

A woman with long brown hair is shown from the waist up, facing right. She is wearing a silver metal collar and a matching metal gag in her mouth. A chain is attached to the collar and extends upwards and to the right. She is also wearing a silver metal cuff on her left wrist. Her hands are clasped in front of her. The background is black.

Victims Inc.



SLAVERY BOOKS

Simon Grail

VICTIMS INC.

By

Simon Grail

Copyright © Simon Grail

All rights reserved.

The author has asserted moral rights under sections 77 and 78 of the Copyright Designs and Patents Act 1988.

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 2nd edition published by Slavery Books

Slavery Books is an imprint of Fiction4All

<http://www.a1adultebooks.com>

Chapter 1

Punctually at nine-thirty, Chelsea knocked on the side door of the shop.

The door still bore the empty screw holes and shadow in the paintwork where a trade sign had once been attached. Now it looked stained and neglected: another victim of the recession.

The alley in which Chelsea stood was dark and narrow and half-filled with the ungainly shapes of commercial wheelie bins, stacked cartons and bundles of old packaging, seemingly remote from the bustle and growling traffic of the high street that lay only a few paces away. Yet despite her surroundings Chelsea felt unusually alive and expectant that bright spring morning. Perhaps it was simply relief at having any work at all in hard times like these. She knew other twenty-year olds who had not worked a day since leaving school, whereas the agency paid her enough to rent her own small flat and get by in modest comfort. The downside was that she had to be prepared to take on any job in London or the South of England, however unglamorous, boring or simply odd it was.

There came the sound of bolts being drawn back from within and the door swung open to reveal a middle-aged and somewhat paunchy man, although his rolled-up shirtsleeves revealed brawny forearms. He had thinning grey hair and a pair of bright blue eyes that peered out through large thick glasses.

‘Good Morning, I’m Chelsea Hawkins,’ Chelsea said brightly. ‘You must be Mr Petruchio.’

‘That’s right,’ said the man cautiously. ‘What do you want?’

‘I’m from the Bodzforhire Agency. Miss Timms said you wanted a girl for some promotional work.’

Petruchio suddenly grinned and held out his hand. ‘That’s right.

Promotional work. Nice to meet you...'

As they shook hands, he looked Chelsea over with evident approval.

Her slim body was clad in jeans and white t-shirt. She had shoulder length brunette hair and a cheerful, slightly mischievous face with a high, intelligent forehead and deep hazel eyes. Her brows were bold and naturally arched in a way that suggested amusement or challenge, while her nose was slightly but attractively snubbed. Her skin was clear and very lightly tanned.

Petruchio gave her hand an extra squeeze before letting it go. 'Well, you'd better come inside and I'll show you what I want you to do.'

Chelsea stepped past him into a small utility room empty except for a sink unit and fitted cupboard. Petruchio closed and bolted the door behind her, shutting out the drone of traffic. Then he led the way through to the main sales area of the shop.

The plate glass front windows had been whitewashed over on the insides, filling the interior with an odd half-light. Occasionally the indistinct shadows of passers-by flitted across the misty panes. A few racks of shelving still rested against the sidewalls but the room was otherwise empty except for a table bearing a box of assorted fruits and vegetables and a stack of fliers, an old bentwood chair and a curious object suspended by several nylon cords from a long bracket of rings bolted to the ceiling. The upper cord ends were gathered into a bundle and ran down from the ceiling bracket to hook about rings set in the top of a concrete counterweight block resting on the floor.

'Just going to start refitting this place,' Petruchio explained. 'I'm turning it into a quality greengrocery. Thought I'd do some advance advertising. I wanted a young bright face to hand out some leaflets and show kids that fruit and vegetables are healthy, in a fun way.' He indicated the strange object suspended from the ceiling. 'So I had this costume made up...'

A series of long foam rubber strips, painted dark green, had been shaped into a slightly curving tube about two metres high with a rounded conical top and an open base. There was an oval hole the size of a dinner plate cut in the cylinder two thirds up just as it began to taper. Two green

arms jutted out horizontally from its sides, supported by cords tied to their wrists. Beside the costume stood a pair of boots swathed in matching green foam.

Chelsea walked round the strange costume, examining it curiously, and then laughed. 'So you want me to be a cucumber girl.'

Petruchio chuckled along with her. 'Yeah, "Chelsea the Cucumber Girl." That's good. Only you won't be as cool as one inside it. Did they tell you?'

'They said it might be hot work. I've got a leotard on, ready.'

'That's fine. Well, let's see if you can get inside. Then I'll tell you what I want you to do.'

Putting down her bag, Chelsea slipped out of her shoes and stripped off her shirt and jeans, leaving her in ankle socks and a sleeveless black leotard.

Petruchio had watched with interest as she undressed and now he licked his lips at the sight of her scantily clad slender body. 'I think you'll do just fine,' he said, grinning broadly. 'Maybe you'd better put the boots on first. I hope they're your size.'

Chelsea sat on the edge of the table to pull on the boots. More painted foam rubber had been built up around conventional calf-length boots. It made them stiff and awkward to pull on, but they were comfortable enough when she finally got her feet inside them.

While Petruchio braced the suspended costume, Chelsea crouched down under it and stood up, wriggling her way into the tube. It was a close fit and she had to push to slide her head past a tight elasticised collar section. Finally it popped through and she found herself staring out of the hole cut in the side of the costume that now framed her face. There were elastic cuffs at the ends of the arm sleeves as well, but finally she forced her hands through them. There seemed to be rods running the length of the sleeves, making them almost rigid.

‘I don’t think the arms are right, Mr Petruchio,’ Chelsea said, wiggling them about stiffly. ‘I can hardly bend them at all.’

Petruchio was beaming at her. ‘No, that’s how I designed them. There’ll be no need for you to use your arms for the next few hours.’

Chelsea felt the first frisson of concern. ‘But, how can I hand out the leaflets?’

By now Petruchio’s eyes were twinkling with anticipation and his smile had become a hungry grin. He licked his lips again. ‘Oh, you won’t be handing out anything to anybody, Chelsea. Do you think I’d waste my time and money hiring the use of a lovely creature like you just to send her out on the street leafleting? No, you’re staying right here and we’re going to play some games together.’

With a groan of fear Chelsea tried to pull away from Petruchio. The costume swung and twisted about the cords suspending it from the ceiling. Metal tether rings showed at its shoulders as they were drawn partway out of slits in the rubber, but they all held. The ends of the cords running down to the anchor block jerked and twanged under the strain of Chelsea’s struggles, but it was far too heavy for her to move.

‘They’re good strong cords,’ Petruchio said. ‘You can thrash about as much as you like but they won’t break.’

Even as she struggled to escape, Petruchio took hold of the cord ends attached to the wrists of the costume arms and pulled. Chelsea felt her own arms which were trapped inside them being drawn further upward until they were halfway to vertical. Petruchio re-hitched the cords about the block, leaving her arms upraised. Frantically Chelsea tried to draw her head and hands back through the elastic cuffs, but the harder she pulled the more they seemed to tighten about her.

‘There are rings of metal segments stitched inside the cuffs,’ Petruchio explained as she struggled. ‘They spread in one direction to let you push something through like funnel mouths, but they close up against each other if you try to pull it back. You were trapped from the moment you put it

on.'

'You... you let me out of this thing right now!' Chelsea said, fighting to keep the numbing fear that was creeping over her in check. 'Miss Timms knows where I am and what job I'm on. She'll come looking for me!'

'So she will, but I can have a lot of fun with you before then and be long gone. Don't worry your pretty head. I'm not going to hurt you... well, not much. Nothing she can't clean up. You see...' he tapped the box of fruit and vegetables '...there are some things I always wanted to do with a pretty young tart and a box of greens.'

Chelsea gulped, rolling her eyes about desperately as the cold hand of full-blown terror closed about her heart. From beyond the whitewashed windows came the muted rumble of traffic. Could anybody out on the street hear her above the noise and through that thick glass?

As Chelsea opened her mouth to scream for help Petruchio rammed a small, hard green apple from the assortment in the box between her lips, twisting it in until it was wedged tight between her teeth.

'Have an apple,' said Petruchio. 'Fruit's good for you.'

Chelsea gurgled and chomped on the apple, but she could not spit it out nor bite through it. She had been effectively gagged.

Petruchio smiled in approval at her desperate efforts. 'I think there's nothing better than to see a pretty girl with her mouth stuffed full,' he said, as though speaking to himself as much as to Chelsea. 'I don't want to hear you talking much but you can whimper and whine all you like. It excites me when girls make those sorts of noises, if you know what I mean. Like they're no better than animals, which is what you are. Now I've just got to add a few extras.'

He took a long wooden rod out from under the table. It had snap hooks screwed to each end. Bending down he took hold of Chelsea's right leg, pulling out a metal ring embedded in the inner side of the ankle and clipping one end of the rod to it. Chelsea moaned and tried to kick at him

with her left leg, but the bizarre costume made her too clumsy to connect properly and the padding softened the glancing impact.

With his free hand Petruchio casually slapped the inside of her thigh, making her yelp and flinch away. 'Naughty girl! You just behave yourself,' he said.

Chelsea swayed off balance causing the collar cuff to squeeze alarmingly against her throat, making her choke and gasp for breath. With a sob she struggled to stand straight again to ease the pressure. Petruchio caught hold of her left leg and clipped the other end of the rod to her left ankle ring.

Now she swayed in her bonds with her booted feet held forcibly spread wide and sheathed arms upraised.

Petruchio stood up again, peering intently at Chelsea's flushed face and wide fearful eyes as they were framed within the oval aperture of the costume that now imprisoned her. Her white teeth flashed as they were gritted about the apple gag that stretched her lips wide. A trickle of apple pulp and saliva was running out of the corners of her mouth.

'Now you're Chelsea my Captive Cucumber Girl,' he said wiping the juice off her cheek. 'All fresh and juicy and ready to be squeezed.'

He undid his belt and stripped off his trousers and boxer shorts, leaving him naked between waist and boot tops. A thick, stubby erection jutted out from under the overhang of his belly. Beneath it hung a heavy wrinkled ball sack fuzzed with greying pubic hair. Chelsea's eyes bulged at the sight and she choked in sick horror.

Petruchio appeared to relish her distress. 'That's right, Little Cucumber. You have a good look at what uncle is going to stuff up you. But first I'm going to peel you bare...'

From the fruit box he took out a pair of scissors and snipped them in the air in front of Chelsea's face. She moaned and whimpered, shaking her head and squirming desperately in her bonds.

‘Keep still!’ Petruchio warned. ‘You don’t want me to cut your pretty skin, do you?’

Chelsea snivelled, shivering in terror as her eyes followed the shining blades of the scissors.

Petruchio snipped round the foam rubber head of the costume and tossed it aside. Then he cut down each side and pulled the body section away. Chelsea was left standing with her head and torso exposed but her arms and legs still encased in the tethered green rubber sleeves and boots. Thick nylon cords with the metal support rings tied onto them linked the sprung collar section, still closed tight about her neck, to the shoulders of the arm pieces, holding them all together.

Freed of the restrictive foam sheathing Chelsea twisted and squirmed once again, jerking against the cords, but she was still held fast. She gazed pleadingly at Petruchio but she saw no sympathy in his eyes, only delight at her fear. She was his to do with as he pleased.

‘That’s the rind off you, but there is still another layer to go before we get down to the flesh.’

He stroked her leotard-sheathed body, cupping and squeezing her breasts and then sliding an exploratory hand between her parted thighs, pressing up against the tight swell of her pubic mound. All the time his bright eyes, owl-like behind their thick frames, seemed to burn into hers as he savoured her horror and helplessness. From under his belly his cock strained at attention.

Shame piled itself upon her fear as Chelsea realised that although her stomach was churning in sick terror her nipples were poking up hard under the thin material while there was a hot wetness growing in the fabric of her crotch. How could she react like that at a time like this? With a pitiful moan she turned her head aside and screwed up her eyes. No, this could not be happening to her! She was just an innocent girl doing an honest job.

Petruchio slapped her cheeks sharply, making Chelsea whimper and blink her misty eyes wide once more. ‘No, don’t you look away from me,

Cucumber! I want to see the look on your face while I do this.'

Trembling with fear, Chelsea looked him in the eye. Petruchio nodded. 'That's better...'

He hooked his fingers under the shoulder straps of her leotard and lifted them so he could slide the blade of the scissors under. Two quick snips cut them through. Petruchio licked his lips, his face shiny with anticipation, and slowly drew the front of her leotard down over her breasts. As they were exposed she could feel his hot, eager breath washing over her bare skin.

'Now they are a fine pair!' Petruchio exclaimed with a tremble in his voice.

Her breasts were rounded cones set neat and high with distinctly marked and up-tilted nipples that had shamefully swollen into fulsome cones.

Petruchio pinched and lifted Chelsea's nipples, feeling them pulse stiffly between thumb and forefinger. Chelsea whimpered as he then cupped her hot breasts.

'I think tits are like the fruits of a woman's body,' Petruchio said, still kneading her mounds. 'And yours are just ripe, Cucumber. And fine budding nips too. But they could do with a bit more colour.'

From the box he took out a thick felt-tip marker. Holding her trembling breasts firmly he carefully coloured her hard nipples a dark green. Chelsea groaned. Oh God, what kind of sick fetishist was he? Even worse, her nipples only strained harder as they were decorated. What was wrong with her?

When he was done Petruchio stepped back to admire his handiwork. 'Oh, yes, that's nice. Green's my favourite colour, you know. Maybe some on your cheeks as well.'

Holding her chin he drew two bold green circles on her cheeks and filled them in. Then with a grin he added a green blob to the tip of her nose.

‘That’s better. Now let’s peel the rest of you...’

He snipped down the sides of her leotard from armpits to hips and then pulled the remains out from between her thighs.

Petruchio walked round Chelsea’s outstretched body, admiring it from all angles while she shivered under his gaze.

Chelsea’s navel was a neat round dimple. Her buttocks were smooth, tightly curved and deeply cleft. A trimmed-back but still thick delta of dark curls framed a deep pubic mouth with a tongue of inner labia pouting impudently from its depths.

‘Oh yes, very nice,’ he exclaimed at length. ‘You look as though you eat your five portions a day. And you must exercise properly. Do you go for runs, Cucumber?’

Dazed and fearful, Chelsea nodded automatically.

‘Good. Not like some of the lumpy girls you see on the street. Too many burgers and fries, that’s the problem. Makes their skins go spotty. But yours is really nice.’

He stroked the smooth twin mounds of her buttocks, making her shiver. ‘Plenty of fruit and veg in a diet keeps you healthy and regular.’ He slid a finger up between her buttocks to tickle the mouth of her anus. ‘Are you regular?’

With a choking gasp Chelsea flinched away from his touch, swaying and twisting from the ropes, her anus clenching out of reflex.

‘Naughty!’ Petruchio admonished with a grin of delight. ‘Looks like I’m going to have to teach you how to behave like a good cucumber girl.’

From the fruit and veg box he took out a huge leek with its growth of long, stiff, fibrous green leaves still attached. Holding it by its thick white stem he swished it through the air.

‘You see, there are lots of things you can do with vegetables,’ he said

with a grin.

Chelsea goggled at him in horror. He was going to punish her with a leek leaf lash? This was all so sick and crazy and... ahhh!

Petruchio swiped the leek lash across her rump: swish, smack! The coarse thick leaves rasped across her skin, curling about the under curves of her buttock cheeks and into the cleft between them. Chelsea gave a muffled yelp of pain, spraying apple juice out from the sides of her plugged mouth as her eyes bulged wide, filling with hot tears. How could leaves hurt so much?

Swish, swat! Chuckling with delight Petruchio beat Chelsea vigorously, his stiff shaft swaying as he did so. Chelsea gurgled and sobbed and squirmed, twisting like a puppet in its strings. But there was no escape from the burning pain. With every swipe the edges of the stiff leaves cut into her soft rump flesh, raising fine red welts. Fire seared through her shivering buttocks as they turned from pink to scarlet. And yet even as she shrieked and slobbered about her apple gag, tears running down her painted cheeks, she realised that her nipples were throbbing cones and her sex was tingling and swollen. How could she respond like that to this old, fat pervert's beating? Shame and confusion heaped themselves upon her misery.

Finally Petruchio rested his arm. Chelsea hung limp and trembling from her cords. Tears dripped onto her raggedly heaving, green-tipped breasts. Petruchio grasped her by the hair and pulled her lolling head up until she looked him in the eye.

‘Now you hold still next time, right, Cucumber?’

Blinking back her tears, Chelsea nodded desperately. He had beaten the pride from her. At that moment she would have done anything to avoid another thrashing. Not that she had any choice.

Petruchio grinned, savouring her abject capitulation. He flicked her rubbery nipples and then ran his hand down between her legs. She whimpered as his hard stiff fingers probed her cleft and came back thickly coated with her discharge.

‘Juicing yourself up, are you? Your kind are all alike. You act like butter wouldn’t melt between your legs and then turn into a slut after a little spanking and it pours out of you. Well, let’s see if I can find something to dip in that hot little pot...’

He selected a large thick carrot from the box, with its bushy green fronds still attached, and held it up for Chelsea to see. It was a good twenty centimetres long with a stubby tip.

‘Now, you take a good look at this fine big carrot. In a moment I’m going to stuff it up your arse to open you up for later.’ Chelsea’s eyes bulged and she gave a yip of dismay. ‘If you don’t want it to hurt any more than it has to, you’re going to lubricate it with some of your pussy butter first, understand?’

Chelsea snivelled and nodded wretchedly. With a broad grin, Petruchio slid the vegetable up into her treacherously wet vagina to its full length. Chelsea rolled up her eyes in shame as she found her passage automatically sucking at the knobbly shaft. Then he began to stir it inside her, making sticky sounds and bringing forth a muffled groan of misery from her plugged lips.

‘That’s right, you butter this properly, Cucumber,’ Petruchio said. ‘The more slippery it is the less it’s going to hurt going up your bumhole.’

After a minute he pulled the carrot out of her, now thickly coated with her lubrication. Moving round behind her he pried her buttock cheeks apart and pushed the tip of the carrot against the tight pucker of her anal mouth. Chelsea gasped about her apple gag as she felt her sphincter being forced unwillingly wide open. There came a shocking sense of intrusion as the carrot shaft, greased with her own juices, slithered up into her rectum. It seemed to go on for ever until, with a perverse sense of relief, she felt her anal ring closed about the end of the carrot, clenching the base of its spray of leaves that she felt hanging down between her thighs.

‘Now you’ve got a nice green tail,’ Petruchio observed, fluffing the fronds.

He returned to the fruit box and brought out a bunch of plump purple grapes. Pulling over the chair he seated himself in front of Chelsea, with his knees between her spread thighs. This brought his head down level with her palpitating navel. He kissed her stomach and then the mouth of her pussy. Chelsea shuddered.

Plucking a grape from the bunch Petruchio rolled it about the hot wet lips of her cleft and then into the valley between. She felt the soft thing run seductively over the nub of her clitoris and helplessly felt it pulse and harden in response.

Then, prying her by now engorged labia wide, he pushed the grape up her vaginal passage with stiff fingers as far as it would go. Chelsea whimpered even as her rock-hard nipples throbbed afresh. Her anus clenched in reflex, making her carrot tail twitch. Petruchio plucked a second grape and repeated the process. With each insertion his stiff cock bobbed and strained.

In ten minutes most of the bunch had been forced up inside Chelsea, filling her with an obscenely squishy mass. By now she was almost delirious with shame and primal need. Her pussy mouth bulged like a cornucopia and grape juice mingled with her own discharge as it trickled down the inside of her thighs. If she had been able to speak instead of moaning incoherently, she did not know if she would have begged for freedom or for him to finish her off.

Putting the remaining grapes aside, Petruchio took out a large cucumber.

‘Something special for my cucumber girl,’ he said with a grin.

Chelsea sobbed in renewed fear, shaking her head. No, that was too much. He’d burst her!

Petruchio inserted the end of the cucumber into her packed vaginal mouth and began to pump and twist it up into her. With every thrust he went a little deeper, making her belly bulge and crushing the warm grapes so that they spurted out around the shaft and her clinging labia and splattered to the concrete floor in a mess of pulp, skin and pips. Chelsea sobbed and groaned.

Her anus was clenching about the carrot up her rear even as her vaginal sheath squeezed on the cucumber. She had never been filled so completely both fore and aft. Yet despite the shameful horror of it the sensation was obscenely arousing. Her blubbering moans were getting ever more shrill and desperate. This was it! She was going to cum...

Abruptly Petruchio ceased reaming her out. Chelsea sobbed in frustration, pleading with her eyes. Leaving the cucumber jutting grotesquely out from the grape-smeared glistening mouth of her pussy, Petruchio got up and reversed the chair, positioning it so that end of the twitching vegetable was resting across its bowed back. Taking out a reel of repair tape from the box he tore off a length and bound it about the cucumber and chair back so that it jutted upward at about sixty degrees. Now she could not force it out of her passage, nor would it slide out. It felt frighteningly as though she was impaled on the vegetable. She tried to pull her hips backward as far as her bonds allowed but found she was squeezing onto the thing even as she did so. Did she actually want to feel the thing pull right out of her or go even deeper in?

Even as she ground and twisted about on the shaft of the cucumber, Petruchio moved behind her. Bracing one hand against her hot bottom he grasped the base of the carrot fronds and pulled and twisted. With a sucking pop the carrot came out of her bulging anal mouth. Petruchio tossed it aside. Grasping Chelsea's hips he positioned the tip of his cock against the still gaping ring of her anus and plunged into her.

The force of his thrust drove the cucumber back up inside Chelsea's front passage. She shrieked about her apple gag as a rod of flesh and a stick of vegetable seemed almost to meet inside her. Petruchio was gasping and grunting with mounting lust as he brutally sodomized her, his belly grinding against her bottom. The cucumber was pumping inside the living piston housing of her vagina, still spraying out gobbets of grape pulp. The nylon cords holding her twisted as she fluttered between Petruchio and the chair: between thrusting cock and impaling vegetable. Her green-tipped breasts jumped and jiggled under the pounding. It felt as though her insides were being reamed out. She could not take anymore. It was too much. It was...

And then the riptide of a shattering orgasm ripped through her and she

blacked out.

* * *

Chelsea could not have been insensible for very long. When she recovered, however, she found she was alone in the empty shop. She was still bound and grotesquely impaled on the cucumber. The floor between her booted and rod-spread feet was a mess of fruit juices, pulp and her own discharges. The only trace Petruchio had left was his spent sperm oozing out of her sore bottom hole.

She felt cold, wretched, dazed and confused. How could she have reacted like that to the disgusting things Petruchio had done to her? What shameful, slutty part of her had made her cum like that? Perhaps she had an unsuspected dark masochistic side? Yet she had not invited any of it or encouraged it in any way, of that she was certain. He had planned all this carefully and she was simply his victim. Well he wouldn't get away with it.

But how long would it be before Miss Timms began to worry and came looking for her? She might be trapped here for hours.

Then she heard the back door of the shop open. Was it Petruchio coming back for more?

A smart dark-haired woman dressed in a grey business suit came in through the back of the shop. The sight of Chelsea's naked, defiled and perversely bound body did not appear to surprise her. Instead she strode over with a smile and stroked Chelsea's tear-stained cheek.

'It's alright, Chelsea. You've done a fine job. Now you can be yourself again. *Call back yesterday, bid time return...*'

And then recollection flooded back and Chelsea remembered everything, right back to that day in Miss Timms office three months before.

Chapter 2

The agency occupied a small suite of upper floor offices situated in Fulham just off the Palace Road. The sign on the door read:

BODZFORHIRE

*Cleaning, special deliveries, maintenance and house clearing,
bar and waitress services, attendance and reception staff,
poling and surveys, leafleting and promotions, event support.*

Proprietor: Victoria Timms.

The outer office was manned by Lucas, a large, powerfully built, saturnine man in his forties who appeared out of place amongst computers and filing cabinets, but nevertheless seemed to run things efficiently. When he spoke, which was only when necessary, his manner was always very correct and formal. He had a trace of an accent Chelsea could not quite place. She was sure he was trustworthy yet at the same time she was never entirely comfortable with him.

By contrast she liked Miss Timms immensely and always enjoyed being in her company. On this particular day Chelsea had received a call asking her to come into the office. Hoping it was more work she had arrived within an hour. Lucas greeted her with slight smile.

‘Miss Timms is ready to see you, Miss Hawkins. Please go through...’

In the inner office Miss Timms sat behind her imposing desk with its usual array of rhythmically bobbing and rotating shiny executive toys. She was perhaps in her late thirties, with a trim figure, deep blue eyes and a

narrow, intelligent face. Her mane of dark hair was drawn tightly back and tied in a bun.

‘Good afternoon, Miss Timms,’ Chelsea said.

‘Good afternoon, Chelsea,’ Miss Timms replied. ‘Do take a seat...’

They were always formal in the office. Their work might sometimes have been as mundane and unglamorous as jobs could be, but the agency insisted on a show of good manners from their employees at all times. As it had been impressed upon them from day one, politeness cost nothing and it was greatly appreciated by clients, improving the chances that they would hire them again. This attitude had also encouraged Chelsea to soften her natural East End accent and expand her vocabulary.

Chelsea sat down while Miss Timms steepled her fingers and considered her thoughtfully. Chelsea trembled. Miss Timms had a powerful, searching gaze. There was a strange thrill at being scrutinised so closely by somebody she respected. It made her feel suddenly very young and foolish, but she did not look away or try to hurry her boss.

