

HER NAKED REVENGE



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Grail

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Jemima Hart's kidnapping was accomplished quickly and simply with the minimum of violence and effort.

Of course Jemima unintentionally made it easier for them by being preoccupied with worries about her work. Next week she was going to be making a presentation to the board of TS&G recommending a merger with Rickman Industries. It made sense in the current business climate but there was resistance from the board. She suspected they were irrationally resentful and suspicious of a young woman, well one aged thirty-three which was young by their standards, who had more brains than they did. Why hire the best financial analyst if you were only going to question her judgement? The board were a bunch of old men too set in their ways, but it still made her feel isolated and angry. At times like this she missed having regular partner.

And so that morning Jemima had put her work aside and went instead to her health club at the Avendale Centre, which was situated on the outskirts of Chertwell. She felt she needed some hard exercise to burn off her anger. But it had not helped as much as she had hoped and her thoughts were still morbid as she made her way back to the lifts which would take her up to the multi-storey where she had left her car.

The two men in blue coveralls and their trolley with a large square carton on it barely registered with her. Nor did the fact that the lift had an *OUT OF ORDER* sign on it only moments before which they surreptitiously removed as she approached. The doors opened and they stepped inside and then politely made room for her. Jemima was vaguely aware that they both wore glasses and heavy moustaches and peaked caps with the brims pulled down, but that was all.

The doors closed and the lift started upwards.

And then a big hand reached round from behind Jemima and clamped a cloth over her nose and mouth. It was impregnated with some cloying, soporific chemical that filled her nostrils and made her head swim and stifled her squeal of surprise and fear.

And then everything went black...

The next thing Jemima could remember for certain was feeling cold and sick. Her throat and sinuses felt raw, her chest ached and her stomach was burning and heaving as if she had eaten something bad.

For a few moments she didn't know what had happened to her or where she was. She seemed to be standing upright with her arms and legs spread out but she was not properly balanced, probably because she was still feeling desperately dizzy. So how was she still standing? And what was that in her mouth? She blinked through crusted eyes and slowly her surroundings came into focus.

She was in a large high space with bare concrete floors and walls crossed by rows of heavy concrete pillars. There were piles of rubbish strewn about the corners of the room and the air felt musty and damp. One long wall was taken up by a line of big windows which had been taped over with thick translucent plastic sheeting, letting in the light but blurring whatever was outside. Closer to her were a couple of old stools, several large boxes, a mattress wrapped in black plastic and surrounded by a wooden frame, a wooden trestle and a large old high backed chair with no seat. Underneath it sat some device connected to a broom handle that extending out from under the chair. The mattress frame, trestle and the chair all had ring bolts screwed to them from which hung an array of heavy buckled straps.

What was this place, Jemima thought dizzily? How did I get here?

Jemima tried to move but she could not. Something was holding her in this strange position. She looked down at herself. There were heavy leather cuffs closed about her wrists and ankles, a broad belt buckled tightly about her waist and a collar about her neck, all of which were connected to chains that stretched out to a pair of the concrete pillars on either side of her, which had heavy metal rings drilled into them onto which the chains supporting her were hooked. She was stretched out between them like a spider stuck to its own web...

She blinked again, her sluggish brain at last registering what else was wrong.

While she had been unconscious somebody had stripped her sweat top, pants, underwear and trainers off her, leaving her totally naked! And her mouth was plugged by a strip of knotted cloth tied about the back of her neck, into which her drool was soaking!

And then the memory of stepping into the lift and the two workmen and their box on wheels flooded back into her mind. That same box on wheels she could see in front of her in right now, in which they had stuffed her unconscious body to carry her here and stripped her and chained her up and...

With a choking sob Jemima began to moan and struggle frantically as desperate fear overwhelmed her sickness. But however hard she strained at her bonds they did not give an inch.

‘Looks like she’s waking up at last...’ a man’s voice said from behind her.

The two workmen from the lift stepped into her line of sight. They still wore their blue overalls but their heads were now covered by elaborate and colourful latex masks. One was of hairy wolf man and the other a scarlet and black horned devil. Through slots in the masks their bright eyes shone as they looked her helpless body over with evident approval.

Jemima had long straight brunette hair which framed a strong face with a dusting of freckles across the bridge of her nose and upper cheeks. Straight intelligent brows ran above narrow thoughtful brown eyes. Her mouth was wide and her lips were full and expressive. Thanks to her regular health club sessions she had a lithe figure with small high neat breasts tipped by brown nipples dimpled in their crowns. Her waist was tight and her hips, buttocks and legs were strong. A trimmed back but still thick and fluffy triangle of pubic hair capped the soft cleft mound at the junction her thighs.

And all of this, despite her desperate struggles, was exposed to the eyes of her captors.

‘Very nice,’ said the wolf man to his companion conversationally, his voice slightly muffled by the rubber lips of his mask, ‘you wouldn’t think to

look at her that she's been such a bitch, would you, Nick?'

'They say you can never tell just by looking, Jack,' the devil replied philosophically. 'Books and covers and that sort of thing...'

'That's very true,' Jack agreed. 'I mean what does she think we are right now?'

'Probably something pretty scary, I imagine, Jack. Pretty sure that's fear I see in her eyes.'

'Do you think her nips are also standing up like that because she's frightened?' Jack wondered, pinching her hard nubs of flesh between thumbs and forefingers and giving them sudden twists which made her whimper.

'Could be fear,' Nick agreed. 'They say it sometimes shows in people in different ways. Maybe with her it's her nips stand up. I take that as a compliment that we're doing our job.'

'Well that's what we were hired to be, weren't we, Nick?'

'So this time she can judge us by our covers?'

'Yes she can...' He reached out and took hold of Jemima's chin so she had to look him in the eye. 'Nothing personal, lady, we're just doing what we've been paid to, you understand?'

'I mean we've all got to work, right?' Nick added reasonably. 'And today our job was snatching you and setting you up for a bit of payback.'

Oh God, who were these men? Jemima thought in despair. They sounded like they were playing the parts of ironic post modern cinema hard men. But they were still terrifying. She snivelled and tried to form words in back of the throat, shaking her head and rolling her eyes, pleading to be allowed to speak.

'I think the lady wants to say something,' Jack said.

'Shall we let her, Jack? As we've got to wait for our client anyway.'

‘Why not? It might be fun to hear a hot naked lady doing a bit of begging. But she’s got to know the rules...’ He turned back to Jemima. ‘If I take that gag out you don’t scream or threaten or insult us or call for help, got that? This place is deserted so you’d only be wasting your breath, understood?’

Jemima nodded. He undid the cloth and pulled out of her mouth.

Forcing her voice to remain as level as possible, she said: ‘Listen... I don’t know why you kidnapped me. I’m not rich and I don’t know anybody I’ve hurt who’d want to do this to me.’

‘Our client says otherwise.’

‘Who?’

‘Unfortunately we don’t give out the names of people who hire us,’ Nick said. ‘Client confidentiality, right? But we’ve let her know we got you and she’s on her way. If she wants to let you know who she is that’s up to her.’

Jemima had no idea who they could be talking about. She’d never made any enemies who could possibly wish this on her. ‘Please let me go! I’ve got some money... I can pay you... Whatever anybody is paying you to do this I’ll pay you more...’

‘That’s very tempting,’ Jack said. ‘Just let you go and say no more about it you mean?’

‘Yes!’

‘Unfortunately, you see we’ve got this sort of code of conduct thing,’ Nick said. ‘We always do the job we were hired to do. You can’t buy us off.’

‘We’ve got our reputation to think of, you understand?’ Jack said, almost apologetically. ‘Sorry but that’s how it is. Make her suffer we were told, and that’s what we’ve got to do. Like she said, you deserve it.’

‘But I don’t, I swear it!’ Jemima sobbed.

‘Well you would say that, wouldn’t you?’

‘Shall we start warming her up so she’s nice and toasty for when our client gets here?’ Nick suggested. ‘I mean we’ve got the scary thing to live up to. Maybe we’d better start making her cry. Nothing like red eyes and tears to make the right impression.’

Jack ran his hands over Jemima’s bound body, as if assessing it. He squeezed her breasts and patted her buttocks and then slid his hand between her thighs to cup the hot fleshy split peach of her pussy.

‘Yeah, don’t want our client thinking we’re going soft on the target just because she’s got pretty tits and a great ass, do we?’

That was too much. Jemima felt her burning, chemical-tainted stomach clench and suddenly she threw up onto the concrete floor in front of her.

Nick and Jack skipped nimbly backwards and watched in amusement as she emptied her stomach messily down her front, dribbling helplessly and soiling her breasts and public curls.

When she was finally empty and was hanging limp and trembling in her chains, feeling utterly wretched, Jack commented: ‘Now that’s real fear. Better get the hose and do a little cleaning up...’

