

A photograph of a woman's torso from the neck down to the thighs. She is wearing a silver metal collar around her neck. A large, silver metal screw is positioned vertically on her pubic area. The background is black.

The Bondage Parlour Part 2



SLAVERY BOOKS

Simon Grail

THE BONDAGE PARLOUR

PART 2

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Chapter Four

The next day Stephanie started work as a demonstration slave in the bondage parlour showroom. She had wondered in a confused way if she would receive any “training” first, but really all she needed to do was to respond naturally to whatever was done to her, which did not require her cooperation only her submission. Indeed any resistance would only demonstrate the efficacy of the devices used upon her...

The Villiers brought her down to the slave rest room where she was put in her suspended cage and where she ate breakfast and then cleaned and prepared herself like the other girls. She saw herself in the mirror over the basin, once again surprised by her new short blonde hair. Was that really her? No, it was “Jane” the new demonstration slave, she reminded herself. This was all happening to Jane so of course she looked very different to Stephanie. Jane would bear all the pain and shame and humiliation, and when it was over she would take it all away with her. Then she looked more closely at her reflection. There was something in her eyes that had not been there the day before. Was that the result of spending just one night in this place? She had been introduced to a strange new world of dark sensations and she would never be the same again. No, Jane would never be the same...

When they were all ready the Villiers cuffed their hands behind their backs and fitted their gags. Then they rolled their cages through to showroom and positioned them around the walls between the potted plants and the strange and disturbing devices to await first of their clients while they went through the door into the reception room.

Stephanie felt her stomach churning and struggled not to be sick. From what she could see of the other girls they seemed quite relaxed, idly settling back in their cages and sitting with their knees bent and thighs splayed wide without any attempt to conceal their naked groins. Did working in this place leave them totally without shame? She became conscious of her own now naked pussy. Would she display that so casually after a while?

She looked round at the devices arrayed about the room. The function

of some she could understand and they filled her with dread, but others were folded up or enclosed in cases and she had no idea what they did. No doubt she would find out soon enough. With an effort she stifled a sudden upwelling of tears, thinking of all the things she might have done which would have saved her from this terrible situation. But there was no going back now.

Rain began to fall on the skylight windows...

It was half an hour later when they heard the door of the reception room opening.

The other girls immediately sat up straight in their cages, resting their bottoms on their heels and kneeling with their legs apart and their heads bowed and their eyes lowered meekly. Stephanie copied them.

From under her brows Stephanie saw the Villiers showing in a stout, ruddy-featured, middle-aged man with thinning grey hair wearing a worn tweed jacket and a crumpled shirt with an open neck and no tie. He looked completely unfazed by the array of naked caged flesh and restraining devices before him, which suggested he was a regular customer.

As he entered he was saying in a gruff voice ‘... so you see I want something a bit novel for the party; a sort of centrepiece, if you like.’

‘And this party will be held outdoors?’ Nathan asked.

‘Weather permitting,’ the tweedy man said with a wry chuckle.

‘Then I think we have just the thing for you...’

Nathan went across to a corner of the room where there stood a desk-sized box of sheet metal resting on metal legs at each corner which were fitted with a set of swivel mounted wheels. Rising from each end of the box top were sturdy metal struts that formed triangular supports for the ring mounts of a heavy, shiny horizontal square section metal rod which spanned

the length of the box. The rod had a couple of lighter metal crossbars welded across it and several other curious fittings attached to it, some on sliding mounts and looking strangely phallic, together with several lengths of dangling chains and hooks. The rod, for some reason, was bent at each end through two right angles, so that its midsection with the crossbars and other sliding fittings was offset from its centreline by about ten centimetres.

The support struts at one end of the rod had a chain drive fitted to them which linked to the rod via a large cogwheel and ran down to a piece of bent tubing folded down against the side of the device, while at the other end the struts supported an electric motor, together with a small control panel.

Nathan rolled this strange contraption out into the middle of the room for the guest's inspection and then opened up the lid of the box, which split down the middle. The lid halves slid apart and then folded right down to reveal a deep metal trough beneath filled with a shallow tray of what looked like muddy black glass with a series of vents all round its edges.

Only then did Stephanie realize that the thing was an outdoor rotisserie large enough to hold a whole pig, with the strange dark glass tray where the grating for the fire should be.

Villiers unfolded the bent piece of tubing which connected to the chain drive and it was revealed as a kind crank handle with a black rubber ball on its end. Meanwhile Elvira had taken out a power cable that had been coiled up underneath the device and plugged it into a wall socket. Villiers operated the controls and the big trough suddenly seemed to catch fire, as it glowed with red heat in the middle and flames sprang up from around its rim. It fooled Stephanie for a moment until she saw it was an illusion created by rows of small tinted flickering light bulbs and strips of thin coloured shiny plastic been blown upward by air jets. The black glass tray was now illuminated from beneath by larger red bulbs that shone like fire. However even though the flames were an illusion, Stephanie could feel heat radiating off the device. The lights must have a high infra red output and be warming the black glass, which had to be some kind of heat resistant oven glass, quickly because the mud, or perhaps it was congealed fat, that had been covering it was fast melting into a pool of clear golden liquid.

Elvira took up a plastic ladle which had been hanging underneath the trough and scooped up some of this liquid. 'Set honey,' she explained to their tweedy guest. 'The temperature is thermostatically controlled so it does not get too hot, but you can still have the fun of basting the girl as she turns on the spit...'

Only then did Stephanie realize with sick horror what the device was really intended for and what the phallic sliding fittings were. They were going to put a girl on it like you would a pig! No, surely they couldn't really do that. It was disgusting...

'You can use the motor to turn her,' Nathan said, 'or you can have another girl doing it manually from the other end...' he gave the projecting crank handle a turn and the whole spit rod rotated. What was now revealed as a metal dildo on a sliding hinged mount in the middle of the rod flopped about as it turned.

The tweedy man seemed greatly taken with the device. 'Yes, I think this might do me very well. Let me see it in action...' He turned to study the array of caged girls and Stephanie's heart gave a leap of terror. No, please, not me, she thought.

But he had pointed at Ruby. 'I'll have that one. It looks like she's got a good hide on her.'

'An excellent choice,' Elvira said. 'Ruby will roast very prettily...'

'And would you like the manual crank demonstrated at same time?' Nathan asked.

'Yes, might as well...'

'Then may I suggest Jane,' Elvira said, pointing to Stephanie. 'She's new and we want to break her in...'

'Yes, yes, by all means...' the tweedy man said.

Stephanie was so numbed by terror that Elvira had to half drag her out

of her cage by her hair. When she was stood up beside Ruby she swayed and thought her legs were going to give way as she struggled not to be sick, even as her nipples were throbbing and standing up in terrified confusion. This is all happening to Jane not you, she told herself...

Meanwhile Ruby was trembling slightly but seemingly more with a curious kind of nervous anticipation than fear. Her eyes were fixed on the terrible device while her lovely large brown nipples were darkening and swelling until they stood out on her full breasts almost like the narrow ends of hen's eggs, making Stephanie's pinker nipples look small by comparison,

The tweedy man divided his appreciative attention between her responses and Stephanie's pale face and shivering body with some amusement. 'Pretty thing isn't she?'

'Yes, she is very attractive, isn't she?' Elvira agreed. 'Once she's fully broken even we expect excellent service from her. She's already quite responsive as you'll see when she starts cranking, as soon as we've got Ruby onto the spit...'

Nathan turned the fake flames off and then folded up and slid the lids of the box back into place, so that they once more formed a solid top just beneath the crooked spit rod. Between them they then helped Ruby to clamber up onto the top of the lid and then squat down on the middle of strange spit rod. They guided her buttocks so that the metal dildo on the hinged sliding mount penetrated her anus and slid up into her. She groaned about her gag. Then they uncuffed her hands and pulled her forearms down and back, bending her over as they did so, until her arms went around the projecting crossbar which now lay just below her shoulder blades so that it pressed into the crook of her bent elbows. Then they drew her arms forward again and re-cuffed her hands across her stomach.