At length Miss Timms said: ‘Well, you’ve been working for us for six months now and I thought it was time I reviewed your progress. You have undertaken a variety of jobs in cheerful manner. You’ve been punctual, adaptable, polite and diligent. I’m very pleased with you.’

This praise thrilled Chelsea and her self-confidence returned with a rush. ‘Thank you very much, Miss Timms.’

‘Therefore I was wondering if you would be interested in taking on some additional special jobs.’

“Special jobs,” Miss Timms? What are those?’

‘They’re jobs for my restricted list of clients. They have to be undertaken by girls of very particular temperament, mindset and physical qualities. They might be challenging, but you would be paid well above the normal scale.’

The thought of earning extra money excited Chelsea. She was not sure she could make the rent this month. 'What would I have to do?'

'Nothing. That is, you would simply undertake a regular job for a client, such as serving as a courier or waitress, and then behave as came naturally whatever happened next. There would be no pretence on your part, you understand, you would just be yourself. Then afterwards you would simply decide not to say anything about what had occurred.'

Chelsea was feeling confused. 'Sorry, Miss Timms, what is it that I would have to keep quiet about?'

'Anything the client, or his or her associates, did to you.'

'Did to me? What do you mean?'

From a desk drawer Miss Timms took a small parcel wrapped in brown paper and held it out to Chelsea. It was addressed to: "AYLI Productions Ltd", which was apparently situated on the third floor of the building they were sitting in at that moment.

'Suppose I asked you to deliver this for me.' She took out a wad of banknotes. 'And offered you three hundred pounds to do it.'

Chelsea goggled at the parcel and then the money. It looked very enticing. 'Three hundred... for taking a parcel one floor up?'

Miss Timms shrugged. 'It's my business what I pay you for a job.'

'So when I deliver it, what happens?'

'A man will take advantage of your being there alone. He'll restrain and strip you, spank you, have forced sex with you, and then leave. I will then come along to release you.'

For a moment Chelsea could not get her mind around the incredible words. 'W... what!'

'A man will abuse and violate you for his own pleasure. And, because

you are special, you will choose to say nothing about it.'

Chelsea felt her stomach knotting as the full realization dawned on her. 'You... you're asking me to act like... like a whore!'

'No, not at all,' Miss Timms said firmly. 'A prostitute may have to act the part of a willing lover for somebody she cares nothing for or even detests. There would be no pretence there. You would be at all times an innocent victim, who afterwards simply decided not to mention the incident to anyone. You see I have certain clients who want to act out a fantasy of subduing and violating innocent girls without any consequences. They believe that I have some subtle undetectable drug I administer to girls to make them forget what happened and that I can explain away any minor injuries they suffer. They never imagine I simply employ girls with strength of character to decide simply not to say anything.' She smiled. 'Clients can be such fools at times. But it's also true that we all have to make money one way or another these days, Chelsea. I decided that it is better this happens to a girl prepared and compensated than a true innocent, especially if it's a girl who would actually derived her own pleasure from that sort of encounter.'

Chelsea had listened in a daze. She was shocked that somebody as respectable as Miss Timms could have made such a revolting offer. The last part was particularly insulting.

'You... you think I'd actually enjoy being treated like that?'

'I do,' Miss Timms said simply. 'But not because you're weak or a common slut or anything like that, but because I think you have the ability to selectively take your own pleasure from such an experience.'

'Now you're saying I'm some sort of masochist!'

'I'm suggesting that you have an open minded approach to sex that would allow you to enjoy the thrill of such an incident. It's all a question of preparation and mental attitude.'

Chelsea blinked. The whole idea was sick, filthy and disgusting. She could never do anything like that. It was crazy, impossible... so why was she

not feeling more angry and less hot and excited at the thought of it? Oh God, were her knickers actually getting damp? Squirming in her chair she asked: 'But I'd have to pretend not to know what was happening. That is like being a whore. I could never do that.'

'No, while it happened you would really believe it was unplanned. You would not know anything unusual was going to happen. That's why I've chosen you. You have the right temperament to temporarily push the truth to the back of your mind, allowing you to behave perfectly naturally. Think of it as erecting a temporary memory block. You see the clients don't want any sign of pretence or false desire, so you must respond perfectly normally and innocently as a situation develops. They want to see the depth of your fear, to see you struggle or plead for mercy, perhaps even to be driven to an unwilling orgasm which they will imagine is a testament to their prowess. They will never know it was going to be part of your reward all along.'

"Driven to an unwilling orgasm," Chelsea thought incredulously as squirmed again. 'You actually think I could deliberately forget I was going to be caught and screwed just like that? That's crazy!'

'Not with a little preparation. Haven't you seen stage hypnotists at work or heard of recordings of self improvement advice that you play to yourself while you slept? It's amazing what the mind is capable of doing in the right circumstances. Of course you'd have to use a trigger phrase to initiate the memory block, something unusual that you would not hear everyday. Perhaps a line from Shakespeare on forgetfulness, such as: "*Consign to the tomb of the Capulets.*" You can remember that, can't you?'

Chelsea felt she was not being given time enough to think. Miss Timms was pressing on as though she had actually agreed to this whole sick idea. 'Er...well, yes, I suppose so, but...'

'Say that to yourself three times before you reach your destination and you'll stop worrying what might happen next. To you it will just be another job. Afterwards I'll be there to take care of you and lower the block again. We'd need a second trigger phrase for that. What about another quote from Shakespeare: "*Call back yesterday, bid time return.*" If I say that you'll remember everything.'

By now Chelsea was vacillating between outright disgust and simple disbelief that anything so mad could possibly work. Yet deep down there was also a dark wild part of her that was curious to know how it would feel and was taunting her for not having the nerve to find out.

‘Take the parcel and try it out,’ Miss Timms suggested. ‘Recite the phrase: “*Consign to the tomb of the Capulets*” as you climb the stairs. By the time you reach the top you won’t be thinking of what might happen. All you will be doing is innocently delivering a parcel. If you can still remember and don’t want to go through with it then simply come back down again with the parcel and take the money anyway. What have you got to lose?’

Chelsea knew she should be storming out of the office in disgust right now. Instead she was eyeing the wad of money and wondering what it would be like to let herself be taken by force, screw and spanked. There was an unpleasant word for that kind of thing. Except that if she went in knowingly and willingly then it wasn’t relevant, was it? Anyway it would never happen and she’d be better off by three hundred pounds. Miss Timms was right, she had nothing to lose.

‘All right, I’ll give it a go.’

Miss Timms smiled. ‘I was sure you would.’

Chelsea picked up the parcel and strode out of the office. On the landing she eyed the stairs leading up to the next floor. There were the nameplates of three or four other small businesses on a sign beside them. She’d never been up there before, nor noticed a company called AYLI, but there it was on the list. Taking a deep breath she began to mount, at the same time reciting the silly phrase to herself: “*Consign to the tomb of the Capulets. Consign to the tomb... Consign to...*”

At the top of the stairs Chelsea paused for a moment, frowning. What had she come up here for? Oh yes, the parcel. Now she had to find AYLI Productions...

It was a green door at the end of the landing. On it was a sign reading: As You Like It Productions, Ltd. She knocked but there was no reply. She

tried the handle and found it unlocked.

‘Hallo,’ she said, peering inside. ‘I’m from Bodzforhire. I’ve got a delivery.’

The room contained some filing cabinets and a large cupboard but was otherwise empty. There was however a light shining through the glass panel of an inner office door, through which also came the muffled sound of music playing. Chelsea crossed to this and knocked, again without getting any response. She opened the door and looked in.

‘Hallo, I’ve got a parcel for you...’

The room was lit by a single ceiling strip light. The blinds were drawn over the window. It was devoid of furniture except for a sturdy square table. On the floor in a corner was a large CD player blaring out classical music.

How odd, Chelsea thought, as she set the parcel on the table where it could not be missed. Perhaps they’ve gone for an early lunch. Only then did she notice the fabric straps, like chair webbing, hanging down the inside of the table legs. They had Velcro fastening strips stitched to them. What could they be for... except perhaps... oh no!

She sensed somebody was standing behind her too late to save herself.

A strong male arm went round her waist, pinning her arms to her sides, while a big hand was clamped across her mouth. As she tried to cry out she felt some dense spongy ball being forced between her lips. It expanded inside her mouth, trapped behind her teeth, forcing her tongue down and stifling her shriek of horror.

Grasping a fistful of her hair he forced her to bend forward across the table until her head overhung the far side. As he did so her wildly swivelling eyes glimpsed a dark clad figure with a balaclava mask pulled down over his face. She tried to claw at the back of his hand but he was wearing gloves. She tried to kick out at his shins but he had pushed his legs between hers so she could not connect.

Keeping her pinned down he reached over the back of the table and drew up one end of a bungee cord that he wrapped twice about her neck and then hooked back under the table. Then he released his hold on her hair. As she instinctively tried to jerk herself back upright the elastic cord tightened alarmingly about her neck. Before she could scrabble about and find the hook end to free it he had caught hold of her right arm, pulled it out sideways until her wrist overhung the side of the table and bound it with the Velcro-ended strapping. He did the same to her left arm.

Now she was secured bent over face forward across the table and unable to lift her upper body or even twist her head round fully without half strangling herself. She shrieked and gurgled in fear and rage but the muffled snorts and moans that got past her gag were drowned by the crash and thump of the orchestra on the disc.

Chelsea felt his hands reaching under her tummy, feeling for the button and zip of her jeans. No, this could not be happening to her! She kicked about frantically but could not stop him rolling and dragging her jeans and panties down her thighs, baring her bottom. Pulling off her trainers he tore the leg-ends of her jeans off her feet and tossed them aside.

Shamefully Chelsea clenched her thighs and knees together to protect her modesty, but it was a futile gesture. One at a time he caught hold of her ankles, spread them wide and strapped them to the sides of the table legs.

Now she was completely secured, bent over and bared from the waist down. He could see up her bottom crack and gaze at the pouting swell of her pubic cleft. She had never been so terrified, helpless or totally exposed before. Perhaps this was a nightmare. Any moment now she would wake up. Please God let me wake up!

But it was all too real.

With a sickening start she felt his hands, now no longer gloved, clasp her buttocks. He stroked and kneaded her smooth fleshy cheeks, testing their elasticity and resilience. He slid his fingers into the humid valley between them, over the fearfully clenching crinkled well of her anus and into the soft cleft of her pubic mound. Chelsea whimpered as he toyed with her labia,

stroking and tickling, working his fingertips ever deeper until they caressed the pulsating nub of her clitoris.

Oh God no! She was wet and hard! How could she react like this?

Then he began to spank her.

A big hard hand slapped into the full undercurves of her buttocks, sending shivering ripples through the flesh of her defenceless hemispheres as they were lifted high by the impact before dropping back with a fluid tremble. Each blow fell in time with the beat of the music. She was being spanked to a classical accompaniment, the crisp meaty smack of each blow mingling with the swell of woodwinds and blare of brass. Chelsea yelped and sobbed, straining at her bonds, but there was no escape. Her bottom turned from pink to scarlet and seemed to be blazing like a furnace while her tears of pain and shame dripped to the floor.

Abruptly the smacking stopped, leaving Chelsea's burning bottom suddenly feeling cold and perversely neglected, clenching itself for the next blow that did not fall. He felt between her thighs again, testing the state of her pussy, and she knew with sickening shame that his fingers came away wetter than before. She lay terrified and trembling across the table, waiting for her assailant's next move.

Hands clamped about her hips, holding her rigid. A hard smooth cockhead nuzzled into her sopping cleft, found the mouth of her vagina and drove in hard. Chelsea whimpered as she was filled.

The table creaked with each thrust as he reamed her out. Now she was being banged in time with the music. He was brutally hard as he used her, careless of her comfort, seeking only his pleasure. But then she was there to be used. No, how could she think that? But it was true. His pace quickened as the climax of the performance approached. And, terrible as it seemed, she was being caught up in the sick thrill of it, pushing back against him with her hips, clamping her sheath about his cock, conniving in her own defilement.

Suddenly hot sperm was spouting inside her, mingling with an explosion of her own juices spraying out of her slot, driven by a convulsion

in her loins that she could not contain. Fireworks seemed to burst inside her brain, and then she was drifting downwards with the fading sparks into welcoming blackness.

* * *

The music had been turned off and her pussy was empty. The ball gag was pulled from her mouth. A spout was pushed between her lips and she gulped cool water. Somebody was saying something.

‘Call back yesterday, bid time return.’

And she remembered.

Miss Timms tended her as she lay across the table still bound, and Chelsea let her while she gathered her thoughts. A cold flannel was applied to her burning buttocks and then a wetwipe swabbed the spent sperm and juices from her aching pussy.

‘This is how it will be,’ Miss Timms said as she worked. ‘After the clients leave I’ll take care of you. They think I’ll be administering my magic amnesia drug, but we’ll know I’m actually helping you remember, not forget.’

Miss Timms freed the cord about Chelsea’s neck so she could turn her head and look her in the eye. Gently she stroked Chelsea’s hair. ‘Did it work?’

‘Yes, Miss Timms.’

‘And have you anything to say about what has just happened to you?’

Chelsea found the right words came surprisingly easily: ‘Nothing’s happened to me, Miss Timms. Nothing... bad, anyway.’

It really was as simple as that.

Miss Timms smiled. 'Well done. You should feel no shame. You were an innocent victim. You acted perfectly properly and did nothing to encourage anybody to take advantage of you. In the circumstances who could blame you for taking what pleasure you could find? You were simply doing a job for a wage I offered to pay you when something unexpected occurred. If you now choose not to tell anybody about it then that is entirely up to you.'

Chelsea realized she felt both dirty and used and yet also weirdly elated at her body's response. That had been an incredible orgasm, yet now she felt no guilt or shame that it had been forced from her, except perhaps a lingering thread to savour darkly. It was amazing what the mind could do. Maybe she really was special.

There was one thing she had to know. 'Was that Lucas who had me?'

'Yes. Don't think badly of him. You understand we had to test you. He was only following my orders. He's very loyal... and totally discrete. He'll never reveal anything about the jobs my special girls do to anyone.'

'Are there many others like me, Miss Timms?'

'A few.'

'Will I ever meet them?'

'Oh yes...when the time is right.'

Chapter 3

Nina Greene unslung the pack from her back with relief. According to the map this was the spot she had to set up her gear. She wiped the sweat from her brow and took another swig from her water bottle while admiring her surroundings. She was a town girl at heart but she did not mind the countryside in small doses.

She was standing on a length of winding track that skirted a stretch of woodland set in the picturesque hills and valleys north of Box Hill in Surrey. It was so peaceful it was hard to believe she was only half an hour's drive from the heart of London.

Nina's great-grandparents had come to England from Jamaica and her heritage still showed in her rich coffee brown skin. Her bright mischievous eyes were a few shades darker, shining out from under bold arching brows that echoed the quizzical lines of her wide, full-lipped mouth. Her long mahogany-tinted hair was cut in square fringe across her brow and tied into two long plats that hung down from under a baseball cap over her shoulders. Currently her well-curved yet supple twenty-one-year-old body was clad in pale blue vest top and running shorts, white ankle socks and trainers.

In the year she had worked for Bodzforhire she had undertaken many odd jobs, but acting as a marshal for an Athletics club was a new one. Touchstone Harriers had planned a cross-country meet and this was one of the checkpoints. Nina had been hired because the race had to be rescheduled at short notice from a Sunday to a Wednesday and the club did not have enough officials available in the middle of the week. Still Nina was not going to complain. Counting a load of sweaty runners as they slogged passed her while she sat down in comfort was her kind of work and helped pay for her to live an independent life from her somewhat chaotic extended family.

From her pack she took out a lightweight folding chair, clipboard, flask and lunchbox. Then came a sign mounted on a tubular slot-together pole with a spiked tip that she stuck in the ground. It had a large number 13 marked on it and an arrow pointing the way down the track to the next

checkpoint. Finally she put on a yellow tabard bearing the wording: Race Marshal.

Nina checked her watch and the timetable she had been given. If they had set off as planned the first runners would not reach her for at least half an hour. After that she would have to stay at her post until she had checked the whole field through, including stragglers. Perhaps this was a good time to have a quick pee.

The edge of the woods was fenced off but right by her checkpoint was an inviting open style with thick bushes beyond. Nina looked about her. Nobody was in sight. Being a weekday out of holiday season the area was not busy and she had only passed a couple of people out walking a dog on the twenty minute hike from where she had parked her car. She could safely leave her belongings by the track for a few minutes.

Nina climbed the style and found a narrow, faintly worn path on the other side winding away between dense clumps of rhododendron and a few holly trees, overhung by a canopy of box and yew. Except for the twitter of birds it was very still and peaceful.

She found a suitable nook around the first bend in the path, out of sight of the track. Pulling her shorts and panties down to her knees she squatted in the cool shade. Her glossy dark buttocks were smooth and fully rounded, while her pudenda was a softly cleft mound of sooty flesh pouting from under them.

It was as her pee was splashing into the leaf litter that she heard a sudden loud swish and rustle of leaves from somewhere close by.

Still squatting, Nina twisted round in alarm, but she could see nothing through the dense bushes. Had it been an animal or a person? The place had seemed deserted. Of course it was inside a fence. Was it private property? There had been no sign by the style. She thought this was all common land.

Quickly shaking the drips from her pubes she pulled up her shorts and stepped back out onto narrow path. A sudden shiver ran down her spine. She would feel more comfortable out in the open.

Nina rounded the corner and then stopped dead. The way to the style was blocked by crossed boughs from a holly tree that filled the narrow path from side to side and rose higher than she could reach.

For a moment Nina blinked at the obstruction foolishly. This must have been what she had heard. A tree had fallen across the path. It would have been nasty if it had come down when she had walked past a minute earlier. Could she move it or wriggle round it? Tentatively she tried to pull the branches away while avoiding being pricked, but they seemed to be jammed in place. It was only then that she saw the ropes tied to the thicker branches that had been used to pull the boughs into place and which now held them fast.

Nina gave a choking gasp of fear as a chill hand clutched at her spine. She twisted round, biting her lip as she searched the wall of shrubs and trees around her. This was a trap!

The bushes on both side of her began to rustle ominously. Shadowy, indistinct forms moved in their depths, edging closer.

With a sob Nina sprinted away along the path. From behind her she heard unintelligible grunts and cries and then the thud of pounding feet. She did not look back. She knew she was going deeper into the wood but it was her only chance. As long as she could stay ahead of them she had a chance of finding some way back out onto open country.

And then the ground under her feet seemed to give way, disintegrating into a shower of leaves and twigs. Pitching forward her feet and frantically flailing arms became entangled in the mesh of large rope net that had been slung across a deep pit. As she fell into its folds the net drew tight and closed about her. There was a jerk and she came to rest, twisting and swaying just above a bare earth floor.

Nina squirmed wildly, clawing at the netting, trying to find an opening. But the more she struggled the more entangled she became. Then she heard footsteps pounding up to the edge of the pit and knew it was too late.

She screwed her head round so she could squint up through the enveloping mesh. Three indistinct forms were standing over her. They bent down and began to haul on the ropes from which the net was slung, dragging her back up into the light. For the first time she saw them clearly.

They were three naked men with streaks of brown and green camouflage paint thickly daubed across their bodies, so it was almost impossible to tell what their natural skin colour was. Their heads were covered in roughly made and gaudily painted masks of the kind some primitive tribal witchdoctor might wear, fringed with great sprays of feathers. They carried what looked like spears and they had sheathed knives and coils of rope hooked to ragged leather belts. Nina gaped at them in disbelief. What kind of sick game was this?

Spitting out grit from her mouth she yelled: 'Let me go you crazy bastards!'

Frighteningly they laughed, but not like men. It was a growling, grunting kind of laughter, more like that of an animal.

They dropped Nina onto the ground and unfolded the net. As a gap opened up she made a sudden desperate lunge for freedom, scrabbling for the bushes on all fours. One of the men sprang after her and jabbed downwards with his spear, striking her between the shoulders.

Nina shrieked in terror as a jolt of searing pain stabbed through her body. Writhing helplessly she flopped onto her back. Through misty eyes she saw all three of them standing over her, jabbing her with their spears again and again, so that she shrieked and sobbed and jerked with each fresh stab of pain.

But there was no blood. She had not even been scratched. The spear tips were made of silvered rubber. As they struck each folded back to expose a pair of electrical contacts that delivered a powerful electric shock. And with each thrust, as Nina screeched and gasped with pain, their cocks swelled and lifted into erection.

They stopped when Nina lay helplessly twitching and trembling on

the ground at their feet, temporarily too stunned and enfeebled to resist further. The trio grunted and chuckled to each other in rough delight. Then they drew their very real and sharp knives and bent over Nina's prostrate form.

Methodically they cut off her vest, bra, shorts and panties as though they were skinning an animal, rolling her over on the dirt between them to strip the shreds of fabric from her. She whimpered and tried to fight them off but she was still too weak and unable to coordinate her movements.

The torn white scrap of her panties seemed to delight the men, and they passed it between themselves like a trophy, sniffing it with relish. Then they balled the scrap up and stuffed it into her mouth, stifling her feeble protests. A length of thin rope from their belts was bound about her mouth and the back of her neck, holding the improvised gag in place. They used heavier ropes to bind her wrists before her and tie her ankles together.

She lay bound at their feet, totally naked except for her socks and trainers. Their eyes flashed hungrily deep in their mask sockets as they contemplated their helpless prey.

Nina's heavy brown breasts trembled with the ragged rise and fall of her chest, capped by large nipples the colour of dark chocolate. Her smooth stomach and deep navel shivered fearfully. At the apex of her full rounded thighs her dusky mound of Venus was crowned by a cropped "V" of dark curls.

Chuckling and grunting to each other like cavemen they prodded her naked breasts and pubes with their spear tips, sliding them deep into her slot. Nina whimpered in fear, but this time there were no shocks. However the shame and misery each intimate thrust dealt her hurt nearly as much. It was a sign that they did not care what she felt. It said that they could do anything they wanted to her. To her deepest disgust she felt her sex drooling about the blades as they twisted within it, shamelessly coating them with slippery lubrication.

One they had satisfied their curiosity they picked up a long pole that had been lying under the bushes by the path and slid it under her bound

limbs. Grunting, two of them lifted the ends onto their shoulders so that Nina hung between them like some exotic prize animal in the African bush, and with her naked body swaying under the pole they carried her off into the deeper woods.

* * *

By the time they reached a small glade amid the trees a few minutes later Nina had gathered her wits a little, although her hands and feet were going numb from the constriction of her bindings from which her whole body weight hung. The pseudo-tribesmen set her down and pulled the carrying pole out from between her bound limbs.

Nina flopped about and tried feebly to wriggle away. With a chuckle one of the men stepped forward and trod on her trailing plats, pinning her head down. With her head on one side she saw the object that dominated the clearing.

Standing between two tall tripods of rough-trimmed coppice poles was a rope-tied vertical rectangular frame of similar material. The lower horizontal pole of the frame extended beyond its vertical members on both sides and passed between pairs of wooden stakes set in the ground close together and bound with more rope, forming crude hinges. The frame was held balanced upright between these hinges by ropes running from its upper crosspiece through pulley blocks suspended from the apex of each tripod and down to stakes driven into the ground.

As Nina watched the other two men freed the supporting ropes and lowered the frame until it lay flat on the ground. It had short poles tied across the inside of each corner, bracing the structure. From them dangled loose lengths of rope. More ropes hung from the middle of each vertical pole.

Her captor took hold of her plats and half dragged her across to the frame. He and his companions laid her out on her back with her head facing the lower end of the frame. She writhed in feeble protest and made terrible threats that emerged from her gag as muffled indistinct moans. They took no

notice.

Untying her ankles they pulled her legs wide and rebound each ankle separately to the upper frame braces. Pulling her arms up above her head they freed her wrists and retied them to the lower frame braces. Taking up the ropes tied to the middle of each side pole they looped them around her waist and drew them tight, scoring her flesh and giving her an unnatural pinched-in wasp waist.

Now she lay tautly spread-eagled within the frame and quite helpless. The men went back to the ends of the ropes running through the tripod pulleys and began to haul on them. The frame lifted back upwards, carrying Nina with it, until it stood vertical once more while she hung from it head down with her taut and widely spread legs pointing up to the sky.

Nina squirmed and gurgled in outrage but she could not wriggle free of her ropes. Her heavy breasts hung inverted from her chest, bobbing down over her collarbones, her nipples standing out painfully hard. The blood began to pound in her ears.

The men crowded round her, one standing so close that her head was level with his groin. She had an inverted view of his stiffly bobbing cock and heavily swaying balls. The men stroked and prodded her up-turned body, probing her gaping sex, slapping her bottom, pinching and twisting her rubber-hard nipples.

Even she snivelled and strained against her ropes, shivering in fear, Nina realised that their hands were quite soft. Underneath the masks and body paint they were simply modern men playing at being savages. They had planned all this and knew exactly what they were doing. How long before anybody missed her? The runners would not stop. They'd just go on to the next checkpoint. Oh God, it could be hours...

The men finished examining her and turned to a pile of greenery in a corner of the clearing. Blinking through her misty eyes Nina saw it was freshly cut holly.

They brought back a couple of long-stemmed fat sprigs, all glossy

green and spiny. Nina shook her head and tried to yell through her gag: No! But of course they took no notice. Prying open her vagina and anus they forced the stems deep into her unwilling orifices.

Nina whimpered as the spiny bouquets pricked the soft smooth skin of her pussy lips, inner thighs and buttocks. With an effort she resisted clenching her thighs against the intimate spiny intruders and tried to hang as motionless as she could. She would not give them the satisfaction of seeing her inflict any more pain on herself.

