

Then there came movement from the old stalls where figures were emerging into the light. Sue caught her breath. They were naked men on all fours with heavy spiked collars about their necks, their hands and feet encased in fake paws and rubber tails plugged into their rears. Hanging between their thighs were heavy testicles with stiffening penises. The only difference between their canine attire and Sue's was that their faces were covered with rubber dog masks rendering them totally anonymous.

Sue felt her stomach knotting in horrified anticipation. She was a bitch put out for their pleasure. Were they slaves as well? No, there were too many of them to imagine Maggie was their mistress by force. And they were not chained up in any way. It must be some weird fetish they indulged in for the twisted fun of it. And the object of their fun was her....

The men dogs advanced across the yard towards her, circling around the patch of artificial grass. They growled and made snuffling noises. She cringed away from them but there was nowhere to hide or run. They were too big and too strong and too many. She was totally helpless. She could not defend herself. What could she do?

Nothing... except surrender to the inevitable.

That thought was terrifying and yet also perversely thrilling: the realisation and acceptance of her own weakness and total vulnerability. It gave her a sudden jolt of dark pleasure that set the familiar tingle growing in her loins, challenging the churning fear in her stomach.

Meekly Sue bent down onto her elbows and pressed her face into the coarse artificial grass and raised her bottom up and spread her thighs wide. The ring threaded between her sex lips made them gape impossibly wide, radiating out the intimate heat and smell of her. The men dogs growled and snarled, butting against each other as they tried to establish who would go first. Who was literally top dog? They were determining a pecking order... or an order for their peckers to go, Sue thought with a sudden delirious flash of black humour.

As they squared off to each other she felt her pussy begin to drip in anticipation. The strongest one would have her first. There was a certain crude simplicity to it. She was the prize and she was being fought over. It made her important in a strange way.

Suddenly one of them made a rush for her and rose up onto his knees to cover her before the others could stop him, squashing her tail flat along the small of her back. She felt a hard cock ramming up through her rubber labial ring and into the soft wet fold of her pussy mouth with brutal force. Then he was fully inside her and pounding into her like a rutting animal, his own tail wagging furiously as his clenching buttocks drove his cock deep inside her. The force of his thrusts set her breasts swaying back and forth, her hard nipples scraping across the plastic grass.

It felt disgusting and degrading and at that moment incredibly exciting.

There was nothing subtle about him mounting her. She had offered herself up and he had taken advantage of her in the most natural way possible. This was what her pussy was for. This was what her whole body was for.

With a grunt and howl he came inside, filling her vagina with his hot seed. For a moment he lay satiated on top of her and then the other dogs were snapping at his heels demanding their turn. Reluctantly he pulled out of Sue, dribbling her juices and his sperm from the shiny cock. But she was not yet satisfied and wiggled her hips, setting her un-flattened rubber tail bobbing frantically, demanding more.

The next most dominant man dog took his place inside her.

He was so hard and desperate he was screwing Sue with her pussy still filled with his predecessor's sperm. That must be mucky for him but Sue did not care. It was all simply male juice to her and she wanted to overflow with it...

And so, one after, another all six man-dogs screwed Sue. Before the last was done with her, the first had revived enough to come back for seconds. And she loved it even as she hated herself for doing so and came and came...

When they were done with her and Sue lay sprawled on the grass utterly exhausted with an aching pussy that dripped with many men's sperm, Maggie appeared to take her inside again.

Even if she had not had pin-studded shoes on Sue could not have walked. It took all her strength to crawl after Maggie on her leash.

Back in the wash room there were now steps leading up to the big wooden draining board next to the old-fashioned sink, and Maggie made Sue clamber up onto that. She plugged a hosepipe into the taps and used it to flush Sue's ravaged pussy clean.

As she did so she observed: 'You are really a very hot bitch aren't you? Quite shameless, really. Anyway the boys all seemed to enjoy you, so I must be sure to book you again soon...'

Back home that night in her big armchair with an icepack pressed to her sore pussy, Sue tried to make sense of what she had done. Waves of shame and confusion assailed her, interspersed with a weird feeling of triumph.

At least today nobody had spanked or whipped her, that was something.

Yes, but she had literally behave like a bitch on heat.

True, but she had no choice. She was just making the best of things.

But why didn't she put up a token show of resistance at least?

What for? She could not have won and they would only have been rougher with her.

Well what about her pride?

To hell with her pride, she'd had to swallow that weeks ago.

Yes, but what must they think of her?

She was just another numbered sex toy to them. They were the ones dressed up as dogs from choice. What about their own self-respect?

And so on...

Finally she reached a reconciliation of sorts with herself.

She accepted that she had simply done what she had to do and even managed to have some fun, managing two, perhaps even three, pretty mind-blowing orgasms on the way. There was nothing wrong with that and it had harmed nobody. Hold onto that fact and forget everything else, like a bad dream. That put her ahead of the game. And as long she continued to separate the way she reached those highs while on loan to a Charnley's customer, from the rest of her life pretending to be a normal person, she could survive this.

Chapter Seven

‘Since you have done well so far and received favourable reports from your borrowers,’ Pemberton told Sue ten days later, ‘I have chosen you to be part of a group loan with three more of our pussy girls for a large party that one of our most valued clients is throwing. You will be there both to serve and to provide entertainment, but it’s only for an evening so you should be able to manage it quite easily.’

‘Thank you sir,’ Sue said meekly, even as her stomach knotted in anticipation of being displayed before a large gathering. She supposed it was a compliment of sorts that Pemberton trusted her to represent the company at what was obviously an event of some importance, albeit doing so with her naked body and accommodating pussy.

It was strange for Sue to get into the back of the van and see three of its four cages already occupied by naked pussy girls. They were as yet not blindfolded and they looked up at her through the bars with interest. As Harry processed and prepared her he introduced them.

‘This is Pussy 25, Pussy 17 and Pussy 63,’ he said, indicating a petit blonde, a freckled redhead and black girl respectively. ‘Girls, this is Pussy 37. I hope you’ll all be friends because you’ll be working very closely together...’

The event was a garden party held in grounds just as secluded as those of Grace and Charity, but far larger. There were about fifty guests present, none of them under thirty years of age as far as Sue could judge and all dressed very elegantly and masked in a variety of styles, from slender dominoes to full face animal patterns or comic masks. Sue and the other girls were employed at first to circulate with trays of drinks. None of the guests

showed any surprise at being served by naked chained women, so Sue assumed they were also Charnley's customers or perhaps even private slave owners.

This latter supposition was born out by the fact that several of them had naked collared, leashed and muzzled girls at their feet like pet dogs. How could they do that in front of so many people? Then she thought there could not be many events where it was possible for them to take their slave pets out with them openly, so parties like this must give them a rare opportunity to show them off.

Were they slaves by masochistic inclination or were they indebted to like her, Sue wondered? She would probably never know. They were part of a secret world whose fringes she was only now barely touching.

Such a spectacle would have horrified Sue only a couple of months ago but it now seemed disturbingly normal. This acceptance also made it easier for her to distribute drinks with only a minimum degree of shame and embarrassment because, being naked pussy slaves, she and the other Charnley girls did not simply carry trays around like normal waitresses.

They were hobbled by short ankle chains which were supported by lighter chains that ran up between their legs, divided in two and then hooked onto their pierced labia. Their wrists were cuffed behind them so they could not hold their trays of drinks, however this not matter as the trays were designed to be carried without the use of hands. They had a scallop cut out of one side which fitted round their chests under their breasts. A pair of chains ran up from the outsides of the tray, over the tops of their breasts and down to fasten tightly in the middle of the scalloped section. This made their breasts bulge outwards and flattened against the top of the tray even as they took its weight. The front rims of the trays were supported by a pair of chains ran up to their mouths where they hooked to the ends of a short rubber bar clamped between their teeth. They had been warned of the dire consequences that would arise if they let go of the bar and any drinks were spilled. Nothing anybody did to them as they served would make them unclamp their teeth. To help take the strain broad black leather support collars had been buckled about their necks, forcing them to keep their heads high.

And so they passed meekly and mutely between the guests, dispensing drinks and collecting empty glasses and ferrying them back to the serving tables where white coated staff members collected them.

The staff members were not masked, which gave Sue a shiver at first. Even though she was always on the inferior side of them, she was finding that masks helped create a certain distance between her and her users. These people looked as though they were doing a regular job. But they said nothing to her or the other pussy girls and seemed to accept their presence as perfectly normal, so Sue decided they must have done this kind of thing before. Presumably their discretion was assured by their employers and the other guests. They didn't even try to take advantage of the pussy girls' helpless chained state with a pinch or pat on their bare bottoms. They were leaving them for the exclusive use and entertainment of the guests.

