

The Quarry Slaves

Chapter 3



SLAVERY BOOKS

Simon Grail

THE QUARRY SLAVES

CHAPTER 3

Simon Grail

© Copyright, 2015 Simon Grail

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

All rights reserved.

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

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

This electronic book published by Slavery Books

Slavery Books is an imprint of Fiction4All

<http://www.a1adultebooks.com>

Chapter Three

The man was tall, lean and greying, perhaps in his mid forties. He was dressed in a flat cap and light multi-pocketed shooting vest worn over a check shirt with rolled sleeves, tweed trousers and sturdy paddock boots. Almost casually he carried a broken open shotgun in the crook of one arm. His keen grey eyes took in every detail of the strange naked tableau set out on the quarry floor before him.

Maria and Bethany looked into each other's eyes in dismay and then flinched and twisted as they moaned and bit on their tape and rope gags, trying instinctively to shrink away from this armed stranger who had invaded the quarry, but bound was they were and doubly impaled they were totally helpless. Jay and Garry, still with their cocks inside Bethany and Maria's rectums, twisted their heads about to look at the intruder, their eyes which had been glazed by post-coital lust now filling with panic and acute embarrassment.

The boys' desire was obviously to cover themselves but that would mean pulling out of the tight, hot comfort of Maria and Bethany's rears, which would have exposed their cocks to the stranger's eyes. Instead they clutched the girls even tighter, as if trying to hide behind their naked bodies, while Gary choked out half to himself: 'Ohh... oh shit! It's Mr Danvers...'

Danvers leisurely continued to circle the strange group of four young naked doubly-coupled bodies, commenting as he did so in lazy amused tones: 'I've been wondering what was going in here for the last few days. I can see the lane from my lower field and I noticed pairs of young men sneaking along it looking furtive and coming back a while later looking very relaxed. The same collection of young men I'd seen in huddles in the Red Lion sniggering over bits of paper they kept hiding from general view and checking how much cash they had. Passing by the gates a few times I thought I heard some odd sounds coming from inside, so I thought I'd better take a look in case there might be some vermin in the old quarry. Didn't want them getting onto my land, you understand. After the last of your party left earlier I slipped in unobtrusively... oh yes, I know all about the trick with the loose

fence panel. I've been watching you two having fun for the sometime. Now I'd like to find out how you came to be buggering a pair of well-thrashed and most attractive young women, who I suspect you've also been renting out to your friends, as I'm sure your parents would also...'

He left the implied threat of those final words hanging in the air, making Gary and Jay shudder. Then he smiled reassuringly. 'If you've had your fill, why don't you pull out of those pretty backsides and get dressed and tell me your story?'

Nervously, Gary and Jay obeyed, pulling their cocks out of Bethany and Maria's clinging rear passages, which they had so enthusiastically filled with their sperm. Hastily they took up their discarded clothes and dragged them on, while Danvers walked around Bethany and Maria, examining their bodies with their pussies still joined by the double ended dildo, at close quarters. They squirmed and twisted under his gaze, feeling their cheeks burning with fresh shame as they became aware of the boys sperm beginning to seep out of their aching anuses. What was Danvers going to do about them? He didn't seem shocked or angry, more amused and curious. Whatever his reasons for coming in here, he didn't appear to be in any hurry to free them.

'A fine pair of specimens,' he commented. 'How did you come by them?'

Jay and Garry, now fully dressed, seemed to have recovered a little of their composure. Gary said: 'It... it was last Sunday morning. We came here early after a party, just for old-times sake sort of thing, and we found this crashed car...'

'Show me,' Danvers said with interest. 'Don't worry about them,' he added nodding at the two bound and gagged women, 'they look very decorative strung up like that and they're certainly not going to run away...'

Bethany and Maria watched in confusion and dismay as the boys led Danvers away from their frame and across to the back of the quarry to show him Bethany's mini, still standing on its nose behind the trees. Conversing with increasing ease they then took him to see their old hut where the girls

slept and the devices they had made to restrain and abuse them, and the latrine pit and the improvised shower, the screwing tent, the running track they had cleared on the quarry floor, and finally Maria's car parked behind the bushes near the front gate.

When they finally returned to where Maria and Bethany were tethered within their frame twenty minutes later, by which time the girls' shoulders were aching from being stretched upwards for so long, Danvers and the two boys were looking quite friendly. Danvers now had his gun slung across his shoulders and Garry was holding up Bethany's phone showing him the compromising pictures of her and Maria on it. As they approached they heard Danvers saying: 'Well I think you've both done very well. You used your initiative and ingenuity when you had a stroke of good luck and you've worked in up into quite a nice little earner. It was most enterprising of you.'

Jay asked hesitantly: 'So... you don't think it's wrong, what we've done to them? I mean keeping them like sex slaves and blackmailing them and so on.'

'Not all,' Danvers said easily. 'If they hadn't been so ashamed of being secret lovers you'd have had nothing to work with. As it is they made themselves vulnerable and you made the most of it. They could have called your bluff at any time if they'd been brave enough but they haven't and so they only made their position weaker. They've become prisoners of their own shame and cowardice and women like that must expect to be used by men with stronger wills. It's perfectly natural...'

Maria and Bethany looked at each other in horror, any faint hope of his sympathy draining out of them. Did he really believe that?