They splayed her legs wide, opening her thighs, and then pushed her feet up along the spit rod so that she bent her knees tightly until she crossed her ankles with her feet turned outward. Now the offset notch in the bar fitted Ruby's body from the crown of her head to her crossed feet, as if enclosing her within it. They hooked Ruby's crossed ankle cuffs to the bar and pulled chains attached to the ends of the lower crossbar, which was now pressing

against the outsides of her thighs, up behind the backs of her knees and then back down to the bar again, holding her thighs splayed wide. A longer chain went over her slender stomach and bound her middle tightly to the bar.

Now Ruby was no longer resting on it, Nathan opened the lid again, so that she hung over the still warm honey filled glass tray beneath. Nathan gave the spit rod an experimental turn and Ruby rotated smoothly, her splayed knees not quite touching the surface of the still liquid honey and her large breasts flopping from side to side as she turned. Because of the kinked section in the rod its imaginary axis from end to end now passed through the middle of Ruby's body so that her weight was evenly balanced about it.

Elvira and Nathan now positioned the rest of the fittings. Bending Ruby's head back until she was looking along the line of the spit rod they pulled her gag out. A fitting like a long heavy door bolt with a rubber ball on its end was clamped in parallel to the rod between the end supporting ring which carried the rotisserie motor and the angle where the rod bent back about her head. They slid this bolt into Ruby's mouth, plugging it with the rubber ball and holding her head in place. There was a second sliding bolt device fitted at the other end of the rod but this had a large ribbed rubber phallus extending from on its end and it was linked by a smaller rod and spring to the mounting ring. They extended this bolt until the phallus plugged Ruby's plump sex lips, making them bulge.

And now Ruby's bondage was complete. She was impaled by every orifice and tightly chained to the terrible rotisserie rod, utterly unable to free herself and condemned to turn with it. Her huge nipples throbbed while the lips of her sex parted about the rubber phallus began to grow wet and shiny.

Elvira took hold of Stephanie, who had been goggling in helpless fascination at Ruby's body, and led her round to the crank handle end of the device and made her stand facing it so that she looked at Ruby's open impaled groin while the ball tip of the crank handle pressed into her own naked pussy mouth. The ball, she now saw, was covered by small metal studs, and it was mounted at an angle to the end of the handle. Oh no...

Elvira guided the rubber ball up into Stephanie's cleft, making her labia part and bulge as slid up into her vagina. She whimpered as she was

impaled. There was also a sliding bolt with a rubber hook on the end running along the underside of the last section of the handle shaft before the ball tip. The hook bolt was set in rings so that it was free to rotate. The bolt was also spring-loaded so that it tried to pull the hook back against the handle. Elvira pushed the hook end into her rectum where it tugged on the rim of her anus, its warning tension making it impossible for her to pull herself off the handle.

Once the handle was firmly secured within her, Elvira bent down and pulled Stephanie's legs apart. Drawing light short chains out from behind the supporting legs of the cooker she clipped them to Stephanie's ankle cuffs, securing her in place so she was now coupled to the terrible device almost as intimately as Ruby.

'Now you will see how a girl is properly roasted,' Nathan told the tweedy man.

He worked the controls and the flames and tray heating lights came on again, illuminating Ruby's brown body as she hung suspended above it with what looked like flickering firelight. At the same time Stephanie yelped as she felt an electric shock stabbing through her pussy from the ball jammed inside it.

'If you crank the pain will go away,' Elvira told her.

Sobbing, Stephanie bent her knees and twisted her hips to one side and began to crank the handle, clenching the ball tip inside her in desperation and acutely aware of the hook tugging on her anus. The chain turned the cog wheel and in turn the shaft of the spit rod and Ruby's body began to rotate over the flickering flames.

As it did so she realized the dildo embedded in Ruby's cleft had begun pumping in and out, clicking slightly as it was driven by some hidden spring and ratchet arrangement. The motion was making Ruby's pussy mound bulge and suck alternately. She was doing that to her, Stephanie thought in horror! She hoped she could forgive her...

'Perhaps you'd like to baste her?' Nathan said, offering the tweedy man the ladle.

Delighted, the man scooped up the liquid honey and poured it over Ruby's body, making it shine in the flickering light. He did it several times, covering her from head to toe. The honey dripped off the tips of her big nipples as her breasts went through a sensuous cycle of dangling dripping beneath her, trailing the rotation of her body until she faced upright then slithering across her chest to the other side to begin their descent again. Her pubic curls soaked in honey clung to her pouting and sucking cleft while her full pale brown buttocks shone glossily.

Stephanie began to sweat under the radiant heat of the fire lights and with the effort of turning Ruby's body. She was dreadfully aware of her nipples throbbing and her churning sex mouth growing ever more hot slippery as the handle rubbed against it. But at least the studded ball was no longer shocking her, although it was impossible to ignore its presence or that of the hook in her bottom which her anal sphincter was clenching onto tightly. How long was she expected to keep this up? How soon before the tweedy man was satisfied with the demonstration? But of course she was in no position to hurry him along.

He was walking about the twin girl rotisserie, examining Ruby and Stephanie's sweaty bound bodies from all angles with a big grin on his face. At one point he paused behind Stephanie and slapped her straining buttocks. 'Who needs electric motors when you could have a pretty women doing all the hard work, eh?' he chuckled.

'Exactly our own philosophy,' Nathan agreed.

As Ruby turned within the pan of fake fire with her body glistening, Stephanie saw her honey wet lips were now flecked with bubbles as her juices began to seep out of her, driven by the pumping of the dildo. They dripped along with the honey down into the tray of glowing golden syrup, which Elvira was now ladling up and poring back over her. Mingled with the cloying sweet smell of hot honey Stephanie became aware of a more intimate aroma and she noticed Ruby was beginning to squirm in her bonds and make little throaty moans. Was she in pain?

Then she realized it was exactly the opposite of pain. Incredibly Ruby was getting excited by her terrible degrading usage. Her discharge mingling

with the heady aroma of honey was making Stephanie lightheaded. The image of Ruby's rotating, glossy, naked, multiply-impaled body danced in front of her eyes which were stinging with sweat. Her nipples throbbed and her pussy dripped about the churning handle. She blinked and shook her head, squeezing tighter on the hook in her backside. Despite her revulsion she was getting frighteningly around. She could not go on like this much longer...

'When the girl is fully roasted,' Elvira said, 'you simply let her cool and then perhaps put her out on a table nicely glazed over and ready for service.'

'Excellent!' The tweedy man said, rubbing his hands together. 'Yes I'll certainly have one of these...'

Stephanie's surge of relief at the knowledge that the terrible demonstration was over was abruptly cut short by Ruby's muffled moans which suddenly becoming urgent. Ruby's body bucked and strained within its bonds and then a spray of juices erupted from her pussy lips about the pumping and sucking dildo. Stephanie felt the waft of intense womanly excitement filling her nostrils. And then with a despairing sob she felt her own loins explode as she came as well. For a few seconds she knew perfect contentment, and then she sagged over the end of the rotisserie, held upright only by the crank handle plug in her pussy.

In the dizzy confusion that followed, while her head was still stuffed with pink fluffy clouds of raw pleasure, Stephanie heard the tweedy man declare: 'That's another reason why girls are better than an electric motor any day.'

'And that is why we enslave them,' Nathan agreed.

Memories of the girl spit and her confused reaction haunted Stephanie for the rest of the day. Only two more customers came in that morning and fortunately she was not required for further demonstrations, which allowed her time to try to gather her thoughts, curled up in the bottom her cage

acutely aware of the ache in her pussy.