As they carried their drinks around their bottoms they were remorselessly pinched, their chained breasts patted and their pierced pussies prodded, causing them to bite hard on their rubber trays bars to avoid flinching. But they had been trained well and did not spill a drop

The couple throwing the party were an elegant man and woman in matching red lion masks, going for tonight by the names, as Sue overheard them, of Solomon and Sheba. For the first hour they had been circulating amongst the other guests chatting amiably, but once everybody was suitably relaxed and mellowed, Solomon tapped a spoon against a glass to get their guests' attention. As he did so members of the white coated staff took charge of the pussy girls and removed their serving trays and chains, leaving them simply cuffed and collared.

'You've had plenty of time to look over our pretty pussy girl waitresses,' Solomon said. 'And I think you'll agree they are some of Charnley's finest...' There was a murmur of agreement. He continued: 'Now they're going to provide us with some sporting entertainment. We're going to hold a horse race in the sunken garden and they are going to be our jockeys...' This announcement brought forth a smattering of approving applause. 'Follow me then...'

And he led the way through a gate in a wall into a small enclosed

garden. The staff members who had hold of Sue and the other girls led them along behind the guests. When they emerged on the other side they saw a walled garden with an open lawn filled with an oval track laid out on the grass made of sheets of plywood edged with wooden blocks like kerbstones.

Standing in a row in front of a line of white tape that ran across the track in the middle of one straight side were four colourful wooden horses that looked at first glance like large-scale versions of traditional nursery rocking horses. But as Sue was led closer she saw that although they were frozen in the tradition rocking horse pose, with legs splayed ahead and behind, they were not mounted on rockers but had rubber wheels set into the painted hooves of their outstretched legs, protected by curved spring steel fenders around their outsides. The horses' shoulder and hip joints were also pivoted with heavy springs linking their upper legs to the underside of their bellies, resisting the splay of their legs. They had harnesses of real leather, with reins, stirrups and racing saddles, but all had sinister modifications. The saddles had slots in their tops through which the tips of twin dildos protruded, while the reins were gathered together and threaded through a hollow rubber bar. The stirrups were fitted to brackets bolted rigidly to the sides of the horses and had buckled cuff straps fitted to them. Each horse had sheets of A4 paper taped to the sides of their saddles with their pussy numbers boldly printed on them.

The staff helped the girls up onto the horses that matched their pussy number. As they slid into the saddles the tips of the recessed dildos nuzzled against their vaginal mouths and anuses, making them shudder in anticipation. Their handlers buckled the stirrup straps about their ankles, holding them firmly on their wooden mounts. The saddle and sides of her horse felt highly polished against Sue's skin, perhaps by pussy girl buttocks and thighs. How many had ridden this mount before her? The staff pushed the rubber bar holding the reins between their teeth so they held them in place as they had the bracing chains of their serving trays.

While they were being mounted up, other staff members had opened up a box set out by the track and were distributing an ominous selection of long canes, whips and spanking paddles to the guests. They then spread out around the outside of the track and held their implements of punishment at the ready.

‘Place your bets now, ladies and gentlemen,’ Solomon said. ‘The race will be of ten laps of the track. And of course the objective is not only to see who wins but who places as well, also for guessing how many times they cum on the way. It’s up to you to make sure they keep moving and perhaps you can encourage your chosen riders to exert themselves to the maximum...’

There was a murmur from the guests as they talked among themselves, apparently making a series of private wagers with each other, recording the details on their phones. Now Sue understood why they had been pawing and prodding them all earlier in the evening. They had been assessing them for this event. Sue felt her stomach knotting even further, and yet she was also aware of the reassuring wetness of her pussy mouth. This was going to be the biggest audience she had performed in front of yet. It would be an ordeal but as long as she could cum she would survive. That was all that mattered...

And then Solomon added one more twist. ‘After the race, which ever four of you have made the most from your wagers can chose the jockey girl they wish to bed. They can have an hour’s use of her in one of the summer houses, which have already been provided with mattresses and suitable accessories...’

There was a renewed a murmur of appreciation at his generous offer.

‘Right, are we all ready to race?’ Solomon asked. He moved to the start line and held up a starting flag. Beside him Sheba had a set of large cards with the lap numbers marked on them. She held up number one. Solomon addressed Sue and the other pussy girl riders ‘Ready, set... go!’

Desperately the four pussy girls began to rock their upper bodies to and fro, using the leverage of their imprisoned ankles. This worked the horses against the tension of the springs pulling their legs inward, so that they splayed out and then pulled back in again. This motion turned their hoof wheels which must have been fitted with ratchets so they locked if they tried to turn backwards. And so they began to move forward in a jerky motion, the reins clamped between their teeth flapping wildly.

This progress was not achieved without humiliating cost, which was of

course why they were there. Their bare breasts heaved and bounced with the frantic rocking of their bodies while as the horses' bodies tilted forward and back the dildos in their saddles poked in turn up into their vaginas and greased rectums, cruelly penetrating and stimulating them.

They could not steer the horses to any degree except by leaning over to one side as they rocked and pulling on their reins with their teeth, but that did not matter because as they ran into the blocks marking the first curve their hoof fenders turned them back along the track. And so they jerked and bounced along in their desperate bizarre parody of a gallop. The hoof fenders banged into each other as they went, causing them to swerve about and go off at odd angles until they hit the other side of the track and turned back on course.

All this time the watching crowd were cheering them on. As their springing mounts came closer to the sides of the track they lashed out at them with their canes, whips and paddles. The girls shrieked and yelped, biting on their rein bars and dribbling about them as the hail of cane, leather and rubber hissed, swished and cracked across their jiggling breasts and straining buttocks.

As they progressed grotesquely around their first lap the field began to spread out. Pussy 63 was in the lead with Sue and Pussy 17 shoulder to shoulder behind her, with Pussy 25 trailing them. Their horses barged into each other and then bounced off their fenders as they desperately tried to steer them, made even harder by the lashing they received from the watching crowd whenever they got close enough to the sides of the track.

They completed their first lap and Sheba held up the card marking the start of the second lap as they bounced and juddered past, cheered on by the crowd.

By the third lap their stinging breasts were shiny with dribbled saliva and sweat while their saddles and thighs were slick with pussy juice, the scent of which was filling the air.

They were being deeply humiliated in every way in front of all those people but then that was the idea. In a strange way it was good-natured. And

even as she whimpered and sweated and strained, Sue felt herself being caught up in the cheerful madness of it all. The plunging dildos which were alternately pumping into her rectum and pussy mouth were inescapably thrilling. Her nipples were hard and throbbing. She knew she was going to come in front of fifty or more people and she could not help it. In fact their presence made it even more arousing. To them she would just be an anonymous numbered pussy slave who came for their entertainment: a pretty body but not an individual person. She could afford to let herself go in front of them without any inhibitions...

Pussy 63 beat her to orgasm by cuming on the fourth lap. Sue came half a lap after her and Pussies 25 and 17 came together only moments later. Their orgasms were obvious to the whole crowd who applauded them wildly. But they each lost their momentum as their orgasmic spasms overtook them and their mounts juddered to a halt. But this was a race and people had money wagered on their individual success. And so the canes and lashes and paddles rained down upon them, turning their buttocks and breasts scarlet as they were urged to race on. So they lurched off again, their spent juices now dripping from their saddles and trickling down the sides of their mounts.

Sue orgasmed for a second time on lap nine.

Pussy 63 crossed the finish line first with Sue just half a length behind and Pussies 17 and 25 neck and neck at her tail.

As all four of them slumped over their mounts, panting and shivering from their exertions, wagers were paid over and congratulations exchanged all around them. Then they were taken off their horses, rubber-legged and hardly able to stand. Ball gags were refitted to their mouths and then they were presented in front of the crowd so that the most successful punters could have their choice of them. Underneath their straggled hair, rosy cheeks and lather of sweat they were all caught up by a strange elation. They were actually beaming at each other foolishly about their gags, filled with a light-headed sense of pride and achievement. All attention was focused on them and they felt like the stars of the evening.

Sue was picked by a man with a multicoloured waistcoat under his evening jacket wearing a broadly grinning white-faced joker mask.

A leash was clipped to Sue's support collar and its end was handed to the joker. He led Sue off through the trees and along a gravel path to a small octagonal wooden summerhouse with coloured lanterns hung outside it.

Inside an air mattress was laid out with a frame around it fitted with the usual array of cuffs, straps and chains. A small selection of spanking paddles, dildos and lashes had thoughtfully been set out beside it. All the punishment implements were of the softer variety, with broader thongs and paddle blades of low density composition, so they could not inflict serious damage. After all, anything their guests did to their hired pussy girls the hosts would have to pay for.