But that was exactly what they wanted to see. With angry grunts the mock-cavemen jabbed at her with their spears. Her entire naked body, back and front was their open target and once again the spear tips were energised.

Shock after shock jolted through her. Her muscles bunched as she bucked and sheaved within the web of her bonds. The ropes cut into her flesh even as the wooden frame creaked and swayed. Her thighs spasmodically ground and clenched together, driving the spines even deeper into her flesh, raising pinpricks of blood on her coffee-dark skin. Her bouncing, jiggling inverted breasts and the double hemispheres of her fleshy shivering buttocks were irresistible targets for their spears and their tender-soft pillow-like forms were bruised and indented again and again by them. For what seemed like an age Nina convulsed within the frame as she helplessly inflicted more pain upon herself with each reflex jerk.

Suddenly the spears were withdrawn and she hung limp and trembling in the frame. Drool dripped from the corners of her mouth and ran into her hair. Her tears ran up across her brow. A trickle of wetness was running down her stomach and between her breasts. In terror she thought it was blood. Then she realised it was her own pussy juices trickling out from about the tormenting holly stem that she was squeezing so tightly in her passage.

The men chuckled and gave barking, guttural laughs, apparently pleased by the misery and degradation they had heaped upon her. They had made it clear that she was simply their sex-toy, their pain doll, and she had no choice but to accept what they did to her. And they were not finished yet.

Through red, tear-crusting eyes Nina watched stupidly as they brought

over more of the cut holly and laid it out in a bed on the ground between the frame and the tripods in front and behind her. Suddenly she understood what they were doing and began to sob and feebly pull at her bonds again, not caring about the damage she was doing to her holly-plugged groin. It did no good, of course.

Once the spiny beds were laid, the men took up positions by ends of the pulley ropes, one in front of her and two behind. Freeing the ropes they began to lower the frame over the bed in front of her. The further over she went the more her body bowed from the frame down towards the holly bed. It did not extend as far as her face would be when she was horizontal, but it would be under her from breasts to mid thighs.

The soft, trembling shell-cones of her dangling brown breasts touched the holly first. A dozen hot spines stabbed into her hard nipple tips. Then a million more needles seemed to stab her brown globes as they settled and flattened out over the glossy green leaves. A wave of fire ran down her stomach, hips and pubes as the frame came to rest and her full weight pressed her down into the bed of pain. Pee she did not know she still had in her spurted about the holly spray still lodged in her pussy.

They left her lying there for what seemed an age, alternately biting on the rope that cut across her mouth and shrieking in agony. Then they slowly began to haul her upright.

Between neck and knees her flesh simmered. A few loose holly leaves remained stuck to her breasts as she rose, their spines too deeply embedded in her flesh to fall. Nina squinted through stinging muzzy eyes at her mounds as they began to rise and invert under the force of gravity. They looked like twin Christmas puddings adorned with seasonal decorations.

One of the two men behind her ran round to help the one in front take up the strain as the frame passed vertical. Then they lowered her onto the holly bed at her back.

Now it was the time for the smooth fleshy mounds of her buttocks to suffer as hundreds of spines jabbed into their heavy curves. Sobbing, Nina tried to arc her back and lift her bottom even a few millimetres clear but she

did not have the strength. Again she shrieked and chewed at her gag as her own weight bore her downward into torment.

After a terrible interval they lifted her off the bed once more. A few leaves remained stuck to her twitching walnut buttocks, now finely pockmarked like a pincushion.

They may have repeated this cycle of torture a dozen times. Nina was not sure. She was too exhausted from crying and too numbed to care. The relentless pain and her sense of utter helplessness had squeezed any shred of pride and thought of resistance from her.

All she knew was that at some point she was hanging vertical again and the ropes had been tied off. The holy sprigs were pulled out of her vagina and anus and tossed aside. They plucked the clinging leaves from her breasts and bottom. Then one of the men pulled the sodden scrap of panty fabric from her mouth.

Nina's jaw ached, her tongue seemed to be glued to the bottom of her mouth and her lips were numb. For a moment she could not speak. Then she forced them to articulate and with a shameful rush the words poured out of her.

'Please... please don't do that again! I'll do anything you want, do you hear? Just tell me what! Anything!'

But they did not have to tell her. She saw the three hard cocks bobbing and swaying stiffly before her eyes and knew what they wanted. Obediently, Nina opened her mouth wide.

The first cock was rammed up her throat so far she almost choked, making a strained gluck, gluck sound. But she recovered and sucked and lapped and twirled her tongue round his plumb, teasing his foreskin, straining to satisfy his desire. She knew it was the cock of a nameless man who had captured and abused her in the most callous and brutal fashion, yet incredibly it seemed she had never tasted one so good before.

As she desperately pleased him he fingered her sopping wet

upturned cleft as it gaped before his masked face, rubbing and tickling her swollen clit. Scratched, sore and spine-pricked as her flesh was she shivered at his touch, but she did not dream of pulling her bobbing head back from its task.

Suddenly his buttocks tensed, he grasped her sore bottom and pulled her hard to him, his cock pulsed and he spurted his seed into her mouth. Dutifully Nina gulped it all down and licked him clean. He pulled out of her and one of his companions took his place, ramming his hard shaft into her hot, eager mouth.

And the terrible thing was that at that moment she truly was grateful for the chance to suck them off. It was as though they were granting her some great reward. She was literally overflowing with pitiful gratitude for them not lowering her onto the holly again, as the juices oozing from her pubes shamefully showed. How she could possibly be responding like that as too much for her addled brain to cope with at that moment. All she knew was that she would have sucked a hundred cocks if it meant she was free of those terrible spines.

The last man was the most impatient.

He thrust his thick cock into her mouth so hard and deep she was almost sick. Holding her with one arm tight about her waist so she could not pull away he used his free hand to dig and poke at her gaping vagina with stiff fingers, stretching her labia and pinching her clit with cruel delight. She snivelled and yelped but continued to suck him off. All that mattered was that she pleased him. That was what she was there for.

The knowledge filled her with joy. She was swelling with pleasure, running over, bursting.

* * *

When she came round Nina was lying on her back. She was still bound to the frame but there was no holly under her. Somebody was bending

over her. Not one of the men but a woman. Miss Timms! She sobbed in relief and shame. What must she think to find her like this? Oh God what about the race?

‘Call back yesterday, bid time return.’

Nina sighed and then laughed feebly as memory flooded back. There was no cross country race, of course. It had simply been an excuse for her to be right where their clients wanted her. But none of that mattered now. She had experienced another of her wild, dark orgasms. Miss Timms was taking care of her and everything was as it should be.

Her employer gave Nina a drink from a water bottle, washing the taste of sperm from her mouth, and then began to wipe her sore breasts with a cool sponge smelling of antiseptic. ‘Have you anything you wish to tell me?’ Miss Timms asked.

‘Nothing, Miss Timms.’

‘I believe the clients were very pleased with you, though I see they were rather more enthusiastic with the holly than I imagined. You’ll have to have an extra couple of days off to heal properly. Paid, of course.’

‘Thank you Miss Timms, if it’s no trouble.’

‘No. I’ll find a replacement girl for the next job. It will be a dirty one but she needs a little more experience anyway.’

Chapter 4

Tess Metcalf mopped at the ugly stain on the black and white checker-work rubber-tiled floor with increasing vigour, moving in time with the music on her headphones.

‘Out, out, damned spot,’ she muttered, irritably brushing a loose strand of blonde hair out of her eye. What was that stain? Something disgusting, no doubt. Why were people such pigs at times?

Tess was labouring in the ground floor male toilet block of the disused St. Bardolph’s High School buildings just outside Chislehurst. It was a room lined with tiled walls and lit by cold white florescent tubes. Along one side were the stand-up urinals with a line of high frosted glass windows above them. On the opposite wall were half a dozen toilet stalls while on the farthest wall from the door were the basins. There was a plan to renovate the school and workmen were due to come on site the next day. New sanitary regulations said there had to be one set of clean and functional toilet facilities ready for them before work started. The power and water had been turned on in advance, allowing her to work. Of course they could have hired portable toilets but this was apparently the more cost-effective option. It was cheaper to hire her for a day than a couple of plastic huts with chemical wc’s in them for a month.

Still, it was paid work for which Tess knew she should be grateful, though this was not exactly where she had planned to be at nineteen. Actually, if she was honest with herself, she had never planned ahead much at all. In fact this was probably the hardest day’s work she had ever put in under a school roof. She’d never been academically minded and she knew she was lucky she had found work with Bodzforhire when she had. Up until then she’d been living in a virtual squat. She’d never had much family support to rely upon. Now at least she could be independent and have some sort of life to look forward to.

Tess glimpsed herself in one of the newly polished mirrors over the row of washbasins. Even with her hair tied back and dressed in unflattering

stained overalls and work boots she was pleased with the reflection.

She had pale creamy skin, blue eyes and straight blonde hair which when unconfined fell to shoulder length. This crowned a cheerfully mischievous face with a neat nose and pouting, impudent lips. Her figure was slender, almost girlish, except for the swell of breasts under her overalls that would have looked modest on a woman of larger build but on her slighter form appeared disproportionately prominent.

Were these the looks of a girl who should be mopping toilet floors, she wondered briefly? She knew she would never have made a proper fashion model but there had been times when she considered trying some glamour work. It would certainly have been easier on the back.

However these fancies did not stop her mopping her way methodically across the floor. Working for Miss Timms in the last few months had given her a sense of pride in doing any job well. A few hours ago the place had been a mess. Now, thanks to her efforts, the toilet pans, urinals and basins were scoured and disinfected, the paintwork had been wiped down and soon the floor would be as clean as age and wear permitted. Dull it may have been, but it was honest work.

Because of her headphones she didn't hear the footsteps on the corridor outside. The first she knew that she was not alone was when the door swung open and two men strode in.

Both were white and clean shaven. They were dressed alike in black suits, white shirts and ties, and each carried a clipboard. Dark glasses concealed their eyes. They appeared to be in their forties and one was slightly thinner and taller and the other a little plumper and shorter.

Tess started for a moment at their sudden entrance and then recovered. They must be planners or something

'Sorry, I'm not quite finished,' she said, pulling her headphones off. 'I didn't think you'd be here until tomorrow. Are you with the builders?'

At first the pair did not answer. They were looking around the room

with apparent close interest. Finally their gaze settled back on Tess. Both smiled coldly.

‘No,’ said the fatter one, taping a name badge Tess now saw was clipped to his jacket pocket. ‘We’re the Inspectors. I am Inspector Shallow.’

‘And I am Inspector Slender,’ said his companion, sporting a similar badge.

Tess frowned. ‘You mean like building inspectors, surveying?’

‘No,’ said Shallow. ‘We’re here to inspect you.’

‘You and your work,’ Slender added.

Tess shook her head in confusion. She knew nothing about anybody checking up on her. ‘Did Miss Timms send you?’

‘Nobody sends us. We just arrive and inspect.’

‘To check you’re obeying the rules and regulations.’

‘Everything has got to be up to standard, you see.’

Their voices were beginning to annoy Tess. They carried unpleasant, wheedling and self satisfied undertones. They belonged to the sort of people who delighted in finding fault. ‘Well I’ve done my best,’ she said sharply. ‘You should have seen the place when I got here this morning.’

Slender pointed to the stubborn stain on the floor. ‘You call that your best work, do you?’

‘It won’t come off, at least not with anything I’ve got with me,’ Tess protested. ‘Does it really matter? There’ll be a lot of men in work boots tramping in here tomorrow and I bet they won’t wipe their feet first.’

‘Oh, it all matters,’ Shallow assured her, making a note on his clipboard. ‘You’ll have to do it all again.’

And with that he very deliberately kicked over her bucket, sending a wave of filthy water washing across the floor.

‘You fucking idiot!’ Tess raged, advancing towards them furiously. ‘Who the fuck do you think you are! Get out of here or I’ll – ughhh!’

Slender had thrust out a hand holding a small aerosol can and squirted something into her face that burned her throat and stung her eyes. She gasped and stumbled half-blinded, her eyes filling with streaming with tears, tearing off her work gloves to wipe her face.

But before she could clear her eyes the men had grasped her arms, twisted and pulled them up behind her back. With their free hands they grasped her hair, pulling her head back painfully far. Tess twisted and kicked out wildly but even though they were not big men, together they were stronger than she was.

‘Gerrof you crazy dickheads!’ Tess yelled, trying to blink away the stinging mist from her eyes.

‘Bad language, that’s not allowed either,’ Shallow admonished.

‘Nor is resisting the Inspectors,’ said his companion.

‘It’s against the rules.’

‘Now we’ll have to give you a full inspection.

‘Because we think you’re a dirty girl.’

‘A filthy, dirty girl.’

Slender squeezed her breasts through the fabric of her coverall while Shallow slid a hand between her legs. ‘This overall is not regulation for a start,’ he declared. ‘It’ll have to come off!’

‘You fucking bastards, you...uhhh! Awww!’

While Shallow pinned her arms behind her back, Slender held her hair

with his left and with his right slapped her faced methodically, forehand and back, with almost mechanical precision.

‘We told you that bad language was not permitted,’ he said, punctuating each word with a slap.

Tess’s shrieks and yelps of pain echoed back from the hard walls. But there was nobody else to hear them. She was alone and helpless. Sickening fear replaced her anger, tying a cold knot in her stomach.

‘Now you will say: “Sorry, Inspector,” do you understand?’ He slapped her again. ‘Do you understand?’

She wanted to be brave but she felt the fight draining out of her.

‘Yes, Inspector!’ she blurted out. ‘Sorry, Inspector.’

‘And you’re our Dirty Girl,’ said Shallow. ‘What are you?’

‘I... I’m your Dirty Girl, Inspector.’

The servile words sickened her, yet she could not find the courage to recant them. How could she have given in to them so easily? Yet it felt only too horribly true. It was like the toilets were a tiny tile-lined world apart where the rules had just been rewritten. Until they had entered she had been its undisputed ruler. Now she had been deposed with such ease the Inspectors were its masters and she was their subject to do with as they wished...

Tess was twisted and turned between the two men as they stripped the clothes off her. Boots, overalls, t-shirt, shorts, bra and panties. One of them held her hair at all times to maintain control but she was too dazed to resist. It seemed to be happening to another person.

When they had Tess totally naked, the thin man pulled a reel of repair tape from his pocket. Pulling her arms back further until her elbows touched they bound a strip of tape about her forearms just below the joint and another about her wrists. Only then did the self-styled inspectors pause to examine her. She could see herself reflected in the basin mirrors, her flesh appearing

very bright against the almost monochrome tints of her surroundings. Her eyes seemed huge, the expression on her face cowed and fearful, without a trace of pride left on it.

Her legs were girlishly slender. Her pale bottom cheeks were apple-like in their rotundity. Her narrow hipbones stood out in the overhead light. The nether lips of her tight little pussy cleft, crowned by a close-shaven “V” of golden curls, pouted as impudently as those of her mouth. Her breasts, capped by large pink nipples, seemingly mature, womanly attributes stuck on her girlish frame, their prominence emphasised by the tension on her shoulders that threw her chest out. They bobbed and jiggered freely with a heavy fluid motion as the men cupped, slapped and squeezed them.

‘Adequately full and mobile,’ Shallow declared.

‘Quite pliant,’ Slender agreed as he pinched and lifted her right breast by its nipple until it was stretched out into a fat cone.

Tess snivelled and whimpered as her flesh was stretched painfully taut. Shallow pinched her nipple until she gasped, but she clamped her jaws against any words of protest.

‘And adequately sensitive,’ he declared with a smile.

‘How do they hang?’ his companion asked.

‘Maybe we should test them for floor clearance.’

Pushing Tess down onto her knees they gathered up the spilt bucket. Re- filling it from a basin they added fresh cleaning fluid from the holdall of materials Tess had brought with her. From this store they also selected a scrubbing brush.

They set the bucket down beside the stain. Pulling Tess’s head back they pried her jaws open and forced the wooden handle block of the scrubbing brush between her teeth. Her lips were stretched painfully wide as her teeth indented its grooved sides. By reflex her tongue pushed against the handle that now filled half her mouth, but it was jammed in so tightly she

could not spit it out.

Slender pointed at the stubborn stain. 'Scrub it off, Dirty Girl!' he commanded.

Tess blinked at him stupidly for a moment through tearful red eyes, looking from the frothing bucket to the floor. Then she bent forward, closed her eyes and held her breath as she dunked the brush in the bucket. Her nostrils filled with chemical fumes and she gathered up a beard of froth as she pulled her head up again. Squirming round she had to spread her knees wide, lower her hips and dip her back to bring her head down far enough and remain in balance. She wiped her head from side to side as she began to scrub. Her heavy fluid breasts swayed in time, causing her nipples to scrape across the floor.

'Nipple clearance zero,' Shallow said making a note on his clipboard.

Tess realised they could look right up her rear as she bent over. They could see up her bottom crack with the slit pouch of her sex gaping under it. She was utterly shamed and exposed. She could feel their eyes on her most intimate parts. This was how they got their kicks, the pair of perverts!

Slender prodded her rear with the toe of his shoe. 'Go on, Dirty Girl. We want to see it shine!'

With a sob, Tess obeyed.

It took fifteen minutes of hard scrubbing before the stain was gone. By that time her knees were numb and the muscles of her neck and back were bands of fire. Her cheeks and lips were red from splashes of cleaning fluid.

As the men inspected her work Tess knelt trembling in fear that she would have to do more. She did not think she had the strength.

'That is satisfactory,' they said at last, making new ticks on their clipboards

To her shame Tess actually felt a brief flush of warmth at their

approval. Then she shuddered at the thought of being grateful to her abusers. How could she submit to their will so easily?

They dragged Tess to her feet, having to support her while her knees unbent.

Then they pulled the scrubbing brush from her sore mouth. Her jaws would not close. When she tried to force them she felt her facial muscles crack agonisingly. Her lips and tongue were numb and she could hardly speak.

They led her over to a basin to wash her sore face off. Then they dried her with paper towels from the dispenser and gave her water to drink from her bottle. In the mirror she saw her tightly taped arms and hands drawn behind her back were now tinged with purple. She could hardly move her cold stiff fingers.

The Inspectors looked about the room again, considering the large puddle of dirty water on the floor from the spilled bucket.

‘Next you must mop that up, Dirty Girl,’ Slender said.

‘Please, Inspector,’ Tess said miserably, hating herself for sounding so disgustingly meek and servile. ‘My hands are stiff... I don’t think I can hold a mop.’

‘You won’t need to hold it in your hands, Dirty Girl,’ Shallow explained with an evil grin.

They bent her over and, while one braced her, the other rammed the handle of the mop up her rectum as far as it would go. She shrieked and blubbered as the ribbed plastic handle sheath slid into her anus, forcing her tight sphincter wide. It felt huge and impossibly hard and rigid inside her soft, plaint back passage. They used another strip of tape to bind her wrists to the mop shaft a little below where it emerged from the narrow pink valley of her bottom cleft.

They freed her and she stood up fearfully, trying to control the weight

of the mop with her numbed arms. The end rested on the floor and she felt the contact and pressure transmitted into her. She saw herself in the mirrors: a grotesque composite being unnaturally shaped to perform her allotted task.

The Inspectors emptied the bucket and set it down by the spillage. 'Get mopping, Dirty Girl,' they commanded.

'Yes, Inspector,' she said miserably.

The tape strap to her wrists gave her just enough leverage to lift and guide the mop from floor to bucket and back again. She waddled across the wet floor bent over with the mop jutting obscenely out of her rear, desperately twisting her head round to try to see what she was doing. She was aware of every stroke of the mop head. Each push with her hips drove it a little further up inside her, making her buttocks clench tight and then relax by reflex. She felt her stomach bulge as she sodomized herself afresh with every stroke. Moving the mop from side to side was even worse, as it set the end churning inside her slender pelvis. As the mop head soaked up water it got heavier and harder to move. She had to bend over and swivel round, lifting it with care to drop it into the slotted draining cup set in the bucket top.

Squeezing the water out was probably the hardest part. The motion ground the handle around deeper and harder inside her. She had to twist the mop head round and bear down to wring it out. She corkscrewed and twisted her bottom about, waggling her hips from side to side. And all the time the inspectors looked on, making notes and ticks on their clipboards.

In her misery Tess felt her sore cheeks burning afresh. It was utterly degrading and deeply shameful...and yet at the same time also desperately and perversely arousing. What kind of twisted tart could get a kick out of this? Her kind, apparently.

The handle took up a lot of room in her slim body and its unyielding presence was alien and frightening and yet also commanding and horribly exciting. As she manipulated it she was also effectively pushing against her vaginal sheath and teasing her clitoris from within. The sensations were amplified by her bladder which was full and needed emptying, further stimulating her swelling pussy as it grew hot and slick and oozed with

pleasure juices. By now her nipples were standing up in rock hard pulsating points, but that was the least of it. She prayed the Inspectors could not see that she was actually beginning to drip on the floor.

Her task was becoming a race to finish before she disgraced herself, or the two different kinds of pressure building inside her combined into something even more degrading. Frantically she pushed and pulled her bottom mop across the floor, all the time clenching it like a vice in her rear to contain the terrible wriggling of its head within her. She twisted and ground the last drops out of the mop into the bucket and then stood bowed over, still impaled, trembling and shivering with need.

The Inspectors examined the floor and made ticks on their clipboards.

‘That is satisfactory,’ they conceded.

Hating the pitiful pleading words, Tess said: ‘Please Inspectors, you’ve had your fun with me. Now please, please let me go now.’

‘Oh, we’re not done with you yet, Dirty Girl,’ said Slender. ‘We’ve got to inspect your other work next.’

Tess wailed as they freed her wrists from the mop handle and pulled the head out of her tender rear with a pop. She felt her stretched anus still gaping obscenely wide as though inviting another plugging. She hunched over, moaning and squeezing her thighs together to hold her pee in: simmering, unfulfilled and achingly desperate.

‘Do you need to relieve yourself, Dirty Girl?’ they asked

‘Yes... please,’ she sobbed.

‘Well we need to check the stall function next. Do you volunteer to help us?’

She did not think what that might entail. ‘Yes, anything!’

They led her over to the nearest toilet stall, its bowl disinfected and gleaming from her earlier efforts. Twisting her round they sat her on the seat

and pulled her legs wide so that she opened her straining sex to them. Crowded into the open doorway of the stall they loomed over her.

‘Now pass water,’ they said.

Cheeks blazing Tess could not hold back any longer. A stream of hot pee gushed from between her swollen labia, hissing and spurting, foaming in the depths of the bowl. She was agonisingly aware of the blank sunglass eyes of the Inspectors recording every shameful drop that fell from her. She was being watched as she emptied herself like a child in potty training.

When her fountain finally ran dry, Inspector Shallow pulled a sheet of paper from the dispenser and calmly wiped her pussy clean. Tess moaned and almost came over his hand as his paper-covered finger tips slid through her sopping cleft. She had reached a summit of ratty, mindless need and there was only one way down.

‘Are you a Dirty Girl?’ they asked.

‘Yes!’ she sobbed. All her self control had gone now. Her entire world seemed to focus about the need to have her pussy filled at any cost.

‘How dirty?’

‘As dirty as you want!’

‘What do you want?’

‘To be fucked hard! Please fuck me hard!’

They pulled her off the toilet and marched her round to the gleaming white urinal wall. Bending her forward until her head was as low as her knees they stood her on the ribbed strip edging the gutter where so many thousands of boys had stood before. Her breasts flopped down, bobbing about her collar bones, their nipples pulsing painfully hard. They pulled her bound arms up until their backs pressed against the cold ceramic and taped her wrists to the flush feed pipe that ran along the wall just below the high window sill.

Trembling, Tess looked upside-down at her tormentors through her

spread legs. They had taken floor clothes from her cleaning pack and were wetting them at the basins. Twisting and wringing them half dry, they began to advance on her, swinging the damp cloths through the air. She saw the grins on their faces and the bulges in their trousers. Tess spread her legs a little wider, accepting what was to come, ready pay the price for her ultimate relief.

Swish, smack! The rough cloths slashed across her tight round buttocks, the inspectors beating her with alternating strokes, merging into a continuous rain of stinging blows. Tess screeched and howled in pain as her pale bottom turned from pink to scarlet. Braced as she was against the urinal wall she could not escape the full force of each blow on her upturned rump. The sharp wet cracks of cloth on flesh rang back amplified from the walls, taunting her with a playback of her suffering. Her eyes filled with tears as the pain burned into her, merging with the terrible need filling her loins. It grew and swelled into something desperate that could no longer be contained, but it needed a final to key release it.

‘Oh God, please screw me now!’ she wailed.

Slender pulled open his flies, grasped her narrow hips and plunged his cock into her rectum. Her aching muscle ring clamped shamelessly tight about his shaft. Half a dozen thrusts inside her hot pre-stretched passage were all she needed and she orgasmed with a plaintive shriek, her juices spraying out between her legs.

If she had not been tied up she would have collapsed. As was she sagged against the urinal back, her legs going weak and turning in at the knees. Distantly she was aware of the inspector pounding into her, gasping and spouting and filling her rectum with his sperm. After a few moments he pulled out of her ravaged bum hole, leaving it empty and open to the air once more, rimmed with his seed.

Her shattered mind filled with a single thought: it was not enough! Her pussy demanded filling! Shamelessly she spread her legs wider and pushed her reddened bottom out, signalling the availability of her dripping sex.

Inspector Shallow obliged. She felt his cock butting at her slot and then finding her lovemouth. He slid into her eager passage and began to pump away, setting her haunches bumping against the wall. She looked up between her jiggling, swaying breasts at her own slot being reamed out. Passion swelled within her and burst like a volcano and she came for a second time in five minutes. While the Inspector satisfied his lust with her limp body she bumped limply against the urinal panel.