She could not quite believe she had actually cum while helping to torment and degrade another woman. Was there something wrong with her? She felt so dirty and guilty. Despite yesterday's introduction to the perverted lifestyle of the parlour she had believed in some way that she could rise above it, at the worst perhaps pretending a passion she did not feel. But somehow she been carried away and lost all self control. It was not as if it had been normal sex. That might have been understandable. After all that was natural; even licking the other girls off as she had been made to do yesterday was at least flesh to flesh contact. But she had been forced to participate in the cruel mechanical degradation of another woman in the worst possible way, purely for the perverted entertainment of a middle-aged stranger. And yet she had had a shattering orgasm at the end of it!

Stephanie shivered. Was that the way it was going to be from now on?

Ruby, after being taken through to the slave room for a thorough wash to remove her basting of honey now rested in her cage once more, looking a little tired but otherwise quite unharmed. How long had she worked in the parlour? Was it possible that she had become used to such things?

The trouble was Stephanie knew she was not really very experienced in sexual matters. She knew all about the basic biology of it, of course, but her personal knowledge only included Alex and his experiments with mild BDSM, which a day in the bondage parlour had already put into perspective. How tame they now seemed compared to the terrible girl roast spit!

But at least the tweedy man had been honest about what he wanted while Alex had deceived her so cruelly. She had been so naïve! And now did that ignorance make her vulnerable to such things? Was that why she found the sensations they roused in her so overwhelming? Yes, the sheer mechanical presence of the spit together with her acute awareness of Ruby's response to it (at least that had been her responding to a living person's pleasure, she reminded herself) must have been what pushed her over the edge. Ruby was an attractive young woman who, for whatever reason, got off on such things and Stephanie had simply and unconsciously followed her

lead.

Relieved to have made some sense of her actions, Stephanie returned her attention to studying her strange surroundings once again. If she was going to be here for two or three months she must get used to how it worked. Once she had a chance to talk to the other women (after apologising to Ruby, she reminded herself) she would no doubt find out much more, but until then she could learn something from observation.

It soon became apparent that people (except for her) did not just drop in unannounced because the Villiers' were always ready to receive their next customers. The trammel shop was an exclusive establishment and admitted clients only after they had booked an appointment. Now Stephanie appreciated that it was not just an affectation. Testing and choosing bondage equipment was a very personal and private process that most people would not want to share with others for obvious reasons. As for the demo girls it had been shameful enough for her to have been made to crank a girl on a spit with her pussy for a single potential buyer, but the thought of doing so while other people dropped in casually to browse would have made it ten times worse. This selectivity might help keep the number of people who watched her humiliate herself to a minimum. Well that was something to be grateful for.

And so from the vantage point of her cage she observed a dozen people of all types passing through the showroom. Their only common denominator was that evidently they were all wealthy enough to afford the exclusive bespoke merchandise that the Villiers' were supplying. Stephanie tried not to stare as they had the other girls demonstrate various perversely ingenious devices, but she soon discovered it was impossible not to get aroused and several times she found her nipples were standing up and she was clenching her thighs about her embarrassingly hot and sticky pussy.

Alright, she told herself, that was just a sympathetic reaction to intense female arousal at close quarters. She was not getting turned on by the terrible things for their own sake. Not that it was easy to avoid staring at them arrayed about her and feeling her stomach flip as she wondered what they did and what it would be like to be made to use them. Several times she dragged her eyes away from them only to find herself staring instead at her fellow slaves. All that naked flesh on show... all those breasts and exposed

orifices...

Stephanie shuddered and screwed up her eyes, beginning to appreciate what excellent and stimulating decorations they made. Who would not be tempted to have them demonstrate some perverse and intimate device for their private delectation, which inevitably would make a sale more likely? No doubt they paid for their keep many times over.

Stephanie thought she was going to get through her first full day as a demonstration slave with only her ordeal at the spit to cope with until the last customer of the day pointed to her and said: 'I want to see that one try it out...'

He was a man in his mid-thirties, perhaps, dressed in jeans and a grey sweatshirt. He did not look like a wealthy pervert but the Villiers treated him as a valued customer.

'That's Jane, our new girl,' Nathan said. 'We are trying to break her in gently...'

'I'm not going to go easy on her behalf,' the man said. 'If she squeals then she squeals, whether she enjoys it or not.'

'Of course not, Sir,' Elvira said. 'It's just that she may not be as willing as our other girls...'

Nathan took Stephanie out of her cage and her stomach churned as she saw the device she had been chosen to demonstrate properly for the first time.

It looked a little like a life-size metal stick figure mannequin set on a single leg shaft which was buried in a ball the size of a medium sized beach ball, but evidently much heavier. The front half of the ball was hinged open revealing what looked like a lead weighted base beneath a padded recess the shape of a pair of full-sized feet and lower legs standing side by side and extending up out of the top of the ball. The shaft rose up through this aperture

with a strap fitted to it at knee height. Then just below waist height the shaft curved into a springy metal “spine” where it supported an adjustable rubber dildo and a curving blade of rubber bristling with prongs. At waist height was another strap and at chest height a third strap supporting a pair of domes rather like large bra cups but made of curving spring metal strips. At shoulder height the spine branched into a neck and arms curving downwards which were also fitted with several straps and which had rubber cups on their ends. Two pairs of padded rubber strips with hook and loop fastenings and set one above the other extended forward from the neck of the mannequin.

Stephanie gaped at it with growing horror as its function became evident. How could they do these things to innocent women? But she was in no position to resist.

Between them Nathan and Elvira un-cuffed Stephanie’s wrists and then positioned her trembling body in the device, making her step up into the rear half of the recess within the ball so that her heels were supported and the shaft rose up between and behind her calves and thighs. Her weight made the ball rock slightly on its curved base but it did not tip over. Then they pulled up and closed the front half of the ball so that her feet up to mid shin height were firmly and snugly encased.

They bound the shaft strap about her knees, bracing her legs. The base of the curving metal spine now rested between her buttocks and they pushed the adjustable dildo slotted through it upwards into her rectum. The rubber blade curled up between her thighs and dug into the furrow of her shaven sex lips, pressing its prongs against her clitoris. They bound the waist strap about her stomach so that it held the curving spine of the mannequin tight against her own.

The strap holding the metal strip cups was then pulled across her chest and her breasts were carefully fed into them. The flat strips extended forward from the padded cup rims, curving inward as they did so, in the process lifting and thrusting out her breasts. The strip ends with blunt rolled-back tips did not touch but left holes through which her nipples protruded. The strips would not have been that uncomfortable except their insides were studded with stubby metal conical studs that dug into her flesh with the slightest movement.

Her arms were pulled out and down and pressed against the curving frame of the mannequin's arms where they were strapped in place. Her balled fists were pushed into the rubber cups on the ends of the arms, containing and confining them.

They pulled her ball gag out and then drew the lower of the padded strips of rubber around from the neck of the mannequin and across her cheeks and mouth. The strip had a small oval plastic funnel built into it, the narrow rubbed-coated end of which went between her teeth into her mouth while the other flared end opened in the front of the strip. The second strip of rubber went over her forehead with flaps that hung over her cheekbones, leaving only a narrow gap for her eyes and nose to show through.

The Villiers stood back leaving Stephanie standing quite rigid with her arms held downwards, firmly braced by the frame and impaling dildo and quite unable to move.

Nathan prodded her chest with his finger and she swayed back and forth like some old-fashioned children's rocker and roller toy.

'As you can see the occupant will always return to the upright however hard she is pushed,' Nathan said to their client.

The man grinned and prodded Stephanie even harder. This time as she rocked back and forth some weight shifted inside the ball enclosing her feet and caused the dildo head in her rear to expand and pump deep into her rectum, while the rubber blade sawed back and forth and rubbed across her clitoris at the same time.