Without a word the joker pushed Sue down on her back onto the mattress. It actually felt good to lie flat after her exertions. He kicked her ankles wide and buckled them to the bottom corners of the frame. Then he turned her inner thighs outwards, bending her knees and binding more straps about them. This opened up her sticky, aching groin to his gaze. He undid her cuffed wrists and pulled her arms up to the top corners of the mattress frame and secured them in place. Now she was totally restrained and completely at his mercy, ready to be abused or screwed at his whim.

Both presumably, Sue thought with a thrill, but then that was what she was here for. After her orgiastic elation during the race Sue felt strangely relaxed with that idea. This was all a fantasy, a strange daydream of sex and perversion. But like many fairy-tale balls it would end at midnight... or thereabouts. Tomorrow she would be out and about around town respectably dressed and obviously a successful young woman and nobody seeing her would possibly guess any of this had happened...

The joker selected a pair of dildos from the array, one slimmer than the other for anal use, and knelt down between Sue's spread thighs and rubbed both of them through the wet gash of her sex mouth until they were well lubricated. She thought he was going to plug both her holes but then he pushed the two heads together and forced both up into her sore rectum side by side. She whimpered in pain as her sphincter was stretched to its limits until the two dildo heads both passed inside her and it could close slightly about their slimmer lower shafts. But she was still dangerously overstuffed. She snivelled about her gag and rolled her eyes in distress, but the joker took

no notice.

He took up a long handled spanking paddle and twisted its soft rubber paddle blade head until it came off, exposing its bare cane shaft. He rubbed the tip of this provocatively through her sopping pussy gash above her distended anus, twisting and jabbing it into the sore mouth of her vagina and the hard bud of her clitoris, working it about until it was soaked in her juices and was making her squirm in pain.

Then he stood over Sue's bound body and began to thrash her all over with the improvised cane.

Sue yelped and shrieked and bit on her gag as the springy rod of wood with its rough squared tip beat down upon her, cutting into the yielding flesh of her breasts and stomach and belly and thighs and leaving scrapes and welts in its tracks. Sideways blows to her breasts made them leap and bounce and clipped her nipples, while vertical swings of the cane up between her thighs smacked into the wet cleft of her sex mouth and hit her clitoris like a hammer blow. Sue sobbed with the shocking impact, her eyes welling with tears that streamed back into her tangled hair while dribble ran down her cheeks. Why was he being so cruel to her?

She lifted her hips as far as her straps allowed, desperately offering up her pussy to him in the hope that he would stop caning her. Still without saying a word he nodded and dropped the cane. He undid his flies and pulled out a straining cock shaft that he rubbed suggestively. Sue nodded wildly again in desperation. Yes she'd rather have that up inside them suffer further beating.

He knelt down between her trembling thighs and mounted her. Her plugged rectum had compressed her vaginal passage and made him feel even bigger as he filled her until she thought one or other of her passageways would split. His weight pressed down over her sore body, flattening the mounds of her simmering cane-cut breasts and she had to stare up into the hollow eyes of his grinning mask.

The joker did not give her time to take any pleasure from their coupling. He rammed into her ruthlessly, in search only of his own orgasm, grinding

into her pussy. He was using her body coldly and relentlessly for his own pleasure.

Why was he being so hard on her, Sue thought desperately as she gasped and groaned beneath him? Did Solomon and Sheba know about his brutal ways? And after they had all been having such perverted fun...

The joker came inside Sue with a final grunt and she felt his sperm boiling hotly up into her vagina. Then he collapsed limply on top of her and she had to struggle to breathe under his weight for several minutes as he used her like a living mattress.

Finally, with his semi-hard cock still lodged inside her, he raised himself on one elbow. For a long moment he studied her flushed and tear-streaked face intently. Then he pulled off his joker mask and she stared him in the face.

‘Hallo, Sue,’ he said with a huge grin.

It was Alex Rockley.

In the early hours the party came to an end, the guests departed and Harry returned in the van to collect Charnley’s pussy girls.

As soon as she was back in the safety of van and her gag was removed, Sue poured out her story to Harry as he cleaned the four of them up and tended their abused flesh. She was still trembling with shame and disgust after her shocking encounter with Rockley. It was not her physical pain so much, though she had welts all over her from his cruel caning. Her carefully constructed mental walls separating her life on loan from her life in the real world had been shattered. The other girls looked at her with embarrassed sympathy.

‘He deliberately humiliated me,’ Sue said. ‘He enjoyed seeing me like this and he made sure I knew it! He said: “Fancy meeting you here. Looks like you’ve come down in the world a bit since we last met, doesn’t it? But

then I always thought you'd make a better slut than an advertising agent! Or are you selling billboard space on your tits now?"

'Look, Pussy 37, it happens occasionally,' Harry said consolingly. 'Sometimes you girls do meet people you know in ordinary life. It's just bad luck. I know it can be embarrassing but when it happens both sides just have to keep quiet about it. If he knew who you were but still screwed you, then he can't claim to be any better than you are, can he?'

But Sue was not reassured. She knew what Rockley was like and they didn't. He would not let this go. She had been promised anonymity if she worked for Charnley's and now that was lost. She repeated her story and fears to Pemberton when he checked her over via the bank laptop back in her flat.

'You should not reveal the real names of people you meet while on loan to other flesh assets or staff, Pussy 37,' he reminded her sternly.

'Rockley took off his mask, Sir! He revealed himself to me! How much more real could he get?'

'That was foolish of him,' Pemberton conceded. 'However if he was a guest at the party and you were given to him then he was within his rights to make use of you, even though he was obviously heavy handed.'

'I know that, Sir. I've got used to that. And borrowers have been hard on me before but they were just having fun with my body. I was just another numbered pussy to them. And if Rockley had kept his mask on I'd never have known who he was. He could have fucked me and that would have been that. But now he's made it personal. He was gloating and enjoying making me feel like dirt. He's probably already worked out that getting me fired from WB&H was the reason I was at the party as a chained pussy for screwing and he was enjoying it! And what if he tells other people what I was doing? That would be just like him. He still wants to get back at me for that smack I gave him.'

‘You are protected by anonymity in that respect as much as he is, Pussy 37. We will never give or confirm your real name to any of our client’s. He could only claim to have recognized you, but he could never prove it. Also he cannot reveal to others what you were doing without having to explain his own presence, and he would never admit that publicly. Our flesh loan operation and the private slave owners we do business with can only exist under the conditions of total confidentiality and secrecy, which he must know full well or else he would never have been allowed to attend the party. It may have been an unpleasant experience for you but it is over now and I suggest you don’t worry yourself about it any further. In view of your injuries you can have three days off to recover and then let that be an end to it ‘

But of course Sue knew it was not as simple as that. Now Rockley knew her secret he would not let matters rest.

Chapter Eight

However for two weeks after the party Sue heard nothing else from Rockley. She was frightened he might track her down to her flat and call round to gloat or else follow her around town. But nothing happened. Perhaps after all he had been satisfied with her humiliation in the summerhouse.

Then Pemberton contacted her with news of advancement for her.

‘As you have been such a good asset to the firm and been very favourably reviewed by our customers, I am now offering you for three day loans. This will of course improve your earning capacity as longer loans increase your periods of service in relation to the rest days in between.’

‘Thank you Sir,’ Sue said.

‘And in fact we have a three day flesh loan arranged for you already. A new client of ours has paid a premium specifically for your services. You’ll be delivered to him tomorrow morning so make sure your flat will be secure for that length of time...’

But even as he spoke a cold hand seemed to clench about Sue’s heart as a terrible suspicion grew within her. ‘No... please don’t say it’s Rockley!’

‘You know it is not our policy to reveal the real names of our clients and they remain anonymous at all times,’ Pemberton said.

‘Then just tell me it’s *not* Rockley!’

There was a pause and then Pemberton said gravely: ‘I’m afraid I cannot do that, Pussy 37.’

‘Oh God it is! Then I won’t serve him, Sir. I’ll do anything for anybody else but not him! I know what he’s going to do to me... He’ll just pick up where he left off in the summerhouse.’

‘It’s not up to you, Pussy 37. Perhaps he was a little rough with you, but he has satisfied all our requirements and has signed an agreement stipulating the boundaries of acceptable pussy girl treatment. You are an asset of the bank and you belong to us so you will go where we send you and give satisfaction. That is the guarantee we make to all our customers. I’m sorry you may have personal issues here, but as long as, supposing it is Alex Rockley, he obeys our rules concerning your treatment, then you must serve him as you would any other client. Do you understand?’