She would have happily hung there in that near faint for longer, but they had one parting gift for her. Standing on either side of her they directed their recently exercised penises and pissed over her sore hot bottom. She spluttered as the streams ran down over her and trickled away along the gutter.

‘Dirty Girl!’ they said, and left.

There was a long silence in the old toilet block. Then with a hiss the slowly filling cistern emptied and water gushed from the sprinkler pipe down the back of the urinal wall, washing over Tess’s bound arms and head and soaking her hair.

As she hung against the wet ceramic, bound, naked and degraded, she thought that it was fitting end for such a slut as she must be at heart. She felt utterly drained and disgusted with herself and yet also perfectly satisfied. In a strange way she did not even hate the pair, whose real identity she would never know.

The door swung open and somebody else entered the toilets.

Oh God, it was Miss Timms.

‘Call back yesterday, bid time return.’

And suddenly Tess laughed as she recalled what a cheerful, cock-hungry slut she really was. Her sore bum and stretched and aching passages were proof of that. It was always a magical moment, remembering she could blank a part of her mind at will. ‘Did I do well, Miss?’ she asked brightly as Miss Timms freed her wrists.

‘You did very well, Tess.’

‘Am I good enough now to go on one of those bigger jobs you talked about?’

‘Quite soon, I think. But I’ve got another pair to try out first.’

Chapter 5

Chelsea eyed Nina uncertainly as they both sat before Miss Timms desk, and was aware of the black girl glancing at her searchingly in return. This was the first time she had met another of Miss Timms “special girls” and she found herself surprised how very normal she looked, apart from being rather pretty, of course. But then being outwardly normal was of course a necessary part of who and what they were.

After introducing them to each other, Miss Timms had taken out a folder to peruse. Now she looked back up at them. Immediately they both focussed on her with alert and eager interest.

‘I have a commission for a special job that requires two girls to undertake,’ she explained. ‘You have both done excellent solo work for me over recent months so I thought we should see how well you can work together. Do you feel ready to try that?’

‘Yes, Miss Timms,’ they both said in unison and then looked at each other and grinned in shy embarrassment.

‘That’s good. But I must warn you that this job will involve a new level of commitment. You will have to play your roles for longer than you have before. Do you think you can do that?’

‘Yes, Miss Timms,’ they said again, and smiled.

They would do anything to please Miss Timms.

* * *

The Five Counties Agricultural show covered most of a large Hampshire field. Several thousand people thronged the site with its avenues of tented trade stalls, displays of livestock, competition showgrounds and

exhibitions. Larger marquees and trailer offices housed the hospitality suits of banks, estate companies and agricultural suppliers. Anything that was remotely connected with agriculture and country life was on sale somewhere in the grounds.

On the end of a row of trade stands stood a medium-sized pavilion tent bearing the sign over its entrance: Verona Rope and Tackle. The frontage to the entrance was sheltered by an extension awning and divided from those on each side by lengths of ornamental low white picket fencing. Here tables were laid out with an array of brochures, displays and samples of the company's products. It was here that Nina and Chelsea were hard at work. They were smartly dressed in matching pale blue three piece suits with knee length skirts. Verona name badges were pinned to their lapels. They patrolled the display handing out information packs to anybody who showed interest. Any serious technical enquires were passed on to Mr Jones, who worked in the main tent.

At one, when the early crowds were thinning, Mr Jones went off for lunch, leaving Nina and Chelsea in charge. They would have their break when he got back.

It was scarcely ten minutes later that two well-groomed thirtyish men in expensive pale linen suits, accompanied by two women in sandals, sunhats and print dresses, entered the display area. One of the men had sandy hair, the other was dark. The women were both blondes. All four wore sunglasses. As they looked around the men grinned broadly while the women appeared slightly apprehensive.

Chelsea approached them. 'Good afternoon? Can I offer you a brochure?'

'Actually,' one of men said, 'we were hoping for the full tour.' And he handed Chelsea a card.

Printed on it in gold script, amid impressive scrolls and flourishes, were the words: Verona Privileged Customer.

Chelsea gave a slight start. They had been given special instructions

about anybody presenting one of these cards. She showed the card to Nina who nodded, and then she smiled brightly at the guests. ‘Yes sir, of course. Please come inside...’

While Chelsea ushered them inside the tent, Nina left a stack of brochures on display where people could help themselves and closed the folding gate in the boundary fence. In a moment she joined them inside, closing the tent flaps behind her.

It was close and warm inside the tent. A diffuse creamy light filtered through the fabric and the buzz and chatter of the exhibition ground was subtly muted.

There were half a dozen chairs set out around one side of the tent, next to a hospitality table carrying an array of wines and sweet and savoury fancies. Beside it was a mini bar supplying chilled drinks and ice. The middle of the tent was taken up with a display of the company products. A demonstration portable electric winch hung from the top of an arching framework of tubular metal rods, its corners resting on the tops of four square supporting “pillars” formed from a braced lattice of rods and wire mesh panels. On these panels were hung an array of pulley blocks, ropes, chains, cables, and hawsers, of all grades. There were synthetic plastic ropes, wire ropes, towropes and traditional hemp ropes. There were also bailing straps of plastic, metal and rubber. Another frame displayed various accessories, including multi-coloured reels of all weather heavy duty sealing tape, snap rings, hooks, shackles and rubber grommets of all sizes.

Slipping off their jackets, leaving them in short-sleeved blouses, Chelsea and Nina served the special guests with drinks and snacks. As they did so, Chelsea became more puzzled about their attitude. The two men kept grinning at each other, as though sharing some private joke, while their companions appeared increasingly uncomfortable. None of them seemed the sort who would take a personal interest in the equipment and materials Verona R & T had to offer. But she and Nina had been instructed to give gold card holders the exclusive VIP treatment and demonstrate any items they showed an interest in, and Bodzforhire girls always did their best to please. She knew they had been hired primarily to add a touch of glamour to a mundane product range and she hoped the brief lecture on the products on

show they had been given and what they had been able to absorb from the brochures would be sufficient. She wished they turned up when Mr Jones was available.

Chelsea asked the sandy-haired man: 'Are there any particular products in you're interested in, Mr... er?'

'Valentine,'

'And I'm Proteus,' his companion added, with a fresh grin.

'Well we'll demonstrate everything we can. Of course Mr Jones is the real expert. Would you like to come back later to see him?'

'Oh, I'm sure the pair of you can give us everything we want,' Valentine said with a grin. 'I mean, what about those reels of tape there? How are they different from the stuff you can buy in any hardware shop?'

Fortunately Nina had read up about that. 'They're all-weather, extra-durable waterproof and fade resistant.'

'So it's really tough, is it?'

'Yes, sir.'

Valentine nodded sagely. 'So anything taped up with that stays taped. Right...'

'What about that hoist there,' Proteus asked, pointing at the battery-powered electric winch. Its compact motor unit was hung from the highest beam of the display frame. A small, anchor-like multipurpose hook dangled from it on the end of a wire rope. The control box was fastened to one of the frame uprights beside it. 'Doesn't look like much of a motor. What can it lift?'

'Up to three hundred kilos,' Chelsea said, pleased that fact had stuck in her mind.

'No way! You mean it could lift the two of you?'

‘Easily.’

‘Go on, then, show us.’ He got to his feet and went over to the control box. ‘You hold onto the hook and we’ll see if it can lift you both as high as it can go.’

Chelsea looked at Nina who gave a little shrug of acquiescence. It was not the kind of demonstration they had planned but if it helped make a sale she supposed it was worthwhile.

Chelsea and Nina slipped off their shoes and, facing each other, took hold of opposite arms of the hook. Proteus started the winch motor and they were smoothly lifted of their feet.

But it was hard to keep a grip on the metal hook, which cut into their hands. With pained gasps they both dropped off back to the ground.

‘Well that’s not much of a test,’ Proteus complained. ‘I want to see the pair of you go right to the top.’

‘I know,’ said Valentine. ‘We can use some of this tape to hold them in place. We’ll see how good that is at the same time.’

He took a red reel and Proteus took a Blue one. Producing penknives from their pockets they cut off lengths of the broad, fabric-reinforced tape. ‘Hold out your hands, ladies,’ he said briskly.

Although Chelsea was not sure quite how he was going to use the tape to help them she obeyed out of politeness. Before either she or Nina quite realised what they planned they had bound the tape firmly about their wrists.

‘No, Mr Valentine, please don’t do that...’ Chelsea protested, trying futilely to wriggle her wrists free.

But he simply grinned. ‘We don’t want you falling off again, do we?’

Before they could say another word, the men had hitched Chelsea and Nina’s bound wrists over the winch hook and started the motor again. This time there was no chance of letting go. With whimpers of pain as the tape

pinched the skin of their wrists, the girls were carried up to the canvas ceiling, twisting and bouncing against each other, until their stocking feet were dangling above the heads of the two men.

‘So it can lift both of them at once,’ Proteus said as he gazed up at Chelsea and Nina. ‘That’s a neat little hoist. Maybe I’ll get one for myself.’ He glanced at his companion who was sitting with the other girl. They were looking on with pinched lips while clutching their drinks in white-knuckled hands. ‘There are a few things I could try it out on...’

‘And that tape’s pretty tough to,’ Valentine observed. ‘Although I suppose we should leave them up there for a while to be sure.’

‘This isn’t funny, Mr Valentine,’ Chelsea called out, trying not to sound too scared or angry. ‘Let us down right now!’

‘You’ve got to ask nicely,’ Valentine said.

Chelsea forced herself to say politely: ‘Please let us down, Mr Valentine.’

‘Both of you,’ Proteus added

‘Please let us down, Mr Proteus,’ Nina said through gritted teeth.

‘As you’ve asked so politely,’ he said, pressing the control button. They were almost down when he stopped the motor again, leaving their toes dangling just above the ground. ‘Hold on a minute. We haven’t tried out all the rest of this gear yet. Are these ropes and chains any good? While they’re hanging around here anyway, why don’t we see how well they can hold their legs spread?’

‘That’s a good idea,’ agreed Valentine.

‘That’s enough!’ Chelsea snapped. ‘You let us down right now and get out of here!’

‘Is that any way to talk to your special customers?’ Valentine said in mock dismay.

‘You’re fucking mad!’ Nina shouted. ‘Now let us down this fucking moment or I’ll...umphh!’

Proteus had embraced their dangling bodies tightly, clamping his hands across their mouths and stifling their screams. While he held them Valentine cut more lengths of tape and bound it across their mouths: a horizontal strip to close their lips and two angled strips running from their cheeks across their mouths and down about their chins, forming brightly coloured crosses. Hard as they tried to scream the triple layers of heavy tape held their mouths shut, smothering their cries of fear and alarm.

‘Now that is good gagging tape,’ Valentine agreed. ‘I’ll order a dozen reels of that.’ He patted their wriggling bottoms. ‘See, girls, you’re making sales without hardly even trying.’

Chelsea gazed into Nina’s tape-bound face so close to her own, held from touching her only by the soft warm pillows of their breasts, tipped by surprisingly hard nipples that pressed through the thin fabric of their blouses. She read both terror and disbelief in her bright brown eyes and knew she must have been displaying the same range of feelings. It seemed impossible to believe what was happening to them, yet they were utterly helpless to prevent it. They could only twist their heads round and watch helplessly as they two men casually began examining the racks of chains and ropes.

‘Let’s try some of these,’ Proteus suggested. ‘Tie their legs apart and see if they can get free.’

‘But will they give them a good test?’ Valentine mused. ‘They’re not looking too cooperative right now.’

‘Maybe they need an incentive,’ Proteus said, rubbing his chin as though deep in thought. ‘Now what’ll get them struggling really hard?’

‘Suppose we took their skirts and panties off, tie their legs back and then thrash arses?’ Valentine suggested.

Chelsea and Nina froze in horror.

‘Yeah, that ought to do it,’ Proteus agreed.

‘Then we can screw them for afters.’

‘It would be a pity not to.’

As Chelsea watched in horror they took hold of Nina by the waist and legs and began fumbling at the fastening of her skirt. She shrieked through her gag and kicked wildly, but it was utterly futile. Chelsea saw the delight on the men’s faces as they overpowered the struggling young woman in their arms and pulled off her skirt, leaving her in panties and tights. These were soon stripped off in turn, leaving Nina bare from the waist down. Sobbing she tried to pull her legs together but they held her ankles wide, tucked the ends of her shirt up and looked the lower half of her brown body over with approval.

‘Lovely bum,’ Proteus observed, cupping Nina’s full brown buttocks. ‘This’ll take a good thrashing.’

‘Good deep pussy,’ Valentine added, giving her plump sooty cleft a pat. ‘A man could have a lot of fun up there.’

The terrible thing was Chelsea agreed with them. Nina was very lovely. She felt a shameful twinge of desire in her loins. What was happening to her?

Grinning they turned their attention to Chelsea.

She shut her eyes and did not resist as they stripped her naked from the waist down. They would have been no point and perhaps she could salvage one small scrap of dignity. She let them pull her legs wide and shuddered as they felt her over, probing and squeezing her sex and buttocks. A sudden slap on her rump jerked her eyes open.

‘You won’t be this limp when we thrash you, girl, will you?’ Valentine said menacingly.

They used chains to bind their ankles to the corners of the display

frames, the links cutting into the skin of their ankles, pulling their legs wide and forcing their supple bodies into straining, dipping bows as they dangled from their taped wrists. The girls groaned as the strain on their shoulders increased. Their pubic pouches now hung in the air between their widespread thighs for all to see. They were now the centrepieces of the display open to inspection from any side. From behind their bottom clefts must be gaping in grotesque welcome. To one side of them she could see Valentine and Proteus's female companions staring at their degradation in apparent horror but seemingly unable to look away. They would be the audience to their beating. Chelsea shuddered at the strange sick thrill the thought gave her.

Valentine and Proteus selected sample lengths of thick hemp rope and unravelled the unbound ends, forming a spray of coiling lesser strands. They swished them through the air experimentally. Nina whimpered.

'We want to see you thrashing about as hard as you can, understood?' Valentine said. 'Got to give those chains a proper test, right?' Fearfully they nodded.

The men took up position between the girls' spread legs, with Proteus standing between Nina's dark thighs and Valentine between Chelsea's creamy pair. Their most tender and intimate parts were at their mercy. They stroked and patted their trembling buttocks, assessing their targets. Chelsea looked into Nina's terrified eyes, wishing she could offer her some show of comfort, at the same time secretly hoping for the same in return. But ahead of them was only suffering. All she could do was clasp Nina's taped hands in her own about the hook to which they were secured.

The rope whips hissed through the air and cut into their buttocks. Impact shivers rippled through their bottom flesh, followed by a wave of fire. The girls bucked wildly, jerking on the chains that held them spread wide, making the whole frame shake and rattle. Naturally the chains did not break. Stifled by their tape gags their shrieks of pain bunched in their cheeks and came out as ragged snorts through their noses, followed by shuddering intakes of breath to fuel the next cry.

The blows fell on their bouncing, wobbling but always utterly defenceless hindquarters from the left and right, top and bottom. The frayed

rope ends were even curling up into her pussy, smacking her labia and scoring her cleft. As their ragged stripes of the rope ends scored across the heaving hemispheres their flesh blushed and darkened. They twisted and rolled their bodies in a desperate attempt to evade the blows, setting the hoist line jerking as they tugged on it, pulling each other back and forth as they oscillated wildly between the lashes of their tormentors.

But the very worst thing Chelsea discovered was that her pussy was responding to this beating by pulsing hotly and wetting the rope even as it cut so cruelly through it. How could she react to such pain and humiliation like this? Through streaming eyes Chelsea looked into Nina's tear-streaked face and saw her feelings mirrored in it. Beyond the pain was a far away unbelieving look, unable to understand what she was feeling and equally unable to fight it. What was happening to them?

And then the lashing stopped.

For a few seconds they swayed with the impacts of the last blows, tensed for the next. Instead they flinched as the men's hands caressed them, sampling the heat they had beaten into their burning buttocks. Too weak to resist further they hung limp and trembling in their bonds, raw bottoms simmering, snorting in air, their tears dripping to the floor.

'I think that's warmed them up,' Proteus said. 'And they've given the chains a good test run...' he stroked the bulge in his trousers '... and given me a king-sized hard on. Now let's screw 'em!'

'Just a moment,' said Valentine. His hand dropped to cup and probe Chelsea's sex. His fingers came away slippery. 'Is your one juicing?'

Proteus tested Nina's pussy. 'So she is the little tart!' He slapped Nina's raw bottom, making her wince. 'Got you going, have we?'

'As we've turned them on, perhaps we can make them cum as well. They deserve it after putting on such a fine demonstration. But they'll probably need a bit of help.' He snapped his fingers at their girlfriends, who had been looking on in horrified fascination. 'Front and centre you two.'

The pair shuffled forward with heads hung low, biting their lips. Even through her own misery Chelsea wondered why they obeyed.

Valentine ruffled their hair in a show of rough affection. 'Lighten up! We need your tongues. Now who licks which quim? We have vanilla and chocolate on offer.' The two women trembled, eyes shying away from the glowing bottoms and wet sexes so blatantly on show before them. 'Can't choose? I know it's not easy.' He pushed them down on their knees under the canopy of Chelsea and Nina's arching bodies. 'So you go there and you go there.'

He made them kneel back to back resting on their heels with their heads tilted up so their faces were pressed into Chelsea and Nina's damp pussies. Their soft hair brushed their lower stomachs.

'Go on, give them a lick,' Valentine commanded.

Miserably the women obeyed. Chelsea felt a strange tongue flicker through her clot and tickle her clitoris. Shamefully she groaned and shuddered and oozed even more freely in response.

'Now you keep that up while we screw them. I don't want your faces out of their pussies until we're done'

'And I want to feel plenty of ball kissing as I go,' Proteus added.

Even as they were speaking they were unbuttoning their flies. Buttons not zips, Chelsea noticed with sick fascination, and such long deep closures. Their ramrod-stiff cocks and heavy ball sacks hung freely out of them. They had no underwear on. They had come prepared.

Valentine took hold of her hips and rammed his shaft into her wet cleft. She tried to resist him but she was too slippery. He was all inside her in a rush and beginning to pump her out. With a snivel the girl below her began to lick his shaft as it slid into Chelsea's slit, nuzzling Chelsea's hard clit even as his ball sack was banging into her chin.

In front of her Nina was moaning as she was jerked forward hard, her

legs stretched straight, drawing the tethering chains about her ankles taut with a jingle, shaking the supporting frame. Proteus grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her head back. Her eyes were rolling upward and her nostrils were flaring as he brutally shafted her. At the sight Chelsea's sheath clamped even tighter about Valentine's rod.

They were both going to cum as the men had said and there was nothing they could do to stop themselves. The pain and abject humiliation they had suffered at their hands counted for nothing. Even the shaming before their eyes of their two female companions did not trouble them at that moment. They welcomed the lap of their tongues, willing or not. All that mattered was the satisfying of the terrible aching need in their loins.

Chelsea and Nina came with wild abandon, shaking the display frame and putting their tethering chains to their hardest test yet, not even aware of the bruises they were inflicting on their ankles. Valentine and Proteus spouted inside them while their companions snivelled as they lapped up the spillage.

For a minute the men rested across Chelsea and Nina's sore and sweating rumps. Then they pulled out of the still hot passages of their captives with long soft sucking sounds, reached under their bodies and pull their girlfriends' heads forward. Guiding their shiny semi-hard cocks they pushed them into the women's mouths, forcing them to suck and lick Chelsea and Nina's juices from their shafts.

When they were clean, the men looked at the juices still oozing from the puffed mouths of the captive vaginas they had just violated and then back down at the woebegone faces of their girlfriends. They twisted them round until they faced Chelsea and Nina's spread thighs.

'Now lick them out,' they commanded. 'Suck every bit of spunk out of them!'

Groaning the girls obeyed, sucking and tonguing the depths of the passages their men had so recently enjoyed. Chelsea felt a brief pang of pity for them which melted away as she her need stirred again. Strange men's cocks and strange women's tongues. Was there nothing that did not set her

off?

When they had lapped up all they could, the men said: ‘Now dry their pussies!’ Chelsea heard them sob. ‘Use your hair.’ A crown of expensively groomed hair was pushed against her stained pussy bush and scraped to and fro. ‘Rub harder! So what if you get a little minge scent on your hair? Do it!’

Finally it was over. The bedraggled women were allowed to get to their feet and wait with bowed heads while Valentine and Proteus took their leave.

Heartily they slapped Chelsea and Nina’s sore bottoms, then scooped up an armful of Verona brochures. ‘Great customer service,’ they said. ‘We’ll recommend you to our friends. Look out for our next order. Bye...’

Alone in the close stuffy tent, Chelsea and Nina hung mute and exhausted, strung out between hook and chains. They hardly dared look each other in the eye. What was worse: the pain, the shame or the knowledge that they had perversely enjoyed it? Finally they each risked a long frank glance, trying to communicate their mutual feelings.

Then the same thought struck them simultaneously. Mr Jones would be back anytime. He couldn’t find them like this. They began to struggle once more... but it was too late.

The tent flap opened and Mr Jones stepped inside. Worse still he was accompanied by Miss Timms. No, this was the end of everything!

Then Miss Timms spoke. They blinked and then relaxed. The job was over.

Chelsea felt dizzy with relief. This moment was always weird. Having somebody with her who had shared her feelings had made it even more intense. Behind her taped mouth she thought she saw Nina was trying to smile. This time they’d even blanked out the fact that “Mr Jones” was actually Lucas from the office. They were getting good at this!

Miss Timms gently freed the chains from their ankles and lowered

them to the ground until they lay sprawled on the grass. They groaned in relief as the strain on their shoulders eased. She cut the tape from their mouths and fed them water.

‘Have you anything to tell me?’ she asked.

Chelsea and Nina exchanged quick glances. There was one thing. ‘No, Miss Timms,’ Chelsea said. ‘We’re fine... but there were two women with the clients we’re worried about.’

‘They were forced to join in,’ Nina added. ‘They weren’t like us. I really don’t think they enjoyed it.’

Miss Timms, who had started applying cool cream to their sore bottoms, frowned. ‘I know something about them. I suspect they’ve allowed themselves to become dependent upon their men. They could leave if they chose but they need to find the courage to stand up for themselves. It’s a choice we all have to make at some time in our lives. Which way do we turn?’

Chapter 6

‘It’s the next left,’ said Tess, consulting the map and then pointing ahead.

Chelsea, who was driving the rented white transit van, swung it onto the indicated road, which proved to be a narrow lane squeezed between rambling hedgerows. They were travelling through the lanes of North Kent with a large carton in the back of the van that had to be delivered to a place called “Navarre Farm”. It was not listed on the satnav so they had to use old fashioned methods of navigation.

Halfway along the lane a gate was closed across the mouth of an even narrower rutted track with overgrown verges. It wound away across a field and vanished amongst a belt of trees, over the top of which could just be seen the roof of a house. Nailed to the gate was a sign that read: *Navarre Farm. Private Property. No Trespassers.*

Tess felt her stomach flipping in anticipation of what was to come. She glanced at Chelsea. They had only met a few hours earlier in Miss Timms’s office and had got to know each other slightly on the journey here. She was guiltily reassured to see that her companion appeared equally nervous.

‘It’s about now I usually do the mind trick,’ Tess said.

‘Me to,’ Chelsea said. ‘I know I’ll stop worrying but I always have to take a sort of run at it, if you know what I mean.’

‘Yeah, I know. Do you remember anything at all about your earlier special jobs after you go under?’

‘No, nothing. That’s all packed away somewhere. It’s like I’m perfectly fresh and innocent each time. Which is what the customers want, I suppose.’

‘I guess. It does make it more fun that way. Afterwards, I mean. OK, do we say it together?’

‘Probably best. We’ve both got to be in step or else we’ll put each other off.’

Tess took a deep breath. ‘Well... good luck.’

They laughed at that. Then Tess quickly leaned across and kissed Chelsea. ‘I think it’s probably going to be nice working with you.’

‘I think I’ll enjoy it too. Right, on three: one two, three: “*Consign to the tomb of the Capulets. Consign to the tomb... Consign to...*”

They blinked at each other and then looked about them. ‘I thought we’d never find the place,’ Tess said. ‘I’ll open the gate...’

She got out of the van and swung the gate wide to allow Chelsea to drive through. Tess closed the gate behind the vehicle, got back in, and they drove on slowly down the rutted track.

As they continued on Tess glanced round at the large plain cardboard carton that sat in the back of the van. The outside of a folded delivery note in a clear plastic wallet taped to its top read simply: Mr Biron and Mr Dumain, Navarre Farm.

‘Wonder what’s in it?’ she said.

‘Maybe we’ll find out in a minute,’ Chelsea replied.

Beyond the final bend was another gate that opened onto an enclosed farmyard. A flint-walled farmhouse with tall chimneys stood in a patch of overgrown garden. Opposite it across the empty, weed-fringed yard of cracked concrete was a large half-timbered barn with its tall double doors swung back against its outside walls. Leaning up against the barn wall beside them was a rusty “T” shaped wheeled frame of the sort used to tow small sailing dinghies behind cars.

They parked the van and climbed down. Everything was still and

quiet.

‘Bit of a dump,’ Tess observed, looking round.

Chelsea went through the rickety garden gate and knocked on the door of the farmhouse. Its paintwork, which had once been red, was now sunbleached and peeling. There was no answer. She peered through a window but the glass was grimy and the interior too dark to make anything out. Shrugging she returned to the van.