Stephanie made a feeble whimper at this sudden unwanted stimulation which was caught and amplified by the funnel in her mouth.

'Any more vigorous movement stimulates her rectum and clitoris,' Elvira explained. 'While the mouth funnel is designed to project any verbal responses she makes.'

The man gave her a harder thrust, sending Stephanie rocking backwards at alarming 45 degrees. Once again the gag strap funnel amplified

her sob of alarm as she feared she would fall over. Then as the rectal plug pulsed within her and the pussy blade sawed mercilessly, the counterweight in the base of the ball brought her back upright again, rocking helplessly to and fro for a few seconds before coming to rest.

The man examined Stephanie's breasts contained by the springy metal strips enclosing them. She whimpered as he pinched her flesh bulging out between them and then tweaked her exposed nipples. 'Why put her tits in these things?' he asked.

'The cups are designed to protect her breasts while allowing them to suffer a suitable amount of pain,' Nathan explained. 'Of course you can use your favourite cane, lash or paddle on her, but the price includes a pair of shock gloves...' He took up from a side table what seemed to be a pair of red foam rubber boxing gloves. Their front faces were covered with silver studs. 'These will inflict pain both through electric shock and impact,' Nathan said, indicating the switches mounted on the battery packs built into the wrist cuffs of the gloves.

The man grinned, rolled up his sleeves and held out his hands. 'Let me see how they work...'

Nathan slid the gloves onto him, fastened them in place and activated them.

The man turned back to Stephanie and considered her carefully for a moment and then punched her in the stomach.

Stephanie yelped as she rocked back from the blow. As she swung forward again he punched her spring-metal encased breasts with a quick left and then right. As she reeled backwards he skipped round and punched her bare clenched buttocks. This time she swayed forward so far that her body was almost parallel with the ground. Then she rocked back upright again, rolling about wildly just like some children's toy and utterly helpless to stop herself.

She had been turned into a living punch bag!

‘This is fantastic!’ the man said, punching her again so that she rocked back so far her head almost touched the ground, then stepping back to watch the counterweighted ball swing her upright again, shrieking and groaning as she did so, her breasts heaving within their spring metal cages while her buttocks bulged as the dildo was fiercely driven back up between them.

The padding about her head and the deep soft foam rubber of the gloves took the sharp edge out of their impacts, but the force of blows still shook her mentally and physically. Added to that was the terrible jolting sting of the gloves’ electric contacts which stabbed into her and made her yelp and scream again and again. When he punched her breasts the spring strips collapsed inwards, stabbing her flesh with their internal studs, even as they pinched segments of her flesh between them. As the curving strips squeezed together they pressed her nipples out so they received the full force of the blows and the sharp electric stabbing pain of their studs. Then the strips opened up again making her breasts expand and ripple within their embrace.

Tears filled Stephanie’s eyes as she rolled and swayed crazily, shocked and dazed.

But what added the cruellest twist to her suffering was the relentless stimulation inflicted upon her by her anal dildo and labial blade. Every time she rocked back and forth they pumped and sawed away at her most sensitive orifices. Soon her pussy was swollen and dribbling with unwilling excitement and moans of desperate pleasure mingled with her sobs of pain.

‘Looks like she’s getting hot,’ the man observed, seeing the juices running down between her clench thighs. ‘Can she actually cum in this thing?’

‘That would depend on the individual girl,’ Nathan said. ‘We don’t actually know this one’s full pain and pleasure thresholds yet.’

‘Pretty low I’d say,’ the man said. Then he stooped and punched Stephanie’s bare pussy three times in rapid succession.

Stephanie shrieked through her mouth funnel is the electric studs

stabbed into her shaven sensitive flesh. The force of the blow also drove the rubber pronged blade deeper between her lips than the mechanism had so far done. She felt her hard clitoris being ground down beneath it as it raked across the dribbling mouth of her vagina. The rapid triple shock made her lose control of her bladder and hot pee spurted out about the blade and across the floor and down her thighs.

Oh God...no, no she shrieked inside her head, even as she heard the man laughing at her shameful display and wished she could die. But instead a dam of lust burst within her and Stephanie wailed as an explosive orgasm tore through her swaying, tightly bound body and briefly obliterated all cares.

As she hung drained and limp in the restraining frame as it rocked to a standstill she heard the man say: 'I'll take one. Is the girl for sale as well?'

'No, Sir,' Nathan said. 'She belongs to us...'

Later that evening, after they had been cleaned up and had eaten supper, the demonstration slaves were left alone in their room in their teardrop cages and Stephanie had a chance to speak to the other girls. It was strange if not perverse that this was the first time they could exchange words when they had already been so intimate with each other. Yesterday she had been made to tongue every one of them out until they had cum and in return they had each screwed her. But then the rules here were hardly normal.

The other girls looked as if they were going to settle down to watch television when Stephanie said meekly: 'Hello, can I just say something?'

They turned their eyes to her with interest, as if they'd been patiently waiting for her to get up the nerve to speak.

'First I'm sorry what I had to do to you earlier with that roasting spit thing,' Stephanie said to Ruby.

Ruby shrugged as if passing it off lightly. 'If it hadn't been you it would have been somebody else. That's what we do. It's nothing personal. I

mean if tomorrow they put you on the spit and I'm turning it then I'll do the same, okay?'

'I understand,' Stephanie said. 'It's just this is all new to me. I only came here by chance. I never imagined a place like this existed. And the Villiers' are, well, very strange and a bit frightening...'

Keiko said: 'Nathan and Elvira are strict but they're honest. They are honourable people in their way.'

'That's right, you can always trust them to do whatever they say,' Sally confirmed.

Jasmine added: 'They take real pride in the things they make here. They want to test them properly on us first because they wouldn't want them to go wrong or hurt any of their clients' women.'

'Yep, this is a classy establishment,' Laurel confirmed. 'That's why we get such high-paying customers.'

Stephanie was surprised by their attitude. 'B... but they hurt and humiliate us. We're kept like slaves for their pleasure and amusement.'

'It could be a lot worse,' Ruby said philosophically. 'Anyway that's what we're for. It's a tough job, demonstrating bondage gear. We're a bit special. Not everybody could do it.'

Shocked and confused by her attitude and not sure how to respond, Stephanie changed the subject slightly: 'does anybody else work here?'

'There are some men in the workshop out the back who actually build the devices from Nathan and Elvira's designs, but we don't see them very often,' Sally explained.

'Most of the time it's just us, Nathan and Elvira and the customers,' Laurel said. 'You've seen how intense it can get so that's usually enough to be going on with. Afterwards we just like to chill out. Like now, we want to watch this...'

And they turned their attention back to the television.

She had imagined they would be more interested in her, but she realized that neither she nor they were going anywhere. There would be plenty of time for them to find out more about each other later.

Stephanie pondered what she had learned. They seemed completely resigned to their situation. Did that attitude makes sense? Could things really be worse than this?

She could hear wind and rain outside which seemed to emphasise her sense of enclosure and isolation. On the plus side she had a roof over her head to shelter her from it and she was not going to go hungry and ... she tugged on the bars of her cage... in an odd way she was extremely secure. But was that enough to excuse being treated like a degraded slave?

Then Stephanie yawned, realising how tired she was. Soon she was watching the television as well while gently drifting off to sleep, trying not to think of what horrors tomorrow would bring...

Chapter Five

The bad weather continued for the next few days, scouring the London streets with wind and rain. Inside the bondage parlour however it was warm and cosy. For Stephanie it was extremely cosy indeed...

The device was richly decorated in blue and gold to resemble an Egyptian mummy casket. It stood propped up against one wall of the show room. It had a heavy sculpted wooden outer lid and an interior very modern Perspex flat one which closed off the deep bottom half of the casket. Within that Stephanie lay.