He went off out of Jemima’s line of sight and came back a moment later trailing a heavy commercial hosepipe behind him. It turned it on and washed the mess of her throw-up off the floor and around behind a pillar. Then he played the ice cold jet of water over Jemima’s front and then across her face, blasting the spatters of sick away.

Jemima shrieked and writhed in her chains, trying to escape it chill blast. The men laughed at her discomfort and did not stop until she was totally clean.

Jack turned the hose off and went to fetch something from the boxes.

While he did so Nick stepped forward. He had a plastic bottle of water in his hands. He pushed its nozzle between her lips and forced to drink several gulps down. The pure water washed the stinging sour taste of vomit from her mouth and settled her stomach. She began to feel a little less queasy.

‘This isn’t me going soft on you,’ he told her. ‘You see we’ve got to keep you awake and alert for the rest of the day while our client has her revenge. Can’t have you passing out just because you’re short of water and get lightheaded. Now you can pass out from pain, that’ll be okay...’

Jemima whimpered as she felt the last shreds of her self control slipping away. ‘No... please...’ she sobbed, and then she began to scream. ‘Help... help... guhhh!’

Nick had rammed something into her mouth again. This time it was a large black rubber plug fitted to a thick rubber bar like a horses bit which he jammed between her teeth. It was held in place by rings on its ends which pressed against her cheeks and a web of straps that went over the bridge of her nose and under her chin and up over the crown of head and over and under her ears and which all fastened at the back of her neck. The plug forced her tongue down and the bar stretched her lips wide, stifling her protests, so she could only peer mutely at him over the straps that divided about the bridge of her nose and went down across the cheeks. They pressed tight against her flesh, making it bulge up about them.

‘I like it when a woman’s face is properly bound up like this,’ Nick said as he pulled the straps tight. ‘They can’t speak or show how they feel. It just leaves their eyes rolling about all desperate and pleading.’

‘A regular work of art,’ Jack agreed, returning to them with a bucket, a grease gun and length of soft rubber hose. He admired Jemima’s face which was now divided at all angles by the tight black strap bands. ‘You are the Picasso of bondage, Nick. Now what shall we do to warm her up?’

‘I don’t think we should mark her skin yet. Our client will want to do that. But a double screwing would certainly do it.’

Jemima moaned and shook her head violently. They ignored her.

‘Yeah, I think that would work out right. But surely a few slaps wouldn’t matter...’ He swung his hand and smacked it into Jemima’s bottom with a crisp crack and she jerked and gave a stifled whimper of pain.

‘No, of course a few slaps won’t hurt...’ Nick agreed, slapping Jemima’s breasts briskly so they stung and shivered. ‘Do you want to have her up her bumhole?’

Jemima froze, her eyes growing wide in horror. What?

‘Yep, I think I’ll have fun. She’s got a great backside. Must be all those trips to the gym. I just need to clean it out...’

Ignoring Jemima’s desperate struggles, he put the bucket between her legs and then plugged the short hose over the nozzle of the big hosepipe. Then he pushed the hose into her desperately clenching anus and slid it up into her rectum. He turned the hose on and Jemima shrieked as a jet of cold water emptied her entrails out like an enema, the wastes gushing into the bucket.

When Jack was done he wiped her bottom clean with an old cloth and put the bucket and hose aside. Then he pushed the grease gun up her rear to squirt petroleum jelly into her rectum. She felt its slippery substance begin to seep out of her anus.

Jack and Nick pulled open the flies their coveralls, freeing straining cock shafts that bobbed stiffly upright like self erecting flagpoles. Jemima’s gaze fastened upon them in sick horror. They were going to push them up inside her and there was nothing she could do to stop them.

Jack positioned himself behind her and Nick in front, so she had to look into the lurid rubber devil mask. She felt the flowing hair of Jack’s mask brushing her shoulders as he moved closer, holding onto her hips and rubbing the head of his penis up and down the cleft of her buttocks. Then it found her tight anal sphincter now slippery with grease and began butting into it. At the same time Nick pulled himself closer to her until her breasts ground against his chest. She felt his penis head rubbing through her cleft until it found the mouth of her vagina. Then the two of them thrust into her together:

skewering her between them on their spears of flesh, the force of the double penetration lifting her almost off the ground with a clink and jerk of chain.

She yelped as she felt their cocks seeming to meet within her. She was perfectly impaled upon them both, feeling their living shafts claiming use of what had been the private voids within her body. She had been invaded and completely mastered.

‘Can we bruise her a little inside?’ Jack sighed.

‘We can do that,’ Nick said. ‘It won’t show...’

With her sandwiched between them they began to pump into her rectum and vagina with deep regular strokes, savouring her total helplessness as they ground her body against theirs, thudding into her and driving the breath out of her as she fluttered feebly in their grasp. And as predicted her tears began to flow, burning her eyes and rolling down her cheeks over the straps of her gag bridle as she sobbed and whimpered at the depths of her humiliation.

It could not possibly get any worse than this, she thought wildly.

And then it did...

As they screwed her she began to get aroused. She could feel her hard nipples throbbing and stabbing into the fabric of Nick’s overall while her pussy began to wet and dribble about his pumping shaft. Her juices ran between her legs and were picked up by Jack’s cock as it plugged her rectum. She could not help it. It was an instinctive reaction to overwhelming stimulation. She had not had proper sex for many months and suddenly she had two hard living cocks inside her with only one purpose in mind. Instead of breaking down completely and giving in to shame and despair, her body had decided to take whatever pleasure it could from this crude violation. Even the pain of their hard thrusts only added to her gathering arousal.

No, this was all wrong! They’d think she was enjoying herself! Like she was some frustrated sad woman who couldn’t get a man because she was too clever and picky and...

Her loins were filling with a hot lustful liquid mass of growing pleasure while her juices were dribbling out freely onto the floor under her feet.

‘This bitch is getting hot...’ Nick grunted as he pounded into her.

‘I can feel her,’ Jack agreed from behind. ‘A real slut. Maybe that’s why she got so jealous...’

‘We’d have kept her satisfied at no charge...’ Nick said.

By now Jemima was moaning, sobbing, weeping and dribbling shamefully. She was squeezing on the two penises sliding back and forth within her, trying to suck the seed out of them. By now she was beyond caring what they thought of her. Later it would matter but not now. All she knew was she had to get their cum inside her. It was the only thing that made sense any more...

And then she climaxed with a muffled shriek and a convulsive jerk that rattled her chains. The men gasped as they spouted up into her hot tight passageways and for a few brief seconds they were all united within her.

The last thing Jemima remembered was Jack saying in her ear: ‘don’t worry, slut, we got plenty more spunk left for round two...’

When Jemima came to again she found that the men had pulled out of her, leaving her aching passageways open to the cool damp air, still stretched wide and dripping with their sperm and her juices. As the high of her orgasm faded the reek of their ejaculate filled her nostrils and she felt sick again. And yet despite that she also felt painfully empty. How could she have reacted like that?

And she realized she could hear a woman’s voice...

Through her puffy tear-filled eyes she saw a smart blonde woman, perhaps around her own age, wearing a black business suit. She looked

totally respectable except for the cat mask half covering her face. She was talking to Nick and Jack, who had stuffed their penises back in their coveralls.

‘We thought we’d soften her up a bit,’ Nick was explaining.

‘I mean you’ve got plenty more planned for her and now she’ll be a little easier to break won’t she?’ Jack added.

‘I wanted to see her suffer from the start,’ the woman said angrily.

‘She’s still got plenty of suffering left inside her, don’t you worry,’ Jack promised. ‘Go on, take a look...’

The woman came up to Jemima as she hung sweaty, soiled and exhausted from her web of chains. She took hold of a fistful of Jemima’s wet hair and lifted her head so she could look into her strapped, tear streaked face and red eyes.

‘Do you recognise me?’ she demanded, in a voice strained with powerful emotion. ‘Is it Sue or not? No, surely she doesn’t have it in her to arrange anything like this...’

Jemima shook her head feebly. How could she recognize her with a mask on? But nothing about her seemed familiar, including her voice.

‘This is the game you played with me when you were the one wearing the mask, remember? You teased me and asked if I knew who you were. Of course I did but you wouldn’t admit it and you had your friends give you a cast-iron alibi. It meant afterwards I could never prove anything. And all because of that pathetic shit Sebastian! Well how does it feel to be the one tied up with men ready to beat and screw you while I watch them?’

Jemima whimpered again. Who was Sebastian? Why did she think she had done any such thing to her? This was a nightmare!

‘I never imagined anyone could drive me to do something like this in cold blood,’ the blonde woman, who had so tauntingly identified herself as

“Sue”, continued. ‘Surely I could never be that cruel! But even after all this time I found I couldn’t let it go. The memory was eating away inside me. I had to have my revenge. Closure, you understand? So I tracked you down and then found some men who’ll do anything if you pay them enough...’ over her shoulder Nick and Jack waved mockingly ‘...and you know what: it feels good! Now I’m going to watch the tears pouring out of you...’ She stepped back and nodded to Nick and Jack. ‘You know what to do...’