When she did not reply he sent a warning jolt through her control collar. ‘Do you understand, Pussy 37?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ Sue said wretchedly.

The next morning Sue went down to the Charnley’s van like a zombie. Harry, waiting inside as usual, was moved to say: ‘You look awful, Pussy 37.’

‘I didn’t sleep very well, Sir,’ Sue admitted.

She felt growing terror within as Harry prepared her for the travel cage. It was even worse than her first time being taken to Bulldog. None of them seem to realize that Rockley did not care about rules. Even Harry here, who no doubt enjoyed his job of handling and transporting helpless naked pussy girls, had never taken advantage of her although he could easily have done. He left her for the exclusive use of the customers as he was meant to. But Rockley would not be so considerate.

Harry did his best to reassure her. After he had gagged and blindfolded her and before he put the cover on her cage he said: ‘Don’t worry, Pussy 37, I’m sure it’ll be okay. And remember, I’ll be back to pick you up in three days...’

Sue felt sure they would be the longest three days of her life.

When the cover was pulled off her cage and it was opened up and her blindfold was removed, Sue saw she was on the tiled patio of a large white indoor pool room. There were several loungers and palms in pots and planters overflowing with orchids all surrounding a kidney-shaped limpid blue pool, with picture windows looking out over a stretch of well-tended garden.

Rockley, bare-faced, was grinning down at her. Behind him were two muscular young men in jeans and tight T-shirts. They were standing almost consciously posed with their hands on their hips as though to show off their physique. Black bandanna masks were tied across their eyes which gave them a piratical look.

Rockley took hold of Sue by the hair and pulled her onto her feet and made her step out of the cage. He looked her bare trembling body over carefully.

‘Looks like you’ve healed up nicely,’ he observed. Then his face became grave. ‘You know I got a bit carried away the other day, Sue. I realize I was cruel to you with that caning. It was really very wrong of me. Can you forgive me?’

For a few seconds Sue actually thought he meant it. Then his face dissolved into hysterical mocking laughter, which his two friends joined in with.

‘No of course I don’t regret any of it! You’re just a hired slut sex toy now and that’s what you’re for: screwing and beating. I bet you wish you’d let me carry on feeling your bum instead of slapping me, don’t you? Maybe if you had we’d have been in the Bahamas the next day. Instead here you are all nicely trussed up and ready for me to play with, so it all worked out right in the end.’

Sue shook her head. She did not have to pretend to this man. At least she could keep that tiny sliver of her self-respect intact. But he simply laughed.

‘Oh yes it did. If you hadn’t turned me down you wouldn’t have got in with Charnley’s and you wouldn’t have been at Solomon’s party and I wouldn’t have seen you and been moved to find out more about them. What

an operation! I never imagined a stuffy bank like that would have the nerve to run such a thing, or else I'd have opened an account with them years ago. Especially if I'd known they had girls like you in their pussy vault. I'd have borrowed you now for the full week if they'd let me. Still, three days isn't bad. I've got a lot of things lined up to make sure you don't get bored. I even had some toys specially made for you...'

Sue shivered and snivelled fearfully.

'But where are my manners? I haven't introduced you to my friends yet. This is Archie and this is Hamish. I've hired them to help me out keeping you entertained. And I thought we'd start off by giving you an introductory gang bang. Ever done a three-way before?'

Sue shuddered and gave an involuntary whimper.

'What was that? Oh, of course that gag is getting in the way. Why don't you try one of these?'

Archie handed him a black strap gag with a flange-rimmed tube in its middle. He pulled her ball gag out and pushed the tube model into her mouth. It held her teeth apart and opened up a passage to her throat, but it was flexible enough for her to bite down on a little.

'Can you speak now?'

'Yes I can,' Sue said slowly. Her speech was slurred but it was intelligible.

He pinched her left nipple between his thumb and finger and twisted it like it was an instrument control dial until she screeched in pain. 'Where are your manners, Pussy? That's no way to talk to a Charnley's customer.'

'Yes... Sir,' Sue said reluctantly.

'That's better. Now let's have some fun ...'

One of the loungers had been fitted with restraining straps. Archie stripped off his jeans to reveal he had been going commando. He had

muscular thighs and shaven pubes and ball sack, from above which rose a huge swelling cock. He lay back on the lounge and pulled Sue down on top of him so that she sat in his lap. He slid his big cock up into her greased anus, making her gasp. Hamish pulled her legs wide and strapped her ankles to the sides of the lounge frame. Then he stripped of his trousers as well, revealing a similarly muscular physique and meaty shaven genitals. He mounted the lounge and rammed his hard shaft up into Sue's vagina.

The pressure from a pair of large cocks filling her passageways almost to bursting made Sue sob in pain. The two men took no notice and began to pump into her with practised assurance.

She realized they were just hired studs, there to provide muscle and extra cocks to punish her with and also to be an audience and witness to Rockley's humiliation of her. He had planned this out very well. But then she had never doubted his ability or intelligence, just his character. Months ago she had offended and rejected him and perhaps caused his company some embarrassment, and now it was his turn to take his revenge...

As Archie and Hamish grunted and strained inside Sue, Rockley, who had been standing by the head of the lounge grinning down at her double penetration, suddenly grabbed hold of her hair and twisted her head to one side. His flies were open and his erect penis was straining out of them. He pushed it through the ring gag holding Sue's mouth unwillingly open and rammed it down her throat.

Sue nearly choked as he began to pump into her, using her gullet as a vagina. Now she was triply penetrated. She was skewered down her throat, up her arsehole and in through her pussy mouth. This was a true threesome with her as its unwilling fleshy filling. Helplessly she groaned and squirmed and bucked between them, trying not to choke on Rockley's cock, snatching gasps of air between his thrusts even as she clenched about the cocks of the two studs who were relentlessly reaming her out. Please let me come so I can pretend for a few seconds that this is not happening, she prayed.

Instead they came inside her, all three of them in quick succession. She was drenched in their sperm which was seeping into her through every possible orifice. And all the time she had felt nothing...

Rockley's claim that he had prepared well was demonstrated by the device that Hamish and Archie wheeled into the pool room and set up in one corner. Sue watched it being prepared through fearful eyes as she knelt with a heavy chain leash about her neck tethered to a ring set in the wall. The men's sperm was still dripping out of her sore vagina and rectum onto the tiled floor under her bottom.

'I said I was going to keep you entertained, didn't I?' Rockley said. 'Found this thing in a kind of specialist bondage catalogue...'

It was a big wheel with four spokes, a little like a large slender cart wheel, standing taller than a man and mounted on a horizontal axle supported from behind by a stout post fitted with an electric motor, which was in turn set on a low wide wheeled platform. Sitting on the platform just beneath the front of the wheel, so that its rim sat in it, was a wide Perspex tank, looking a little like a very long narrow fish tank except that its base was not flat but curved to match the curvature of the wheel.

The spokes of the wheel had straps bolted to them. Between two of them on the rim of the wheel were set a pair of brackets angled towards the wheel hub with screw clamps on their ends fitted with rubber pads. Once it was in place Hamish brought the end of a hose over and began filling the tank with water.

'Of course I don't know how well it works,' Rockley continued. 'That's where you come in. I want you to try it out and then you can give us your professional opinion as a hired pain slut. You can do that, can't you?'

Sue had to force the words out through her sore throat past her tube gag: 'Yes Sir.'

They fastened Sue upright to the wheel with her arms and legs spread out along its spokes in a flesh cross, held fast by broad rubber straps that went over her ankles, knees, thighs, elbows and wrists. The hub of the wheel pressed into the small of her back and a single broad strap went about her middle to hold her pressed firmly against it. Her head slid between the

brackets set between the upper pair of spokes and they tightened the clamps against her temples to hold her rigidly in place, so that the crown of her head pressed against the rim of the wheel. The lower rim of the wheel ran through the tank of water beneath it.

Rockley stood back to admire the result. 'You have no idea how fuckable you look righty now,' he said with feeling. 'Pity I emptied my balls inside you earlier. We'll just have to wait for them to refill. But I can still show you what I think of you...'

He stood right up to the wheel with his toes pressed against the side of the water tank, undid his flies, pulled out his cock and peed over Sue's groin, angling the flow so that the stream bubbled and spluttered through her cleft. As she screwed up her face in revulsion and snivelled, the drips of pee splattered off her and fell down into the water trough.

When Rockley was done Archie and then Hamish took his place and also peed into Sue's gaping pussy mouth. By the time they were finished the water in the trough beneath was distinctly yellowish.