In keeping with the theme of the device she was tightly bound up like a mummy, but instead of cotton bandage she was strapped up tightly from head to foot by strips of clear plastic ribbon so that her skin showed through. The only parts of her not covered were her nostrils, breasts, naked groin and buttocks. The strip of plastic over her lips supported a large, pliant, clear plastic dummy which was stuffed into her mouth. Her legs were individually bound and spread apart and her ankle cuffs were secured to the inside of the casket by spring hooks. More spring hooks were attached to her collar and wrist cuffs and hooked into the bindings about her waist and thighs.

She could see, slightly mistily, through a strip of plastic bound across her eyes. The Villiers and the client they were demonstrating the casket to: a lean, stern-faced woman in her forties dressed in a riding jacket, britches and high boots, could see her far better not only through the clear casket lid but on a laptop screen displaying several close up images of her relayed from several miniature CCTV cameras built into the casket itself.

‘There are also concealed lights inside for when the outer lid is closed so you can watch everything she does,’ Elvira was explaining. ‘From here you can also control the functions of the stimulator devices like this...’

She pressed a button and Stephanie whimpered as a big silver coloured rubber screw dildo spun between her legs, inching upwards along a track fitted to the inside of the casket as it appeared to drill into her vagina,

making her labia ripple and shiver as it went. As it bored deeper the spinning drill bit splattered her juices over her plastic-bound thighs and the inside of the casket lid.

Stephanie's muffled sobs of fear, pain and shameful arousal were relayed to the laptop by a microphone within the casket. Small speakers relayed the users voices back to her, so even with the big outer lid closed her user could still speak to and hear her if they wished. Or of course leave her totally isolated and helpless in the silent claustrophobic darkness.

'The drill head angle is adjustable,' Elvira said, 'so it can be used both as an external or internal stimulator and probe...'

The drill pulled out of Stephanie's vagina, now dripping with her juices, tilted its head up and then pressed against her cleft, revolving more slowly and tickling and rubbing against her clitoris. She moaned pitifully as the aroma of her arousal filled the close warm air within the casket.

'Very pretty,' the client said appreciatively. 'What else does it do?'

'This,' Elvira continued, touching another control.

This time Stephanie screamed as the radiant golden sunburst disks, in keeping with the style of the casket, which were clamped to her nipples so their swollen crowns poked through the holes in their centres, sent sharp jolts of electricity through them. Convulsively she bounced up and down within the casket, arching her back and biting down hard on the dummy in her mouth against the pain, straining at her spring bonds. But they absorbed all her futile efforts and she remained securely in place.

'And then there's this,' Elvira said, pressing another button.

The expanding plug lodged in Stephanie's rectum, which was there to prevent her soiling the casket in extreme pain, buzzed sensuously for a moment and then gave her a sharp electric jolt in turn. She screeched and writhed in her tight bindings, making her bare breasts dance and jiggle, and then hung limp again, shivering with fear.

‘We are confident that after a girl has been inside for a few days, in total darkness if you wish, hearing only your voice and knowing she is completely at your whim and mercy, she will be much better behaved and amenable to instruction,’ Nathan said.

Oh yes, yes Jane would, Stephanie thought desperately. Anything but endure more of this! Please take the dummy out of her mouth so she can tell you...

‘The casket is also deep enough to put a second girl in it so they can be made to couple,’ Elvira said. ‘Or of course a slave owner could join her in there if they wished...’

Through her tear-blurred eyes Stephanie saw the expression on the woman’s face become very thoughtful and then suddenly almost hungry. ‘I’d like some time alone to try the casket out properly,’ she declared.

Unperturbed Nathan replied: ‘Of course. ‘Do you wish the other demonstrations slaves to be withdrawn?’

The woman glanced at the other chained and gagged girls hanging in their cages.

‘Can they be blindfolded?’

‘Of course...’ The Villiers went round the cages reaching into them and pulling loops of black elastic fabric over the girls’ eyes. They showed no surprise at their blindfolding. How many times before had they been mute and sightless witnesses to such events? When they were done Nathan said: ‘we will be in the reception room when you’re finished...’ and he and Elvira withdrew.

As soon as they were gone the woman began stripping her clothes off. In two minutes she was naked except for her riding boots. She had a lean, hard body with small breasts still firm and high, capped by very red and hard conical nipples. Her pubes were clean-shaven except for a small, tight dark triangle of hair. She pulled open the transparent lid of the casket and stared down at Stephanie, still squirming as the side of the rubber screw dildo

turned slowly but relentlessly against her cleft. The woman stroked her plastic covered cheeks and then squeezed her breasts with their electric nipple caps. Then she ran her fingers around the swollen lips of her sex as they bulged and rippled on either side of the rotating screw dildo.

The woman clambered into the casket and lay against Stephanie, standing between her splayed legs so that her pussy pressed against the outer half of the revolving vertical dildo. Stephanie saw her eyes roll up in ecstasy as Stephanie's juices were carried around by the screw thread and smeared up into her cleft. Now the dildo was pleasuring both of them.

The woman undid the plastic strip bound across Stephanie's mouth, wrenching the dummy out from between her lips. Hungrily she took hold of her plastic wrapped body and smothered her lips with urgent kisses, pressing her hot breasts against Stephanie's metal capped ones. Stephanie squirmed in surprise at the strength of her passion, and then let Jane respond to it. Jane could do this kind of filthy thing...

The woman thrust her tongue deep into Stephanie's mouth and seemed to wrap it about her own even as she ground her hips forward, making the dildo motor hum as it strained to turn the big rubber screw within the tight, clinging, and sticky embrace of both their clefts.

Stephanie imagined it gouging out the older woman's juices, which were by now flowing freely, and rubbing them into her own cleft. That sharing was so dirty and intimate and her clitoris was standing up hard even as it was being buffeted by the revolving screw thread! They were greasing the screw between them: she and some horse riding lesbian slave keeper who would probably make Stephanie her slave if she had the chance. Yet her nipples were straining within their metal caps while her anus clamped about the plug within it. Her thighs were wet with juices seeping between her skin and her plastic wrappings. How could she get so excited and aroused? Perhaps because it was the only escape left open to her...

With a sob Stephanie came in the other woman's arms and as she did so she knew she had helped make another sale for the parlour.

Dear Mum and Dad

I'm still safe, healthy and secure. And no I'm not pregnant in case that's what you were thinking. I'm staying somewhere right off the grid so please don't try to find me. As soon as I can I'll tell you what all this has been about, but for now just try not to worry me about me.

I love you both so much,

Stephanie.

Stephanie considered her weekly postcard before handing it over to Nathan to post. She couldn't say much more and of course she could not tell the unbelievable truth, which hopefully they would never know, but it was not exactly a lie. She was being kept fit and healthy and she was certainly very secure. "Safe" of course was a relative term and it was only true in her case if it included being regularly violated, lashed and subject to electric shocks. However strange as it seemed she felt safer in the Villiers' care than some women she had seen recently...

Stephanie watched a few clients bring their own slaves into the parlour to try devices out. This usually meant a rest for herself and the other demonstration models. However she soon found that simply watching could still be an intense and disturbing process.

At first some of them looked like perfectly innocent wives or girlfriends, perhaps a little meek and quiet, until their masters snapped their fingers or simply commanded them: "strip!" And then they stripped their clothes off perhaps to reveal a freshly tanned bottom or else that they were secretly wearing a chastity belt. Often they had pierced nipples with rings through them. Sometimes the removal of their knickers exposed labia which were also pierced and perhaps hung with a padlock.

When they were fitted to the devices their masters were far crueller to them than clients usually were to demonstration girls, treating them as their property to do with as they wished, which in a terrible way they were. Stephanie found herself wincing in sympathy as they slashed straps, canes and whips hard across their helpless bodies as they writhed within some ingenious restraining device.