The men were getting fresh items out of one of the boxes. Then they advanced on Jemima who saw what they now carried and began to squirm and shake her head and moan again. But of course it did no good.

They had a big metal hook which they forced up into Jemima’s greased and sperm laden bottomhole. A chain trailed from it which they ran up her back and the end of which they slung over a metal bar that spanned the gaps between the pillars above Jemima’s head. The chain rattled over the metal and they drew it down and tied it off to one of the ring anchor points on the pillars. The tension on her rear painfully stretched her anus and brought her up onto tiptoe.

A second chain went over the bar but this time it hung down in front of Jemima’s face. On its end was a strange device consisting of a sandwich of two short wooden planks arranged with their flat faces almost touching. Nails had been hammered through them so that their tips protruded on their inside faces. The two planks were joined together by four long bolts at their corners with big butterfly nuts on their ends. The chain was hooked to an eyebolt screwed into the middle of the uppermost plank.

‘We’re going to make us a tit sandwich,’ Jack said with a grin that showed even through his mask.

Jemima shrieked in the back of her throat and shook her head and dribbled about her bit.

Nick and Jack loosened the bolts so the planks could be separated and pushed then side on against her chest. Then they closed them again over the upper slopes and undersides of Jemima’s breasts. They screwed the butterfly nuts tight and the nails bit into her neat proud mammaries as they were

squeezed out from between the boards and her nipples stood up hard in terror.

Jemima's eyes bulged and she tried to bite through the bar of her gag as she screamed while a hundred nails were stabbing into her soft breasts. She could feel them puncturing her skin and hot blood beginning to flow between the planks and down her chest.

And then Nick and Jack pulled on the chain which ran over the bar and the planks and her breasts clamped between them were dragged upwards at an impossible angle. With a strangled shriek Jemima went up onto tiptoe to try to spare herself a little of the terrible tearing pain. They tied the chain off to a pillar and stood back to admire their handiwork.

Jemima hung between the pillars in total agony: tethered by the chains to her collar, wrists, waist and ankles while half her weight was taken by the hook up her rear and her clamped breasts. Several thin trickles of bright red blood were now running out from between the nail planks down her chest and stomach. Shudders and trembles passed through her as she swayed slightly to and fro.

Instinct told her to try to pull her breasts away from the terrible pain of the spiked boards but every movement was a fresh agony. So she had to struggle to keep as still as possible, expressing her suffering only in the terrible gurgling sobs in the back of her throat and the tears streaming down her face, which fell in hot splashes onto the planks crushing her breasts.

‘Now that is very pretty,’ Nick said.

‘You aren't wrong,’ Jack agreed. He turned to “Sue”. ‘You see, she's got plenty of suffering left inside her. And you can keep this up for hours if you want. We checked and there's nobody back at her flat who'll be missing her...’

Sue appeared to take a deep breath and held out a hand. ‘Give me something to beat her with...’

They gave her a lash of rubber thongs. ‘This will hurt like hell and she'll do the rest herself,’ Jack said. ‘You can make her dance the tit and bum

chain fandango...’

And she did just that. She moved round behind Jemima and swung the lash across her straining, clenched buttocks, cleft by the haft of the anal hook. Jemima shrieked and clenched on her rubber bit again as the thongs cut across her smooth flesh with a crack, leaving livid scarlet marks in their wake even as their tips curled into the cleft between the twin hemispheres. Involuntarily she jerked her hips forward, losing her precarious tip toe balance and tearing at her nail-spiked breasts. As she jerked about the anal hook bit deeper into her rectum.

Twice more Sue lashed Jemima’s buttocks until they were blazing red, then she moved around the pillars in front of Jemima. She could not see her face properly because of her mask but she saw the set of her mouth and it was cruel and unforgiving.

She swung the lash across Jemima’s contorted stomach, making it clench as the lash bit into it. She jerked again on her clamped and nail-spiked breasts, inflicting more his pain upon herself. The lash thongs slashed across the thin trickles of blood coming from her breasts, smearing them across her body. Jemima’s sobs became frantic as she swayed and jerked about in her cruel suspension. Tears fell from eyes in a wide arc as she tossed her head back in agony.

‘Yes, that’s how I felt when you did it to me!’ Sue cried.

And then she swung the lash up between Jemima’s splayed legs. The thongs seared across her trembling shiny soft inner thighs and into the helpless and exposed cleft of her sex mouth. They tore between her labia and rasped up her wet slot and across her clitoris.

That was too much...

Her last bastion of dignity and restraint was broken down. With a sob a jet of hot pee, which had been working through her ever since Nick had given her that refreshing drink, now spurted out of her tormented cleft across the concrete floor.

Sue threw her head back and laughed. 'Oh yes, that's what I wanted to see. I want to see you piss yourself in fear and pain... just like I did, remember?'

She strode forward and began tearing at the buckles of the straps that bound Jemima's bit and gag plug in place. As she did so she choked out: 'I want to see your face to see what you're really feeling. I want to hear you beg me not to do it again. Of course I will but I want to hear you beg first...'

Sue tore the web of straps off Jemima's head and wrenched the bit and the gag plug from her stretched mouth so she could look into her strap-marked, red-eyed, tear-stained and contorted face in triumph.

And then Sue's expression changed.

The colour seemed to drain out of her face as she peered at Jemima more closely.

Then she staggered back, jamming a fist into her own mouth and choked out: 'Oh God... it's... it's not her!'

'What?' Nick and Jack growled together.

Tears of shame and horror were filling Sue's eyes. 'It's not her... it's not Lynette Patterson... she looks a bit like her... but it's not her... oh hell... it's the wrong woman!'

She tore off her mask, baring her face as if in a gesture of openness. Jemima saw an attractive intelligent face, currently contorted by concern and shame, framed by collar length straight bobbed hair. She had pale skin, bright blue eyes shining out from under a high forehead, a strong determined jaw line, a straight neat nose and narrow tight lips.

Sue touched Jemima's cheek with a trembling hand, confused excuses pouring out of her lips. 'Oh... please... I'm so... so sorry... I expected it to be her....you're really like her... same hair, same nose...but with the straps and your eyes being puffy and red and everything... I'm sorry...'

Jemima said nothing, temporarily beyond speech even though her lips were now free. She was not going mad! It had all been a terrible case of mistaken identity! Perversely, despite her pain, she felt a brief thrill of relief...

‘That’s the one you told us to follow and snatch,’ Nick insisted.

‘This is not her!’ Sue shouted. ‘I should know! If you hadn’t put this bloody bridle thing over her face I would have seen it straight away...’ And now anger began to grow within her. ‘How the hell could you make such a mistake? You had the photographs I gave you and her address! You said you’d been following her for days.’

‘She went to that health club of hers just like she has before,’ Jack said. ‘We waited for her outside and grabbed her on the way back to her car. She was wearing the same sweat top and pants and carrying the same colour kit bag. All right, so we’d never seen her up that close before but it’s her...’

‘No it’s not!’ Sue insisted. ‘She just looks like her! Look properly...’

The men pulled photographs from the pockets of their overalls and held them up beside Jemima, studying them and then Jemima’s puffy, tear-streaked features. Then they shook their heads and cursed.

‘Looks like we messed up,’ Jack said simply.

‘Sorry about that,’ Nick said to Jemima.

Trying to make amends, Sue began to fumble with the screw fittings of the spiked boards clamped about Jemima’s breasts, saying brokenly as she did so. ‘Oh God look at the blood... I’m so sorry... it’s all been a dreadful mistake... it’s been years since I last saw Lynette and I never saw her naked and what with the mask... But you’ve got to understand she deserved this ten times over. She was smart but she was also an insanely jealous screwed up bitch! Years ago she had a couple of her men friends do something like this to me, and all because she thought I taken a boyfriend from her. She had them beat me and screw me and... oh, never mind what else... but I could never prove it because it was my word against hers and she had an alibi set

up. I just wanted to pay her back...' Then her clumsy fumbling with the bolts made Jemima yelp in pain. 'Oh God... I'm sorry...' Sue turned to the men: 'Get these things off her now! All of it!'

She stepped back and the men carefully began unscrewing the boards from Jemima's bloody breasts.

It had taken Jemima some moments to get over her shock and strange sense of relief and to recover enough self-control to speak again, but now she did so.

'Whatever happened to in the past...' she said to Sue feebly but with grim determination '... however badly you've been hurt... you can't take the law into your own hands... you can't do something like this to anybody just for revenge...' She looked Jack and Nick in their masked faces. 'I'm going to tell the police and you're all going to be arrested...'

Sue bit her lip in despair and then hung her head. 'She's right. I should never have done any of this.' She glared at Nick and Jack. 'I want the half-down I paid you back. She's got to have that and the rest as compensation. I should have known better than to trust you, with all your glib talk and stupid pretensions of having standards and a reputation!'