‘Hallo!’ Tess called out loudly, her words echoing about the yard. ‘We’ve got a delivery for you.’

‘Looks like there’s nobody home,’ Chelsea said.

‘Can you hear something?’

There was a faint sound of music coming from the barn. They walked across and peered into the gloomy interior.

The floor was thick with ancient compacted hay. Sunbeams shone through chinks in the warped and sagging plank walls, sparkling in the dry dusty air. Just inside the door was a workbench on which lay a litter of wooden rods, rings and cords. A bundle of long bamboos rested beside it. A few ropes dangled from the massive black timbers that supported the roof. In one corner straw bales were stacked into a wall over head high. The music seemed to be coming from somewhere behind them.

‘Hallo!’ Chelsea called out. ‘We’ve got a delivery for a Mr Biron or a Mr Dumain.’

There was no response so they walked forward towards the bales.

‘Bloody trespassers!’ a voice growled from behind them.

Tess and Chelsea spun round. Two men in dressed in straw hats and blue dungarees with rolled up sleeves were standing in the barn doorway. One had red hair, a flowing moustache and huge fluffy beard while the other was brown haired and equally well bearded. Between beards and hats little

could be seen of their faces, but they were perhaps in their late thirties or early forties. They looked like caricatures of hillbilly farmers, but neither girl laughed. Lengths of knotted cord dangled from their belts and they carried large pitchforks that they were pointing menacingly at them.

‘We’re not trespassers we’re from Bodzforhire,’ Chelsea said quickly. ‘Are you Mr Biron and Dumain? We’ve got a package for you.’

‘Never heard of them,’ the red bearded one growled.

‘You’re just a pair of trespassing tarts and we know what to do with your kind!’ said the brown beard, in a heavy rustic accent.

With that the odd pair ran forward, shouting obscenities and jabbing the air with their pitchforks. Tess and Chelsea stumbled away from them round the wall of straw bales. Resting behind it was the radio blaring out music. Beside that was a door with daylight shining through the cracks in its warped planks. Scrabbling at the latch they threw it open and tumbled through.

Beyond was a small muddy animal pen. To the left and right it was enclosed by grey tubular metal cattle fencing that ran up to the sides of the barn. A latticework of barbed wire had been woven about the fencing, turning it into a fearsome barrier, but opposite the barn door was an open gate and beyond that a path turning away towards a field. Tess and Chelsea took two strides towards this when their feet plunged into a thick, glutinous soup of brown mud.

With shrieks of horror and surprise they fell forward onto their faces, splashing and paddling wildly with their arms as they tried to stay upright. Their feet churned, treading, trying to find something solid under them. But there was nothing! In moments they had sunk thigh deep, then waist deep, then breast deep, the oozing mud seeping under their clothes. Finally, when they were lifting their chins to keep their mouths above the surface of the heaving muck, their feet touched bottom.

Shivering with fear Tess and Chelsea wiped their eyes, liquid mud hanging in dollops from their hair. Now they could make out the slowly

rippling surface of the pool they saw it extended almost the whole width of the enclosure and from the edge of the strip of firm ground outside the barn door all the way to the gate.

The two farmers, still pointing their pitchforks, were standing at the sides of the pool looking down at them. As they did so the red-bearded one pulled on a rope running along the top of the fence. The outside gate that had seemed so inviting swung shut with a clang. The farmers' beards twitched in satisfied grins.

‘Thought you could get away from us, did you?’

‘Filthy trespassing tarts in a filthy pound where you belong!’

Chelsea spat some mud from her mouth. ‘No, please listen...’

‘Not another word from your lying lips, girl!’ Redbeard said, jabbing with his pitchfork and making Chelsea and Tess squeal and flinch away and almost lose their balance in the quaking mud. ‘Now you do what you’re told now or else we’ll keep you in there for the rest of the day, understand?’

Tess looked into Chelsea’s mud-streaked face. She could see in her eyes the same thought: *Who are these crazy men?* ‘Have you got your phone?’ she whispered. ‘Mine’s in the van.’

‘Yes.’ Chelsea squirmed, pulling it out of her mud-filled pocket. But although it came on she could not get a signal. Apparently a mud hole amongst farm buildings in the middle of the countryside did not provide the best reception.

‘We’re waiting!’ Redbeard growled.

There was no help coming. They had no choice. Miserably the girls nodded.

‘Right, back out this way, and no tricks or else!’

Laboriously Tess and Chelsea waded back through the mud towards the barn. The farmers reached down, caught hold of their hair and half hauled

them out onto firm ground. The girls stood shivering and dripping with mud in the corner between the pool, the side of the barn and the barbed wire wrapped fence. The men looked at them in distaste.

‘Filthy animals!’ said Redbeard.

‘They need cleaning up,’ said Brown.

‘Get your clothes off!’ Red commanded.

‘What!’ Tess gasped.

‘You heard me! Get ‘em off!’

‘No way you crazy fucking perverts!’ Chelsea shouted.

Brown pulled the knotted cord from his belt and swiped it at them. ‘You will do what you’re told!’ he roared.

Tess and Chelsea yelped and huddled down, covering their heads as the stinging cord cut across their backs. Trapped between the mud, the fence and the barn wall there was no escape. Splatters of mud flew off their clothes as the cord beat into them.

Finally the blows ceased. Brown said: ‘On your feet!’

Trembling, Tess and Chelsea stood. Tears now streaked their mud-stained cheeks.

‘On our land you obey our rules,’ Red said. ‘Now strip... or go back in the mud!’

Sick with fear the girls began to peel off their filthy sodden clothes. The farmers stood well back, pushing their pitchforks forward as though they did not want to become contaminated, and the girls had to hang each item over their prongs. With every dripping scrap of fabric the farmers’ grins grew wider.

Finally Chelsea and Tess stood before them trembling in shame and

totally naked but for the mud that streaked their bodies. Automatically they pulled their arms across their bodied to cover their breasts and pubes, but a warning jab from the pitchforks put a stop to any idea of preserving some faint shred of dignity.

‘Hands behind heads and keep ‘em there till we tell you!’ Red thundered.

Miserably they obeyed, clasping their fingers behind their necks and exposing their filthy bodies to the men’s gaze.

‘They still look dirty,’ Red observed, looking them up and down.

‘Let’s wash ‘em off, then,’ Brown said.

Below a bundle of plastic bale strings that hung over a nail by the barn door was a coiled hose connected to an outside tap. Brown turned it on and played a hissing jet of water over Tess and Chelsea’s naked bodies. The girls squealed as the cold and powerful jet burst against them, but they were not too proud to duck into it to wash the mud from their hair. Narrowing the jet Brown directed it at their breasts, pummelling the pliant orbs and batting them from side to side.

Once the worst of the mud had been washed off them Red commanded: ‘Bend over, turn your arses to us and hold those bum cheeks wide!’

Snivelling they obeyed, pulling their buttocks apart. The narrow jet blasted into their clefts, washing out lingering traces of mud and making them gasp afresh.

‘Now your cunt flaps. Do it!’

Sobbing they parted their sex lips, opening their most intimate orifice to their tormentors’ sight. The jet bubbled and spurted as it poured into them, making them shriek and squirm afresh.

Finally Brown turned off the hose. Dripping and shivering, hanging

their heads in shame, Tess and Chelsea turned back to face the men.

‘Pretty looking tarts now they’re cleaned up,’ Brown admitted. ‘A man could have a bit of fun with them.’

Tess whimpered audibly.

‘Feeling sorry for yourselves are you?’ Red asked. ‘Well lying tarts deserve to feel miserable.’

‘We’re not lying,’ Chelsea choked out in desperation. ‘We have a delivery for this farm. Please just look in our van!’

‘Yes, please!’ Tess begged.

Red turned to his companion. ‘What do you think?’

‘No harm in taking a look, I suppose.’ He unhooked the bundle of bailing string from its nail. ‘But we won’t take any chances with them running off.’

They turned the girls round and tied their hands behind their backs. Then they looped doubled lengths of string about their necks, forming them into crude choke collars and leashes.

Red pulled his leash tight, forcing Chelsea up on her toes so that his beard almost brushed her face. ‘If you’re lying again it’s going to go hard for you,’ he warned her.

They led the girls like dogs back through the barn and out into the yard. Tess and Chelsea flinched as they stepped out into the open, acutely aware of being so shamefully exposed, but only the lifeless windows of the house looked down upon them. Suddenly they felt the emptiness. Anything could happen to them in such a deserted spot.

Pulling open the back doors of the van the men surveyed the big cartoon within.

‘You see it’s got this address on it,’ Chelsea said.

Brown dragged the carton out of the back of the van and down onto the ground. He tore back the binding tape and the sides of the carton fell flat. Inside it was half full of old newspapers. Brown kicked at the bundles, scattering them, but there was nothing else in the package.

Tess and Chelsea gaped at the contents in disbelief, unable to make sense of what it meant. Their captors had no such doubts. They slapped them round the heads, making them sob and yelp as they twisted about on the ends of their leashes.

‘What were you doing? Trying to con us, were you?’ Red shouted. ‘Going to make us pay for old newspapers? Trying to deceive simple, hard working men.’

‘Your kind doesn’t know what real work is!’ Brown opined.

‘Yeah, but maybe we can teach them,’ Red said. ‘Put a bit of good honest sweat on their brows.’

‘Ahrr, maybe we can,’ Brown agreed.

The men dragged the girls back across the yard to the barn and tied the ends of their leashes to the handles of the barn doors.

The girls began to plead their innocence again but were slapped into silence. Short lengths of thick rubber hose from the workbench were forced between their teeth, painfully pulling back the corners of their mouths, and bound in place with more bailing string. As Tess and Chelsea looked on helplessly, the men pulled the old boat tow frame away from the shed and set it down on the ground. Now they could see it had been carefully modified.

Metal grilles had been bolted over the gap between the axle casing and rear bumper bar, forming small platforms. A hinged “T” of tubular metal had been fitted to the middle of the shaft so that it opened up to form handlebars. The small adjustable front wheel had been removed and a tubular rod had been fitted across the towing socket. A pair of leather straps hung from eyebolts screwed into the middle and ends of this rod.

Tess and Chelsea exchanged mute looks of horror as they realised what function the device could serve. It was a makeshift chariot. All it needed was motive power.

Lifting the towing end of the frame they positioned Tess and Chelsea with their backs to the crossbar and buckled the straps around their waists. They had some “D” rings stitched to them that hung down over their hips and the clefts of their buttocks. Long lengths of bamboo were then bound across their chests above and below their breasts, linking them together. Extra bindings were wound in figure of eights about the rods and their trapped globes, squeezing their roots until they bulged outward with the pressure, making the girls whimper in pain. Longer lengths of twine were tied to the ends of the bamboos and run back to the wheel end of the frame.

‘When we pull on your tits you turn left or right, got it?’ Red said.

The girls nodded fearfully.

‘Now spread your legs!’

Snivelling, stomachs churning with fear, they obeyed.

Brown produced two pairs of wooden pegs linked by a few centimetres of cord. One peg had a flattened length of black rubber hose bolted across its flat end forming an “L” shape. A dozen carpet tacks had been hammered through the hose so their tips projected on the other side. The free end of the hose had been folded and riveted to form a loop. The second peg had a similar section of hose fitted to it, but through its looped end had been threaded another length of hose to form a “T” of rubber. It had also had been flattened and transfixed with tacks.

In front of their eyes he coated the plugs with Vaseline and then pushed them up into their vaginas and anuses. The girls sobbed and whimpered as their passages were violated by the hard wooden plugs that slid so sensuously up inside them until only the strips of hose rubber remained, projecting from between their sex lips and buttocks, the pins facing inwards. The front strip ran up from their vaginal mouths in front of their clefts while the crosspiece of the rear “T” lay parallel with and below their buttocks.

For the moment the stiffness of the hose rubber held the pins clear of their flesh. Then the men threaded cords through the hose loops and passed them through the “D” rings hanging from their waist straps.

A pair of cords from the pussy strip ran up and sideways through the rings over their hips, while a single cord from the bottom T-strip ran up through the rear belt ring. All these cords were gathered together and drawn back to the wheel end of the makeshift chariot.

‘Now when we pull on this you go faster,’ Red said, jerking the cord connected to their anal plugs. The hose rubber bent inwards, pressing its pins against their buttocks. Chelsea and Tess flinched and whimpered.

‘And when we pull this you slow down,’ Red said, tugging on the cords running round to the front strip and making it curl over their pussy clefts. The girls shrieked in unison as the pins pricked their soft labia and tears misted their eyes.

‘Go it?’ Red asked. The girls nodded. Their most intimate orifices had been turned into mounts for the cruellest of control devices.

The men stroked their bare trembling bodies, testing the straps and cords were secure. Their hands cupped their bulging, tight-bound breasts and pinched their sex lips. As Chelsea and Tess miserably submitted to their rough handling the men smiled. They were their masters and they knew it. The girls saw bulges swelling in the fronts of the men’s trousers.

Red and Brown took up their positions on the back of the chariot frame, standing on the grilles over the rear axel while bracing themselves against the handrail. This kept their weight evenly balanced so that it did not bear down too hard on their unwilling human ponies. Red held the cords leading to their bound breasts while Brown controlled the ones linked to their fleshy brakes and accelerator.

The cords jerked and the girls felt bands of pinpricks stabbing across their buttocks. Sobbing they bent forward and began to haul their masters across the yard, the rubber wheels of the frame rolling smoothly as their bare feet slapped on the old cracked concrete. The steering cords yanked on the

right side of the bamboo yoke that bound their breasts. Gasping they wheeled in that direction, heading towards the farmhouse garden wall. The brake pins stabbed into their pussy lips, making them yelp and slow down as they were steered away. Pins jabbed their straining buttocks and they speeded up again.

And so they were driven about the yard, circling its perimeter or making loops or figure of eights across its centre. Soon Tess and Chelsea were lathered in sweat and were panting and gasping round their rubber bits, but they were given no rest. The men wanted to see them suffer, to watch their glossy, pin-reddened buttocks rolling before them, to torment their captive, jiggling breasts, to hear stifled yelps of pain as they applied the pussy brake straps. It was a mad nightmare from which they could not wake up.

But what was worse they began to respond to it in the most perverse way.

The pegs plugging their orifices were twisting and churning inside them with every stride. Chelsea could see her nipples were standing up from her bound and purple-tinted breasts. Her clit was hardening and pushing out of its hood, despite the additional agony that entailed when the brake flap was pulled tight against her pussy.

She could smell her own arousal and that of Tess. Their inner thighs were lathered with sweat and sex juices.

The growing shameful excitement of their flowing pussies was becoming confused with their exhaustion. Sweat was stinging their eyes. They could hardly see where they were going, blindly obeying the jerks and stabs of pain that steered them in a seemingly never-ending careen about the yard. Yet at the same time their wooden-plugged loins were filling with desperate yearning that was making them dizzy with expectation. They began to totter and stumble as they sobbed and clenched their thighs in helpless need.

With a sudden yank on their reins and a stab in their bottoms they were steered back into the barn and brought to a painfully sharp halt. Their sweat-sheened bodies steamed in the golden sunbeams.

Red and Brown freed their straps and reins. The bamboos and halter bindings were torn impatiently off them, leaving their breasts creased with cord marks and tingling with returning circulation. The men jerked the plug sets from their by now sopping holes, which sucked on them as though they did not want to let go. Through her haze of confusion Tess realised the flaps of the men's dungarees were open and their stiff cocks were bobbing about freely.

She and Chelsea were dragged over to the pair of ropes hanging from the barn roof. The men bent them over and tied the ropes to their bound wrists, pulling them taut until their arms were dragged painfully upwards and their shoulders were level with their hips. Their breasts hung under them hot, heavy and throbbing. Pulling back on their hair to bend their necks they pushed their bowed heads together until their noses touched and used more cords to tie their bit bars together, locking them into a strange parody of a kiss. Their stretched lips brushed and hot sweet girl breath flowed between them. Their wide, red-rimmed, desperate and fearful eyes filled each other's gaze.

The men grasped them by the hips and rammed their hard shafts into the girls' pitifully eager pussies. The thrusts forced their faces into each other and their lips met. Their breasts swung like wild bells. It was usage of the most brutal kind. It was disgusting and degrading and they never wanted it to end. They shrieked into each other's faces as they came and sobbed as they felt the men's sperm blossoming inside them.

For a minute the four of them, still coupled, swayed from the ropes as the men lay across the girls' backs savouring their conquest. Their beards tickled the girl's necks. Then they began to pump into their captive pussies again...

* * *

Tess and Chelsea had no idea how long they dangled from the ropes in the heavy dusty air, sperm and girl juices dripping from their ravaged sexes onto the hay underfoot. After a while they realised the men had left

them. They were alone. Their twisted shoulders throbbed and their sore pussies ached in their emptiness. A blush of returning shame began to colour their cheeks as they were forced to stare into each others guilty eyes. Why had they reacted like that?

Then they heard the rustle of new footsteps as a shadow fell across the barn floor. Their eyes swivelled about in panic. Who was that?

‘Call back yesterday, bid time return...’

Chapter 7

“...to the tomb of the Capulets...”

Nina blinked and looked at Tess, who was in turn frowning back at her. They both seemed lost for a moment. What had they been saying? Oh well, it couldn't have been anything important.

She glanced at the clipboard she was carrying. It was headed: *A survey of small industrial unit usage in Battersea and Clapham*, and it was being funded by a company called Scroop Community Research. The Scroop logo also headed the photo identity badges that hung on ribbons about their necks.

‘Is this the duller job you’ve ever done for Miss Timms?’ she wondered.

‘Could be,’ Tess admitted. ‘Still on the plus side we’re getting plenty of exercise, it’s not raining and we’re being paid for it.’ She added with a grin: ‘At least it’s better than walking the streets.’

Nina chuckled. ‘I suppose so.’

Together they continued walking on down the street as it wound along the fronts of a cluster of small industrial units, workshops and lockups that backed onto the railway line. The next on their list was Hotspur Engineering.

A small door set in the otherwise blank frontage opened into a lofty workshop space. The walls were cluttered with the usual assortment of work benches, gas cylinders, drills, vices, presses and tool racks. Several constructions formed out of panels of metal bars and grilles were hung from the roof beams or else stacked against the walls. Three men in overalls were busy hammering, cutting and welding, filling the air with the sound of metal being shaped and beaten.

‘Excuse us,’ Nina called out over the racket. ‘Can somebody spare us

a couple of minutes?’

The men stopped what they were doing and looked round at them with interest. The man who had been welding turned off his cutting torch, flipped up his protective visor and came over to them. He was a burly, fortyish man who was grinning amiably. He pulled off a glove and shook hands with them.

‘Hallo, I’m Ed Mortimer, and that’s Tom and Henry.’ The other two men, who were of a similar age, paused in their tasks long enough to glance round at the girls and nod and smile. ‘What can we do for you?’

‘We’re doing a survey of small businesses in this area,’ Nina explained, showing him her ID tag. ‘We just want a few basic details about your company. It’ll only take a couple of minutes.’

‘Fair enough. What do you want to know?’

‘For a start, what do you make?’

‘Well, we make speciality cages for the capture and transportation of animals for veterinary and zoological use.’

Nina brightened, entering the details in a box on her pad. ‘That’s interesting. We haven’t had anything like that before.’

‘Been a bit dull for you so far, has it?’ he asked.

‘Pretty much,’ Tess admitted.

‘Well maybe we can make your lives a bit more exciting. Have a look at this...’

They followed him over to where a rectangular box-like arch of olive drab canvas stood in one corner. The arch was about a metre and a half deep with an opening about the size of a domestic double doorway cut through its middle. They could see the inside of the arch was lined with bars. Shallow ramps lead up to a metal plate floor painted dull green, but there was no sign of the front or rear of the cage.

‘That is one of our best,’ Mortimer said proudly. ‘It’s specially designed for capturing and immobilizing large game.’

‘It doesn’t look like much of a cage,’ said Tess. ‘Where’s the rest of it?’

‘Folded back and hidden in the arch unit. It’s actuated by a pressure plate linked to some heavy duty springs. The idea is that you place the cage on an established forest path and camouflage the outer structure. Then you wait. Eventually your unsuspecting target specimen just walks through and triggers the mechanism. If you don’t get how it works, try it for yourselves...’

He was so amiable and open they did not think what they were doing. They stepped into the archway and felt the floor plate give under their feet. There were clangs and rattles from either side of them and barred doors slid across the open faces of the arch, forming a complete cage. One wall was a folding diamond lattice of flat metal strips while the other was a set of heavier vertical bars. As the girls started in surprise at speed of the mechanism, the wall of vertical bars began to slide inwards forcing them back against the hexagonal lattice.

‘This is the clever bit, you see,’ Mortimer said. ‘It becomes a self-actuating crush cage, holding the specimens immobilized so they can’t harm themselves.’

Nina and Tess were now standing side by side with their backs to the lattice wall as the moving section pressed against them.

‘It even adapts to the size and shape of each specimen,’ Mortimer said proudly. ‘It’ll hold them still they can be tagged or have samples taken.’

The individual bars that were flattening their breasts suddenly stopped advancing, locking into place, while those on either side separated from the rest and continued on, sliding past on either side of their chests and hips and trapping their arms by their sides. The advancing bars only stopped when Nina and Tess were pressed firmly against the rear lattice wall of the cage,

almost unable to move.

Tess, blinking at the bars almost touching her nose, laughed a little nervously. 'You're right, that's very clever. Can we get out now, please?'

Mortimer chuckled: 'Now why would we let you out now, after going to all the trouble of catching you? You're today's prize specimens and we've got things we want to do with you...'

They had not noticed that while Mortimer had been showing off the cage Tom and Henry had stopped their work. Now Tom was closing and bolting the outside door of the workshop while Henry had moved round behind the cage. Even as Nina and Tess felt sick fear rising inside them he pushed his hands through the lattice bars on either side of Nina's head and slapped a broad strip of silver repair tape across her mouth, sealing her lips. Tess began to shout and scream but Henry had a strip ready for her as well and in a few seconds she, like Nina, was reduced to muffled, incoherent grunts and moans.

'That's better,' Mortimer said, 'we don't want anybody wondering what's going on in here, do we?'

Sandwiched within the narrow gap between the cage walls they squirmed frantically, clawing and pushing at the bars as far as their confined arms would allow. But their struggles were futile. They were trapped.

Tom joined Henry and together they began threading lengths of green heavy duty plastic-coated wire through the back wall of the cage. Pulling Nina and Tess's wriggling arms back against the bars they bound them in place, twisting the wire ends tight against the outside of the bars. Together they pulled their feet apart as far as the bars allowed and bound their ankles. Longer lengths of wire went about their knees, waists, elbows and over the front of their throats, holding their heads back.

Mortimer touched a control panel hidden in the casing of the cage arch and the moving wall of bars pulled back from Nina and Tess, rolled back to the threshold of the cage floor and then slid out of sight into pockets in the arch sides. He walked into the cage and inspected the girls' bound bodies. He

stroked their hot cheeks and pinched their nipples that stood up through the fabric of their t-shirts, making them flinch and snivel in fear.

‘Not bored any longer, are you?’ he asked rhetorically, grinning at their terrified struggles. ‘Don’t worry, we’ve got plenty of exciting things planned for you. First, there’s one last clever trick the cage does...’

He moved back to the control panel and pressed a button. There was a click and the entire panel of lattice bars to which Nina and Tess were bound came loose in a single rigid unit. Tom and Harry, standing at either end, eased it over backwards. With grunt they lifted the frame and the girls and, carrying it flat between them, shuffled a few paces and then set it down across a set of low wooden trestles.

The three men looked down at their helpless captives as they squirmed and strained against their bonds. The wires cut into their flesh but they could not pull themselves free.

‘Right,’ said Mortimer, ‘let’s get them stripped!’

The girls’ boots and socks were pulled off. Then the men turned to powered cutters they had placed ready to hand on a nearby bench. The devices whined and burred as they sliced through their clothes, cutting around their wire bonds. They slit their jeans from ankles to waistband and shirts from belly to neck and then neck to arm. The shredded remnants were tugged from under them and thrown aside like rags. The flimsy material of their underwear offered no resistance to the flashing blades whatsoever.

Now they lay naked to the hungry gaze of the three engineers. Nina’s coffee-dark flesh contrasted starkly with Tess’s pale pink tones. The men ran their hands across their bodies, pinching and probing as they went. They lifted the girls’ breasts by their nipples, then slapped and rolled them about. They pried apart their sex lips and inserted stiff fingers into their vaginas, testing their resiliency. Nina and Tess choked and whimpered, trembling with sick fear and utter shame. Their heads turned aside from the men to look into each other’s eyes. They read the terror and confusion each felt. How could this be happening to them?

The men were sniffing at their fingers, shiny from delving into their captive's front passages.

‘A pair of nice sweet juicy young tarts,’ Tom declared.

‘Exactly as promised,’ Henry agreed.

‘And delivered to our door,’ Mortimer concluded.

A few slaps forced the girls to look up at them once more.

‘We’ll be screwing you later,’ Mortimer said. ‘First, we’re going to warm you up a bit and see what you’re really made of.’

They picked up new devices from the workbench. Nina and Tess whimpered at the sight of them. Plugged onto the ends of battery operate power drills were huge ribbed black rubber dildos, shiny with lubricant. Tom and Henry held them over Nina and Tess’s faces so they could see every detail and played with the triggers. The tools growled with surges of power, setting the dildos spinning and pumping. They were set on a low gear ratio and did not rotate that fast, but the thought of having them inside them was terrifying. Their stomachs flipped and knotted even as a hot slickness began to seep from between their sex lips.