How did they live such lives, Stephanie wondered? Were they genuinely submissive by nature or did their masters have some kind of hold over them? How dark did the world of sex get?

She knew she should be revolted and she was. And yet she could not drag her eyes away from the intoxicating spectacle of seeing them suffer. It was all so horribly fascinating and although it was hard to admit, deeply arousing as her pussy and nipples testified by their dripping and straining engorgement. Was this what their masters felt when they used and abused them? But how could it affect her like this? She did not want to dominate these poor women. The only alternative was, and it was a frightening one, that secretly she wanted to take their place...

No, she reassured herself, Jane might want that. Stephanie would never do so.

Sometimes during demonstrations, the girls were expected play the parts of men for clients who were perhaps less bold or adventurous than her mummy casket lesbian and did not wish to have sex in the parlour. Stephanie's first experience of this was when she was strapped to a heavy wooden St Andrews cross while Sally, with a large double-ended phallus plugged into her pussy, used her like a man would for his pleasure. The phallus was flesh coloured and came complete with a set of fake testicles at its midpoint which dangled almost comically between Sally's thighs. It was secured in place not only by the half rammed up inside Sally's vagina but by a spring hook with a bulbous tip which had been inserted into her rectum.

The client, a small fussy man in a neat black suit, stood to one side urging Sally on with whispered instructions and gestures.

Sally circled round Stephanie who was tilted backwards, spread-eagled and firmly secured to the X-shaped body of the cross by many strips of broad black rubberized webbing which emerged from recesses cut into the thickness of the cross. The web strips had hooks on their ends which could be engaged in a series of slots cut into the other side of the cross struts so that their tension could be adjusted. They were bound across Stephanie's wrists, elbows, her chest above and below her breasts, her stomach, thighs, knees and ankles. Thinner elastic cords with spring clip ends extended from the outside of the cross arms forward and around the sides of her chest where the clips were fastened to her nipples, which they dragged painfully sideways, pulling her cleavage apart. Another set of cords curved round the outside of her buttocks and were hooked into her outer labia, stretching them wide into a diamond of soft pliant flesh to expose the pink valley of her delicate inner lips and clitoris.

Two more pairs of elastic cords extended from their recesses across the gap between the upper arms of the cross to Stephanie's head and neck. The lower of the pair was tipped with smaller metal hooks that hooked into the rings on the sides of her collar holding her head up. The upper second set was fitted with larger rubber T-bars that had been hooked into the sides of her mouth and jammed between her teeth, forcing her jaws wide and stretching her lips out into a ghastly grimace.

The cross was braced at about 60 degrees from the horizontal by a rear extending strut hinged to its centre section and with its rubber cushioned feet tied to the front feet of the cross to ensure it was secure. A screw shaft tipped with a dildo was mounted on the front of this strut with its end plugged into Stephanie's rectum.

Stephanie snivelled in pain and fear, acutely aware as she did so that her pinched nipples were swollen with blood while her pussy was dripping onto the floor of the show room.

With her rubber phallus bobbing in front of her like a rampant erection, Sally tested the security of Stephanie's bonds. She twanged the elastic cords fastened to Stephanie's painfully stretched nipples, making her whimper. She felt Stephanie's exposed sex lips and probed between them and brought her fingers away wet and slippery. Then she bent forward and kissed

Stephanie's distended letterbox lips, sliding her hot tongue into her open mouth. As she did so she whispered in Stephanie's ear: 'nothing personal... I've got to do this... try to cum with me...'

And then she stepped back and took up the lash the client handed her and then swiped it across Stephanie's body, tanning her briskly and efficiently. Swish, crack, it went, again and again. The lash prongs curled about her stretched breasts, making them shiver and turning them scarlet, and then around the sides of the frame across her buttocks, and then up between her splayed thighs to rasp through her gaping sex mouth, scourging her delicate unprotected inner labia and her straining and swollen clitoris. Stephanie's anal sphincter clenched tight about the dildo plugging her while tears ran down her cheeks and dribbles trickled down the sides of her mouth as she shrieked in pain.

The third time the lash cut up through her stretched pussy Stephanie lost control of her bladder and, as she had when she had been impaled on the rocking rolling punch ball, peed over the floor. Through her screams she heard the client laughing at her distress and humiliation.

'Please stop... I can't stand it... screw me... fuck me instead!' she tried to say through her parted jaws and stretched lips. She wanted the pain to end but at that moment she also desperately wanted her reward for enduring it.

'Do it... do it!' Stephanie heard the client say urgently.

Sally dropped the lash and stood in the still steaming pool of urine between Stephanie's wide splayed legs. She took hold of her hips and rammed the lifelike phallus up into Stephanie's dribbling cleft.

Compared to her beating this was heaven. Just a soft perfumed female body rubbing up against hers while a pliant plug of flesh-like rubber slid up and down her front passage, teasing her throbbing clitoris. Sally's small high prominent breasts capped by glossy pink swollen nipples slithered across her own as Sally's shapely red lips mashed against her parted mouth. The heat of Sally's body flowed into her along with the pumping phallus, the dangling balls of which were now swinging between her own thighs.

She could smell Sally's own arousal as it rose up from her plugged vagina, stimulated by her frantic thrusting. A few weeks ago that would have seemed shocking but now it was soothing... in fact it was exciting...

'Try to cum with me...' Sally had said. Now there seemed to be no other choice.

With a sob Stephanie came and her juices mingled with Sally's in the hot slippery double-plugged junction of their thighs.

With another day came another device to torment and humiliate her. This time it was a chair which was an example of the Villiers' exclusive range of living furniture.

'As you can see a girl can be kept attractively on display, accessible for pleasure and functional, while also being totally secure,' Nathan was saying to their latest client: a small, brown-skinned Indian man with neat precise movements and a whispering voice. His dark sharp eyes glittered behind round, golden wire-framed spectacles.

'I do like my girls to serve gracefully,' the man said. 'Yes, there is something in the line of her body that is pleasing...'

Stephanie lay on her back on a rectangle of foam rubber which padded the top of a wooden base frame. Her arms lay at her sides pressed against the foam rubber and were held in place by several straps, which also crossed her stomach and her face, holding a gag in place. Wedges under the foam padding on either side of her head pressed against her temples and cheeks and forced her to keep looking straight up at the ceiling. Her haunches were lifted and her back curved, braced by a larger wedge beneath the foam rubber, and her legs were bent sharply at her hips so that her thighs were doubled back over her body. Her knees, which almost touched her shoulders, were bent so that her lower legs and feet were raised into the air above her.

In this manner she formed the living frame of the chair.

Pressed against the up-turned backs of her thighs and calves was a sculpted sheet of Perspex bent almost at a right angle half way along so that it formed the seat and back of a chair with her bare upturned feet level with its top. Looking down through the transparent chair between her spread legs her face and breasts were clearly visible.

Integral straps slotted through retainers at the back and underside of this moulding bound it to her ankles and thighs, so that her legs took most of its weight. The rest was supported by sprung struts extending down from the sides of the chair back to the base of the supporting board on either side of Stephanie's shoulders and by a moulded plug extending from the front edge of the chair which curved down into her up-raised and exposed rectum. Just above this plug was an oval hole in the chair seat moulding which neatly framed the pouting pink naked lips of her vulva.

Elvira took up the sales pitch: 'As you can see she is totally confined and yet exposed to the maximum. The seat also has a convenient aperture so she might be enjoyed while still in situ.'

'Please try her out,' Nathan continued. 'You'll find that she will easily take your weight. Don't be alarmed by any sound she makes. It's perfectly normal...'

Gingerly the little Indian sat down on Stephanie's living chair body. She groaned slightly as his weight compressed her thigh. The sprung bracing struts took some of the load as did her hips, but it also drove the plug deeper into her anus.