Nick and Jack hesitated and glanced at each other and then stepped back, letting the boards dangle clear of Jemima's breasts, streaked with blood on their insides. With a shudder Jemima looked down at her breasts and saw the multiple pricks and gashes that covered them. But none were as deep as they had felt when the boards had been clamped about them. They were horribly painful but superficial. Blood could be washed away. She would heal...

Then she realized Nick and Jack were not moving to take the anal hook out of her. Instead they were glowering at both of them.

'Okay, I can see you're both angry and that's entirely understandable,' Nick said. 'But nobody threatens us. We're not going to put our hands up to anything.'

‘Or pay any money back,’ Jack added. ‘That advance was nonreturnable...’

‘You are as guilty as I am,’ Sue said.

‘We’re only doing the job you hired us to do, lady. Nobody’s going to arrest us.’

‘We’re walking,’ Jack said. ‘You don’t know our real names and we made sure you never saw our faces properly so goodbye...’ And they both turned to leave.

‘I’ll tell the police where I found you!’ Sue said. ‘And there’s your DNA here... and your sperm inside her. Forgot about cleaning up after yourselves, have you? You’re screwing up again! You’re just a couple of incompetent losers!’

Despite her pain Jemima sensed she gone too far. The men turned back again and even through their masks she could sense their growing anger.

‘Nobody calls us incompetent losers,’ Jack said with menace. ‘You apologise for that...’

‘I will not,’ Sue said haughtily.

‘We’re already out of pocket on this deal,’ Nick growled. ‘We set this place up and made all these devices up like you asked and now we’ve got nobody to use them on and no money to cover the costs. Now that’s very frustrating...’

Jack continued: ‘So if you’re not going to pay us then we’ll take what they call payment in kind...’

They advanced on Sue. Too late she realized what they meant to do. As she turned to run they caught hold of her and twisted her arms up behind her back until she yelped in pain. Nick took hold of her chin and dug his fingers into her cheeks, stifling her cries of protest and making her lips pout unwillingly.

‘One way or another, lady, we’re going to come out of this day smiling...’ he promised. ‘We only screwed her once. We’ve got plenty more in our balls for you...’

‘You were happy enough to hire us to do your dirty work for you,’ Jack said. ‘And you were enjoying yourself giving this tart a lashing until you found out it was the wrong one. Now let’s see how well you can take it...’

And they began stripping the clothes off her.

Sue sobbed and struggled and kicked but they were too strong for her. A few hard slaps across her cheeks drove the fight out of her even as it brought tears to her eyes. In a minute they were holding her naked and trembling between them.

Jemima saw just what they did at that moment and, despite her own fear and pain, she gulped. Like herself, Sue evidently kept herself in shape and despite her distress, or perhaps perversely because of it, she looked stunning.

Sue had full jutting breasts with large pale pink nipples. Her hips were wide tapering to good legs with round fleshy buttocks. Her pubic curls were trimmed back in a tight Brazilian stripe, exposing a deep cleft from which pink inner pubic lips peeped.

The men took a moment to twist her round between them to admire her naked body from all angles.

‘Very nice,’ Jack said. ‘I thought this one... what’s your actual name, girl?’ he snapped at Jemima.

Automatically Jemima replied: ‘Jemima Hart...’

‘I thought Jemima here was hot, but this one is even better.’

‘Prime staff,’ Nick agreed, rubbing his hand through Sue’s cleft and making her flinch in horror. ‘It’s a crime to keep all this covered up. Now let’s find out how well she can take what she was dishing out to Jemima. And

she can see she got full value for money out of us.’ He slapped her cheeks again. ‘You see we do the job we’ve been hired for. You wanted us to tie a woman up and screw and beat her until she screamed for mercy and that’s what we’re going to do. Except that now the woman will be you. Let’s christen the trestle...’

Before Jemima’s horrified eyes they dragged Sue across to the trestle and bent to face down across it. They strapped her arms and legs to its legs, bending her knees so that her buttocks were thrust out backwards and she lay along its length with her head overhanging one end and her haunches the other. Her big breasts hung down on either side of the narrow trestle top. She bucked and squirmed feebly, trying to lift herself off the device, but a final strap buckled about her middle over the small of her back held her firmly in place.

‘Extras?’ Jack wondered.

‘Extras definitely,’ Nick said. From the box they took out a chain with large crocodile clips on its end and a set of teardrop-shaped lead weights. They clipped the end of the chain to Sue’s dangling nipples so that it hung in a graceful loop underneath the crossbar of the trestle. Then they hooked a couple of the weights onto it. Sue shrieked as they began to stretch her nipples and breasts out into pink trembling cones.

The men stood back from her for a moment to admire their handiwork, ignoring Sue’s feeble whimpers.

‘Now she’s in her proper place all right,’ Nick said. ‘Dressed and upright didn’t suit her. But buck naked with her bum out and tits hanging down and stretched she’s perfect.’

‘Yep, it’s’ where she belongs,’ Jack agreed. He looked from her to Jemima, still chained tautly between the pillars with the anal hook still lodged in her backside. ‘Who’d have thought we have a pair of hot bitches trussed up like this today to play with? Shall we have a bit more fun with her as well, even though she wasn’t the right one?’

‘She deserves it for threatening us with the police and for looking so

much like Lynette that she lost us a job.'

'That's only fair,' Jack said. 'After all, it's what we're paid to do.'

'Please let us go,' Jemima choked, hating herself for sounding so pathetic. It was one thing to make threats when she thought she was about to be released in the face of Sue's contrition, but now they had turned on her as well she had no choice. 'I promise I won't tell the police...'

Sue spoke up from the trestle, fighting to keep the pain from her voice: 'yes please just leave us... I'm sorry I said what I did... you can keep the money... just don't hurt us anymore.'

'We haven't even begun to hurt you,' Nick said with contempt. 'Now Jemima here has suffered a bit, as her pretty tits show, so she can sit this one out. But you're going to find out what it's like to get the full treatment.'

'I already know what its like,' Sue sobbed. 'Lynette made sure of that ten years ago... and I can't face it again... please...'

'But that's not how it works,' Jack said. 'You owe us now, and you're going to pay with your tits and bum and pussy, which we're going to beat until they burn!'

'After all, we've our reputation as scary hard men to live up to...'

Sue began to scream so they rammed the bit gag they had silenced Jemima with into her mouth and buckled it tight.

Nick pulled her head up by her hair so he could look into her eyes. 'The next time we let you speak you're going to beg us to screw you,' he promised her.

From the boxes they took out a pair of wooden battens with long rubber straps nailed to them through which metal studs had been fastened. At the sight of them Sue's eyes widened in horror over the straps that crossed over the bridge of her nose.

'You said they'd be okay to beat Lynette with,' Jack said dangling

one in front of her eyes. 'Now you can find out how well they work...'

Jemima could only watch helplessly as Nick and Jack spaced themselves out on either side of Sue's bound body. They opened their flies and pulled out their cocks once more, which were already swelling in anticipation.

'When you beg to have these up you then we'll stop,' Jack reminded her.

And then they began to lash her.

The rubber straps hissed through the air and cracked against Sue's soft helpless flesh. The studs bit into her skin, leaving deep impressions within the broader livid bands of the cruel strap kisses. Her buttocks shivered as they were beaten again and again, clenching desperately against each fresh impact which only made them go loose and shiver with shock. Some blows slid into the cleft between her cheeks, briefly exposing the tiny dark pucker of her anus which was screwed up tight.

The bare mound of her pussy pouting out from between her strap-bound thighs also made a tempting target and she screeched about her gag as the studded straps tore through it making its soft lips shiver and swell and turn scarlet even as it dripped juices. This outflow was matched at her head end by the tears streaming from her eyes dribbling over her cheeks to the floor. Incoherent moans, gasps and wails were being stifled by her gag plug and bit but saliva dribbled messily from the corners of her mouth. Then a particularly hard swipe opened up her pussy lips wide exposing the wet pink valley beneath and the hard nub of her clitoris. As the tongue of the strap smacked into it she lost control of her bladder and a jet of pee spurted backwards over the concrete floor.

'Now you know what Jemima felt when she wet herself,' Jack said gleefully.

'Not something a well brought up woman like you has ever done before I bet,' Nick said. 'Unless you wet yourself when this Lynette had you beaten? Did you?'

With tears streaming down her burning cheeks Sue nodded wretchedly.

‘Well I reckon you’ve done a good metre now,’ Jack said. ‘Did you manage further last time?’

Sue could only sob and screw up her eyes in shame, while with every swing of their arms and blow they delivered, their stiff shafts bobbed and strained eagerly in front of them.

From where she hung stretched out by her chains Jemima shared both her pain and shame. Despite what Sue had planned for her, she could not but help instinctively feel empathy for her suffering. But she also felt something disturbingly worse. Her nipples were rock hard cones and her cut breasts were hot and heavy, making their fresh bloody scars and lacerations sting. She could feel her juices gathering in her sore pussy and dribbling out of her cleft. She could not help it and she hated herself for it, but watching Sue being beaten was arousing and exciting her sexually. She could smell her hot flesh and the acrid tang of her spilt urine and the heady aroma of her juices as they were forced from her unwilling beaten pussy.