'Time for you to start rolling,' Rockley said. He held a remote control unit in his hand which he pointed at the wheel. The motor purred and it began to turn. Sue took a deep breath as she was turned upside down and her head was plunged into the trough beneath her. A few seconds later her head emerged and she was spluttering and choking. With the tube gag fitted she could not close her lips completely and some of the pee-stained water had gone into her mouth. Her mane of thick brown hair was now soaked and hung across her shoulders like wet seaweed. Drips ran down her body as she was carried upright once more.

'Don't worry,' Rockley assured her, 'this isn't all. We've got a game to play with you while you get dunked...'

The wheel was turning at about three revolutions a minute. This gave Sue time in between her head being dragged through the terrible tank to blink the urine-tainted water out of her eyes and watch Rockley and his hired muscle preparing a further torment for her.

They laid down a strip of white tape about three metres in front of the wheel and pulled over a side table which had a box on it containing what looked like oversized darts. They had wooden shafts and foam rubber fins but metal tips and short needle heads. At the sight of them Sue whimpered in horror.

‘No, please don’t do that!’ she begged Rockley pitifully, spluttering about her wet gag.

‘But this is what you’re for now, Sue,’ he said with relish. ‘I bought the use of your body for three days and this is what I want to do to it. And you can’t do anything to stop me because I’ve got the power and you’re just a hired slut. Or do I mean *slot*? Both maybe. Now you’re going to be the spinning flesh board in a game of girl darts. Are you ready gentlemen?’ he asked Hamish and Archie, who had gathered up their darts and were waiting with evident eagerness. ‘It’s twenty points for a tit, thirty for a nipple, forty for an outer pussy mouth and fifty for a clit...’

And so they threw the darts at her as she turned and Sue screamed as the fine points stabbed into her body. They did not penetrate far but they stung and burned terribly and it was the horror of seeing them flying towards her that filled her heart with terror. At first she screwed up her eyes but that made the uncertainty worse. She had to watch them coming and try to anticipate the pain. But when she was head down in the tank she could not see them and yet the darts continue to fly at her body, especially at her exposed pussy mouth and upward splayed thighs.

Soon her breasts, belly, thighs and groin were feathered with them. Her breasts flopped about as her spread-eagled body was rotated through a complete circle and the darts stuck to them twisted painfully in her flesh as they did so. About some of their heads little blobs of blood began to appear. When they had all been used up the wheel was stopped briefly and the darts were pulled out of her, leaving her body dotted with puncture wounds and trickles of blood. Then the nightmare game began again.

Finally a dart struck square on her clitoris and Rockley cried: ‘A clitseye!’

The pain was so awful that she lost control of her bladder and wet herself, the urine spraying around in an arc as she turned and some of it falling back into the trough beneath her. Through her water-filled ears she heard Rockley laughing aloud.

Drips of blood fell from her breasts and groin or else trickled down her body making spiral patterns over her skin as she rotated. Soon the water in the tank beneath her began to turn pink, but still her head was dragged through it again and again...

Sue did not actually recall the dart game ending or being taken off the terrible wheel. Perhaps she fainted from pain and exhaustion and was no longer so amusing.

The next thing she had a clear recollection of was kneeling on a hard tiled floor not in the pool room but a luxurious kitchen. Outside the windows it was nearly dark. How long had she been left on that wheel? Her head still seemed to be spinning and her wet hair stank. Archie and Hamish were sitting at the table close by eating heartily. There was a large dog bowl of mashed food on the floor before her. Rockley was standing over her holding her chain leash.

‘Go on, Sue eat it all. You’ve got to keep your strength up for tomorrow...’

And she ate it like a good dog because she was desperately hungry and utterly exhausted and knew she would not survive without it.

Rockley fastened her for the night on a restraint frame in a windowless store room next to the pool.

It was a sturdy table with a pair of upright metal posts, looking like lengths of sawn off scaffold pole, rising from two side corners. She laid with her back between them with her legs raised and her ankles cuffed the tops the

posts, exposing her bottom and sex mouth which hung over the edge the table. Her arms were bent and laid flat on either side of her and her wrists were clamped to the table top by heavy metal rod hoops, the screw ends of which passed through holes drilled close together on the table top and were secured by nuts and washers underneath. A wider hoop went over her throat, securing her head, and a still wider one went across her belly just above her hips, holding her haunches still.

This posture left her totally exposed and Rockley happily took advantage of it by standing between her splayed legs and giving her a goodnight screwing in her sore and pricked-pussy. She thought at least when he was done she would be allowed to rest. But it was not as simple as that.

Rockley produced a huge red wax candle about five centimetres across and over thirty high. He pushed its base deep into her up-tilted and now sperm-filled vagina and then braced it upright by stringing several fine wires between the metal posts, each one looping once about the candlestick and going across the undersides of her splayed legs. Sue clamped her vagina instinctively about this wax shaft while gazing at it in growing horror.

Rockley lit the candle. 'In case you're afraid of the dark I've left you with a night light,' he said mockingly. 'It'll take at least twelve hours to burn down to your pussy lip level so you should get through the night without getting singed, and it'll keep you warm and amused. I'll take it out tomorrow. Sleep well, sweet dreams...' And he closed and locked the door behind him.

And so began Sue's first night in Rockley's possession.

At first she stared hypnotised at the candle wick slowly burning down, but gradually exhaustion claimed her. She kept dropping off and perhaps sleeping fitfully for up to an hour at time only to jerk awake in terror, fearful that the flame was burning down into her pussy mouth. It did not do so but gradually heavy trickles of wax ran down its sides. In snatches through the night she saw it flowing out across her pubes, running sensuously into the folds of her pussy mouth and engulfing her wedge of pubic hair. Trickles also round down between her thighs and across the mouth of her anus and down

into the cleft of her buttocks.

By the time she saw a pale line of dawn light shining under the door of the storeroom her whole pubic mound was covered in a thick cake of red wax, out of the middle of which a stab of candle was still burning...

Sue jerked awake again as Rockley entered the room.

‘Good morning slut, I hope you had a nice night?’ he enquired brightly.

Sue could hardly answer. When she had slept the tube gag had kept her lips open so her throat was raw and dry. She croaked out something unintelligible.

Rockley stepped up to the bench and pinched the candle flame out. He cleared away the wires that had supported the candle overnight and then examined her wax-caked groin with interest. ‘Now let’s see if this is done its job...’ he said gleefully. He took hold of the candle shaft and jerked hard.

Sue shriek as the wax cake that had moulded itself to her pussy mouth was torn off her, pulling the base of the candle shaft out of her vagina and also ripping out her wedge of pubic hair by the roots.

As she sobbed and shivered Rockley grinned at the negative mould of her pussy in wax with its clumps of hair clinging to its inside, and then ran his hands over her now hairless but stinging pubic mound.

‘Hot waxing really works doesn’t it? You’ve got a nicely shaped pussy mouth. You didn’t need to hide it under hair. In fact after you’ve had breakfast I want to take it out for an airing...’

Rockley also had a pony-girl cart in his garden but it was much harder to pull than Grace and Charity’s little version had been.

His was like a half size Roman chariot with a bin-like cab for him to

stand in as he whipped her along. She stood between its shafts with a heavy belt buckled about her waist to which they were connected. A second chain ran from the belt between her legs and up through her buttock cleft, cutting tightly into her now hairless pussy mound and crossing the mouth of her rectum. Both these orifices had already been stuffed with large dildos which the chain held in place. She felt as though her insides were bulging out about it.

She had a bridle harness strapped about her head with a metal bit jammed between her teeth. Instead of reins it had a pair of bamboo rods clipped to its cheek rings which ran back to the chariot and a handlebar that Rockley could hold in his left hand to steer her with. In his right he held a whip that he used to thrash her back and buttocks, urging her on to greater efforts. His large gardens were cut through with many looping paths and he drove her along them at top speed, sweating and panting as she strained to pull the weight of both him and the chariot.

As she ran Sue desperately tried to find some pleasure in her brutal treatment. The plugs in her pussy and rear and the chain cutting across her clitoris gave her some excitement. If only she could build on them she might be able to cum, and then for a short while she could blot out all thoughts of Rockley.

Her vagina felt hot and slick and began to drip round the plugs and chain and she felt it splattering across her pumping thighs. But there was a barrier she could not pass. This was only the barest instinctive response to such stimulation. She could not let herself go as she had before and revel in her imprisonment and subjugation and so find proper release. There was no joy in what was being done to her. Rockley had poisoned her mind against getting any pleasure out of her situation. She was trapped within herself and was totally unable to escape physically or emotionally...