Danvers continued: 'You say they've responded well to rough handling and forced sex?'

'Yeah,' Gary said. 'They screw each other like rabbits and they even cum after being fucked and beaten...'

'Sometimes it's like they actually enjoy it,' Jay added.

Bethany and Maria stared at him in dismay as they heard these intimate details of their responses being discussed so crudely. As they did so their well-exercise loins began to tinge and they clenched their vaginas about the dildo that still connecting them while they felt their sweaty breasts, still mashed together, begin to warm as their nipples started to harden once more. They whimpered in renewed shame but there was nothing they could do to prevent it.

‘That’s very interesting,’ Danvers said, almost as if he had noticed their reaction. ‘I wonder if they’ve got a streak of natural submission in them, or perhaps they took advantage of this unexpected freedom as an excuse to express themselves and let their natural passions run wild. I hope you recorded them in action.’

‘We’ve taken plenty of pictures and videos,’ Jay said enthusiastically. He held up his phone for Danvers to see a montage of images.

‘Yes, they do look very passionate,’ Danvers said after a minute or two. ‘That’s something else for them to be ashamed of which strengthens your control over them.’

‘But we were going to let them go this evening, like we promised,’ Gary said. ‘They’ve got to get back to their families or else they might start worrying about them.’

‘Well if you promised then of course you must let them go,’ Danvers said. ‘And you don’t want any trouble with the police...’

For a moment Maria and Bethany looked into each other’s eyes as they filled with renewed hope. He was going to tell the boys to let them go...

Then Danvers continued: ‘But, with my help, perhaps we can come to a new arrangement with them. You’d like to enjoy their company for a little longer, wouldn’t you? And earn some more money from hiring them out?’

Both Gary and Jay’s faces lit up at the prospect. ‘Course we would!’ said Gary, while Jay added: ‘It’s been amazing having them like this!’

‘Well I’ll see what I can do,’ Danvers said. ‘Can you pass me that spanking paddle just to make sure they behave politely... thank you.’ Then he turned to look Maria and Bethany in the eye for the first time as if they were something more than fleshy decorations. He stroked the paddle blade across their still sore and exposed bottoms meaningfully. ‘I’m going to let you speak in a moment and you will do so politely and call me “Sir”, or else you’ll get another thrashing, do you understand? Gary and Jay seem to have done a fine job of teaching you proper slavish manners and I wouldn’t want you to forget them. In any case, I like pretty women to be respectful to me, especially when they’re bound naked...’

They nodded because they had no choice, wondering even as they did so what he knew about women and bondage. Was there something about Pillsden Down that encouraged local men to live out such fantasies?

Danvers undid their rope gags and freed their mouths. As they stretched their numbed lips and aching jaws he smiled amiably. ‘Now, Bethany and Maria; Gary and Jay have explained all about how you came to be here, and I understand that your agreement with them is coming to an end. But I hate to waste valuable commodities, which is what you are now...’ he slid the edge of the paddle blade up into their buttock clefts, making them shiver...’ so I think I might buy those photographs of you together from them. Then I’ll have the whip hand over you...’

Maria took a deep breath and forced herself to speak calmly. ‘It doesn’t matter about the photographs now, Sir,’ she said. ‘We have got to get back home otherwise our families will worry. We had an excuse for being away the last week but that can’t be stretched any longer. And when we get back we’ll tell our families all about us and then those photographs will be worthless!’

‘But what about all the new photographs Gary and Jay took of you entertaining their friends, not to mention each other?’ Danvers pointed out. ‘They would be very embarrassing if your families saw them, even if they had accepted you as lesbian lovers.’

‘We... we’d say we’d been forced to do those things against our will, Sir. It would be obvious to anybody who saw them.’

Danvers raised quizzical eyebrow. 'Would it? Or are they example of the strange perverted practices that that you have introduced Bethany to. Or perhaps it was Bethany who has led you on? What explanation would your families be more likely believe? If they are both as conservative socially and religiously as you admitted to Gary and Jay then I think they'd rather believe that their respective daughters had been led astray by the evil influence of their unnatural lovers and seducers. Especially if I arranged for carefully selected images to appear on bondage websites with background stories that make it look as if you are both enthusiastic BDSM models. What will they think of you then? I imagine they'll cut off your allowances for a start and do everything in their power to split you up... '

'No you can't do that...' Bethany cried fearfully, and then screeched as Danvers smacked her bottom with the spanking paddle. As her hips jerked forward she rammed the other end of the connecting dildo into Maria's pussy, making her lover wince. 'You can't do that... Sir...' she corrected herself miserably.

'We'll simply tell them the truth, Sir,' Maria said stoutly.

'The truth that while you pretended to be in Brighton you actually spent this week secretly posing for those photographs and prostituting yourselves to make money so that you could support yourselves in anticipation of losing your allowances when your families learned that you were lovers?' Danvers suggested.

'B... but they made us their sex slaves!' Maria sobbed, glaring at Gary and Jay. 'They blackmailed us into serving their friends... awww!'

Danvers had swiped the paddle across her bottom, making it shiver, for forgetting to call him "Sir". Even as she whimpered he thrust his hand between their naked bodies and felt their coupled pussies. Then he brought it away showing the shiny streaks on his fingers.