Was it from a secret sense of revenge for the suffering Sue had accidentally perpetrated upon her or was she twisted inside in some way? What was this nightmare day doing to her emotions?

Sue’s lovely dangling breasts were not spared a lashing. Both men alternated between flogging her rear to swipe their straps across their smooth shivering sides, driving them flat against the wooden brace of the trestle top. They rebounded elastically, bouncing and heaving and making the chain clipped to their nipples sway and jingle.

Nick and Jack only paused to hang more weights to the chain that was inexorably stretching Sue’s breasts downwards into ever more tormented cones. Then they resumed beating them again. As they were stretched further they began to swing like fleshy pendulums, slapping against the wooden beam of the trestle top. Where the metal teeth of the clips bit into them their nipples began to bleed.

Only when Sue had been reduced to a wretched, soiled, sweating body with a rosy blazing backside and simmering scarlet breasts, did the men rest their arms.

Jack pulled Sue's limp head upright by her hair, unbuckled the bridle straps and pulled her plug it out. Saliva dribbled from her loose stretched lips. Her eyes were rolled up and she looked as though she had fainted. He slapped her cheeks but she only mumbled incoherently. Nick brought the hose over again and they sprayed it across Sue's body, jerking her back to life.

As she coughed and spluttered, Jack asked her: 'Is there something you want to say?'

Sue looked totally crushed emotionally as well as physically. Not half an hour earlier she had appeared sharp, businesslike and in control. Now she had been reduced to begging pitifully for her own violation. 'Yes... yes...' she groaned miserably. 'Please I want you to screw me... please both of you please... right up inside me...'

'Down your throat as well as up your pussy?'

'Yes... I'll be so good. I... I want you to cum inside me...'

'And you'll swallow it all down?'

'Yes... I will... all of it...'

Jack looked at Nick. 'Well as the lady is asking so politely, how can we refuse?'

They took up position at either end of Sue's bound body and rammed their hard cocks into her mouth and pussy. Jemima saw Sue's throat bulged and her eyes widened as she took Jack's shaft down her gullet and tried desperately not to choke. At the same time Nick's cock sliding up her pussy made her rosy buttocks spread. Both men rammed into her with brutal delight, not caring how they bruised her, and she had no choice but to welcome them into her intimate passages, desperately trying to give pleasure to her former employees, who were grunting with delight as they pumped

away inside her. The thrusts made the trestle frame creak and wobble slightly, setting the weighted chain still fastened to her nipples swing back and forth, a terrible reminder to Sue that she had no choice but to submit to them.

It didn't take them long to cum. The sight and feel of her helpless naked body and the delight in the pain then inflicted upon it had been crude but powerful aphrodisiacs. With gasps and grunts they pumped their sperm into Sue's throat and pussy and dutifully she sucked it up inside her and gulped it down.

When they were done they pulled out of her, trailing drops of sperm after them, leaving Sue trembling, sore and soiled. In one final gesture of masterful contempt, they took turns gathering up handfuls of her golden hair and using it to wipe their cocks clean.

'You really are a great screw,' Jack said to Sue.

Miserably, fearful of further punishment, she replied: 'Thank you... I... I hope you enjoyed me.'

Jemima looked at their now limp and well-exercised cocks. Had they been drained of their passion for revenge? Perhaps they would leave them now? She should have known better...

'I think it's time we got Jemima down so she can have a bit of fun with Sue as well,' Nick said. 'You'd like that, wouldn't you?' he asked.

Jemima had no more choice than Sue had. Defiance would only bring her more pain. 'Yes... I'd like that a lot...'

'If we take that hook out of your arse, will you lick Sue's pussy clean? Because it's all messed up with her juices and our spunk and needs seeing to.'

Jemima gulped. 'Yes... I'll lick her pussy clean...'

So they took the hook out of her rectum and she felt it tingling as it slowly closed up again after its unnatural stretching.

Then they used the hose on her, making her squeal as they sprayed her down, washing the drying blood from her breasts and chest. By the time they were finished she was shivering but her neat high breasts, mottled and blotched and dotted with little punctures and scratches, were standing firm again, with her brown nipples crinkled up tight.

The men clipped a chain leash to her collar. They freed her wrists and pulled her arms behind her back and strapped them firmly together. And then they unfastened her from the rest of the chains that had held her spread between the pillars and led her tottering unsteadily across to Sue.

For a moment their gaze met. 'Sorry for what I did,' Sue said simply.

'Sorry for what I'm going to do,' Jemima replied. What else could she say?

Jack and Nick pushed her down onto her knees between Sue's spread thighs. Her stomach flipped. She had never looked at a woman so closely or intimately before. Holding her by her hair they forced her face into the cleft of her blazing red buttocks so that her tongue could lap at the soiled smooth cleft of her vagina.

She felt dizzy, tasting Sue's juices and urine and Nick's sperm mingled in a strange orgasmic cocktail, even as her nose and cheeks brushed the in-rolling simmering buttock cheeks on either side. Did her own bottom look like this? Lightheaded and curious she forced her tongue more deeply into Sue's hot wet slippery cleft, exploring the mouth of her vaginal passage. It was still flowing with her juices, washing out Nick's sperm. Sue groaned and whimpered, surprise at the depth of Jemima's penetration. Oh God that tasted so exciting... what was wrong with her?

There was a jerk on her leash chain as Jack pulled her head out from between Sue's thighs. The men looked down at her shiny face with evident disapproval, and she blushed with renewed shame.

'I think this little tart was beginning to enjoy herself up there,' Nick said.

‘We can’t have that, can we, Nick?’ Jack said.

‘No, Jack, because these sluts are here to suffer for the way they’ve behaved, not to have fun.’

‘The trouble is we don’t know anything about this one as she’s an imposter, kind of. Maybe she’s a bit lezzy?’

Jemima shook her head desperately. ‘No... I’m not that...’

‘Hey, we’re not complaining, we just don’t want you to enjoy yourself when you’re meant to be suffering. We’ll give you another chance at Sue later, since it didn’t look like was enjoying having your tongue up her cunt, and we want to see her squirm about more. But now I think it’s time for more tears... ‘

‘Let’s try her out on the chair,’ Jack suggested. ‘Her tits have had a good seeing to but we’ve only screwed her cunt and arse once. They must need a good cleaning out by now...’

‘Then let’s give it to them...’

They dragged Jemima over to the chair. It had a high ladder back and arms but no seat, just an empty hole in the frame where it had once rested.

Jemima now saw that the broom handle projecting from between the front legs of the chair was pinned between two short upright two by fours set on a blockwood base so that it could pivot freely. A small hinge-mounted block was screwed to the end of the handle which supported a strange array of improvised vertically mounted phallic devices which made her catch her breath in apprehension. Nick and Jack had certainly been inventive with Sue’s down payment on her revenge. In a perverse way they deserved it for displaying such ingenuity.

At the back was a cut-off length of rubber hosepipe with a dozen large wooden beads, with their centres drilled out and enlarged, threaded onto it and a big red bead fitted to its end. All glistened with washing up liquid, a half full bottle of which stood next to the chair. Next to it was a soft blue

foam bottle and glass cleaning brush shaped like a truncate cone, also covered in washing up liquid. Mounted next to that, with its bristles pressed against the bottle brushes upper end, was a plastic kitchen dishwashing brush. Jemima shuddered she realized how these devices could interact with her most intimate parts, at the same moment feeling a surge of hot wet anticipation flowing into her pussy. It was happening again...

‘Please don’t do this to me,’ she whimpered, speaking half to the men and half to her treacherous body.

‘Are you begging for mercy?’ Jack asked.

‘Yes,’ Jemima said.

‘Well you’re not getting any,’ Nick said. ‘Your cunt and arsehole are going to get a proper cleaning out and your clit is going to have a good scrubbing. That might sting a bit...’

Making Jemima spread her legs to straddle the projecting end of the broom handle, which was currently angled upwards, they sat her down in the chair so that her buttocks and groin overhung its empty seat and the sinister device beneath it. They strapped her ankles and knees to its front legs so they were spread wide. More straps went about her thighs, binding them to the sides of the empty chair seat so she was held firmly in place. Then they forced her head and shoulders against its back and pulled straps across her neck, chest and stomach to hold her in place, with her bound arms pressed against its rungs.

Jack took up position holding the end of the broom handle while Nick bent down and adjusted the ends of the phallic array so that they pushed against her intimate orifices that she helplessly presented to them. She felt the bead head of the phallic hose pressing into her anus and the soft tip of the bottlebrush pushing up into the base of her cleft while the prickly bristle head of the dish brush jabbed into the upper curves of her soft lips. She could also feel the nipples on her sore breasts standing up like brown fleshy thimbles.