And so she sweated and strained as she hauled Rockley in his terrible chariot around his garden until her legs gave way and she fell to the ground. Distantly she felt Rockley whipping her even as he called her a feeble, spineless slut. And then she did find a kind of escape as she fainted.

Sue awoke to find herself suspended within a scaffold pole frame mounted on a wheeled base in the dark and dingy storeroom once more.

She was hung with her upper body bent over level with the ground and her legs spread out to the sides by chains cuffed to her ankles running down to the bottom corners of the upright poles. Her arms were cuffed behind her back but they were being pulled upward by another chain until they almost twisted her shoulders out of joint. More straps hung on chains from the frame above her were wrapped about her upper thighs, waist, chest and neck, supporting her body and holding her head up.

Sue became aware of a terrible tearing pain in her breasts. She managed to blink her gummy eyes open and focussed. She saw her breasts were drawn out into fat fleshy cones by clamps screwed to her nipples which were fastened to a pair of light chains that were stretched down and out to the sides of the supporting frame.

She felt a large cock been rammed up into her vagina, making her sway and heave against her supporting chains. The rough motion jerked on her stretched breasts and she thought her nipples were going to snap. Archie and Hamish were taking turns screwing her from behind, first in her vagina and then her rectum. Meanwhile Rockley was sitting on a chair in front of her, calmly sipping a drink and watching her suffering intently.

‘Having fun?’ he enquired. ‘I am. This is the best thing I’ve seen for ages.’

Sue realized her tube gag had been replaced in her mouth. She croaked: ‘I’m glad you’re enjoying yourself... Sir.’

‘That’s what you’re here for, aren’t you slut?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ Sue agreed.

‘Now that you’re awake, would you like them to start whipping you again?’

Sue felt her heart grow cold but she said tonelessly: ‘Whatever pleases

you, Sir.'

'Use the whip,' Rockley ordered Archie and Hamish. 'I want to see her bleed... or until she faints again, whatever comes first.'

Sue feared as night fell that she would be confined in the storeroom again with another candle plugged inside her pussy mouth. But instead, after another dog bowl supper, Rockley took her to his bedroom. Then she imagined she was going to be made to share his bed and was terrified of what she would have to do, but instead there was a tiny barred wooden kennel in one corner of the room.

'Your bed for the night,' Rockley informed to her. 'I'll be able to watch you sleep... if you can.'

The roof of the kennel opened up like a lid. Inside it was lined with black plastic sheeting and was even smaller than the transportation cages. There was just enough room for her to fit if she was bent over and hunched down. In its base was a large dildo with electrodes studded down its sides.

Rockley forced her down into the kennel so that she had to squat over the dildo and it slipped up into her vagina. Then he closed and latched the lid and peered through the barred front door of the kennel at her pale gagged face.

Beside the door was a control dial. Rockley twisted it over and Sue yelped as a shock coursed through her pussy.

'That'll happen all through the night,' he told her. 'The timing and intensity will vary. The idea is to teach you that I am totally in control of everything that happens to your body and there's no escape from me ever until you admit what a masochistic slut you are and that you were completely wrong to slap me the day of your company party....'

And Sue was so tired and weary that she almost did so. Instead she said: 'Whatever pleases you, Sir...'

‘Still trying to be brave are you? Well remember I’ve got another day left to work on you...’

And then he ignored her and went to his ensuite shower and changed and then he went to bed. All the while he could hear her squirming and whimpering and yelping in the tight box of the kennel as the shocks coursed through her at irregular intervals. Not long after he switched out the light she got such a strong jolt she lost control of her bladder and her pee hissed over plastic sheet flooring the kennel and flowed about her shins and feet.

She felt so miserable at that point that she began to cry. And then with an effort she tried to bring herself off again, working her pussy on the dildo as she squirmed and clenched on it. But although she got hotter and slicker she could not cum.

The next morning Sue could hardly move. Rockley dragged her out of the kennel off the dildo and her legs were simply too numb and stiff to support her. He had to get Hamish and Archie to carry her through to the bathroom and wash the pee off her. She got a glimpse of her face in the mirror as they did and saw her pale haggard features and purple shadowed eyes. She had only snatched brief minutes of sleep last night in between being pussy shocked. She did not know much more she could take.

After breakfast, at Rockley’s direction Hamish and Archie took Sue to the pool room where they bound her in chains like a mummy. Then they clipped a pair of day-glow orange plastic floats to her nipples. Then they laid her on an air bed with several flotation chambers to it, pulled out her gag and then pushed it out into the middle of the pool.

By then Sue’s heart was racing and her stomach was knotting in real fear. What kind of game was he playing with her now? This could get really dangerous...

A small air rifle and a packet of pellets were set out on the side table.

Rockley picked up the rifle, loaded and cocked it and then sighted on her.

‘No! Please don’t...’

The rifle popped and a splash of water erupted next to the bed where the pellet hit.

‘This sight must be off,’ Rockley commented as he reloaded the gun.

This time the pellet struck the side of the air bed but grazed off it.

‘Getting closer... Rockley said.

The third shot struck the bed square on and with a pop one of its flotation chambers began to deflate and go limp.

Desperately Sue squirmed away from it trying to keep the bed level.

Rockley grinned, loaded rifle again and took aim once more....

It took a dozen shots to puncture the last of the flotation chambers. By then the bed was a limp mass of plastic with a few bubbles of air holding it up and Sue was thrashing about in her chains sinking beneath the water. She shrieked out: ‘You can’t do this! I’ll drown!’

Rockley called back: ‘Look out for the hook, little slutfish...’

Sue sank beneath the water. The remains of the air bed drifted away and her chains carried her down to the bottom. The pair of floats grotesquely clipped to her breasts tugged them painfully upwards and she settled on her feet swaying about in the blur-tinted depths. Air bubbled from her nostrils as she squirmed helplessly. But the chains were too tight. Rockley had gone mad. She was going to drown...

A large rubber hook dropped down from above and bobbed about enticingly in front of her. Desperately she lunged at it and took hold with her teeth. Its line drew taut and she was pulled up to the surface again and hauled up against the side of the pool. Rockley was standing there with a short heavy fishing rod in his hands reeling her in.

Archie and Hamish took hold of Sue and hauled out onto the side of the pool, setting her dripping and coughing on her knees in front of Rockley.

Rockley unzipped his flies and exposed his cock. 'Show me how grateful you are for saving you, slut,' he said.

'Thank you for saving me, Sir...' Sue choked out feebly. Then she began to suck him off.

For the rest of the morning they kept throwing Sue into the pool bound in her chains so she had to thrash about on its floor chasing the elusive hook so she could be pulled up back onto the side, only for it all to happen again after she had paid her penalty. She sucked off Hamish and Archie and then had to beg for a bottom spanking. The last time she was in the pool she was so exhausted that she almost did not find the hook in time and the air bubbled from her lungs as she was being raised. When they pulled her to the side she choked and then fainted from fear and wretched despair.

'You need some fresh air,' Rockley told her. 'Let's put you out in the garden...'

They tied her with her back to a stake in the middle of a patch of dry grass with a small wooden box a little way in front of her. They pulled her legs wide and bound her ankles to two smaller stakes, so that her gaping thighs and pussy slot were pointing at the box. They threaded string through her pierced labia and then pulled them open wide, tying the ends of the string around her thighs.

Rockley produced a jar of clear honey and he poured some over her breasts and into her open pussy mouth, working it in with his fingers until her vagina was sticky with the clear golden liquid. Then he laid a trail of it across the grass to the side of the box. He lifted a sliding tab that opened up a hole and he dripped the honey up to it.

‘There’s a wood ant’s nest in there,’ he told her. ‘They bite easily and like all ants they like sweet things. I wonder what they’ll think of your pussy? Now when you’ve had enough you call out as loud as you can and I’ll come and untie you. But you must sound convincing and make it worth my while...’

He moved a little way across the lawn to where a chair had been set out under a garden parasol next to a table with drinks and a book on it and he sat down and began reading.

Sue snivelled in fear and squirmed desperately at the ropes that bound her to the stakes, trying to pull her spread legs together again. But the ropes were too strong and the stakes had been firmly hammered into the ground and would not budge. Then she saw movement about the hole in the side of the box. Ants were coming out to examine the trail of honey Rockley had laid. She gulped as she saw they were huge things, almost a centimetre long and coloured red and black. Their little antennae twitched about and slowly they began to work their way along the trail over the grass towards her honey-filled pussy mouth.

‘Please, Sir untie me, Sir,’ she begged, hating herself even as she heard own words.

‘I don’t think you’re putting enough feeling into it,’ Rockley called back disinterestedly.

‘I’ll suck you off again, Sir,’ she said.