'Yet even while you're protesting your innocence secretly you're getting high on being tied up and screwed,' Danvers said forcefully. 'The truth is that you get a kick out of this but because that's humiliating for nice young women to admit you begged the boys to pretend to their friends that

they had made you their sex slaves to save your consciences.’ He pulled out his own phone and held it up for them to see. ‘I have contacts in the more sensationally minded branches of the media who would love to run a sex and perversion story like this. It would be halfway round the world before you could get home. Of course it will embarrass and hurt your families but it will also be another example to them of how lesbianism corrupts pure minds. It will give them an even stronger reason not to face the fact that you simply love each other. Do you really want to risk everything to find out whether they’ll believe it or not?’

Maria and Bethany looked at each other in horror, feeling as if they were being caught up in another nightmare. Of course Danvers’ twisted version of the truth was absurd, and yet their genuine secretiveness had become caught up in Gary and Jay’s schemes. What if their families did believe the lie? And even worse what if it was not, entirely at least, a lie? They had experienced some surprisingly intense orgasms over the last few days... Oh God, what had happened to them?

While they agonised, Danvers said almost soothingly: ‘Now let me suggest an alternative which will allow you to remain together for another couple of months enjoying each other’s intimate company, keep your families happily ignorant of the truth and make some money at the same time. At the end of it you will be in a stronger position to come out to your families at a time and place of your own choosing.’

They looked at him doubtfully and Bethany asked cautiously: ‘How, Sir?’

‘I’ll offer you both “summer jobs” on my estate, which will be perfectly acceptable and respectable occupations, giving you a reason to stay away from home and offering you useful practical work experience after you time at university which your families cannot fail to approve.’

‘W... what will we be doing really, Sir?’ Maria asked hesitantly.

‘Exactly what you’ve been doing here for the last few days, of course, but with for a more sophisticated and upmarket clientele who will pay a great deal more for the privilege of playing with the pair of you.’ He waved an arm

to encompass the quarry. 'This is a nice secluded setting allowing people to have novel outdoor fun with a pair pretty slave girls. I know I can rent it for a few months for a pittance if I promise to clear the rubbish away. I'll put up a few wooden panel sheds and say it is a temporary storage area. That'll give you somewhere more comfortable to sleep and better facilities for entertaining customers. For those who'd like to play with you in their own homes I could also offer a delivery and collection service.' Danvers glanced at Gary and Jay, who had been hanging on his words with open wonder. 'Would you like to work for me for a regular wage as their handlers and keepers? With the usual perks and privileges, of course.'

'Yes, Mr Danvers,' they said eagerly.

But Maria and Bethany were gasping in horror and shaking their heads. They had thought they were about to get away from the boys and this place; not agree to a summer of slavery. 'No...' Maria moaned.

'Why, what's your problem with them?' Danvers asked reasonably. 'They already know how to do the job and you have nothing left to hide from them. Or would you rather I employed strangers to take care of you?'

Instinctively Bethany said: 'Oh no Sir!' before realising it seemed as if she was now endorsing his earlier suggestion. Well it was horribly logical...

Danvers continued: 'I'll also arrange for your car to be taken away and repaired without any questions asked, Bethany. Then you'll have no embarrassing explanations to make. Like with the boys' deal you don't have to pretend to like what the clients do to you, just respond naturally as you have been doing already. From what I've seen that seems to come quite easily to you. It's either that or else risk all by confessing to your folks and hope they are sympathetic and very forgiving. Well, what do you say?'

Maria and Bethany looked at each other in hopeless despair. Was this really their least worse choice: to endure more weeks of suffering and degradation as sex slaves? Confusingly their aching pussies tingled and surged with hot wetness at the thought of what that would mean, both for good and bad. What had happened to them?

Bethany was wracked by a sudden spasm of guilt. Had she been braver back in Brighton they would never have got into this mess. 'I'm sorry...' she choked out to Maria '...this is all my fault...'

Maria said: 'Don't think about it...'

They knew nothing about Danvers and yet they were contemplating becoming his sex slaves for hire. A week ago such an idea would have been inconceivable, yet now it was a very real possibility. Would he be a better master than Jay and Gary? He already seemed to have everything planned out. Had he, shocking as the idea was, kept sex slaves before and was that reassuring or frightening? As they looked into each other's eyes each hoped the other would say something at the last moment which would save them from this terrible fate, but they could think of nothing. Resignedly they kissed, trying to draw strength from their love, and then turned to face Danvers.

'All right... we'll do it, Sir,' Maria said.

'Good,' Danvers said. 'Of course you'll have to pass a quality test first...'

'A... what, Sir?' Maria gasped.

He patted and pinched their bottoms. 'You look passionate enough in pictures but I've got to see for myself that you'll give good service before I can offer you to my friends. They have higher standards than the local lads. If you don't measure up then I'm afraid I'll just have to make what I can from selling those pictures of you and you'd better hope your families never see them.'

'That's not fair, Sir!' Maria protested. 'You can see how good we were.' While simultaneously Bethany said: 'They all enjoyed having us, Sir! Nobody complained...'

Then they both faltered and blushed at their own words, realizing it sounded as if they were now boasting of their slavish prowess. How had their lives become so twisted?