‘Self-oiling,’ Mortimer observed, running his finger through their clefts. ‘Plenty of grease in them. You can drill deep in these two.’

Pulling on protective goggles, Tom and Henry knelt on the frame between the girl’s spread legs and slid the tips of the dildos into their captives’ unwilling, weeping slots. The rubber was soft and pliant but to the girls they still felt huge and terrible. The men gunned the motors, sending pulses of power into the rubber phalluses, teasing their clitoral hoods. The dildos spun and pulsed, setting the soft plump sex lips that framed them buzzing and trembling.

Tess and Nina shrieked through their tape gags. Ignoring their misery the men pushed the vibrator drills deeper until their tips pounded against the far ends of their passages, plugging them to the limit. Their glossy, blushing

pussy mouths and lower stomachs shivered visibly as the spinning, pumping rubber shafts pulsated inside them. Their breasts shivered like jellies with their hard nipples dancing on top of them like cherries, one pair black and the other dark pink. The girls sobbed and tossed their head from side to side until they found themselves looking into each others tear-filled eyes, which were huge with shame and disbelief. The dildos were spattering their juices across their inner thighs. They were practically gushing with lubrication. And with it, out of the perverse depths of their souls, came an overwhelming sense of raw arousal. They could see their own growing desire mirrored by their companion and with it the same desperate thought. How could they react like this in front of their tormentors?

The men were thrusting and pulling back with the drills, all the time varying the speed and power of their action. The stained concrete floor under the frame was collecting fresh stains from their dripping juices. By now Nina and Tess were sobbing and moaning uncontrollably. They could feel their shame and fear being pushed to the back of their minds by a no less frightening sense of animal need. It was as though their buzzing, tingling, pulsating pussies had taken over their thoughts. They were the geyser mouths for the lust that was boiling and swelling within them that they could no longer control.

Nina shrieked as she came. A jet of hot pee spurted from her gaping sooty cleft over the power dildo, followed by a gush of expelled juices as her vagina clamped about her rubber tormentor. As though this was a trigger, a second stream of pee and juices suddenly hissed from Tess's ravaged sex slot to join her fountain of shame. The air filled with the scent of their disgrace. The binding wires cut deep into their flesh as the frame shook with the convulsions of their combined orgasms.

‘What a pair of lovely, hot, filthy sluts,’ Mortimer observed.

Tess and Nina hardly heard him. They lay limp in their bonds, lost in a lingering haze of post-orgasmic euphoria mingled with deepest despair. They were aware of the frames being moved, hands clasping their bodies and their bonds being altered. The tape was pulled from across their mouths and they were fed water from plastic bottles. They drank automatically. Rubber bones, which must have come from a pet shop, were then pushed between

their teeth and held in place by hoops of wire hooked round the backs of their necks. They were too dazed and shattered to resist or attempt to protest. How could something so bad feel so good?

A dousing with a jet of cold water from the workshop hose pipe brought them, spluttering and gasping, out of their miserable pit of despondency.

The frame had been lifted up on chains hooked to a roof trestle at its top end so that it now hung vertically with its lower end resting on wooden blocks that were bolted to the floor. The wires binding their wrists, elbows, ankles and knees had been untwisted to allow their arms and legs to be repositioned. Now their arms were stretched upwards and their wrists crossed and bound over their heads. Their legs had been pulled up, tightly bent and spread so that their knees were almost level with their shoulders. Fresh wires had been passed over the inside of their thighs, under the backs of their knees and about their ankles to hold their legs in place. The weight of their now suspended bodies drove the wires even deeper into their flesh. Their new posture left the exposed mounds of their simmering, tingling sexes pouting from between the taut curves of their doubled-back thighs. The shiny crimson gashes of their abused love mouths hung drunkenly wide, slovenly oozing. The dark mouths of their vaginal tunnels were open to the gaze of their abusers, as were the tight puckered wellheads of their anuses. Perversely their clitorises pulsed swollen and hard in their hoods.

Nina and Tess blinked the water from their eyes. The three men were standing before them. Each held a wooden rod with what looked like lengths of bicycle inner tube bolted to them, forming a trailing spray of broad rubber thongs.

‘Now we’ve got your attention here’s what happens next,’ Mortimer said. ‘We’re going to give you both a good thrashing until you beg us for a proper meat screwing. We want you to tell us how much you want our cocks up your cunts and arses. But we’ll keep beating you until we believe you really mean it, understood?’

‘And have ‘em call us “Sirs” when they do it,’ Tom suggested.

‘Yes, you’ll call us “Sirs” when you do it,’ Mortimer added.

They stared at him in disbelief, hardly able to comprehend what he was telling them. How could they possibly consent to something so sick? Yet despite their disgust a fresh tingle suffused their loins as a new surge of hot sticky excitement began to build in the depths of their pussies. Could they really beg for a screwing by three strangers? Mortimer swiped his homemade lash quickly across their upturned buttocks. There was a hiss and meaty crack as the rubber thongs curved about every contour of their posteriors. Their teeth clenched about their rubber bones while their eyes bulged in pain and shock.

‘I said, do you understand?’ Mortimer demanded.

They nodded frantically.

‘We’ll give you a minute’s beating, then we’ll take your gags out and hear you plead. OK, lads, let ‘em have it!’

The lashes rained blows across their bottoms and helplessly exposed pubic mounds. Rubber kissed, smacked and seared into them, sending ripples through their pliant, tender flesh. The thongs curled up, across and into every swell, fold and hollow. They convulsed with each blow, their muscles standing out as they strained to escape the terrible onslaught. The frame rattled and swayed to and fro. Their buttocks and pudenda darkened and seemed to burn like fire. The rubber tongues whipped across their weeping wet gaping sex mouths, splattering the cream that seeped from them. When they cut across the stiff nubs of their clitorises the pain was indescribable.

Neither did the girls’ breasts escape punishment. With their arms pulled up over their heads and with their necks pulled back against the frame, their chests were pushed forward, offering tempting targets their abusers happily accepted. While one man worked on their groins another attended to their mammary glands. Their globes, pink and coffee coloured, leapt and bounced under the lash as they were smacked about. Perversely hard nipples were beaten down into their soft parent mounds only to spring up again and again for more.

The girls sobbed and howled. Tears streamed from their eyes and ran down their cheeks. They dribbled about their gags as they convulsed in agony, the tendons in their necks standing out and the binding wires cutting their skin. Again they lost control of their bladders and pee arced in fitful spurts across the floor. The men stood clear to let it spray out of them and then resumed their beating. If Nina and Tess had any thoughts about resistance or shred of dignity left, that terrible endless minute of pain beat it from them.

Suddenly the blows ceased. The girls hung trembling on the frame, chests heaving, blinking back the tears. Tom and Henry pulled the gag bones from their mouths.

‘Well, what have you to say?’ Mortimer asked.

They sucked in their breath, struggling to still their ragged breathing.

‘Please fuck me, Sirs!’ Nina begged, appalled at the utter cravenness of her own words.

‘I want you up inside me, Sirs,’ Tess sobbed.

‘My cunt’s ready for you, Sirs.’

‘Or my arsehole, Sirs. It’s hot and tight.’

‘Mine too, Sirs. Please bugger me. Do it hard.’

‘Have both of mine, Sirs. Please have both...’

And the terrible thing was that they meant every word. It was the only antidote to the fear and pain they had suffered. They desperately wanted to be screwed. Deep down they knew they deserved to be screwed.

When their torrent of abject pleading finally ran down the three men looked thoughtfully at each other. Nina and Tess hung breathlessly on the men’s decision, willing their offer to be accepted.

When the men nodded the girls’ hearts actually leapt. As Henry and

Tom unzipped and moved forward with their stiff cocks pointing like fat arrows at their gaping vaginas, they were filled not with fear or shame but a sense of unholy delight at the true depths of their own degradation.

* * *

Once they had all had their fill of the girls the men hosed out their sore orifices. Water and sperm bubbled freely out of both vaginas and rectums. Then they lay the frame flat again and sat round it resting, joking and played cards across the girls' naked and tightly bound bodies. When they were ready to perform once more they hauled the frame upright and screwed the girls for a second time. Then a third.

* * *

It was evening and the workshop was still and twilit. The men had left half an hour earlier. Pale light shone through the high grimy windows. The frame rested once more across the trestles with Nina and Tess still naked and wired to it. By now their arms and legs were purple and numb. Their open thighs were still pulled back, as though offering up their pussies to the ceiling. All they were aware of, as they slipped in and out of exhausted sleep, was the simmering ache in their ravaged groins, still seeping with the last outpourings of the men's sperm. Gradually the enormity of what they had endured penetrated their dazed senses and they began to wonder what happened next.

Then they heard somebody enter the workshop. The girls tensed, shame flooding back into them. Who was it? Footsteps came nearer. *'Call back yesterday...'*

The girls relaxed as certainty replaced doubt. Nina heard Tess chuckle. It had been a busy day but all was well once more.

Miss T began untwisting the wires that bound them to the frames.

‘You said this one would be hard, Miss,’ Nina said. ‘It was.’

‘You’ll both have a week off work,’ Miss Timms told them. ‘You’ve earned it. Our clients were grateful and most generous. There’ll be a bonus.’

‘Thank you, Miss.’

‘I’ll spend it on icepacks and cold cream,’ Tess joked feebly. ‘Both for my tits and cunt... sorry, Miss T.’

‘But did you enjoy yourselves?’ Miss Timms asked suddenly. They saw her face, full of concern, looking down at them. It seemed to Nina as though she was almost anxiously seeking reassurance.

‘Oh yes, Miss Timms,’ Nina assured her. ‘Like always the sex was fantastic. The pain is just like, well, foreplay.’

‘I had three fucking amazing orgasms, Miss,’ Tess said happily. Then she blushed and added quickly: ‘Sorry, Miss...’

Miss Timms took a deep breath and smiled wryly. ‘I’m glad you enjoyed yourselves. You know I really couldn’t do this otherwise.’

Chapter 8

Miss Timms smiled at Tess, Nina and Chelsea as they sat together for the first time in a row before her office desk. It had been a couple of weeks since the last of their special jobs. Time enough for soreness and bruises to fade and to be replaced by an eagerness to move on to something more challenging. They could read the same impatient anticipation in each other's faces and, if they were totally honest, to smell their shared expectant arousal. It was as though their pussies ached for another whipping.

'You've shown you can undertake special jobs both singly and in pairs,' Miss Timms told them. 'You have performed with courage and conviction and I'm very pleased with you all.'

The girls swelled with pride, flashing excited glances at each other. Praise from Miss Timms was the highest reward they could hope for.

'Now I want all three of you to work together for a special job which is scheduled for tomorrow,' Miss Timms continued. 'I'm sure you'll all find it most rewarding but I expect it to be a longer ordeal than any you've done before and a serious challenge to your endurance, both physical and mental. I'll give you the cover scenario shortly, but I'd like you to activate your memory blocks now, so that when you arrive at the location you will be completely comfortable in your roles.'

The three girls looked at each other in mild puzzlement. It was a change in routine but if Miss Timms thought was best then of course they would do it. They nodded.

'Then all say it together,' Miss Timms prompted. '*Consign to the tomb of the Capulets...*'

* * *

Lear House was an imposing grey stone three story mansion in Richmond. It stood a little back from the road behind a solid wall topped by iron railings and a gravel courtyard. A large black front door stood under its own portico at the top of a short flight of steps. However it was a setting of faded elegance. The stonework was stained, the ground floor windows were boarded over and a hire skip stood in a corner of the yard half full of household rubbish.

This was the scene that greeted the three girls when they arrived the next morning. They clambered out of their van and looked around. They were all clad in sturdy boots, hard hats and jeans with protective gloves tucked into their belts.

Chelsea consulted their worksheet again. 'It says we've got to finish clearing out the contents, except for the big pieces of furniture which will be tagged. Anything burnable we can put on a bonfire round the back. The rest goes into the skip.'

'I wonder who lived here?' Tess said. 'They were doing all right for themselves.'

'Let's have a proper look around inside first and get an idea how much we've got to shift,' Nina said. 'It might take days to clear a place this size.'

Chelsea produced the keys Miss Timms had given them and they went in through the front door. Within was a lofty but gloomy hallway with a staircase leading up to a broad landing where light filtered down from first floor windows. Around the hall there were shadows on the walls where large pictures had once hung. Double doors opened off to the left and right, presumably to reception rooms, while ahead, under the landing, was a door that must have been access to the kitchens.

'Let's check downstairs first,' Chelsea suggested.

Their footsteps echoed on bare, dusty boards as they went through the double doors on the left. Sandy found a light switch which revealed a large bare room with a large cold fireplace and ornate mantle shelf.

‘Not much for us to do in here,’ Nina observed.

A smaller door at the end opened onto a passage which led to a large kitchen, walk in larder, store cupboards, boiler and utility room. A back door looked out over a large walled garden with a shaggy lawn and overgrown flower beds running to seed.

Leading off from the kitchen was another short corridor and a door which should have opened into the second reception room. But it was locked. There was no key and none on the bunch Chelsea had would fit.

‘We’ll have to use the hall door,’ Chelsea said.

They went back through the kitchen and found their way out into the main hall once more. They tried the double doors on the right-hand side and they opened easily. They turned on the light and found a room that was far from empty.

There were four large objects swathed in black plastic sheeting, two standing freely and two resting against opposite walls. In addition several crates and cartons were stacked in a corner. Unlike the rooms they had so far seen security mesh had been screwed over the insides of the boarded windows.

‘Look’s like somebody’s been busy in here,’ Chelsea said.

‘Do we take the boxes and stuff?’ Tess asked.

‘I suppose so.’

‘You said we should leave any furniture alone,’ said Nina.

‘If it’s tagged.’

‘Let’s have a look see...’

She pulled the sheeting off the nearest object.

It was a high backed chair built of heavy black timber and mounted

on a low wheeled wooden base. Strangely it had no back legs and was supported entirely by its sturdy wide-spaced front legs which accommodated the extreme splay of the seat. Except that it didn't have a proper seat either but just two narrow ledges diverging in an inverted "V". Rising up into this void was an angled metal rod that was mounted on a stretcher that joined the front chair legs. The end of the rod was capped by a large ribbed phallus. The chair also lacked armrests but it was well supplied with rings and buckled leather straps that had been bolted to its back and the sides of its front legs.

The girls gaped at the device in silence for a moment, then Nina gulped and said: 'That looks... pretty kinky.'

Tess pulled the cover off one of the devices resting against the wall. It was a heavy black wooden cross in the shape of an "X". From the end of a curving metal bracket screwed to the back of the centre of the cross, a wooden peg carved in the shape of an erect penis jutted forward and upward at an angle of forty-five degrees. The arms of the cross were also adorned with many sets of rings and straps.

The third object was an old-fashioned iron bed frame which supported a heavy open wire latticework on which a mattress would have lain. This was braced by rows of coil springs about its inner sides, to which several leather straps had also been buckled. It had been mounted on wooden braces that held it at about a sixty degree angle. From the base of this stand an adjustable metal rod rose up through the mesh of the bed frame. It was also tipped by a large black rubber dildo.

'I think we've got a bit of a theme going here,' Chelsea said dryly.

The final object standing in the middle of the room was perhaps the oddest of all. It was a solid triangular table with a top padded with foam rubber covered in black vinyl. From its middle rose a sturdy wooden central post rising to head height. Bolted to the post top were the ends of three dangling chains with snaphook fastenings. By now they were not surprised to see the edge of the table was also fitted with an array of rings and chains.

Tess went over to one of the cartoons stacked in the corner and pulled the top open. She took a deep breath and then pulled out a whip and a

spanking paddle to show the others.

‘This is a sadist’s playroom,’ Chelsea declared decisively.

‘Do you think Miss Timms knows anything about all this?’ Tess wondered.

‘She’d have hardly sent us here if she did,’ said Nina.

‘We’d better tell her what we’ve found,’ Chelsea said. ‘In case she has any... special instructions about this stuff.’

‘Like burn it all?’ Nina suggested.

Chelsea had turned towards the main doors leading out to the hall. Suddenly she stopped. ‘Did you close them when we came in?’ she asked.

‘No,’ said Nina. ‘I thought we left them open.’

‘Well they’re shut now!’

She strode over and tugged at the handles. The door did not budge. They all heaved at it together without any result. Chelsea dropped to her knees and put her eye to the keyhole. There’s a key in it. It’s locked.’

‘B... but it couldn’t lock itself,’ Tess stammered.

‘It didn’t!’

Chelsea dashed along the room to the door leading to the kitchen, but it was as immobile as when they had tried it from the other side. They looked round at the boarded and mesh-covered windows. They were trapped.

‘There’s somebody else in this house, isn’t there?’ Nina said faintly.

‘Yes,’ Chelsea snapped. She banged on the door. ‘Alright, you’ve had your fun. Now let us out!’

There was no response.

‘Can anybody smell something funny?’ Tess said.

They paused. There was an odd cloying odour in the room that had not been there a few moments earlier.

‘I can hear something hissing,’ Nina said.

‘Gas!’ Chelsea gasped.

They scrabbled desperately about the room, tearing at the cartons, spilling out more straps, lashes and dildos over the floor, trying to find the source of the gas. They hammered on the windows, but the protective mesh prevented them from breaking the glass to reach fresh air. They sank to their knees, sobbing in fear, chests heaving and heads spinning.

‘There!’ Tess choked, pointing at the underside of the triangular table where a silver gas cylinder fitted to some sort of black control box had been taped. Chelsea tried to crawl towards it but collapsed onto her face. Nina rolled over onto her back and lay still. Tess whimpered and closed her eyes.

* * *

Chelsea recovered her senses slowly. She felt sick and confused. She could not focus her eyes and for a moment she did not know where she was. Then it all came back to her with a terrifying rush. The big house... trapped... gas!

She tried to shout and leap to her feet, but she could do neither.

She was lying back spread-eagled against the wooden cross and totally naked. Broad heavy straps pressed tightly across her wrists, elbows, neck, waist, upper thighs, knees and ankles. What felt like a pair of rubber strips riveted together at the ends had been forced into her mouth, trapping her tongue between them. An elastic cord running round the back of her neck held this gag in place. She could wriggle her fingers and toes and turn her head a little, but otherwise she was effectively mute and immobile.

As Chelsea squirmed in growing terror she realised there was a strange tightness and fullness in her rectum. Her hindquarters hung below the centre of the cross and she could feel the curving metal bracket slipping into her buttock cleft. The wooden cock on its end had been stuck up inside her as though she had been impaled. Somebody had actually pushed a wooden penis up her bottom!

Sobbing with fear she shook her head and blinked to clear her eyes. Then she saw Nina and Tess.

Nina lay face down strapped spread-eagled across the bedstead. She had also been stripped naked, so that her brown trembling buttocks faced in to the room. Her full breasts had been squeezed through the large diamond-shaped gaps in the wire lattice and were bound together on the other side with a thin strap. She was twisting her head round to look at Chelsea, her white teeth clamped about the gag strap that pinched her tongue. The rod they had seen rising from the base of the device vanished between her thighs, spreading the plump dark lips of her sex. She was impaled as well!

Tess, who was also stark naked, sat stiffly in the big upright wooden chair. Her arms had been pulled back behind the chair back and her wrists were strapped to a big tethering ring. More straps went across her neck and chest under her breasts. Her legs were widely spread and held against the narrow ledges of the seat sides by straps across her thighs and ankles. She was snivelling and rolling her head about, champing on her gag. The reason for the stiffness of her posture was easy to see. The angled rod with its dildo cap was buried in her sex so far that it seemed to make her stomach bulge.

They both looked terrified and yet, shockingly, achingly desirable at the same time. Chelsea did not want to look away from them, but she had to. The three of them were not alone in the room.

Three men, naked but for sandals and black executioner-style hoods that showed only their eyes, were bustling purposefully around them, laying out an assortment of lashes, whips, straps and canes beside each of the devices she, Nina and Tess were strapped to. Chelsea goggled at them in horror. They looked to be at least middle-aged or worse, with pot-bellies, greying chest and pubic hair. Yet in one respect they all displayed a sign of

remarkable, even unnatural, vigour. They all had monstrous erections.

Chelsea felt she was going to be sick and moaned and gurgled, writhing about as far as her bonds allowed, trying to attract the men's attention.

They took no notice of her.

These masked strangers were going to do what they wanted with them. They were utterly helpless. She could feel her pussy getting hot and slippery at the thought and saw that her nipples were standing up. What was wrong with her? She had been plunged into a nightmarish situation, yet she was responding in the most perverse way. Had the men done something to her while she had been unconscious to make her react like this? Was it an after effect of the gas? Her eyes met those of Tess and Nina and saw her own terror and confusion was mirrored within them.

The men finished their preparations and took up positions in front of each of the girls. The one standing in front of Chelsea held a lash of many thongs, the one before Nina a spanking paddle while the man looming over Tess carried a cane. The girls sobbed and moaned, shaking their heads and rolling their eyes, pleading mutely to be spared this torment. The men looked at them silence, their expressions unreadable behind their masks. If anything their erections grew a little stiffer.

Gradually the girls' protests subsided as they realised it was futile. A show of helpless, pitiful fear and pleading was what their captors wanted to see. That was why they had captured, stripped, bound and impaled them. Trembling the girls lowered their heads and resigned themselves to the inevitable.

With a hiss and swish the beating began and the meaty crack and smack of rubber, leather and cane on girl-flesh filled the room.

Chelsea screeched as her man swiped his lash across her breasts, setting them shivering and burning. After a dozen strokes he moved down to her stomach, setting it on fire and making her muscles bunch in a futile attempt to resist. Next he attacked her groin, swing the lash upward into the

defenceless, mound of her sex. Finally he beat her bottom where it hung below the middle of the cross, swing his lash up between her legs so that its thongs curled up about the undersides of her buttock cheeks. Chelsea wailed and bit on her gag, dribbling saliva and tears down her reddening cheeks. But what was worse than the pain was that the sting and shock of each blow caused her automatically to clench her rectum about the wooden shaft inside her, as though it was something to cling on to that would brace her against the onslaught. To her disgust this action was beginning to give her a tiny bit of pleasure.

Dizzy with pain and confusion she looked aside from her tormentor and his terrible lash, trying to wish away her feelings, only for her gaze to lock on Nina.

She was sobbing and writhing on the bed frame as the spanking paddle smacked relentlessly across her back, full fleshy brown buttocks and thighs. The dark split mound of her impaled pussy, exposed by the wide-spread of her thighs, shivered under the paddle blade as it cut up between her inrolling thighs and into her buttock cleft. Even her breasts, forced through the bed mesh and bound together by a strap, did not escape punishment. Every few moments her hooded man reached round the back of the frame and swiped his paddle up into the heavy double swells of their glossy undersides.

Each blow made Nina's lovely body bounce and sway against the sprung mesh of the bed frame, setting the impaling dildo pumping in her cleft.

It was terrible and disgusting and yet Chelsea could hardly tear her eyes away. She was getting more aroused. What was wrong with her? With an effort she turned her head aside, only for her gaze to fall on Tess.

The poor girl's large pale breasts were leaping and bouncing almost like living animals under the stinging cane of her tormentor, who was cruelly crisscrossing them with livid scarlet stripes. Bound so tightly to the chair there was no escape and Tess sobbed and whimpered helplessly as her soft globes were distended and rippled by blow after blow. Her only diversion was the visible clenching of her pussy mouth about the dildo on which she was impaled. It seemed at least that the rest of Tess's body would be spared

because her posture made it impossible to strike her bottom or pussy, but Chelsea had underestimated the ingenuity of their faceless abusers.

As she watched in sick horror the man rested his cane for a moment and tugged at the back of the chair. The whole thing pivoted forward, hinging about its front legs where they met its base. When Tess hung face down and her simmering breasts dangled freely her bottom and impaled pussy were neatly fanned by the open “V” of the chair seat, looking suddenly desperately vulnerable. The man stepped behind her and swung his cane up into the pale swell of her buttocks, laying down a pattern of fresh scores across them.

As she tossed her head about from side to side in agony Tess’s red, tear-filled eyes met Chelsea’s. As they did some strange look of understanding, of sharing their intimate mutual suffering passed between them. She’s so lovely she deserves this, Chelsea thought wildly. No! She meant she did not deserve this. What was wrong with her?

Then the men rotated positions, moving one round between the girls. The cane that had marked Tess’s flesh now hissed down and cut into Chelsea’s breasts, pussy and bottom. Her lash was now abrading Nina’s buttocks while her paddle was smacking against Tess’s helpless body. After a minute they moved round again to fresher fleshy pastures. And all that time they never spoke a word. Only by the twitching of their cocks could they guess at the perverted pleasure they were getting from the sadistic punishment they were heaping on their victims.

Victims were what they had become: reduced to trembling, sobbing, wretched excuses for the independent beings they had been only an hour earlier. Their bodies were saturated with pain and suffering. Yet if what they were enduring was really so terrible, why did the scent of their exudations fill the air in the closed room? Why were the rods impaling them were all wet and dark with their juices? They did not know. All they wanted was release. Any release!

There was a splattering as Tess peed on the floor under her chair. For a moment her eyes rolled up in ecstasy. She had not only passed water, she had cum!

Chelsea saw this and the blissful expression on Tess's face. Was it an act of defiance or humiliating surrender or something else? She did not know but it was a terrible temptation. With a whimper she peed joyfully. Oh... yes! It was a relief and a dangerous thrill, making even the wood up her bum feel good. Don't let it go, don't let it escape! A shattering orgasm wracked her simmering body.

A stream of urine spurted from Nina's brown sex lips and she bucked wildly as she joined them in a slave girls' last refuge.