By now the ants were pouring out of the hole and swarming over each other to get at the honey. The line of them was extending across the grass towards her at a frightening rate.

‘You can do better than that,’ he replied.

The ants were swarming between her legs. The first ones reached the honey soaked mouth of her wide open pussy and were cautiously explored its curves. Sue froze in horror.

‘You can screw me in every hole you like, Sir!’ she sobbed, her eyes filling with tears.

‘I can do that anyway,’ Rockley said.

The ants were climbing over her sex mouth and up her body to her honey-dripping nipples. Her paralysis left her and she began to writhe in fear, trying to shake them off, but they only clung on more tightly. She suddenly felt hot needle-like stabs as they began to bite her. Some were actually crawling into the mouth of her sex and up her vagina...

Sue shrieked: ‘Oh God Sir... Master! Untie me I beg you! I’ll do anything! Anything... Just get them off... please!’

Rockley strode over to her. He had a plastic pump flask of some chemical that he sprayed across the ants that were clinging to her nipples and burrowing into her pussy mouth. They rolled up and dropped off her.

Sue felt a sudden pathetic thrill of gratitude towards him. He had power over her and she had none.

‘You had better mean what you said,’ he warned her.

That night Sue slept in Rockley’s bed.

No, she did not exactly sleep in it, rather she hung above it.

She was tightly bound with many heavy leather straps in the hogtied position. Chains hung from the frame over the bed and were hooked into her straps, suspending her just above his body face downwards as he reclined at his ease naked beneath her. A huge painful hook plugged her rear. His hard cock was lodged in her pussy while her breasts rested on his chest. No, not quite. He had a flexible plastic sheet on his chest pushed through with drawing pins so that their heads were beneath it and their points jutted up through it. Her breasts pressed against that. This position meant he could look up into her pain-racked face as he screwed her, pulling her by her hips up and

down so that his cock pumped into her and her breasts rolled across the pins which scraped and stabbed into their soft hot mounds, drawing yelps of agony from her as they jabbed into her hard nipples. By now the plastic pin sheet was smeared with blood.

But she accepted the terrible pain. She had not cum of course. She was no longer allowed that pleasure. All that mattered was her master's pleasure. She felt pathetic gratitude towards him for saving her from every torment he had inflicted upon her and proving he was her master. She knew it was not true and also knew at the same time that she hated him, but she could not bring herself to say it or even to think it. Three days had been long enough to break her. She was too tired and weary to fight any longer. She could not think clearly anymore. So much easier just to give in...

After he had cum inside her once more and she had swayed to a halt, biting her lip against the agony in her breasts, he said: 'Tell me again...'

The words poured out of her in a desperate stream: 'I am a miserable slut, Master, and I was wrong to slap you and I beg you to forgive me...'

And to her horror she thought she actually might mean them.

The next morning, before her collection by the Charnley's van, Rockley posed Sue for a picture. He sat in a chair and she knelt before him, showing her bruised and welted body to the camera while she kissed the tips of his shoes.

'That's a good slut,' he said. 'I'll put a print of this on my mantelpiece. I think you've found your proper place at last.'

Chapter Nine

When he pulled the cover off and opened her cage in the van on the way back to Walbaston, Harry took one look at Sue's hollow eyes and despoiled body and said in genuine anger and dismay: 'Oh, fuck he's made a real mess of you, girl!'

He did his best to tend to her, cleaning her up and applying copious amounts of soothing cream practically all over her. But she was still stuff and aching and hardly able to stand by the time they got home, so for the first time ever Harry had to walk her back to the front door of her flat.

When she got the strength to open up her bank laptop and link with Pemberton, he also only needed one look at her body before he said: 'I've already had a report about you from Harry. I see he was not exaggerating. You are to have a week off on full allowance, Pussy 37. No training or control sessions. You must just take care of yourself. Do you need a doctor? We have one who is very discreet.'

'No, Sir,' Sue said faintly. 'Just bed...'

'Of course. Meanwhile I shall contact Mister Rockley and see what he has to say for himself...'

Sue had a hot bath loaded with all the salts, foams and oils she could pour into it to ease her abused flesh and tried to erase the memory of Rockley's touch. Then she slept round to the next morning. But she woke several times in the night thinking she was drowning or burning, or because she imagined she had heard Rockley's laughter...

Around midday Pemberton called round to see her.

After weeks of becoming used to seeing him on the laptop screen, it felt

strange to have him in her flat in person. Briefly she felt a ridiculous flush of embarrassment. She was still in her night clothes and dressing gown. She had been lying on her sofa watching daytime television to try to blot out depressing thoughts and was still drowsy from painkillers. Then she reminded herself of all the times Pemberton had seen her naked and worse.

‘Alex Rockley is no longer a Charnley’s client,’ he told her bluntly. ‘He has agreed to pay damages to the company against the loss of your services, half of which will go directly to your own account. I apologise to you on behalf the bank. This is not the standard of care we expect to maintain for our Pussy Girls.’

She knew he was sincere. ‘Thank you, Sir,’ she said weakly.

‘I’m sorry I did not believe you when you warned me about him,’ Pemberton said. ‘You did it twice really: the first day we met and after the garden party. But when I met him he seemed perfectly respectable and responsible. We do not usually have this kind of trouble with our clients.’

‘He can be very plausible when he has to be, Sir, but I’d seen him when he wasn’t on guard. I know he doesn’t really care about anything except what he wants. He’s self-obsessed, he doesn’t even want other people to enjoy themselves around him except on his terms. That means he can’t even let a pussy girl have a bit of fun. He wants it all. Ultimately even if things go wrong, he knows can always buy his way out of trouble. That’s one of the perks of being filthy rich, I suppose.’

‘Do you think that’s what he’s done now?’ Pemberton asked. ‘Bought you and us off?’

‘I really don’t really care, Sir... as long as I never seem again.’

‘I will guarantee that,’ Pemberton said. ‘I have warned him that if we hear of any other reports about similar behaviour we will leak certain information about his company concerning strictly business matters that have come to light since he opened his account with us. Other companies will be alerted that he is a “bad risk”. That should ensure he doesn’t trouble you again. If he attempts to make contact with you privately, then use your bank

phone to call for assistance. Remember you are our property and we will protect you. In fact I understand that Harry would like to have a few words with Mister Rockley. He doesn't like having pussies in his charge damaged like that.'

Sue smiled feebly. 'Tell him I appreciate all his care, especially the anal lubrication.'

'I will. Meanwhile you just concentrate on getting fit again.'

Sue bit her lip. 'I... I'm not sure I can do this any more, Sir. Be a pussy loan, I mean.'

'Of course you can. You've had a bad shock but you will get over it. Rockley is not typical of our clients as I think you know. You were getting on very well with them, weren't you?'

'I was... but I think he's broken me, Sir. Do you understand what that means? I had this division in my mind between what I did as a pussy girl and real life. He's destroyed that. Every time I see somebody else in a mask I'll imagine it's him behind it. I've lost my nerve. I don't think I can do this anymore.'

'Well, just wait and see...'

A week later, apart from a few lingering ghosts of bruises and scrapes, Sue was physically healed. She stood in her bedroom naked and showed her body off to Pemberton on the laptop screen.

'I see you have been depilating,' he said, observing her still smooth and hairless pussy mound.

'I don't want to risk my bush being ripped off by a sadist with a candle again, Sir,' she explained tersely.

'I understand. How do you feel internally?' he asked.

‘My bum hole and pussy still ache a bit, but they’re working okay, Sir,’ Sue said.

‘So I can put you back on our books as fit for loans again?’

Sue shook her head. ‘I’ve thought about it, Sir, but I don’t think I can do it anymore. And you can shock me all you like until you knock me out if you want to, but I still will not do it! I’m finished!’

‘It means in a way that Rockley has lost you another job,’ Pemberton pointed out gently.

‘I know that, Sir, but I just can’t face doing this anymore. He’ll be there all the time. I won’t be able to trust anybody. I won’t be able to let myself go like I did with clients and cum the way they liked so much. That was all that kept me going.’

Pemberton looked at her thoughtfully. ‘Can we make a bargain? Just do one more day loan with a very old client of ours who I personally guarantee is totally trustworthy.’

‘I told you what I think of masks now, Sir.’

‘But he does not wear a mask. The only disguise he uses are glasses and a false moustache. You’ll be able to see he’s not Rockley.’

‘Oh...’

Pemberton pressed on: ‘At least prove to yourself that you tried to get back on the horse. I don’t want your last memories of Charnley’s to be sad ones. You were greatly valued by our clients, you know. They will miss you. And I think you’ll miss those orgasms. Only our best Pussy Girls have them. They were rather special, weren’t they?’