Danvers smiled at their confusion and said to Gary and Jay: ‘show me how well you handle them. Take them down, clean them up and then put them back on the frame again. But this time I want to see them with their ankles tied to their wrists so they’re properly suspended and open. And gag them again. Use whatever other props you like to show them off properly. Don’t worry if you make them cry a bit but make sure they’re absolutely secure. Go on, then...’

Eager to show off their newly acquired slave handling skills, Gary and Jay took Maria and Bethany down from the frame. By now their arms were so numbed from being stretched upwards that they moaned in pain as their shoulders were twisted as they were bent downward once again. Leading them by the chains trailing from their hose clip wrist cuffs the boys took them across to the hut and made them squat over the latrine pit where they expelled the sperm that had been pumped into them and their orifices, both front and rear, were washed clean. They gave them drinks of water, which after losing fluid through sweat, tears and orgasmic discharge they were pitifully grateful for, and then they re-gagged them. Then the boys gathered up more restraints and brought the women back to the frame.

They tied the middles of the spreader bars they had used before on their ankles to the rings hanging from the crossbeam, so that they were free to rotate. Then they threaded Bethany and Maria’s wrist cuff chains through the large staples hammered into the ends of the bars and drew their arms up straight. One at a time they lifted the women’s legs and spread them wide and threaded and screwed tight the hose clip cuff bands through the links of the dangling chains so that their ankles were secured on the outside of their wrists. Soon Maria and Bethany were dangling from the spreader bars with their legs splayed wide and stretched upward, exposing their naked groins.

Taking Danvers’ instructions to heart, Jay and Garry then pushed the boom handles Maria and Bethany had run about the track dragging behind them vertically back up into their rears, impaling them so that they swayed and twisted about on them like fleshly lollipops, their eyes watering as their anal sphincters clenched tight onto the shafts. To hold the lower ends of the brooms in place they tied them to a rope stretched between the frame side posts.

The boys then bound lengths of course rope about the women's breasts in figures of eight round their roots until their globes bulged and became unnaturally glossy and taut. As the ropes tightened the girls whimpered in pain. They finished off their unwilling mammary display by clipping the bells back onto their nipples so they were once more pinched and stretched.

Danvers inspected the suspended girls. 'Yes, that's fine. I like what you've done to their tits...' Then he took a wallet out of his pocket and gave the boys a £20 note. 'Get yourself a drink at the pub. Come back in an hour...'

Bethany and Maria shivered as the boys left the quarry. They had not realized how comforting their presence had been until now. At least they knew what to expect from them. Now they were alone with a man who had been a total stranger less than an hour before but who had mysteriously stepped out of nowhere and had taken over their lives. Their stomachs knotted up and they felt sick as they realized that they belonged to him now. He was their new master. Instinctively they tried to squeeze their thighs together to conceal their groins, but of course they could do nothing to reduce their shameful exposure. He could see every part of them even the puckers of their plugged anal mouths as they clenched about the broom handles. Their cheeks burned afresh and they began to squirm uncomfortably as they felt their pussies tingling and growing wet with the dreadful anticipation.

Danvers laughed their discomfiture and then he reached out and fondled their bulging pussy mounds as they hung helplessly before him, sliding his stiff fingers into their hot slippery depths and making the women shudder. 'A bit of BDSM really turns you on, doesn't it? You've never known anything like it before, and although you hate it, at the same time parts of you want more because it's the most exciting thing you've ever done, and the more intense and humiliating it is, the better the orgasms are. You might prefer each other as lovers but your pussies still know how to cum when they have a cock inside them. Well I can promise you plenty of that, starting right now...'

He put down his gun and unzipped his flies and freed a large erection which stood up stiffly. Maria and Bethany's eyes grew round in horror.

‘How did you think I was going to test you?’ he asked reasonably, taking up the spanking paddle and swishing it through the air before them. ‘First I’m going to warm you up and then I’m going to hear you beg to be screwed...’

And with that he swiped the paddle forehanded across Maria’s dusky pubic cleft, and then backhanded across Bethany’s pussy mouth with stinging force, flattening their soft plump sex lips. Even as they bit hard on their rope gags while sucking in air about them to scream he had swung the paddle blade again: smacking it into the taut curves of their buttocks on either side of the downward jutting broom handles. While they shrieked and spun from their spreader bars, pivoting about the broom handles on which they were impaled, he swung the paddle up over their bellies and into the bulging mounds of their roped breasts. The impacts made their bulging breasts wobble and shiver, while the hard swollen cones of their nipples were beaten down again and again, making their dangling bells jingle wildly even as they were painfully pounded into their soft flesh.

Bethany and Marie’s muffled sobs and shrieks echoed about the quarry while their pussy mouths, bottoms and breasts grew red and burned and tingled under his relentless onslaught. Hot tears trickled down their cheeks and fell onto their bulging tanned breasts tipped by ringing bells, only to be smeared and splashed away by the next swipe of the pliant rubber paddle blade, while their smarting sex lips swelled and dribbled humiliatingly as if brought to mouth-watering need by this cruel assault. Dangling from their up-stretched arms and legs and cuffed wrists and ankles and twisting round the poles of the broom handles, they caught sight of each other through their misty eyes. How they hated to see each other suffer and longed to give mutual comfort and love, and yet somehow that intensity of emotion only fuelled their sexual arousal. They could smell their own dribbling juices. Perversely their clitorises were swollen hard and standing up from between their pussy lips only to be beaten down in turn.