For one amazing moment Chelsea thought they had worked some magic. The beating stopped and all was still. The pain of their simmering flesh was muted by the joy of their orgasms. Then the hooded man in front of her took hold of her hips and rammed his cock up her sopping pussy. The desperate grunts of driven breath, the squeaks of wood and metal and the wet squelching sounds of well-lubricated holes being pumped filled the sweat and pussy-scented air. While she with a carved penis up her anus was being screwed face-on, Nina and Tess with their rears exposed and unplugged were being sodomised, whimpering as the men ground against their sore bottoms.

To her shame Chelsea felt her passage clamp tight about her abuser's cock, his size confusingly exaggerated by the presence of the wooden cock up her rear, congesting the space in her loins. It was vile and disgusting but at least he was not beating her anymore. She would screw him a thousand times rather than endure that again.

Suddenly he pulled out of her and stepped to one side.

No! Her pussy gaped on thin air. She felt so empty and frightened.

But they were only moving round again. A fresh cock slid up inside her. A part of her knew it had just been up Tess's arse but she did not care. While it was inside her she was safe. He pulled out of her moved round again. She nearly sucked the cock of the third man into her. He had been inside both Nina's bum and Tess's. Now he had the complete set of them. Did he want her bum as well? She would give it to him as long as he was kind to her. Now he was driving up her harder and harder. Now he was spurting inside her and she was desperately squeezing it out of him because

that was all she was good for.

That was all any of them were good for.

* * *

By the time each of the three hooded men had spent themselves inside their captives' bodies the three girls were beyond shame or thought of resistance. They could see it in each other's exhausted, red-cheeked and tear-streaked faces. They were broken and pitifully ready to obey as long as they were not beaten again.

The men took water bottles from the cartoons. Pulling the girls' gags out to feed them water, they first touched their fingers to girls' lips to warn them to be silent. With a shiver the girls nodded and drank gratefully. They did not protest or attempt to call for help. They knew the first would have been ignored and the second pointless. They were prisoners in a room with boarded windows in solid detached house in its own grounds. Nobody would have heard them. The office would not miss them until the evening. Their only hope was to let their silent, faceless tormentors play out their perverted game and leave them as mysteriously as they had come. And so, without a word being spoken they entered into a strange mutual pact of submission and dominance.

When the gags were offered back up to their mouths they opened their lips without dissent.

The dildos and wooden cock were pulled from their aching orifices, leaving them feeling strangely empty. The men took a bucket round and held it under the girls' sore groins. They peed into it gratefully. Then they cleaned their passages out with moist baby wipes. Chelsea found herself thinking with inverted logic how kind they were.

The men left them alone in the room for an hour, perhaps to take care of their own needs and recover their strength. The girls hardly dared look each other in the eye, except to make feeble attempts at reassuring smiles.

Their gaze kept drifting back to the strange and as yet unused table. This they knew would be act two. Chelsea feared what was coming at the same time as wishing they would hurry up and get it over with. Her pussy was beginning to weep in anticipation.

When the hooded men eventually returned they unstrapped them from their respective restraining devices. By now they were so stiff they could hardly stand and would have been incapable of resisting even if they had the will. With stoic resignation they let the men handle their bodies as they wished.

Their arms were folded behind their backs and strapped together wrists to elbows. Broad ringed collars were buckled about their necks and leather cuffs were buckled about their ankles. Then they were laid down on their left sides along the straight edges of the table, which were just long enough to support their torsos, and all facing inwards. Short chains hanging from the table sides were clipped to their collar rings, confining their movement. Their left legs were bent up tight, so that their heels pressed into their buttocks, and were held in place by straps binding their shins to their thighs. More chains bound their left ankle rings to the table sides. Their right legs were pulled up straight and inward and their ankles were chained to the top of the post in the middle of the table.

The binding chains were all tightened, pulling the girls closer together. They had no choice how they lay on the table. As they all faced the same way each girl's head was pillowed on the inside of the folded left leg of the girl in front of her, while her face was staring into her open groin with her nose almost touching the puckers of their anal wells and the soft swelling pout of her vulva, exposed and accentuated by the tension of her raised leg. Chelsea gulped as she looked into Nina's brown lovemouth while she in turn gazed at Tess's pink pubes and Tess's hot breath washed over Chelsea's own pussy to complete the circle. None of them had ever been so intimately close to any woman before. They could count every anal crinkle and every pubic hair. They could feel the heat and see every cane mark of the beatings their companions had suffered. They could smell the lingering tang of their captors' spent sperm, but penetrating through that was a growing heady musk of womanly perfume as their bodies prepared for what was to come.

Their gags were removed once more but although their stomachs were knotting with fear and shame the girls said nothing. They knew what was expected of them. They were just waiting for the sign to begin the ultimate degradation.

The men gathered round the table. They held small electric gas lighter wands. They stroked the metal contact tips over the girls trembling bodies, running them up and down the taut lengths of their trembling extended legs, through the wet slots of their vulvas, up across their stomachs, across the hills of their breasts, over their shoulders and down to the shivering curves of their buttocks. We have mastery over all these places, they were telling them without words, and we can inflict pain there as we wish, unless you obey.

The wand tips ended up pressed into the soft flesh of their buttocks, in front of the face of the girl whose head rested between her companion's legs. Their eyes flicked between the wands and the stiff cocks of their captors that bobbed at the same level as the groins of their captives. The girls' mouths hung open and they licked their dry lips in tremulous anticipation.

There was a crack and flash of sparks. The girls jerked and yelped as the shocks stabbed through their bottoms. Then they bent their heads and began to lap and suck at their companion's trembling pussies. Chelsea's tongue slid into Nina who was tonguing out Tess who was giving cunnilingus to Chelsea.

They ducked and bobbed their heads faster, grinding their noses into their captive-sisters' groins, searching out their clitoral hoods and finding them pulsing hard with lust. Their faces were growing wet with spicy juices. Flash, crack, ahhh! They were zapped again, this time the electric wand tips jabbing deep into their raised thighs. They redoubled their efforts, burrowing their noses and mouths even deeper into the soft, hot, wet sexmouths before them. Shudders of inescapable pleasure passed round the circle of their bodies. It felt like they were becoming one orgasm with a single purpose.

Suddenly the shafts of their masters were thrust into their groins and faces. They saw them penetrate the anus of the girl in front of them, making her sphincter ring stretch and bulge, even as they themselves were penetrated. The electric wands stabbed into their breasts and they shrieked and fell back

to their licking, except now they divided their tongues between pussy and cock, licking their shafts as they pumped in and out of their sister's bottoms.

One by one they came with sobs and shudders but they kept on licking. And when the men finally ejaculated, filling the girls' rectums with their seed, they licked up the sperm that oozed from their companion's ravaged anal mouths. By now they knew no shame, only lust and fear and dreadful, wonderful, unstoppable need.

* * *

In their shuttered room they had no idea of the time when the hooded men finally left them. They heard what they thought was the front door closing and then the absolute stillness of the house finally convinced them that they were alone, still bound to the triangular table, their bodies sore, drained and aching.

It was some minutes after this realisation before any of them spoke, because that meant in effect talking into the wet pussy mouth of the girl in front of them that they had so recently made love to. Finally, however, Chelsea said in a tiny voice: 'I'm sorry.'

'What for?' said Nina. 'You had no choice. None of us did. I'm not going to feel guilty.'

'Yeah, we don't blame ourselves for any of this,' Tess said with determination, her breath tickling Chelsea's pubic hair. 'It's not our fault we got kidnapped by those fucking perverts!'

'How did they get in here?' Nina wondered.

'Maybe they've been using this place while it's been empty and just caught us by chance,' Chelsea said. 'Oh God I feel sick just thinking about it.'

'So what do we do now?' Tess asked.

‘Can you get free?’ Nina said.

Tess squirmed about for a moment. ‘No. You?’

‘I don’t think so. These straps are too tight.’

‘Miss Timms knows where we are,’ Chelsea reminded them. ‘When we don’t call in by the end of the day she’ll come looking for us.’

For a moment the thought of Miss Timms coming to their rescue reassured them all. Then Tess said: ‘So she’ll find us like this, chained up naked, beaten and bugged with our noses up each other’s pussy holes?’

They squirmed about afresh in panic at the idea, trying futilely to free themselves, which only caused them to grind their vaginas into each other’s faces once more.

‘Stop, stop!’ said Nina said. ‘Sorry... but I’m getting turned on again!’

‘Me too,’ Chelsea admitted.

They lay still for a minute.

‘Yeah, it’s hard not to get off when you’re trussed up like this,’ Tess agreed. ‘I mean, we were pretty hot together.’

‘I suppose we were,’ Chelsea said slowly.

‘Let’s face it,’ Nina said, ‘we have got better than average bods.’

Chelsea felt Tess take in a deep breath. ‘Actually... I did enjoy some of it... even though I hated it as well... you know what I mean?’

‘Thank God you said that,’ Nina sighed. ‘I thought it was just me!’

‘I thought it was only me as well,’ Chelsea confessed.

‘So we all got off on it,’ Tess said.

Nina said quickly: 'Only because those hooded freaks made us. It was like a survival mechanism. Self preservation, you know.'

'Yeah, but their not making us do anything now, are they?' Tess said mischievously.

Chelsea felt Tess nuzzling into her pussy and kissing it slyly. 'What are you doing? Stop it...uhhh...ohh.'

'What are you two playing at?' Nina demanded.

'Having fun,' Tess said with a muffled giggle. 'Come on it, the pussy is still hot and wet!'

'How can you do that at a time like this?'

'When better?' Tess asked. 'I'm bloody well going to get some fun of my own out of today!'

'But we're not like them!'

Chelsea moaned: 'No... I think we're like us. And we're doing this for ourselves!' And she began to kiss Nina's rich brown labia.

'Oh...ohhhh fuck!' Nina exclaimed and she buried her face in Tess's sweetly scented pussy.

It was then that Miss Timms came into the room.

'Oh... my dear girls, what's happened to you?' she exclaimed in alarm.

Their sense of shame returned with a rush from wherever it had been hiding. With whimpers and burning cheeks they jerked their shiny incriminating faces back from the pussies in which they had been buried and, almost like naughty schoolgirls, babbled incoherently: 'Miss Timms. It's not what you think! We were just.... We couldn't help it... Sorry!'

Miss Timms hugged and kissed them. 'My poor things, why should

you be sorry? Tell me who did this to you.'

While Miss Timms undid the straps and chains they told her their story in fits and starts. As they did so, everything they had endured came back them and they began to shiver and sob, looking at each other shamefully. How had they reacted as they had after enduring something so terrible?

When they were freed Miss Timms found their clothes bundled in a corner and they began to dress, wincing as the cloth scraped their tender rears and breasts.

'I suppose we should call the police now,' Chelsea said gloomily. 'I mean they have to know about those men. Try to find them.'

'Yes, that's the right thing to do,' Miss Timms agreed. 'If you're sure there's nothing else you've forgotten.'

They looked at each other uncertainly and shook their heads. 'No. That's all.'

'Do you remember: *Call back yesterday, bid time return?*'

They blinked and shook their heads. They had believed their cover story for a whole day and readjustment was a shock. Then the thrill of their dammed-up pleasure surged back through them and they began to laugh with heady delight.

'You were playing with us, Miss Timms,' Chelsea said.

'I heard you talking from outside the door and had to check if your blocks were still in place. I think at times like this your true liberated natures are beginning to show through.' She frowned for a moment, looking thoughtful.

'Well it was still the best screwing yet!' Tess declared. 'Who were those blokes, Miss? Do they want us again?'

'You know the identities of my clients are strictly confidential,' Miss

Timms said. ‘Now you all need a good rest. Take a few weeks off special work so your bottoms can heal. Then you’ll be ready for anything again.’

Chapter Nine

Cawdor Castle was not a true castle, in the sense that it did not have any battlements, drawbridge or moat, but it was an imposing country manor house situated in its own rolling acres not far from Winchester. It belonged to a certain Malcom Macbeth, who was one of those successful entrepreneurs who managed to acquire considerable wealth without becoming publicly known.

Chelsea, Nina and Tess learned this and more when Miss Timms briefed them about their next job. Macbeth was hosting a garden party for select guests and wanted some attractive waitresses (there were of course no such things as unattractive waitresses in his world) to serve them drinks and expensive finger food. They had all served as waitresses before and did not anticipate any problems. Since Macbeth was proud of his highland heritage the party was to have a tartan theme and the girls were given suitable costumes to wear.

The night of the party was clear and mild. The castle gardens were hung with tartan garlands, tartan Chinese lanterns and, thanks to some clever lighting, tartan coloured fountains. Three big buffet tables decorated with grand centrepieces in the form of fairy castle ice sculptures were laid with a generous supply of food and drink. Some hundred or so guests, about a third of them women, milled about the lawns and arbours. They had interpreted the Scottish theme in varying degrees of fancy dress, including many styles of kilts and some elaborate masks. The only sober-suited people present were a handful of private security men who lurked discreetly and wore dark glasses.

Macbeth himself was a vigorous middle-aged man with iron-grey hair. He looked resplendent in full highland dress, complete with Glengarry, plaid, sporran, and a dirk tucked into his sock top. He mingled with his guests with loud and hearty bonhomie. He had only a trace of a Scottish accent and a marked tan, which suggested he had spent much of his life in sunnier climates than that of the native land his name and dress invoked.

Chelsea, Tess and Nina also blended in with the party mood in white

blouses, long white socks and black pumps, tartan kilts and sashes and tam-o-shanters. They moved about the garden smiling brightly and looking pretty while circulating with fresh drinks and platters, thereby sparing the guests the necessity of walking anything up to ten metres to one of the laden tables. They had also been instructed to offer the guests raffle tickets from a pot they carried on their trays. A raffle seemed out of place in these surroundings, unless it was for a Rolls Royce, but then who were they to question the whims of the seriously rich and privileged?

Once all the guests had been served, Macbeth mounted a low wide stage that had been set up to one side of the buffet tables and took up a hand held radio mic linked to the sound system that had been filling the garden with soft music. The music cut and his amplified voice took its place.

‘All gather round now,’ he said. ‘I have a few things to say.’

The guests flowed up to the front of the stage. Chelsea, Tess and Nina moved to one side and stood respectfully by the tables.

‘Friends old and new, thank you all for coming tonight to this little party of mine. We shall repair to the house in a little while for the main event but first, by tradition, I have arranged a little hors-d’oeuvre of an amusement for you. So first let us thank our charming waitresses for their efforts this evening. Don’t be shy, ladies. Come up here and take a bow... come on, now...’

Surprised and blushing slightly, Chelsea, Nina and Tess put down their trays, mounted the stage and bobbed politely before the guests who applauded them.

‘Yes, thank you,’ Macbeth agreed. ‘And now they’re going to get the entertainment started by doing a triple striptease.’

For a moment the girls thought they had misheard him. Then that it was a poor joke. Except that nobody laughed. The guests were all staring at them expectantly.

‘Come, come, don’t be shy,’ Macbeth chivvied. ‘You don’t think I

hired you for your waitressing skills alone? I like to get full value for my money and see what I paid for. Do you need some accompaniment? Music please...'

A bump and grind stripper track began to play in the background.

In growing alarm the girls looked about for some means of escape but they were hemmed in by the circle of guests and the wall behind the stage.

'I think they're a little nervous,' Macbeth said. 'Do you think they need some encouragement?'

'Yes!' the crowd shouted.

'Gentlemen!' Macbeth said, snapping his fingers.

Security guards appeared through the crowd and mounted the lower steps of the podium. The coloured lantern lights reflected in their sinister dark glasses. They were carrying telescopic electric cattle prods, which they expanded and jabbed at Chelsea, Nina and Tess's bare legs. The girls yelped as the electric sparks stung their skin, making them flinch away in pain, retreating into a huddle in the middle of the stage.

'Get 'em off, get 'em off!' the crowd began to chant.

'I said I wanted to see some flesh on display,' Macbeth said sternly. 'Unless you want to get more intimately acquainted with those prods, that is?'

Biting their lips and fighting back tears, Tess, Nina and Chelsea looked at each other in horror and disbelief. The crowd were jeering and laughing. Five minutes ago they had seemed perfectly respectable. How could they behave like this? They must have seen their distress but it did not seem to bother them. There was no sympathy for them here, nor any avenue of escape. They had no choice...

With numbed fingers they tugged at their tartan sashes, pulling them over their heads and dropping them to the ground. Looking at each other for

moral support they unbuttoned their blouses and threw them aside, then unbuckled their kilts and stepped out of them, stumbling as they did so. They were now standing before the crowd in their white underwear, caps and socks. Trembling they reached behind their backs to their bra clasps.

‘Put a bit a passion into it!’ Macbeth commanded over the boom and bang of the music. ‘We want to see those tits and arses moving about!’

Woodenly they began to roll their hips and gyrate feebly. Together they stripped off their bras and then clasped their arms across their bared breasts.

‘Show us your tits!’ the crowd shouted.

Miserably they took their hands away and waved them vaguely about, twisting and swaying and setting their breasts bobbing and jiggling. As though in a strange unconscious display of defiance all three realised their nipples were standing up.

The crowd began to shout obscene comments about their figures.

The girls turned round, hearts thudding, bending over and wiggling their bottoms at their audience. Their thumbs slid into the waistband of their panties and they slowly eased them down their thighs, baring their buttocks, and then kicked them off. They were now naked from the sock tops up.

‘Pull those bum cheeks wide!’ Macbeth commanded.

Miserably they obeyed, prying their buttocks apart and baring the shy bronze eyes of their anal mouths for all to see.

‘Pussies, pussies!’ the crowd chanted.

Sick with fear and shame they glanced sideways at each other, screwing up their courage. Get it over with! Together they turned round, fondling their breasts and running their palms in a parody of coyness over their pubic mounds. The music was reaching its crashing finale.

‘Pussies wide open!’ Macbeth shouted.

Sobbing they thrust out their hips and pulled their labia wide, exposing their shiny pink secret valleys to a hundred pairs of callous, impatient eyes. A brief perverse defiant thrill coursed through them. They had done it! They had faced this cruel challenge and they had survived.

The crowd applauded this unwilling display of naked flesh. As the girls stood before them, trembling and dizzy with shame, three security men stepped forward. Each took hold of the one of them by the hair and pulled and twisted so they were forced up onto their toes, whimpering in pain.

‘Well done, girls,’ Macbeth said. ‘A very creditable effort for beginners. But as we all saw, you were wearing panties. Now as everybody knows nothing is supposed to be worn under the kilt. For that breach of the dress code I’m afraid you’ll have to be punished. It’s the pillory for you. Bring out the frames!’

The crowd cheered wildly again. Chelsea, Nina and Tess goggled at Macbeth in fresh horror. What did he mean, punished?

More of the sinister security guards appeared, rolling three large objects set on low wheeled bases out from behind one of the tall hedges and up a shallow ramp at the back of the stage. They positioned them side by side in a line behind the girls.

The frames were identical. Each comprising of two upright square section tubular metal rings nested one inside the other. The outer ring was mounted on horizontal pivots between a pair of posts set in the wheeled base and stood a good two and a half metres tall. The inner ring was connected to the outer by a pair of vertically mounted pivots. It had six evenly spaced “D” rings welded to its inner face. Short bungee cords and broad buckled cuffs hung from the top and bottom pairs of rings while from the middle pair there hung longer cords hooked to the sides of a broad unbuckled belt.

As the frames were being positioned another guard appeared with a trolley loaded with half a dozen plastic crates, which he unloaded and set down along the front of the stage. The crates were filled with eggs and very ripe-looking tomatoes. By each crate he also set down an open pack of

disposable thin plastic gloves. The guests milled about the crates, pulling on gloves and then selecting from their contents.

The guards holding the girls dragged them back to the frames. They began to kick and struggle but the men were large and strong and they were utterly helpless.

Chelsea and Nina were whimpering and groaning in fear. The guards manhandling them casually slapped their cheeks as a warning. Tess shrieked aloud: 'Let us go you fucking bastards!' A jab in her bare stomach from a cattle prod silenced any further protests from her.

They were lifted up onto the frame bases and made to stand on the rims of the inner rings. Their arms were pulled up above their heads and cuffed to the upper set of cords. The open belts were buckled tightly about their waists. Their legs were pulled wide and their ankles were cuffed to the lower set of cords. Now they hung spread wide within the rings, the tension from the elastic cords holding their naked trembling bodies spreads wide and held tautly in place. As their stomachs flipped and churned they looked out at the crowd of guests eyeing them intently while weighing the eggs and tomatoes in their hands, calculating the distance between them.

Macbeth walked along the line of gimbal frames as though inspecting his captives. He pinched and tweaked their clitoral hoods, making them whimper, and then he slid stiff fingers up into their vaginas, testing their elasticity and resistance.

'You're tight now, but we'll soon have these pussies begging for cock,' he assured them. He turned to his guests. 'Are you ready?' he called out. The crowd roared their assent. 'Then let the tarts have it!'

The air filled with a hail of eggs and tomatoes. The girls shrieked, twisting their heads aside and screwing up their eyes as they broke across their helpless bodies in splashes of red skin, pulp, yoke and shell. In moments they were covered in slimy dripping mess. They yelped and sobbed as each projectile burst against them. Even a soft tomato thrown hard inflicted a surprising smack, while an egg was like a small sharp punch. The guests' aim was not random and the girls' breasts and pubes were their favourite targets

as they twisted and bounced in their bonds, straining to escape the bombardment.

Suddenly, triggered by some hidden mechanism, the outer rings began to flip over, pivoting smoothly about their mounts. The girls gasped as they were flipped upside-down, presenting their rears to the missiles. Eggs and tomatoes began to smack into their bottoms and dribble into their pubes and buttock clefts while the mess already covering their fronts began to run down into their faces. Then the inner rings pivoted about their vertical axes, rotating them back to face the crowd but still hanging bottoms-up. The red and yellow slimy mess they were now covered with dripped off their bobbing inverted breasts into their hair.

Egg and tomatoes smacked into their upended groins. Some shots hit their clefts full on, bursting inside them with stinging force and pummeling their clitorises. They yelped in shame and pain at this abuse of their most private parts, writhing in their bonds. Yoke and tomato pulp began to dribble down into their vaginas while shell fragments wedged in the folds of their labia. Then the frames flipped again, spinning them, filthy, dizzy and terrified, over and round.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the pillory trailed off. The last missiles were thrown and the girls were left hanging heads down, dripping with slimy muck, sick, aching and trembling in their frames. Once again Macbeth inspected their bodies, fingering their now soiled and slippery pubes in approval. They groaned as he played with them, partly out of shame and partly because they were horrified to feel a dark thrill at his touch.

‘That was fine throwing,’ he told his guests. ‘These pussies have been well punished for not being on display as they should have been earlier. But let’s see if it’s been enough.’ He squatted down and looked the girls in the eyes, pinching their outthrust and still treacherously hard nipples to get their attention. ‘Do you beg to please all these nice ladies and gentlemen like the sluts you are, or shall we leave you like this and bring out some more ammunition?’ he asked.

Nina simply sobbed and shook her head.

Tess mumbled: 'Go fuck yourself...'

'You've had your fun,' Chelsea gasped. 'Please let us go!'

'Did I say that was an option?' Macbeth said. 'You're booked for the night and I'm going to get my money's worth out of you. Gentlemen, persuade them of the reality of their situation...'

Three security guards stepped forward carrying their cattle prods. Taking position behind the girls' spread-eagled and inverted bodies they held the prods up between the "V" of the girls' thighs like sacrificial daggers, with their contacts hovering over their filthy, gaping sex mouths. The girls' shrieked in fear but it was too late. The prods jabbed downwards into the fleshy clefts, there was a flash and crack of electricity and their pussies seemed to explode. The girls' convulsed, their muscles standing out as their bodies bowed and arched wildly between their elastic bonds. Tears ran out of the girls' red eyes into their brows and hair. The prods jabbed down again and again into their clinging, flesh sockets. Fountains of pee jetted in fits and starts from between their love lips across the stage, trickling down their stomachs and over the wobbling mounds of their inverted breasts. The watching guests roared with laughter.

The security men pulled the prods out of the girls' twitching, tingling pussies and stepped back. Macbeth approached the sobbing, shivering girls again. 'Well, do you beg to please my guests?'

The prods had been too much to bear. They had driven any thought of resistance from them. Even Tess's acid tongue had been stilled. Cravenly they choked out: 'Yes, yes, we beg to please them!'

The guests cheered. Macbeth smiled and snapped his fingers.

A guard brought the end of an unreeling hosepipe into view and hosed the girls down. They gasped as the cold jet played over them and shrieked as it squirted into their pussies, washing the remains of eggs and tomatoes out of their folds and deepest passages. When they were dripping clean they were flipped the right way up and released from the frames, which were then wheeled away. They trembled so much that the guards had to hold them

upright.

Three new devices were rolled up onto the stage. They looked like large wooden barrels that had been cut longitudinally in half and mounted with their flat faces downward on shallow wheeled bases. Low down on the outer ends of each curved barrel side brass grab handles had been bolted, each with a buckled strap attached to it. Between the handles in the centre of one side of each barrel, vertical wooden rods with padded forked cleft ends were mounted on hinged plates. The forked ends stood level with the curving crest of the barrel tops. The forks had a pair of rubber hooks and two sets of buckled straps fitted to them. More straps were also bolted to the sides of the barrels.