He looked down between his knees and saw Stephanie's upturned naked buttocks flattened against the clear underside of the chair seat and the plug jammed into her anus and the moulded gap through which her sex lips were now pouting under pressure as if trying to blossom. He ran his fingers along her cleft, tickling her clitoris and making her bite on her gag.

'Ah, yes now I see how it works...' he said, the dipping his fingers deeper into Stephanie's vagina and twisting them round until she whimpered. 'Quite ingenious and most charming.'

‘Perhaps you would like to be alone so you can try her out properly...’ Nathan said.

And he and Elvira withdrew graciously from the room.

The little Indian toyed with Stephanie’s pussy mouth a little longer, making her groan and tremble and then blush as she felt her sex mouth begin to flow with juices.

Then the man got up and undid his flies. Turning round he then knelt on the padded lip of the chair baseboard, took hold of the chair back and then leaned forward so that his stiff brown penis could slide through the gap in the chair seat into her simmering, dribbling pussy. The chair rocked as he penetrated her and she could only stare helplessly up at him through the seat while he looked down at her in triumph, savouring the shameful swollen hardness of her nipples.

She had been reduced to a living piece of furniture and a sex object at the same time, which was totally degrading. And yet she found her vaginal sheath clenching tight about his prodding cock. Enclosed by rubber and plastic as she was it was impossible to ignore the slug of living flesh pumping away within her, which would soon spout and spurt its milt and soil her even while her own juices would rise up of their own accord and humiliate her further.

But then her feelings counted for nothing because she was just a slave.

The next day the weather cleared at last and the sun shone on the skylights of the show room. Nathan and Elvira announced: ‘We’ve no clients booked in this morning so you can get some sun and fresh air for a change...’

A door at the back of the show room was opened and the cages were wheeled out into a small closed yard, ringed with pots and planters. It was enclosed by high double gates at one end and surrounded by sheer windowless walls, except for some narrow pebble glass windows set in what

Stephanie took to be the parlour workshop, from which muffled sounds of machinery could be heard.

They must have made a bizarre sight, dangling naked in their cages amongst the planters and flowerpots. But fortunately there was nobody to see them and after a few minutes Stephanie began to get used to the idea of this new degree of exposure.

The other girls lounged at ease in their teardrop cages opening themselves up to the sunlight and breathing in air as fresh as any London could provide. Without the television to distract them they seemed more relaxed and less likely to distraction. Out here in the open there was also no chance that the Villiers might overhear them. So Stephanie cautiously asked a question that, aside from her own personal concerns, had been troubling her for days.

‘I don’t want to pry into your private lives, but if you don’t mind, can you tell me how you came to be here?’ she asked.

The other girls looked at her curiously and then shrugged.

‘Well we’re all runaways of one kind or another are, aren’t we,’ Laurel said, and the rest nodded. ‘We haven’t exactly had what you’d call happy homes. So we came to London looking for something better.’

‘That’s when we met the Villiers,’ Ruby said, taking up the story. ‘When they want more girls they go out looking for people like us on the streets. They know all the usual places. They talked about work as sales people in the furniture and antiques business and said the job came with somewhere to live and then they brought us back here and showed us what they really did.’

‘And after you knew that you still accepted jobs as demo slaves?’ Stephanie said incredulously. ‘I mean they didn’t actually kidnap or force you?’

‘I don’t know what you’re running away from, but after you’ve been out the streets long enough this does seem too bad,’ Jasmine said. ‘Actually

they're kinder than my family were to me when I wanted to have a boyfriend they didn't approve of...' then she tailed off as if recalling unpleasant memories.

'Once we were here they were very honest about what they did,' Keiko said. 'We knew what we were getting into.'

'It's not a bad deal considering the alternatives,' Sally said. 'We get good food and somewhere safe to sleep.'

'But we're sex slaves!' Stephanie said. 'Aren't you, well, ashamed?'

'It's not like we have to pretend to like any of this if we don't want to,' Laurel said. 'We just respond as comes naturally. There are worse things, believe me!'

'We know it's not exactly normal but after a while you begin to feel a bit special,' Jasmine said. 'When all those rich people can't stop looking at you it feels as if you got the power and they can't help it. Where else is that going to happen to us?'

'And we do have the chance to leave if we want to,' Sally explained. 'Every month the Villiers' give us the choice of going out the front door with the clothes on our backs and a hundred pounds in our pockets, or staying on. So far none of us have taken it up.'

'The Villiers' are strict but they do make us feel as if we're worth something,' Ruby said. 'I mean we help make sales.' She grinned. 'And the orgasms are pretty amazing...'

And they all grinned and nodded in accord.

That was the trouble, Stephanie thought despairingly. The orgasms were amazing...

Chapter Six

Perhaps because she was gradually getting used to her strange and perverted situation but the days began to go by with gathering speed, which was some comfort. A week passed and then two. She tried her best to compartmentalise and separate her time in the show room as “Jane” with her time spent more or less as herself at relative ease in the slaves’ restroom watching television and discussing what they saw, almost as if everything was normal and they did not sometimes spend whole days locked naked within their strange mobile cages. She became increasingly comfortable in the other girls’ presence and even related her own story to them which gained her some sympathy.

‘The slimy bastard!’ Sally summed up succinctly, after she had heard how Alex had betrayed Stephanie, and the other girls nodded in agreement.

‘You’re better off here with us!’ Ruby declared.

The amiable company of the other girls certainly made it possible to bear and the intimate sexual acts they were forced to perform together while demonstrating could usually be laughed off afterwards. Yes it was passionate but in a way was just work. The continuing problem was that her showroom sessions were still inescapably intense and memorable, usually accompanied by powerful orgasms which she could not properly explain or ignore. She would have thought that increasing familiarity would have blunted their intensity, but this was not proving to be the case. Was her alter ego “Jane” actually enjoying such experiences which more repressed Stephanie could never have done? And yet how else could she survive?

The device looked like the classic gingerbread man outline that cooks used to stamp biscuit shapes out of dough, except that it was life-sized.

It was made of a strip of polished rigid sheet metal perhaps 30 centimetres wide which was formed into a continuous outline with its feet bolted to a low wheeled base. All round its outside it bristled with the

projecting handles of screw bolts which penetrated the frame and were capped on the inside by a variety of rubber and metal heads and screw clamps.

Stephanie stood in the frame with her arms and legs spread out. Screw bolts with hooked ends were attached to her collar, wrist and ankle cuffs, holding her rigid and clear of the metal sides of the frame. A female customer, who was only in her early thirties and was casually but expensively dressed, was enthusiastically turning the projecting handles as she clamped Stephanie even tighter. Her bare body was reflected by the mirror finish of the enclosing metal.

Bolt rods holding screw clamps were already closed about Stephanie's upper arms and knees, holding them rigidly in place and securing her ever more tightly within the frame. Bolts on either side of the hoop of frame surrounding her head had also been screwed inwards until the rubber pads on their ends were pressed firmly against her temples.

'This is one of our dual function frames which combine restraint with decoration,' Nathan was saying. 'Once fully restrained within it a slave can be put on display anywhere safe in the knowledge that she cannot possibly escape. When laid flat she is in a suitable position for penetration either front or rear, while stood upright she may easily be punished in the same way...'

The woman was screwing sets of clamps shaped like cupped hands about Stephanie's breasts, squeezing them together so that they bulged outwards. Stephanie whimpered and bit down on her ball gag.

'If I get one of these I'll certainly try all of that on my pet...' she said enthusiastically.

Stephanie was feeling lightheaded and disturbingly aroused even though the young woman had hardly touched her intimately so far. It was becoming increasingly easy to imagine that all the possibilities suggested for the suffering and correction of the customers' slave girls would actually befall her and she was reacting in anticipation.