It was too much to take! They had to have release! They sobbed and moaned, trying to speak about their gags.

Danvers rested his spanking arm. ‘Have you something you’d like to tell me?’ He asked. They nodded frantically. He stepped between them and

pulled their gags out.

‘Please screw me Sir... I want your cock inside me... fuck me, please!’ Maria sobbed.

‘Screw me, Sir,’ Bethany begged. ‘Do it hard... right now... please!’

He reached round each of them and pressed against the small of their backs, pushing their dangling bodies together, painfully twisting the broom handle ends within their rectums as he did so, so that their burning buttocks kissed and their swollen simmering slippery pussies ground against each other. ‘Are you sure?’ he demanded.

‘Yes, yes!’ they screamed.

They could hear each others pathetic words and see their flushed and desperate faces and loathed themselves and yet could do nothing to stop it. Maria had said when their ordeal began they should not deny themselves any pleasure if the opportunity arose, but they had never imagined their desire would run so out of control. They had been taken to the brink by a will greater than their own and now there was only one means of relief.

Danvers let them sway apart and took hold of Bethany’s hips and rammed his stiff shaft into her dribbling vagina. With the broom handle filling her rectum his penis felt even bigger as it filled her. She sobbed and squeezed on him desperately. But after only a dozen thrusts he pulled out of her, turned about and thrust his now shiny cock into Maria’s hot wet sheath, which clenched about it fiercely. She did not care how pitifully desperate it made her look as he ground into the thin membrane separating her vagina from her plugged rectum. She just had to have him within her to relieve her agony of frustration.

But again after only a few thrusts Danvers pulled out and turned back to Bethany’s dripping pussy once more. And so he screwed both of them by instalments until with a shriek Bethany came over his stiff shaft. Even while she was still spraying out her juices he dragged his stiff shaft out of her clinging sheath and plunged back into Maria’s pussy, so that she could at last reach her own climax and disgorge her girl cum out over his spurting cock.

For a minute Danvers stood between two dripping, sweating, shuddering women, regarding them with masterful satisfaction, even as their discharged juices stained his trousers. He had mastered them totally. Reaching out he took hold of their drooping, exhausted chins and raised their heads so that they looked at him through their bleary, confused eyes.

‘You’ve passed the test with flying colours,’ he told them. ‘I know plenty of people who’d pay good money to do that to you and more. But first we’ve got to sort out your families. This is what you’re going to do next...’

That evening, feeling strange dressed in clothes once more and with their necks feeling oddly exposed without their collars, Maria drove herself and Bethany home.

Technically they were free women again and could have confessed all to their families or the police, but images of the pictures Danvers would have put online if they had done so were burned into their minds. When the boys had returned to the quarry he had got them to show Bethany and Maria a slideshow of all of the filthiest and most intimate things they had been forced to do over the last week. The shame they would have caused in addition to the revelations about their private life which would inevitably be exposed along with them was too much to contemplate. And yet the alternative Danvers had given them was a grim one...

‘We can’t really do this, can we?’ Bethany asked as they headed for Tunbridge Wells. ‘I mean actually go back to that quarry and become sex slaves for two months?’

‘If you’re brave enough to tell your family the truth about everything we did and us being lovers and face all those pictures going on-line, then I’ll do the same,’ Maria said.

Bethany sagged. ‘You know I’m not,’ she admitted miserably.

‘Then you know what we’ve got to do,’ Maria said simply.

And so they told their respective families the same story Danvers had drilled into them. On the way back from Brighton, Bethany had had a minor car accident on a winding country lane involving Danvers' land rover. He had been very good about it saying it was his fault and had insisted on having her mini repaired at his expense. They got into conversation and he found they were looking for practical work to follow up their time at university while they were considering what careers to follow. He had unfilled positions on his estate near Pillsden Down and they had accepted work there over the summer, starting that weekend. The pay was not great but it would be valuable experience.

Their story was accepted at face value by their families. Indeed they seemed quite pleased that the girls had found respectable paid work not too far from home, rather than going off for an idle summer abroad.

That night Maria and Bethany slept miles apart in their own beds. They slept poorly not only because of the ordeal they faced but because they would rather have slept in each other's arms, even if they had been collared and chained again.

On Saturday morning they packed clothes they knew they would not be wearing and reassured their families with more empty lying words and then travelled back to the quarry in Maria's car. They knew what they were returning to and felt sick with fear but they also knew they had no real choice. On the way again they were wracked by guilt.

'If only I'd been braver about coming out earlier,' Bethany said bitterly.

'We were both frightened of what our families would say,' Maria pointed out.

'At least this way we'll be together every night,' Bethany said.

'Yes, there is that,' Maria agreed, trying to make it sound positive.

‘It felt strange sleeping alone last night,’ Bethany admitted. ‘I missed you so much...’

‘I missed you as well...’

They arrived at the quarry at midday. They noticed immediately the gates had a brand-new padlock and heavy chain fitted. Inside Jay and Gary were waiting to greet them. ‘Get your clothes off,’ they said beaming at them.

Trembling with sick fear the girls stripped off, wondering when they would next wear any kind of normal clothing. They shivered as the heavy dog collars were buckled about their necks and the hose clip cuffs were once again screwed about their wrists and ankles. In a few minutes they were naked leashed sex slaves again.