Chelsea, Nina and Tess were bent forward over the barrels and made to grasp the handles, to which their wrists and ankles were strapped. Another broader strap went across the small of their backs. Their breasts bulged, uplifted by the curve of the barrel sides while their chins rested in the clefts of the rod-mounted forks, holding their heads tilted back and up. The straps on the forked ends went over the tops of their heads and around the back of their necks, holding them in place. The hooks were forced into the sides of their mouths between their back teeth, forcing their jaws invitingly open. They swivelled their eyes round to look at each other in mounting horror as they realised what function they were being prepared to perform.

Three of the guards now moved forward to stand by the girls. Each was armed with a cloth, a bucket, a small plastic squeeze bottle and a hose extension fitted with a tapering nozzle. They slipped these into the girls' rectums and proceeded to administer powerful enemas, ignoring their sobs of dismay, while holding the bucket between their spread thighs to catch the wastes as they spurted out. After wiping them dry the men finished each trembling rear off with a blob of grease pushed up their rectums.

Macbeth inspected Chelsea, Nina and Tess's woebegone upturned faces and conveniently displayed shivering haunches. He slapped both sets of their cheeks, front and rear to ensure he had their full attention.

'You'll thank each guest for having you, whether it's in your mouth, pussy or bum or else you'll get a tanning,' he warned them. 'I'll begin by

christening those tight arseholes of yours...’

He raised the front of his kilt to show that indeed nothing was worn underneath it. His cock was in evidently in full working order and straining to be unleashed. Then he moved round behind them. Grasping Chelsea’s hips he rammed his cock into her anus. She choked and gurgled incoherently through her half-open mouth and the crowd cheered. After a few thrusts he pulled out of her and paused.

‘Thank you for having me...’ Chelsea gasped wretchedly.

He moved along the line to assail Nina’s brown buttocks in the same way and receive her pitiful thanks in turn. He finished between Tess’s pale pink cheeks, spilling his seed deep inside her hot passage. Pulled out of her triumphantly he wiped his sticky shaft in her hair.

‘Thank you for having me,’ she choked.

The crowd applauded. The hose men stepped in to clean the girls out again.

Macbeth had moved to the front of the stage. A guard handed him an upturned top hat. He rummaged within it and pulled out a slip of coloured card. ‘Now, who has Red nine?’ he asked.

Then the girls knew what the prizes for the raffle would be. They were going to endure a gang-bang according to the tickets they themselves had given out.

The first drawing of lucky guests began to line up in front and behind the girls, lifting their kilts and freeing straining cocks. The rest of the crowd cheered at their appearance or else made good-natured mocking jibes. The girls’ eyes filled with the sight of slot-eyed pink snakes bobbing before them even as they felt hands bracing themselves on their hips. Would the first cocks be pushed up their front or rear passages? They had no idea. It was a sick thrill to realise that they had absolutely no choice. Was that why their treacherous loins tingled with liquid anticipation?

‘Ready,’ Macbeth said, ‘now lay on, Macduffs!’

The girl’s multiple sobs of disgust were muffled by the gulps and glucks of shafts being thrust into their wedged mouths. They gasped and nearly choked as they sucked and lapped desperately. Between gulps of air they snivelled and moaned as hard shafts reamed out their greased rectums and ready-oiled vaginas, pounding into them with harsh pleasure. They felt they were being skewered from both ends and that the cocks would meet in their middles. Yet they could not prevent their hot sticky passages clenching and sucking at the invading shafts. Were they resisting or embracing them? They no longer knew.

Sperm began to spout inside their plugged orifices as one by one the men ejaculated. The girls sucked and swallowed it all down. They had no choice. The last man to cum, red faced and straining, was mocked by the crowd.

‘Thank you for having me...’ the girls sobbed.

As the first batch of men withdrew from their sticky orifices the hose men moved in. While Macbeth drew the next six lucky tickets from the hat the girls were quickly flushed out and re-greased. Soiled and shaken, their minds began to dwell on a perverse kind of arithmetic. If every guest screwed them how many rounds of shame would they have to endure? How many was six divided into a hundred? How many wretched thank you’s would that be? But they could not work it out.

During the fourth or fifth break, through bleary eyes, Chelsea glimpsed a masked woman on the edge of the watching crowd discreetly holding a camera next to her evening bag. She was actually recording their degradation. How could any woman do that to another? But then some of the guests who had already lined up before them were women, who rode their faces with callous disregard for their feeling and left them slippery with a mark of their own delight.

At some point the parade of cocks rammed into their mouths, vaginas or anuses merged into a single blur of thrusts and stretching and violation, as though they were being penetrated by a single composite animal. The taste of

sperm filled their throats. They were plugged in every orifice. It was too much to bear. They had to get away. They had to escape and there was only one way their bodies could go.

With a sob and a shudder that shook the barrel Chelsea orgasmed, clenching so tight about the cock that was ramming into her pussy that its owner gasped. For a few blissful seconds Chelsea did not care as her mind spun with the most perfect high she could remember.

The guests laughed at this most intimate capitulation. 'Typical tart behaviour,' somebody said.

With sobs of despair Nina and Tess followed her lead a minute later.

But they were not allowed any respite to savour their stolen pleasure. All it meant was to their violators was that they were plunging into better lubricated holes that squelched with fresh juices and their unwilling mounts had a new blush of shame on their cheeks.

As the twelfth batch had them the girls orgasmed again almost in synchrony.

At some point it must have ended, although by then the three girls were almost insensible and beyond caring.

Dimly they were aware of being washed out once more but this time no new cock slid into their sore and aching holes. Macbeth was not pulling tickets out of the hat any more. It was over!

For a moment the girls felt joyful, exhausted relief. They rolled their eyes about to reassure themselves they were all safe. Then they saw the confusion start to grow. They began to squirm. They felt empty and unfulfilled. Incredibly their abused bodies were still hungry for more cock and spunk. It was as though they had been gorged on sex until that was all they could imagine doing. What was happening to them?

'I think those pussies have been well used,' Macbeth was saying. 'Now they probably need soothing. Shall we cool them down?'

‘Yes!’ the crowd shouted.

Their aching bodies were unstrapped from the barrel frames. Their arms were pulled round behind them and their wrists were cuffed together. Then their shoes and socks were pulled off. The knickers they had discarded during the striptease were brought back to them, balled up and pushed into their mouths. Thin straps bound about their heads held them in place. They could hardly walk and the guards half-carried them over to the buffet tables, the crowd parting before them. Blinking through tear-crusted eyes they saw an addition had been made. Over the sculpted ice castle in the middle of each table there now hung a gibbet like frame mounted on a wheeled base that tucked under the tables. From the end of the gibbet arm dangled a rope that divided at the end into two small hangman’s nooses.

Macbeth said: ‘These should cool those honeypots down a little.’

The girls began to struggle feebly but of course it was quite futile. The ropes were lowered and pulled out in front of the tables. The nooses were looped over the roots of their breasts and drawn tight until even Chelsea’s neat pair bulged. Then the ropes were wound back up. The girls whimpered, standing on tiptoe as the nooses pinched tight about their breasts. Then the guards were lifting them by the knees, supporting their weight and containing their frantically kicking legs, guiding them backwards over the castles. Their legs were pulled wide and their pussies were positioned over the highest central ice tower with its conical roof. The ropes were wound out and they were lowered. They could feel the cold radiating from the glistening sculptures. The tips of the towers slid up between their red and puffy pussy lips and into their ravaged vaginal mouths. Their eyes bulged and they gurgled with shock as the ice shafts filled them. They would be speared right through! Then their feet touched the flat outer bailies of the castles between the inner and outer walls. Unobtrusive wire nooses that had been cast into the ice were looped about their ankles, holding them in place.

They stood impaled on the glistening ice towers, with backs arched and ballooning breasts lifted skyward, rocking back and forth but held upright by the tension of their breast nooses. The guests applauded. Macbeth bowed modestly in return.

Chelsea, Nina and Tess groaned. For a few moments, after the initial shock, it was perverse bliss as their pummelled, throbbing sexes gave up their heat and the cold seeped into their rectums. Then they began to squirm as the chill spread into their stomachs. They shivered. As the ice began to melt under them their feet felt as though they were freezing in place!

‘You may find it gets a bit chilly after a while,’ Macbeth said. ‘Which will melt faster, the ice under your feet or the shafts up your pussy holes? You may want to work on melting those towers down before you sink too far. Of course either way your tits are going to get stretched tighter.’

The girls twisted their heads round to look at each other, sharing a strange mute understanding. They knew what they had to do. Surely they were beyond shame now. Perhaps they could even cum again...

Sobbing with the effort, the girls began to squat and thrust as far as their bonds allowed, working the ice towers up and down inside them. Melt water began to trickle out of their impaled and stretched pussy mouths. They had to keep moving or the cold would fill them up. If that meant impaling themselves in front of a hundred strangers then so be it.

The guests watched idly, laughing at their frantic efforts as they sipped their drinks and feasted in their expensive tit-bits. But they would show them.

Their captive breasts jiggled and their squatting buttocks shivered. Their pussy mouths bulged as they were pumped to their fullest. It was girl heat verses the ice. They would drive it back. Their frigid clits were rising defiantly. They were doing it! They would cum...

There were sudden shouts from beyond the hedges. Whistles were being blown and the guests were scattering in confusion. Dropped glasses smashed. Then the grounds seemed to be full of policemen.

Chapter Ten

The next six weeks were grim ones for Chelsea, Nina and Tess as the official process took its course. They had to make intimate statements and undergo humiliating physical tests and examinations, then try to reconnect with their normal lives. Fortunately the case against Macbeth was so strong that their stories were unlikely to be challenged. Apart from what the police themselves uncovered when they raided the house and gardens in response to an anonymous tip-off, they found a camera dropped by one of the fleeing guests. On it was recorded every stage of Macbeth's orchestration of and personal participation in their ordeal.

During this time Miss Timms was a rock with her endless sympathy and practical support. Whenever the girls visited the office Lucas was dignified and reassuring. They tried not to involve their own families in the affair more than they had to and did not talk about the details. Fortunately, to protect their identities, their names and that of Bodzforhire, were kept out of the media.

In the face of overwhelming evidence Macbeth had no choice but to plead guilty. This may have accelerated the processing of his case. As several other wealthy people had also been implicated by the raid on Cawdor Castle perhaps it was agreed at many levels that the sooner it was concluded the better. For whatever reason the girls' video statements together with the damning physical evidence were deemed to be sufficient for the judge to reach a verdict and they did not need to appear in court in person.

Macbeth was sentenced to twelve years in prison.

* * *

The day after the verdict Miss Timms called the three of them into the office.

As they sat before her desk they could just hear her speaking to Lucas through the communicating door, which was slightly ajar.

‘It’s best if you go now,’ she said.

‘Are you sure about them?’ he asked.

‘Yes, it has to be this way. It has always been my responsibility. It’s only right and proper.’

Lucas sighed. ‘As you wish, Miss Timms.’

They heard him leave. The girls looked at each other in puzzlement. What had that been about? Miss Timms came back into her office and took her seat before them. She smiled wanly. ‘Well, finally, justice has been done. Malcom Macbeth will pay for what he did to you... and indirectly for his other crimes.’

‘Other crimes, Miss Timms?’ Chelsea asked.

‘You were not the first he has abused like this. You may have heard about other women coming forward with accusations against him. Well, sixteen years ago, I was also one of his victims.’

The girls stared at her open-mouthed in shock and surprise, but before they could speak Miss Timms raised a hand for silence.

‘Like you I had not encouraged him in any way, but I suffered terribly at his hands. Then, once he’d had his fun, he just left me, saying I shouldn’t waste my time complaining about what he’d done. Though I was frightened and confused I went to the police, but it was no good. There was no hard evidence and Macbeth had covered his tracks well. He had rich and influential friends who were prepared to swear he was with them when he was with me. Later I heard rumours that I was not the first girl he’d mistreated. It was then I promised myself, however long it took, that I’d get even one day. I would be a victim no longer, I would become an avenging angel!

‘Macbeth’s name and pride in his heritage suggested Shakespearian tragedy and there was a writer who certainly knew about revenge. It also gave my preparations a theme.’ She took a deep breath. ‘It has taken me all these years to prepare a scheme, to construct this false identity... and above all to find the proper tools. That’s what you’ve been and I’m so very sorry. For the last time: *Call back yesterday, bid time return!*’

They gasped and screwed up their eyes as the doors opened in their minds and the memories of every special job they had done and their true reactions to them poured back in. They had thought the party at Cawdor was just another of that kind. They were expecting to get a kick out of it. Instead their expected return to reality had never happened. Six weeks of agony! They shook their heads and gaped at each other and then at Miss Timms in bewilderment.

‘I know you have many questions and I’ll try to explain,’ she said gently. ‘First let me say you’ve been magnificent, keeping the blocks in place for so long. The danger was that your liberated natures would surface too early, as they were beginning to. That was why I held you back after Lear House. You had to believe you were totally innocent until the verdict was passed. Now it’s your right to know the truth.’

‘Months ago I chose you three as the most attractive, liberated, independent and suggestive of all my girls.’ She brushed her hand over the array of shiny, bobbing and oscillating executive toys that fronted her desk. ‘In the beginning these served as my lures. Your responses to them allowed me to judge your susceptibility to hypnosis. None of you remember the hours you spent in those chairs in trances while I prepared you. The first time you went under I planted trigger words to make the process easier. I used conditioning, suggestion and a form of word association to make you trust me and even to get pleasure out of your violations, yet not to find it strange that you could block your minds so easily and even believe it was all your own doing.’

The girls were staring at her in disbelief, still too dazed to speak. Their whole world seemed to have been turned upside-down.

‘All the false names I gave clients to use were based on the casts and

locations of Shakespearian stories, of course. They helped maintain continuity with your final challenge: the destruction of a true Shakespearian villain. Macbeth hired you based on the underground reputation that you helped Bodzforhire create, as I knew eventually he would. Naturally he never knew who he was really dealing with. The extra payment for your special services was, as always, made in cash, so there was nothing to incriminate the company in anything underhand. I was the unidentified guest at the party who left that video of him abusing you and also the anonymous caller who alerted the police. And so, thanks to you, Macbeth finally got his just reward.'

By now Chelsea had found her voice. 'You... you've been manipulating us all this time just to get your revenge?'

'Yes,' Miss Timms admitted. 'And once again I'm so very sorry.'

'The kick we get out of being beaten and screwed... all that... isn't real?' Tess asked.

'I'm not sure if that's what you mean by "real",' Miss Timms said. 'You all have moderate natural masochistic tendencies. You might say I amplified and focussed them. I helped you suppress your inhibitions and made it easier for you to enjoy those intense emotions. You had to have some reward for what you suffered and still want to come back for more.'

'Did you have to screw up our lives to get back at Macbeth?' Nina asked. 'Wasn't there any other way?'

Miss Timms shook her head. 'No. You see I had to know ahead of time when Macbeth would hold one of his special parties and be sure he had victims he believed he could abuse without any comeback. I use hypnosis on you because there could never be any suspicion of drugs being involved. You had to be seen to be fully self-aware and uncooperative. He had to incriminate himself totally. And he did.'

The girls looked at each other and Miss Timms with wondering eyes, still struggling to comprehend her shocking revelation.

Miss Timms sighed. 'Now, in keeping with the theme of a play, it is

time for the last act. I hope you can understand now why I did what I did and you will one day come to forgive me. But that does not excuse the fact that I have misused you all terribly. If I believe such a crime has to be punished, as I did with Macbeth, then I must also accept the consequences of my actions. Please come with me...'

She rose and crossed to a side door they had never seen open. She unlocked it and waved them inside.

Within was a room lit by a window with an inner frosted plastic panel screwed over its frame. In the middle of the room, bolted and braced to a large blockboard base, was a rectangular timber frame reaching nearly to the ceiling. The inside of the frame was hung with ropes and tethering rings. On a side table were a couple of pairs of round-tipped dressmaking scissors, a reel of broad silver repair tape and an array of ropes, belts, canes, lashes, tawses and several strap-on dildos.

'If you tell anybody how I set you up it might undermine Macbeth's conviction. If it became public knowledge people might also begin to think of you as prostitutes, and you were never that. But privately, here and now, you can punish me as I deserve,' Miss Timms said, looking pale but determined. 'This has all been about revenge. Now it's your turn. Lucas has gone for the rest of the day. The outer office is shut. I won't resist and I won't blame you for anything you do.'

'You... you can't actually expect us to use this stuff on you!' Chelsea exclaimed.

'I do because I deserve it,' Miss Timms persisted. 'I want to be punished for what I did to you!'

'That's sick!' said Nina.

'It's your right,' Miss Timms said.

'I sort of feel I'd like to give you a taste of what we had,' said Tess, chewing her lip as she stroked one of the lashes on the table. 'But what would that make me?'

‘An instrument of justice,’ Miss Timms said. ‘What I made you. Please!’ She saw the confusion in their eyes and sighed. ‘You really are such nice and decent girls. Very well, if you’re not sure, then perhaps this will help. I planted one last suggestion in your minds. You will punish me for this if nothing else. *“Fair is foul and foul is fair.”*’

They blinked. They did not feel any different. They knew what had happened and who was responsible. There was Miss Timms standing before them as she had been a moment earlier.

Miss Timms... who had played with their minds.

Miss Timms... who had used them.

Miss Timms... who had put them all through hell.

They had not had sex for six weeks. After what they had suffered they had not even wanted to think about it. Now they felt that familiar tingle in their loins again as it rose up inside them, bringing a sudden flush to their cheeks and beading their brows with sweat. They realised they were all rubbing their groins and saw the same lust for revenge in each other’s eyes. Why had they even hesitated before? Miss Timms had to know what they had gone through. The degradation, the fear and the abuse. She had to know what it felt like to be a helpless victim again.

Chelsea stepped forward and slapped Miss Timms hard. It felt so good! Miss Timms staggered back against the frame, raising her hand to her burning cheek. A strange light entered her eyes. ‘Yes, please yes! Harder!’ she begged.

Nina took her by the hair and slapped her again, leaving a livid imprint in her flesh. With a snarl of rage Tess drove her small fist into Miss Timms’ stomach, making her double over with a grunt.

While she was still wheezing they grabbed Miss Timms by the arms and wrenched them up and out straight, lashing her wrists to the frame. They rucked up her skirt and pulled her legs wide, tying her ankles as far apart as they could. She looked good swaying in her bonds with tears trickling down

her red-cheeked face, but there was still something wrong. Clothes! She should not be dressed. She must be stripped so she tasted the shame!

Snatching up the scissors they attacked her blouse and skirt, cutting and tearing at the fabric. They tossed aside the remnants and sliced open her bra and knickers. Her stockings were ripped down until they hung in shreds about her ankles.

Now Miss Timms hung trembling before them all but naked.

Her figure was still good, with a tight waist, wide hips, a narrow “V” of dark pubic hair, pale plump breasts and dark conical nipples that were standing out stiffly. She’d make a good Bodzforhire girl herself. Time to treat her like one.

They balled up the remains of her knickers and stuffed them into her mouth, sealing it with a strip of tape. Then they began to stroke and pinch her body. Chelsea and Nina caught up her breasts and squeezed them until they bulged, nibbling at her nipples. Tess ducked down between her spread legs and nuzzled her face into the fresh peach of her sex. Her tongue found her clit and teased it into erection. Her white teeth close about it. Together the three of them bit down on her clit and nipples until Miss Timms’ eyes bulged and she gave a wailing, gag-muffled scream.

It was a taste of what was to come.

They stepped back to the table, picked up a cane, lash and strap and moved round to encircle the frame with its helpless captive. Miss Timms looked at them fearfully then shut her eyes.

They beat her mercilessly. Her breasts jumped under the impacts and her buttocks shivered. Cane and leather hissed up between her legs to smack against her pubic mound, flattening its soft lips. She shrieked and writhed and sobbed as the thwacks and cracks of her tormented flesh rang back from the walls. A clear stream of pee hissed from her red-lipped pussy mouth over her straining thighs and onto the floor. That was the way to go. Make her wet herself in shame!

Finally Chelsea, Nina and Tess rested their arms and stood back, admiring their handiwork.

Miss Timms hung limply from her ropes, her bare breasts rising and falling raggedly. She appeared to be only half conscious. From neck to knees her body was crisscrossed by a web of scarlet stripes. Her inner thighs were shiny with sweat and pee and a dark stain marked the boarding between her wide-bound feet. Her cheeks were tear-streaked and red from slapping. She looked so helpless and so very beautiful.

The girls hugged and kissed each other in delight in celebration of what they had done. Now they understood how the men had felt after they had abused them. It was highly arousing. The kisses became more passionate. Why shouldn't they celebrate properly? There was nobody to tell them what to do now. They began to fumble at their own and each other's clothes, releasing the fragrant heat that had been building up within their folds.

Naked they kissed and rubbed against each other. After so long they could make love again! But they needed something inside them to share that lust.

They strapped on the dildos and rubbed them against each other, giggling with delight at the pleasure to come. They felt alive once more! Then they looked at Miss Timms and the same thought crossed their minds. She should not be left out of this. She should know what it felt like to have phalluses rammed up her as they had.

Chelsea positioned herself in front of Miss Timms while Nina stood behind her. They took her by the hips, ignoring her feeble moans, and dipped their knees. The rubber phallus heads slid between her sore pussy lips and buttock cheeks. They found the mouths of her vagina and anus and pushed into them. Miss Timms snuffled and grunted as her passages tried to bar their access. But they thrust harder, bursting through the rings of clenched muscle and into the hot, slippery tunnels beyond. Miss Timms shrieked as she was doubly penetrated, stretched wide and stuffed full Chelsea's breasts with their India rubber-hard nipples ground against Miss Timms's sore globes as she rammed into her, lifting her off her feet as her thrust combined with that of Nina up her rear.

Tess was dancing about around them, her phallus bobbing, saying: ‘I want a go in her now!’

But Nina and Chelsea were lost in their own mounting frenzy, thrusting every harder into Miss Timms’s fluttering body.

So Tess caught hold of Nina’s bobbing brown buttocks and rammed her phallus up her sooty bottom hole. Nina gasped but did not stop reaming out Miss Timms’s back passage. Tess wrapped her arms about Nina, clasped her heaving breasts and worked her hips frantically. After a minute she pulled free, ran round to Chelsea and rammed her phallus up into her bronze eye.

Miss Timms was making incoherent animal sounds and rolling her eyes while the frantically coupling girls were gasping and grunting and growling with lust. As their juices mingled and dripped to the floor the many-backed beast came and came.

* * *

When Tess, Nina and Chelsea finally recovered their senses they were lying in a tangled, sweaty heap of soft, sweaty flesh. Their juices oozed from around the rubber shafts still lodged within them. The scent of sex hung over them. They still simmered with lust but that darker fire had gone from them. They had followed the directive of that final trigger to its inevitable end and now their desire for revenge was spent.

They looked at each other and at Miss Timms, still hanging limply in the arch of the frame. Juices were dribbling from her ravaged vagina and anus, adding to the dark stain of sweat and pee on the boards under her. She seemed hardly to be breathing. They took in the scarlet welts laid across her body and sudden shame of a very different kind filled them.

‘Oh my God, what have we done?’ Tess said.

They scrambled to their feet, tearing off their phalluses, and pulled the tape and wadded gag from Miss Timms’s mouth. Carefully they untied her

and laid her down on the carpet. Her hands and feet were purple. Chelsea ran through to the office, filled a cup of water and brought it back. They forced some between Miss Timms's lips and then they hugged and caressed her until her red-rimmed eyes flickered open.

'We're so sorry....' Tess started to choke out, but feebly Miss Timms stopped her.

'No...don't be... I deserved all of it,' she said huskily. 'Don't blame yourselves. I planted the trigger. I made you do it. You should hate me. I made you trust me for all these months. It was false like everything else. But you're free of that now. It's all over. Thank you. I needed to be...' she trailed off.

Suddenly Chelsea understood. 'This is not only about justice, is it? Whatever Macbeth did to you all those years ago gave you a taste for rough sex.'

They saw Miss Timms catch her breath and then she nodded sadly.

'Yes... he opened a door I didn't know was there. He taught me the fear and the anticipation of pain and pleasure and the joy of that brief escape into orgasm. So intense, so... addictive! That didn't make it right, though, nor what he did to so many other ordinary girls. I tried to fight it but the need was always there. It was the only way I could get real pleasure, you see. But I couldn't stop thinking of him each time. He was always in my head. I was still his victim!'

Chelsea, Nina and Tess looked at each other helplessly, feeling the older woman's pain. Had it all ultimately been for nothing for Miss Timms? Then something clicked in Chelsea's mind.

'You said you "couldn't" stop thinking about Macbeth,' she asked gently. 'But did you think of him just now when we... when we screwed you?'

Miss Timms blinked, her eyes unfocussed, as though searching inside herself. 'No,' she said slowly, 'I was thinking of you.' She began to cry. 'I

was thinking of the three of you!’

‘Because finally Macbeth’s in prison and you’re not,’ Chelsea said. ‘You’re free to be yourself and he’s got nobody. He’s ruined while you’ve still got a business.’ She glanced at the others. ‘And us, if you want.’

Miss Timm’s looked at them as though she could hardly believe her ears. ‘Do you mean... you still want to work for me? After what I’ve done to you?’

‘You’re not like Macbeth,’ Chelsea assured her. ‘You cared enough to try to make it fun for us.’

‘Yeah, those special jobs were certainly not boring,’ Tess agreed.

‘But I helped make you feel that way about them,’ Miss Timms said.

‘What we feel is what we feel,’ Nina said simply. ‘And that’s been pretty good.’

Miss Timms bit her lip. ‘Then... do you forgive me?’

Chelsea looked at Nina and Tess who smiled and nodded. Chelsea looked back at Miss Timms and shrugged. ‘What’s to forgive?’ she said.

THE END