‘Yes Sir, they were pretty amazing,’ Sue conceded, thinking back wistfully to those incredible helpless highs. ‘But I never came once while Rockley was screwing me. I think I’ve lost it...’

‘But are you sure? Don’t let Rockley steal them and your livelihood

away from you. Give it one last try. If you really can't face anymore after that then I will accept it's over. What about it?'

Sue considered. She was still terrified of letting anybody take control of her again but she supposed it made sense, at least symbolically, to show Rockley that he did not have the last laugh and had not ruined her life again. Maybe it would help her sleep better. She took a deep breath. 'All right, Sir, I'll try. What's this customer's name?'

'He likes to call himself the Schoolmaster. And you'll have to dress the part this time...'

The next day in the Charnley's van on the way to the "Schoolmaster's" house, Harry tried to reassure her as he prepared her for her encounter.

'Don't worry about the Schoolmaster, Pussy 37. He's an old hand at this and knows exactly how to get the best out of pussy girls. He's not a cruel bastard like your friend Rockley. You're perfectly safe with him, I'd stake my life on it.'

His words were reassuring but Sue was still trembling with fear. All she could think was what Rockley done to her. How could she possibly hand herself over to the mercy of another man who wanted to tie her up and beat and screw her? That was not natural. It had only made sense if she could come as well, and if she'd lost that ability then there was nothing left for her. It was just a soulless business transaction where her body was loaned to somebody else to get their kicks from. She was simply a piece of flesh to be traded and she could not live like that...

Harry saw the state she was in and produced a bottle. 'A little Dutch courage?' he suggested.

'Yes please, Sir...' Sue said.

Her cage cover was pulled back and opened up to reveal a small, old fashioned schoolroom painted in cream gloss with high pebble glass windows. There was a large chalk blackboard resting on “A” frame stand beside a high desk with a cane laying across it facing a dozen smaller old fashioned scarred wooden flip top desks, each apparently occupied by a female student. Sue blinked. No, they were dummies dressed in school uniforms.

A tall thin teacher with a black gown, mortar board cap, black rimmed glasses and a bristling black moustache was looking down at her. He was a walking cliché of a comic book school teacher.

He lifted Sue out of the cage and undid her straps and collar and pulled her gag out. For once she was not naked. She wore a white shirt, a school tie, a grey pleated skirt, white ankle socks and black patent shoes. Also for once she did not have her pussy padlock in place.

‘You’re late, Susan,’ he said briskly. ‘Get to your desk...’

There was only one desk free at the front of the class and Sue quickly scurried to take her seat. On it was a pen and an exam paper headed: *Remedial Mathematics Examination*.

‘You have one hour,’ the teacher said as though addressing the whole class of dummies.

He took his seat at his desk and Sue read over the exam paper. This was not what she had expected but at least her resolve was not being tested yet.

The first question read: *Put down your vitals statistics. (Use only Imperial measurements)*.

Sue stifled a laugh as she did so. It seemed the schoolmaster had a sense of humour. Was it going to be that kind of nonsense? Yes it was...

They were all silly questions relating to sex in some way, such as: *If a girl screws three men a day for five days at £50 a screw, how much does she earn?*

They distracted her from her fear, easing her into this strange but highly suggestive scenario. Her churning fearful stomach settled...

Unfortunately it was soon superseded by a strange burning tickling inside her bladder and a growing need to pee. She began squirming in her chair, clenching her thighs together. She had not drunk that much. What had been in that bottle? Had Harry played a mean trick on her?

Finally she could not contain herself any longer and put up her hand.

‘Yes, Susan?’

‘Please Sir, I need to be excused...’

‘Not during a test. Those are the rules...’

‘But Sir!’

‘You heard what I said, now return to your paper...’

He was giving her no choice. He knew exactly what she was going through. He wanted her to disgrace herself. Of course, Harry was in on it. She had been set up. Well at least she knew what she had to do next...

She wet her pants. She felt hot warm shame and a sense of guilty relief, accompanied by burning cheeks, as her warm pee ran over her seat and dripped to the floor.

‘Susan, what have you done?’ the teacher asked sternly.

Sue, with her cheeks burning even brighter, said in a tiny voice: ‘Please Sir I’ve had an accident...’

‘Get up and lift your skirt and show me...’

So Sue had to stand up before the class of dummies and miserably lift her skirt up so they could all see her soaking wet panties which were stained and dripping down between her thighs and onto the seat of the chair.

‘You’ve been a naughty girl and you know what happens to naughty girls.’ He picked up his cane and flexed it meaningfully. ‘Take your panties off and come up here...’

And Sue felt the inevitable scenario closing in about her. She had no choice now. A part of her did not want to have a choice. It was so much easier that way...

Trembling she pulled her wet panties off and left them on her chair. Then, with the skirt still hitched up, she walked up to teacher’s desk. She imagined her fellow classmates could see her wet pink bottom and her wet hairless pussy mouth, looking so innocent and virginal except for its shameful row of piercings.

‘Bend over the front of the desk,’ he said.

It was just the right height. Now they could all see up between her legs to her pouting pussy slot.

The teacher came out from behind his desk. She saw the bulge in the front of his trousers.

He ran his hands over her trembling posterior. ‘Six of the best, I think,’ he said.

Of course it had to be...

Sue screwed up her eyes as she heard the cane swish and smack into her bottom and felt the hot sweet burning line spring into being across her cheeks as they rippled with the impact.

The teacher did not hurry. In between every stroke he fingered her bottom to test its warmth and ran his hands up between her moist cheeks to the plump peach of her sex and tickled its slot until it began to flow with sticky lubrication.

By the time the last stroke fell, Sue’s bottom was burning and she was squirming in desperate need. It had been over a week since she had felt like

this...

‘Do you need further punishment, Susan?’ he asked her.

‘Y... yes, Sir,’ Sue choked.

‘So are you still a naughty girl?’ he asked with strange emphasis.

And now she understood the full meaning of that question. The answer would decide her future. She took a deep breath: ‘Yes, Sir.’

‘Would a stiff rodding up your bottom hole be suitable?’

‘Yes, please Sir,’ she said.

His cock slid easily up her greased rectum and his hips ground into her sore simmering buttocks. He was not rough, taking his time and savouring her tight warmth. But then he had all the time in the world. The lesson lasted all day and she was not going to move from his desk until he gave her permission. You always did what teacher told you...

He came inside her with a satisfied grunt and she felt his seed spurting up into her entrails. She was hot and excited but she had not quite reached her own climax yet.

‘Are you still a naughty girl?’ he asked.

‘I am, Sir.’

‘Then take your clothes off,’ he commanded her.

And so she stripped off in front of the class with their blank eyes fixed upon her.

The teacher positioned Sue against the blackboard. He pulled her arms up above her head and crossed her wrists and secured them to the apex of its supporting frame with a strap that just happened to be bolted to the back of it. He pulled her legs wide and strapped her ankles to the base of the frame feet in the same way. There was a wooden blackboard peg resting on his desk he

took it up and reached between her thighs and slid it up into her sperm-filled bottom. She clenched onto it gratefully. A clean blackboard cloth was balled up and stuffed into her mouth for a gag.

Now she was properly displayed and quite helpless. The teacher took up his cane again and flicked it lightly across her heavy breasts with their straining nipples.

‘Look at her lewd body,’ he said to the class. ‘This is what you may grow into, if you’re lucky. Now she’s going to come to show you all what an excellent hot slut she is...’

And he began to run the length of the cane up and down Sue’s pouting slot. For the first time she realized the cane had a serrated back whose teeth ground through her wet gash and teased her straining clitoris. Her metal flesh tunnels clicked against it as he wriggled it from side to side. Moaning she tried to clench her lips around it as it ran through her, soaking it along its length. The teacher pulled it out of her and flicked its wet shaft sharply against the undersides of her breasts, making them bounce. Then he returned it to Sue’s hot slot, which dripped happily about it.

And it was then that Sue realized her true power.

Rockley could not have done this. He was too selfish and mean and without his money what was he? She had the courage to trust others with all she had: her body and her pride. That took a special quality that could turn pain and humiliation into pleasure. The same quality that was filling her loins with lust right now until she was ready to burst...

With choking sob Sue sprayed her juices over the tormenting cane and across the floor of the classroom.

‘Well done, Susan,’ the teacher said. ‘Go to the top of the class.’

THE END

Table of Contents

[Chapter One](#)
[Chapter Two](#)
[Chapter Three](#)
[Chapter Four](#)
[Chapter Five](#)
[Chapter Six](#)
[Chapter Seven](#)
[Chapter Eight](#)
[Chapter Nine](#)