The lads made them kneel while they fitted some new devices they had made to their bodies. They were segments cut out of old car tyres, padded on the insides, which cupped about their knees and shins and strapped over the backs of their calves. Their hands rested in smaller pieces of car tyre, held in place by strips of heavy repair tape which bound up their fingers. They secured buckled straps about their upper thighs and then hooked short doubled bungee cords between them and their ankle cuffs so that the tension kept their knees bent and made it virtually impossible for them to stand upright. Taking up their leashes they pulled them along after them, forcing them to shuffle forward on their hands and knees with their breasts bouncing and swaying beneath them. The tire off-cuts were heavy and they had to strain to lift their legs, fighting against the tension of the bungee cords they tried to extend them too far.

‘Now you look like a proper pair of bitches,’ Gary said.

The boys led them over to the hut where they had their rectums flushed out over the latrine pit. Then they took them into the screwing tent and arranged them on the mattresses with their faces down and bottoms up. Petroleum jelly was applied to their anal rings. A few brisk spanks on their raised buttocks made their eyes water.

‘Mr Danvers said we were to keep you properly exercised but not to

mark you,' Gary told them.

'That'll be for his guests to do if they pay a bit extra,' Jay explained.

As Maria and Bethany sobbed the boys straining cocks were rammed up into their bottom holes, and the women moaned as hard penis shafts filled them once more. It was almost as if they had not been away or spent a few hours of freedom and normality in their own homes. The boys thrust away inside them unhurriedly with it seemed a new degree of confidence. They were in total command and Maria and Bethany were there to serve. They twisted their heads round to look across the gap between the mattresses into each other's despairing, resigned faces. Was this was the way it would be for the next two months?

Then Gary and Jay came inside their rectums, filling them with hot young sperm, and suddenly their loins seemed to burst and briefly obliterated all their doubts and fears. How could being treated like a slave feel so exciting?

Afterwards the boys took them for a walk about the quarry on their hands and knees. When they reached the line of trees at the back they commanded them to lift their legs and pee against them like dogs, which they did with burning cheeks. Here they saw that Bethany's car had already been removed, leaving only an impression in the bushes and traces of sawdust where branches had been cut away.

'People from a garage took it away this morning,' Gary said. 'Mr Danvers doesn't hang about.'

'Who is he, Master?' Maria asked. 'We don't even know his first name.'

Even though she spoke she realised they hardly knew anything more about Gary Jay, not even their surnames. Perhaps the power they had over them was all that mattered...

'I think I heard it was Roland,' Gary said. 'He owns Somerton House over that way...' he pointed over the quarry gates. 'It was really run down

and he did it up. I don't know what he does but he must be pretty well off. Sometimes he has big parties at his house. Lots of expensive cars.'

'He's better than most of the people who bought places around here,' Jay said. 'Always friendly if you met him, not above having a pint at the local, paid for the church roof to be repaired...'

'Sounds like he's a pillar of the community,' Bethany said idly.

Gary slapped her cheek as a warning. 'No backtalk from you about Mr Danvers,' he warned her. 'Remember we're working for him now.'

Danvers himself arrived a little while later in his Land Rover which carried in the back two large travelling dog cages together with rolls of fence mesh and barbed wire.

He smiled benevolently at Maria and Bethany who the boys had tethered to a tree to welcome him.

'All ready for a summer's hard work?' he asked, patting their heads. 'I hope your families were happy for you to work for me. Don't worry, you'll have the occasional day off when you can go back home to see them. You'll be surprised how quickly the time will go...'

'Yes Sir,' the girls said meekly, doubting that very much.

Gary and Jay unloaded the materials and then put the dog cages into the back of Maria's car. With the back seat folded down they just fitted. Experimentally Bethany and Maria were made to clamber up into the back of the car, turn around and then back into the cages. With their heavy wire mesh doors closed it was if they were locked into two tiny cells. There was just enough room to huddle down on the blankets lining their floors.

'You'll need somewhere to stay out of sight while the quarry is refurbished,' Danvers said, throwing blankets over the cages to test that nothing was visible of them from outside. 'We don't want the workmen

seeing you, do we?’

They shook their heads.

He took them out of the car again and led them over to the screwing tent, leaving Jay and Gary to begin work on the gates and fence; reinforcing them with the new materials. Clearly Danvers was making sure nobody could slip in again unnoticed like he had yesterday. Or, of course, slip out.

‘While we’re getting the quarry prepared I want to see how well you work together,’ he told them.

Inside he had Bethany shuffle up to the head end of the mattress while Maria lay down on her back midway along it. He parted her legs, still held bent at the knees by their elastic bonds and half encased by the strips of car tire, sideways, twisting her hip joints painfully until the outsides of her knees were laid flat against the mattress and her splayed thighs exposed the mound of her love mouth. Then he used the tether ropes attached to the surrounding frame to tie them down firmly by her knees and ankles. He then pulled her arms up above her head and tied her wrists to the top of the mattress frame beneath Bethany.

‘Now squat down over Maria’s head,’ he commanded Bethany.