The woman turned to the inverted "V" of frame between Stephanie's

legs where dildos on the ends of a pair of screw bolts were mounted front to back. She twisted their handles so they rotated upwards and slid smoothly into Stephanie's rectum and vagina.

When she was done she stepped back to admire her work and Stephanie's naked and doubly impaled body. Stephanie was now totally immobilised within the frame. The woman walked around it and then gave it a spin on its wheels to see how freely it moved. Stephanie turned with the frame as though she was a part of it.

'She's held really tightly isn't she?' she commented as she wheeled it and Stephanie up and down the room. 'I'll bet giving her a good paddling now would really hurt. She wouldn't be able to pull away at all...'

Elvira was already picking up a spanking paddle from the side table and offering it to the woman.

She started on Stephanie's bottom first, swinging the paddle lustily and admiring the way her buttock flesh rippled as it was struck. The clamps and bracing dildos did indeed hold Stephanie's hips rigid so that the full force of the paddle smacks was transmuted into her flesh. Each smack also caused Stephanie to clench her anal sphincter and vagina tight about the dildos as she jerked against them, with the inevitable results. Stephanie shrieked and bit on her gag again while tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks onto her bunched up breasts.

When Stephanie's buttocks were both equally bright red and throbbing, the woman spun the frame around and faced Stephanie again. She handled her bulging tear-stained breasts and then used the paddle on them, slapping their taut globes from side to side and beating her hard nipples down repeatedly until they glowed as brightly as her buttocks.

How she hated this, Stephanie thought dazedly... and how she could not get enough!

Inevitably her pussy was last to be beaten. By then her juices were running freely down the dildo impaling it.

The young woman went down on her knees to examine her outpourings more closely. 'Oh... she is very wet it isn't she? But she smells lovely...' And she sniffed her bare smooth pussy again and then she slid her tongue into Stephanie's slot and tickled her clitoris with its tip.

Stephanie jerked convulsively within her gingerbread girl frame as she went rigid with wild delight which seemed to swell and catch fire in her loins, spraying her juices over the woman's face, and then tear up through her body to explode her brain.

The next day Stephanie modelled another piece of furniture; outwardly less blatant than the chair but no less confining or humiliating.

It was a small low dark rectangular wooden box set on castors with fretwork sides and a padded top, half of which opened like a hinged lid. Externally it appeared perfectly innocent but Stephanie was concealed within it strapped up tightly and kneeling with her head down. To help hold her in place and keep her attentive she had a rubber plug up her anus the base of which was screwed to the base of the box. The back of her collar was hooked to the underside of the lid and side straps held a rubber ring gag in her mouth which was wedged behind her teeth and over her tongue so that her lips gaped invitingly wide. As the lid was raised it pulled her head up with it until it locked into place. The other half of the box top then slid forward until her chin rested on its lip. A pair of toggles now hung down on the inside of the lid on either side of the head. Their cords ran down through eyelets to crocodile clips pinched about her nipples.

The client sat astride the other half of the box with his naked groin facing her.

He was a big blocky man with a squarish face that she had glimpsed as he perused the cages until he had chosen her. Now his face did not matter in the least. Her entire attention was taken up with his thick, jutting penis which it was her duty to pleasure.

Inside the box she felt her stomach churning and her pussy growing

hot and slippery in anticipation, although it would not be penetrated this time.

He shuffled forward until his cock head pressed against her open lips. Then he took hold of the toggles and jerked on them and Stephanie winced as her clamped nipples were jerked painfully upwards

‘Get to it, girl,’ he growled.

Stephanie bowed her head forward against the elastic resistance of her ring gag straps and took his cock inside her mouth and began to dip her head forward and back as she sucked and lapped at it, squeezing on her plugged bottom, feeling her pussy dribbling into the bottom of the box, trying not to choke as he pushed deeper down her throat, making little whimpers as he jerked on her nipples again, sucking and lapping with all her might, dizzy with revulsion, lack of air and shameful need, working harder and faster until he grunted in delight and spouted down her throat.

She thought she was going to be sick and then she shuddered as her frustrated pussy finally expelled a dribble of hot liquid lust.

That afternoon she was demonstrating an even more bizarre device.

It was a dartboard large enough to hold a spread-eagled body. It was supported from behind by a short axle and an electric motor carried by heavy post which ran down to a supporting base which extended forward under the lower rim of the board.

Slowly it turned carrying Stephanie with it, stapled to the board by a dozen metal hoops over her wrists and elbows and across her belly, below her knees and about her widespread ankles. A hard rubber hook bolted to the board had been pushed up her bottom, holding it firmly in place. A rubber bit was clamped between her teeth and safety goggles covered her eyes. What appeared to wire baskets were tied over her breasts and groin, which in fact mimicked the radiating divisions of a standard dartboard, dividing the most sensitive areas of her body up and target zones.

The two middle-aged men in shirtsleeves stood before her, laughing and joking with each other as they held modified plastic toy guns of different colours pointed at Stephanie's rotating body. They normally fired plastic projectiles with safe sucker tips on their ends. Now they had short pins projecting from the middle of the rubber cups, which were well greased with petroleum jelly.

The guns popped as they fired and the projectiles flew through the air to smack into Stephanie's body. She yelped as the pins dug into her flesh and stuck, held in place by the suction of the greased cups.

Already a dozen different coloured projectiles were jutting out from her wire- framed and bound breasts and pussy. Some had little trickles of blood running out from under them where the pins had dug more deeply. A dart had hit her left nipple square on while another was embedded in the soft protruding tongue of inner labia. Both were excruciatingly painful. As she rotated her tears had flowed in all directions all over her face, as did the juices from her weeping pussy.

When they had used up all their darts the men stopped the board turning and counted up their scores.

The man who had the highest score pulled the metal baskets off her breasts and pussy, wiped away the blood and petroleum jelly, and then pulled out his hard cock and screwed her while she was still fastened to the board.

With the hook still lodged up her bottom his shaft felt huge and cruel as it was rammed up into her. But by then Stephanie was in such a state of delirious need that she came even before he did. And then when he had had his fun with her she came over the cock of his friend as well.

By the end of three weeks Stephanie had settled in as far as it was possible to life in the surreal and perverted of the trammel shop at the end of Telford Mews and was beginning to think she could survive the rest of her time here. Talking with the other girls had reassured her that the Villiers would honour their bargain and free her when her return would no longer threaten her

father's position. They would have had plenty of use out of her by then and it made no sense to keep her any longer and risk trouble with her family or the authorities if her reassuring postcards ceased. It seemed that they could always get more lost and wayward girls to replace her as there was no danger of the supply drying up in the foreseeable future.

Stephanie had decided that when she left she would simply bury all memories of "Jane" and everything she had done, and since she would never be exposed to such situations again the unusual sexual responses her strange experiences had revealed would not be a problem. Until then she would simply try not to worry about it. After all there was nothing wrong with having a nice big orgasm as such, even if some of them had been under very perverted circumstances. It was probably perfectly natural for slave girls to have them... which would not be a problem in the future because she would no longer be a slave girl. She never had been one, of course. Jane had been the slave girl...

Then there came the morning when out of the blue Nathan Villiers announced a change in routine.

'This afternoon we will be taking Keiko, Jasmine, Laurel and Jane to a private house for a demonstration of bondage techniques and devices for about a dozen people. You will not be travelling in your cages of course and so other restraints will be provided...'

Jane's stomach knotted and it felt as if a cold hand had closed about her heart. She could not breathe and she felt panic overwhelming her.

Just when she thought she had adjusted, suddenly the terrify prospect loomed before her of being taken out of her cage and wrenched away from this cosy, secret, enclosed refuge and being thrust back out into the dangerous uncontrolled world once again: but this time naked and helpless in front of a dozen strangers!

TO BE CONCLUDED...

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