‘Ready?’ Jack asked.

‘She’s ready,’ Nick confirmed.

Jack drove the long end of the handle downwards. In accordance with the principles of a lever and fulcrum the other shorter end of the handle jerked upwards less far but with greater force. Jemima shrieked as the bead hose, the bottlebrush and the dish brush were all rammed up into her groin. The soapy string of beads popped through her sphincter with a disturbing rippling sensation. The pliant head of the hose curled round the bend of her rectum and burrowed deep within her. The slick foam bottlebrush was compressed as it was forced into her vagina, spreading her labia wide. The stiff plastic bristles of the dish brush ground up through the cleft of her sex and stabbed into the hard nub of her clitoris, making her whimper.

When she was totally plugged Jack lifted the handle and dragged the devices back out of her. Jemima sobbed as she felt them being withdrawn, sucking on her insides as they did so. Then he pushed down on the handle and rammed them back up inside her again. She gasped and shrieked once more as her interior was reamed out and scrubbed.

‘Oh... oh God please no... owwww.... it hurts... stop it... no... I can’t take this...’

But of course they took no notice of her.

And as Jack pumped, frothy bubbles began to appear, bubbling out of her rectum and vagina as the churning motion of the brushes and beads within her turned the washing-up liquid they had been coated with into foam. A mass of bubbles were pouring out of her backside and pussy hole, mingling with her own juices which made it even thicker and creamier as if in a mockery of ejaculation. The fizzing sensation the bubbles dribbling out of her made was like nothing she felt before, while the action of the brush bristles on her clitoris was finely balanced between pleasure and pain. It hurt and yet her clit was standing up for more, as if eager to inflict another humiliating climax upon her.

The men were clearly delighted with the efficacy of their device, fascinated by the frothing foam pouring out of Jemima’s vagina and backside, coating the inside her thighs and almost burying the dildo end of

the rocking handle in a wobbly mound of bubbles.

‘I think we could patent this,’ Jack said.

‘Yeah, why not,’ Nick agreed. ‘We can call it an automatic slut cleaner...’

As they spoke Jemima shrieked as she came again, pleasure fireworks bursting in her mind as she clenched onto the bead hose and bottlebrush so tightly that for a moment Jack could not move the handle. Fresh bubbles of foam appeared as her juices squirted out from around its soft rubber plug. For a few seconds nothing mattered but the waves of joy coursing through her pussy. Then she sagged limply in her straps.

‘Yep, we’re definitely onto something here,’ Jack said. ‘The slut can’t help cuming...’

Nick took hold of Jemima by her hair and lifted her limp head upwards. ‘You’re a slut. What are you?’

‘I’m a slut...’ she agreed feebly. Maybe she was...

‘Will you do anything we tell you like a good girl?’

‘Yes...’

‘I think we should give Sue the same treatment until she admits she’s a slut as well,’ Nick said. ‘Then we’ll see how well they work together as pony sluts...’

They unstrapped Jemima from the chair frame and pulled her off the bead intruder and the foamy pussy scrubber which her sphincter and sheath only reluctantly let go of; sucking on them to the last. Then they pushed her down onto her knees and chained her collar to one of the concrete pillars.

They unstrapped Sue from the trestle and put her on the terrible chair in Jemima’s place. They recoated the improvised, but frighteningly effective,

dildos with fresh washing-up liquid and then levered them up into Sue's helpless passageways, overcoming her feeble resistance, and began to pump away. Like Jemima she shrieked and sobbed and pleaded for mercy even as her pussy and bumhole began to squirt out soap foam as it was churned up within her and her clitoris was briskly scrubbed into straining erection. Also like Jemima her natural juices soon joined with the liquid and thickened the mixture into a frenzied discharge until helplessly she was tipped over the brink into the embrace of another orgasm.

When Sue's shameful shudders had ceased they put the same question to her. And in her wretched misery she agreed that she was also a slut and promised pathetically that she would do anything they told her.

As she said this she gazed into Jemima's watching eyes and added: 'I'm so sorry...'

Now they had both been broken and there was no escape and no turning back.

Nick and Jack made ingenious re-use of the broom handle. Removing it from its chair pivot and fittings they used as an improvised shaft as they turned Sue and Jemima into pony sluts as they had promised.

They re-bound their wrists across their stomachs and fastened them to the fronts of their belts, having buckled one about Sue's waist to match Jemima's. Then they pushed the broom handle through their drawn back and crooked elbows, running it between them and the supple curves of their backs. They use more straps to secure its ends to their arms so it could not pull free. Now the two women stood shoulder to shoulder and hip to hip, joined by the broom handle.

The men fastened bungee cords to the middle of the broom handle and ran them back to hook onto the rim of the small low trolley they had used to transport Jemima from the lift.

Reins were improvised from nylon ropes, but they did not go through

the women's mouths. The men tied double loops in their ends and bound them about the roots of their breasts in figures of eight that they pull tight, making their mammaries bulge unnaturally. The ends of the cords then passed over their shoulders and back to their drivers, who could jerk on them left or right to steer them. Gradually their pink breasts became purple as the blood constrained by the nooses about their roots flowed more sluggishly into them.

The weighted chain which they had clipped between Sue's nipples as she had been strapped over the trestle was now used to join them together even more intimately. One clip was pinched into Sue's left nipple and the other to Jemima's right. A couple of weights were hooked to its middle, stretching their breasts inward towards each other.

Taking it in turn Jack and Nick rode on the trolley as Jemima and Sue pulled them round the concrete floor of the big chamber. They used their long studded rubber lashes as horse whips, flicking them across the straining red buttocks of their pony slut team and urging them to go faster. Jemima and Sue panted and sweated as they were driven round the chamber again and again, their bare feet slapping on the stained floor as they wove their way between the pillars. As the lashes flicked across their sweating rolling buttocks fresh yelps burst from their lips and tears streamed down their cheeks. And with every stride they took the chain linking their breasts jingled and bounced, yanking on their painfully clamped nipples.

Jemima felt her slippery hips rubbing against Sue's and could not suppress a strange thrill at the sensation. She could feel her body straining against hers and also with her as they shared their burden. It was of course disgusting and shameful to be used like animals and yet at the same time deeply arousing.

Her nipples, both clamped and unclamped, were straining madly and so she noticed were Sue's. The heave and bobbing of her big breasts, slightly asymmetric due to the chain linking her left breast to Sue's right, hypnotically dragged at the corner of her gaze and she had to fight not to stare them. Her pussy, which she had imagined totally drained of lubrication by its earlier harsh usage was feeling slippery and wet again. She thought she could also smell Sue's aroused pussy as they were pressed so intimately

together. What was this nightmare of a day doing to them?

After each taking a turn driving them about the room, Nick and Jack conferred while Jemima and Sue knelt at their feet, their chests heaving and their bound breasts tingling as they dripped with sweat.

‘I think the pair of them are too good at this. They need something heavier to pull,’ Jack suggested.

‘Then let’s load them up and give them a proper challenge,’ Nick said.

Gathering up loose debris from around the corners of the room they piled enough chunks of brick and breezeblock and concrete into the trolley to more than equal their weight. Then they took up positions at each end of the big room and gave the woman a course to follow around its perimeter.

‘You keep going until we tell you to stop,’ Nick said.

They started off, leaning forward and straining to get the heavy trolley moving. Now they would run themselves into the ground and suffer shame, pain and exhaustion without even having a rider behind them driving them on; unwillingly exerting themselves to go faster for the amusement of their captors, circling around again and again so they could be whipped on by Jack and Nick as they passed by. The rubber straps cracked and the studs bit into their flesh, cutting across their straining buttocks and bobbing unchained outer breasts. After each encounter their shrieks of pain echoed about the chamber. Blinking tears of pain from their eyes they then stumbled on up the room to turn the corner at its end and face it all again.

As Jemima staggered along lightheaded and exhausted, her breasts and bottom burning, she wondered why they did not simply give up. Nick and Jack could do nothing worse to them if they stopped. But something kept them plodding on, hauling their laden squeaking trolley behind them. Perhaps because when everything else had been taken from them, only pride in their own stubborn endurance remained. Or was it that neither of them wanted to give in before the other. Or perhaps they simply kept running because they had been ordered to by men stronger than they were: their dominators and

masters for the day? When they had nothing else left to call their own, not even their pride or their own bodies, obedience was all that was left. It was even comforting. It was one thing they were good for: that and showing off their, pretty, naked sweaty bodies...

‘That’s enough,’ Jack called out, his command penetrating the dizzy confusion of her mind. Jemima felt a pathetic sense of gratitude to him for speaking those wonderful words. How kind he was...

Half fainting from exhaustion they sank to their knees.

‘Do you want a drink?’ Nick asked, holding up the bottle of water.

‘Yes, please,’ they begged pathetically through cracking lips.

‘And what will you do afterwards?’

‘Anything you tell us...’ they confirmed.