With her heart thudding she spread her knees wide on either side of Maria’s head and lowered her hips until her groin was resting against Maria’s face. He pulled ropes across Bethany’s back from the side frame and bound her in place, so that her pussy was ground hard against Maria’s nose and mouth. The girls shivered as they made intimate contact.

Danvers surveyed the spectacle they made with satisfaction: Bethany’s pale splayed naked buttocks, exposing the pucker of her anus, and the pouch of her sex which pressed and spread against Maria’s face, with her full pale brown breasts trembling just beneath them. Below that was the smooth swell of her stomach and then her open exposed groin with its dark cleft and thick jet black fuzz of pubic hair. Helplessly Maria felt her pussy tingling and beginning to grow hot and wet. She was acutely aware of Bethany responding in the same way as the liquid scent of her filled her

nostrils and wet her lips.

‘You two look perfect together,’ Danvers said. ‘I can see I’m going to make a lot of money out of the pair of you. Now, Maria, I want you to start licking Bethany out and don’t stop until I tell you...’

Obediently Maria began to probe Bethany’s hot, sweet, slippery cleft with her tongue. In fact it would have been impossible for her not to.

She was aware of Danvers stripping off his trousers and jacket. Then he lay on the mattress between her splayed thighs and she felt his hard shaft sliding up into her. Dutifully, knowing the penalty for not responding, she squeezed her sheath about it in welcome. Now his head hung over Bethany’s bottom and her chin. As he began to thrust into her she felt him kissing Bethany’s buttocks and the rim of her pussy lips and then her own lips. She could taste him and Bethany at the same time. It was shocking. He was intruding upon their oral coupling; invading the intimate connection between her lips and Bethany’s pussy. At yet she could do nothing to stop him.

Bethany whimpered but kept working her hips, grinding and twisting her pussy across Maria’s nose and mouth. Could Danvers smell the exciting scent of her love juices? Of course he could. It was another demonstration that they had no privacy left. They were only permitted to perform this intimate act because he had commanded it. Now they needed his permission to make love...

He was riding Maria and tonguing Bethany at the same time. They hated his intrusion and yet they could not stop themselves getting hotter and wetter and more excited. They had become used to coupling every night and yesterday they been apart. Of course he must have realized this and was using it to further impose his will upon them. The passion they once had reserved just for each other was now his to play with and control as he wished.

With sobs and moans they both came, Bethany spraying her juices over Maria’s face while Maria felt her loins burst, inundating Danvers’ cock as he squirted his sperm up into her, even while he kissed Bethany’s hot bottom and slobbering sex lips.

What had once been two were now three. And in a few days who knew how many more people would intrude upon their bodies in new and intimate ways?

On Sunday Gary and Jay finished work on the gate and outer fence and found they had some mesh left over. Keen to show off their ingenuity to their new boss they fashioned it into novel restraints for Bethany and Maria.

They made them lie face down on the open strips of mesh with their arms by their sides and then they pulled and wrapped it about them and laced together the end loops of mesh down their backs with nylon cord so that it was pulled tight about their bodies, encasing them from neck to ankles. Threading chains through the top ends of the mesh bundles they then hung the girls up from the lower branches of the trees along the end of the quarry so that their feet dangled a few inches above the ground.

They dangled like caterpillars in cocoons, totally helpless and exposed. The mesh had stretched and moulded itself to their bodies to some extent but it still cut into them and their flesh which bulged between the interlinked wires. The lads had cut holes in the mesh where it passed over their breasts, carefully stretching the wires apart and folding down the sharp edges so that their breasts were funnelled through them, cupped and up-lifted at the same time so that they jutted out brazenly. To keep them contained both symbolically and practically they had then fitted separate narrow strips of bowed mesh vertically across these holes and over their shamefully hard nipples so that they poked out through it stiffly.

Their intimate orifices had not been neglected. Gary and Jay had made two longer and thinner double-ended dildos out of lengths of old hose pipe with padded and taped ends and plugged them into Bethany and Maria's vaginas and anuses through the mesh which held the ends in place, while the curved midsections looped between their tightly squeezed thighs.

To complete the effect separate narrow strips of mesh with ends laced behind their necks were pulled across their cheeks and lips, which bulged with the ball gags stuffed within them, pushing against the tension of the

wire.

When he arrived to inspect their work Danvers was suitably impressed.

‘I like this,’ he said, walking round Maria and Bethany’s dangling helpless bodies. ‘They can be left out to get some fresh air and sunshine when they’re not serving, and when they are the guests might like to use them for target practice or something. Either way they look very decorative. Leave them there for a couple of hours to get used to it...’

While Danvers and the boys went off to discuss further plans, Maria and Bethany swayed silently beneath the trees.

Gradually Bethany became used to their new mode of bondage. The wire cut into their skin but it did so evenly without too many acute pressure points and their weight was at least well distributed. True their vaginas and rectums were plugged but not too tightly. They were together in the sun and fresh air and they were not being screwed or beaten. For slave girls this probably counted as a bonus.

But gradually the need began to grow within her.

She felt her pussy getting hot and slippery. She began to squeeze on the taped head of the hose within her vagina while also clenching about the plug up her rear. She could simply not leave them alone. Soon she was aware of her juices running between her tightly squeezed thighs. And yet she did not have enough purchase to twist the home-made dildo inside her sufficiently vigorously to cum.