‘Even if it hurts?’

‘Yes... even if it hurts...’

‘Why?’

‘Because we’re your sex sluts... We’re here to suffer if it pleases you... We deserve it...’

‘That’s right, you do.’

They gulped the water down desperately and then thanked Nick and Jack again pathetically.

‘Now what do we do with them?’ Jack wondered.

‘I think we should make them cry bit more...’ Nick said.

Sue and Jemima dangled at waist height from the bar that joined the two pillars to which Jemima had been chained earlier.

They hung face down level with the ground looking in opposite directions. Their legs were spread and their arms were twisted up behind them and strapped together at their elbows and wrists. Bungee cords were hooked to the straps about their waists, supporting their hips. Their spread legs were stretched out along the line of the bar and strapped together back-to-back at their thighs, knees and ankles. This meant that their buttocks and pussy mounds were butted tightly together. To make this even more intimate their rectums were joined by two ends of the bead hose they had used on Jemima earlier. Chains ran from their ankles up to the bar keeping their legs outstretched and parallel with the ground. Their arms twisted up behind them were also chained to the bar by their wrists, arching their backs and lifting their heads up, while their bare breasts dangled freely beneath them.

Jack stood in front of Sue's head while Nick stood in front of Jemima, holding them each by their hair. They had their cocks, reinvigorated and hard once more, out of their coveralls and they were ramming them down the women's throats. As they thrust into them their bare bodies were butted together even harder, grinding the beads of their anal dildo back and forth within their rectums.

The chain and lead weights that linked their breasts during their pony slut run had been reused once again. Now its ends were clipped to their clitorises and it hung heavily between them. They could barely suppress their whimpers of pain. And yet their juices still ran from their tormented clefts down the chains to drip off the lead weights swinging beneath them.

As they pleased Jack and Nick orally as they rammed their cocks down their gullets, their bodies twisted and swung about from their suspending cords and chains. In turn their clitoral chain jingled between their pussies with its weights swinging like pendulums, stretching their clitorises out into tiny tongues of tormented flesh. As the men thrust down their throats they freed one hand from their hair to reach beneath them to cup and squeeze their hot soft globes as they bobbed and jiggled under them. So terrible was the pain in the clitorises that their touch on their breasts actually felt pleasant by comparison and distracted them from their agony.

Held by their hair they gazed up into their tormentors' masked faces even as their mouths were stuffed with their cocks. And they in turn could look down on them and see their eyes were red-rimmed and filled with tears, just as they should be.

How had she dared threaten them with the police, Jemima thought desperately? That was so very wrong of her. Well she was paying for it now.

Jack and then Nick grunted and gave their cocks a final thrust down their captives throats as they spilled their seed inside them. Without being told Sue and Jemima swallowed it all down to the last drop.

After a pleasant moment's rest, the two men pulled their wet shafts out of their mouths and used the women's hair to dry them clean.

'Thank you for using us,' they said to them meekly.

By now it was getting frighteningly easy, almost automatic, to totally debase themselves in the eyes of their captors.

Nick and Jack took their clit chain off which was an incredible relief, but they soon found it had only been there to make them more exposed and vulnerable to what came next.

They brought one of the old stools over and positioned it under them at the junction of their pussies. They had taped the kitchen dish brush on top of it so that its bristles formed a kind of crest. It was just the right height to press up into the double clefts of their vulvas. Nick and Jack stood by their heads once more and tied ropes about their breasts as they had tied the figure-of-eight reins earlier, pulling them tight so their breasts ballooned beneath them. Tugging alternately on these ropes they set the bound and suspended women rocking to and fro, swing them about from the chains and straps that supported them. This motion ground their pussies across the brush so that its bristles dug into to their soft clefts and teased and tormented their already stretched and swollen clitorises. Once again their juices began to drip forth and the brush began scrub them from one soft dribbling sex mouth to the other.

As they rocked them Nick and Jack took out their studded straps and began to swipe them over their backsides and splayed strapped thighs, so that the cracks of rubber on flesh rang out about the concrete room. The girls began to sob and cry again, but it was a confused suffering because the bristle brush was doing its duty stimulating them and their rectums were sucking desperately on the bead hose up their backsides to take all the pleasure they could from it.

‘We stop when you cum,’ Jack told them simply.

They had no choice of course. They had to embrace pain and humiliation once again.

The sharp smacks and flinches the straps inflicted as they jerked their hips against each other ground their sweaty flesh together so they clenched harder on the beads inside them and made them press deeper into the brush bristles, which were now dripping with their juices. Don’t care about anything but coming, Jemima told herself. You can do this again. It’s easier when you’re so close to such a hot body. Imagine you’re doing it just for her...

And then she came all over the brush they shared so intimately. As she did so she felt Sue doing the same. Their juices merged and were bushed into each other’s clefts by the rocking of their bodies. The smacking of their rosy buttocks stopped and the only sounds in the room were their sobs of helpless passion.

Nick and Jack laughed.

‘I think we’ve got this pair of sluts pretty well trained now,’ Jack said. ‘I don’t hear any more threats or criticisms or calling us stupid.’

‘Yep, I think they know their place at last,’ Nick agreed. He slapped Sue’s rosy cheeks. ‘You’ll do anything we tell you, won’t you?’

‘Y... yes,’ Sue said meekly.

Jack slapped Jemima’s cheeks. ‘And what about you...’

‘Yes I’ll do anything you tell me...’ Jemima promised.

Jemima knelt face down on the plastic covered mattress with her bottom in the air and her breasts flattened under her while Sue knelt between her spread knees. She had the bead hose jammed up her vagina was using it to sodomise Jemima’s anus. Nick held her chain leash while Jack held Jemima’s. They had their canes ready in case they needed encouraging but they did not. They were not pulling away or resisting. They were doing exactly what they had been told. They’d been well and truly broken in...

Ten minutes later Jemima lay on her back on the mattress, now sticky with spilt juices, with her legs bent and splayed while Sue lay on top of her, head to tail. She licked and sucked at Sue’s poor throbbing abused pussy while Sue did the same to her. They were performing a sixty-nine for them masked masters’ amusement. Jemima felt wracked both with guilty delight as soon as Sue’s juices flowed over her face and the scent of her filled her nostrils and desperate shame and humiliation. But she had no choice. She had been broken and no longer had the will, or perhaps even the right, to resist.

Without any inhibitions, urged on by their masters’ cries of encouragement, they came in each other’s faces.

Then, while they lay in a sweaty, sticky heap, suddenly Nick snapped: ‘Piss on each other right now!’

And without thinking, without hesitation, they obeyed: spurting their urine into each other’s faces to wash away the orgasmic lubrication they just deposited there.

They could soil and degrade each other now, Jemima thought as she spluttered under the onslaught of Sue’s hot pee. They didn’t even need help or a smack on the bottom.

‘I think they’re ready for one last screwing,’ Jack said.

Jemima and Sue hung from the pillar bar face to face, suspended from their cuffed wrists. Their legs were pulled out wide and chained to the sides of the pillars. Their sore breasts and bellies and thighs were pressed together. The chain was once more clipped to their clitorises and drawn up between their bodies and between their breasts to where it was hooked to the end of a bungee cord that hung from the bar above their heads. Nor had their vaginas been ignored. The teardrop weights that had previously stretched the chain had now been stuffed up their passages, four in each, making them bulge unnaturally with their lumpy hard forms so that their labia gaped wide. This only accentuated the pressure on their loins from their rear passages which were occupied with living flesh.

Jack was standing behind Jemima and Nick was standing behind Sue. Their hard cock shafts, revived for one last screwing, were buried in their greased bottoms up to their roots.

They were pounding into them without restraint. Their cocks seemed to be trying to burrow through their rectums into their spines. They were grinding against the narrow membranes that separated them from their weight-plugged vaginal sheathes. Jemima and Sue were sobbing and shrieking into each other's faces as they were brutally sodomised. This was their last chance and the men were going all out for total satisfaction of their own desires and the complete humiliation and subjugation of their captives.

With every thrust they rocked the women back and forth within the web of their chains, dragging on the sprung chain clipped to the clitorises by sharp serrated metal jaws. Their stretched clits pulsed and throbbed insanely, although whether in delight or agony neither woman could tell. Perhaps both were one now.

Jemima was clenching on Jack's hard slippery shaft as it pumped away in her backside, at the same time squeezing her vagina on the lead weights stuffed within it as though she was trying to crush them or squirt them out of her body. But they were too oddly shaped and tightly wedged within her to expel them. Only the men who had put them inside her could remove them. She was totally at their mercy in this as in all other things.

It was totally disgusting and degrading and wonderful at the same time. It was pain and shame and it was raw sexual passion which knew no sense of right or wrong.

The thrusts from the men up their rears rammed their bodies together even harder, their hot slippery sweaty flesh rubbing across each other. Then they began slapping the women's flanks to urge them on and reaching above them to tug on the bungee cord connected to their clipped clitorises, making them sob in pain. Yet they could feel their rock hard nipples digging into the opposing pillows of soft breast flesh. Desperately Jemima kissed Sue hard on the lips, her tongue slipping inside her warm wet mouth as it had inside her sweet hot pussy hours before.

'Now... now!' she gasped.

The two women surrendered to their desperate passions and squirted their juices across each other's tight plugged and cruelly stuffed pussies. At the same moment Jack and Nick spurted their sperm up into their ravaged backsides for one last time...

And then Jemima fainted clean away.

When she came to again she was conscious of Sue's hot breath on her cheek.

That had been terrible and incredible...

The men's cocks were still inside them and she was aware of their mingled sperm and juices dripped to the floor beneath them. Finally the men stirred from their own blissful repose.

Nick demanded: 'What have you got to say for yourselves now?'

'And you'd better make it good,' Jack warned them.

They both knew this was the time for a humbling show of contrition to prove they knew their place last, but pressed together so intimately with the men still within them it had to seem sincere. Perhaps it was...

‘I apologise for being such a lookalike for Lynette Paterson,’ Jemima said meekly. ‘It wasn’t your fault at all that you snatched me instead of her. And it was a very neat kidnapping. And I should never have threatened you with the police... ‘

‘I’m very sorry for everything I said,’ Sue admitted. ‘You are not stupid. You’ve arranged everything perfectly. Take the rest of your money. It’s in my bag. You’ve done your job and I’m paying you off...’

‘That’s what we wanted to hear,’ Jack said.

‘After all we’ve got our reputation to think of,’ Nick added.

Ten minutes later Nick and Jack were gone, leaving Jemima and Sue alone in the derelict room. By then the light coming through the plastic covered windows was fading and becoming golden. It must be getting late. How many hours had they been in here, Jemima wondered? It seemed like a lifetime. And it wasn’t quite over yet. As a parting gift to remember them by, the men had left Jemima and Sue still naked and intimately restrained.

Jemima lay across Sue on the plastic covered mattress, which had been dragged over between the pillars and laid underneath the crossbar. Sue’s legs were spread wide to its lower corners and Jemima’s were tied just inside them. Their simmering pinpricked and gashed breasts and sore pussies were pressed tightly together.

Sue lay with the broom handle taped to the bottom of the frame running up between her legs to penetrate her rectum. Jemima had the big metal hook up her backside again with its chain hung over the bar above her and with its end tensioned by bungee cords that ran down to the head of the mattress frame. Both their rectums had been well greased once again and the hook and broom handle slid sensuously about inside them.

Their vaginas were joined by the bead hose, the middle of which had been hooked in place by bungee cords about their thighs so they could not

squeeze it out of them. Sue's arms were stretched out and cuffed and strapped to the upper corners of the frame. Jemima's left arm was secured in the same way but her right wrist was just taped in position. If she wriggled and twisted and dragged at it for long enough she could pull the tape off it and then she could undo the straps and release both of them.

However each jerk and twist she made ground their sweaty bodies together, which was very distracting. After the intimacies they'd already been forced perpetrate upon each other it should not have been surprising, only that by now she would have imagined all their passions would have been totally drained. However despite everything they had endured their nipples were swelling up and pressing into each other's sore breasts while the clitorises of their conjoined pussies, despite the lingering pain of the crocodile clip jaws on their tender flesh, were doing much the same. She felt totally exhausted and yet was somehow was more alive and sensitive than ever.

'Sorry I can't help it,' Jemima apologised.

Sue looked up into Jemima's face. For the first time in hours they could talk freely.

'I'm so very, very, sorry about all of this,' she said despairingly. 'I should never have let this idea of revenge take me over. Nick and Jack weren't really to blame. I probably deserved to be punished. But it should never have involved somebody innocent like you.'

'You didn't mean to mix me up in this. It was just bad luck.'

'I should have known you were not Lynette the first moment I saw you. But I so wanted it to be her...'

'If you felt what I have today when this Lynette person did the same kind of thing to you years ago, then I understand,' Jemima said with feeling.

Sue bit her lip. 'And if you want to take your revenge on me I'd understand. When you get free you don't have to unstrap me. Use anything here you want on me. Really, I deserve it...'

Jemima gulped. Then on impulse she dipped her head and kissed Sue on the lips. 'That was incredible offer... and I'm tempted but not for the reasons you think...'

Sue's eyes widened. 'I didn't realize you really were gay. I thought you were just saying that to Jack and Nick. Well, if you want to screw me as well...'

'I'm not gay,' Jemima protested. 'At least I don't think so. You're the first woman I've ever had feelings like this for. Mind you, I've been without the man for a few months... maybe that's something to do with it.'

'I've been a bit short in that department as well, Sue admitted. 'Wore out a couple of vibrators...' she gulped. 'Talking of which you can still screw me if you want to...'

'You've already been punished. And I know I didn't suffer as much as you must have done the first time because this time I wasn't alone...'

'Having company made it easier for me as well,' Sue agreed. Then she blushed. 'Some bits of it were actually... well exciting...'

Jemima realized she had been rocking herself about on Sue's slippery body, grinding their joined pussies together. 'Sorry I can't help this. I'm getting hot again... I didn't think I'd have anything else left inside me!'

'Me too... actually it's... rather nice...'

'It is, isn't it? God, are we both lezzy and didn't know it or are we just weird?'

'Maybe today doesn't count... not exactly typical routine... We've been kind of forced into being intimate. Not that I'm complaining... you're really very nice and incredibly understanding... '

'And today or any day you'd still be so bloody fucking hot!' Jemima blurted out. 'And that's just the simple truth...'

'You really think so?' Sue groaned.

‘How the hell can you doubt that?’

‘Is just that the people I’ve been working with last few months don’t seem to like me much... Or maybe my body is all they see and they don’t like my ideas... It was getting me down. Maybe that’s why I began to think about the past and got wound up about Lynette again...’

‘They must be mad... I’d screw you all day long if I had the chance...’

And then unable to hold back any longer she jerked and writhed herself across Sue’s spread-eagled body with desperate passion until that they both came once more, spraying their juices into each other’s plugged pussies.

For a long time afterwards they lay together feeling their juices seeping through their pubic hair and pooling on the plastic under Sue’s bottom. Now Jemima did not feel in any hurry to free her wrist from the frame. It was just nice to be together with Sue.

‘Is this because of what we’ve been through or are we really masochists as well as bi’s?’ she wondered at last.

‘I think we might just be... very compatible,’ Sue said. ‘I certainly don’t go looking for suffering in my day job, although I’ve been having enough problems with my employers to make it seem like it sometimes.’

‘What do you do?’

‘I’m a financial analyst for Rickman Industries. You see we’ve got this proposed merger coming up...’

By then Jemima was laughing hysterically. ‘I’m working for TS&G! I’ve been trying to get them to okay the merger for months!’

Sue joined in and they laughed into each other’s faces until they were exhausted once more.

‘I suppose next week we would have met face-to-face,’ Sue said at

last.

‘Well we have now... more than face-to-face... tit to tit and pussy to pussy...’ said Jemima. ‘And you know what I’ve just realized? I haven’t worried about my presentation to my board next week for hours. Well, I’ve had a few things in mind. You might say it’s put it all into perspective.’

‘You know I feel better as well,’ Sue admitted. ‘You weren’t Lynette but I think I’ve got the whole revenge thing out of my system at last. If you had been Lynette she would just have wanted to get back at me again. It would never have ended... Maybe this worked out for the best... except for your poor tits getting clamped. That was cruel. I’m so sorry I ever let them use that thing. Will they be all right?’

‘They will be if you kiss them better...’

Jemima arched her back and wriggled her body forward so that Sue could just reach her breasts to do so. The beaded hose dug even deeper into their clefts.

‘Promise to use the nails boards on me before you unstrap me,’ Sue said with a sudden shudder of helpless submissive desire.

Jemima looked her straight in the eyes. ‘Are you sure?’

‘Yes, absolutely. As tight as you like. Squash them flat... make them bleed... as long as you promised to kiss them better afterwards...’

‘Ok.’ Jemima began wriggling her wrist free again with increased vigour, thrilling at the prospect. The motion began to arouse them once more. Incredibly their clitorises and nipples were hardening again.

‘I suppose we have to thank Jack and Nick for screwing up and bringing us together,’ Jemima gasped.

‘Pity the stupid old men on our boards can’t get on as well as we have...’ Sue groaned.

‘I know, they’re so hidebound and traditional,’ Jenifer grunted. ‘They

just can't learn to adjust to new circumstances... to agree to give up a little bit of independence to keep their companies afloat.'

'Yes... uhhh... you must know when to give and take...'

'Right... ohhh... when to relinquish some pride... be flexible...'

'Take the rough.... ummm... with the smooth...'

'Don't they know a merger can be... ahhh... such amazing fun!'

And once again, for them, it was.

THE END