Wriggling so that she rotated her mesh cocoon on its supporting chains Bethany saw that Maria was also squirming about and her eyes were filling with the same frustrated need, while her pussy also trickled its lust over her brown thighs. Their eyes met and Maria’s reflected her own desperate desire back at her.

Now Bethany truly understood how Gary and Jay’s, and now Danvers’, mastery over them was two-pronged. He controlled them not only

through fear of shame and exposure of their secret life, but through the control of their own lust for each other, which their strange circumstances were only making more intense. He had the power to keep them apart or permit them to be together at will. When they were finally freed from the cocoons she knew they would beg for sex, either with the men or with each other. And with every intense coupling they experienced it felt as if they had more to lose.

Early on Monday Maria and Bethany were fitted with ball gags and hobbles and put in their cages in the back of Maria's car which was parked out of the way close by the gates. Shortly afterward they heard men and machinery arriving and most of the rest of the day passed with the background sound of them working in the quarry.

The women could speak around their ball gags in muffled voices. They suspected the gags were there not so much to stop them calling for help, but to make sure they did not accidentally draw attention to themselves. Actually with a clatter of metal grinding over chalk, the crunch of splintering wood and roar of engines there was no danger of them being heard outside the car and so they conversed through the front grills of their cages under the shelter of their concealing blanket.

'I never imagined he'd go to so much trouble,' Bethany said. 'I mean clearing out the quarry like this. If he's got a big house and grounds why not keep us there?'

'He said the quarry was a good situation, and I suppose he wants to keep his private property separate from his business,' Maria replied.

'Are we part of his business now?'

'Well he's not doing it for fun. He said he wants to make money out of us.'

'Is that good or bad?'

‘I suppose it’s good in a way,’ Maria said. ‘It means he wants to do it properly and he’s investing something in us. It means we’re valuable to him... as slaves of course.’

‘So he’ll take good care of us?’

‘I think he’s got to. Our families know where we are now... more or less, anyway. And they know his name and address. And he promised we’d have days off...’

‘Who ever heard of sex slaves having days off?’ Bethany said.

‘He knows we dare not go back on our agreement now,’ Maria said, ‘so he’s pretty sure we’re not going to run away.’

‘I know that,’ Bethany said miserably. And then Maria heard her rattling her chains. ‘So why keep us caged and chained up like this?’

‘To remind us of our proper place I suppose, so that we get used to them and we’re easier to handle and control. We are meant to be sex slaves and not prostitutes.’

‘You said it was better to be slaves when the boys first had us,’ Bethany reminded her.

‘I still think that. This way at least we don’t have to pretend to enjoy ourselves...’

Even as she spoke they both thought about the ecstatic climaxes they had been experiencing. If they didn’t count as enjoying themselves then what were they?

‘But did you ever imagine it was going to get as complicated as this?’ Bethany asked.

‘No,’ Maria admitted. And then she added in a feeble attempt at humour: ‘But maybe it’s all in line with good modern slave-keeping practice.’

But the thought of what they faced was still terrifying.

That evening after the workmen had gone they were taken out of the car and exercised. The quarry seemed to have been transformed. The old hut and screw tent had been demolished and the weeds and piles of rubbish had been cleared away and its floor had been scraped so that it was white and level. Everything was fresh and ready for the new buildings.

That night they slept in their cages in the back of the car, wishing they could sleep in each other's arms again. That need of course only made them even more vulnerable and controllable.

On Tuesday, while they were again confined within the car, they heard more men and vehicles arriving in the quarry. This time they made less noise and were gone by early afternoon. Then once again they were taken out of their cages by Gary and Jay, who looked eager and excited, to see the new look slave quarry.

A small wooden shed now stood just inside the front gate, controlling a small parking area which was now partitioned off from the main body of the quarry by a line of tall rigid wire mesh panel fencing with posts supported by slotted concrete block feet, of the sort used to stop the public getting too close to building sites. It had also been hung with heavy green plastic tarpaulins so that it formed a visual barrier, so that even with the gates open no one could see the quarry interior from the lane.

Maria and Bethany were led through a gate in this barrier into the main part of the quarry. On the left a row of heavy wooden fence posts stood in more of the concrete support feet close to the quarry wall, while opposite them on the right a much larger wooden panel shed had been erected, which had a small covered and railed veranda built along one side sheltering its front door.

Inside they found it was partitioned into three sections, all smelling of fresh timber. In the smaller one on the right there was a low, heavy mesh cage which had been bolted over the frame of one of the screw hut single

mattresses. Their sleeping bags had already been laid out within it. Next to the cage there was a chemical toilet and a portable camping shower, together with boxes of supplies. The floor was partly covered by thick rubber mats.

‘This bit’s for you to sleep in and for us to look after you,’ Gary said. ‘Next door is where you’ll entertain Mr Danvers’ guests if they want to have you inside or the weather is bad...’

They led them through a door into the middle larger room which was empty at the moment except for a rubber matting carpet. Frosted plastic panels had been screwed across its plain windows, ensuring privacy.

‘There’s some special custom bondage equipment coming tomorrow,’ Jay told them. ‘Guests will have a choice of that and some of the stuff we made to use on you.’

Maria and Bethany looked at each other and shivered.

On the other side of this store room was a second small room fitted with a portable shower, washbasin and toilet set for the use of visiting guests. A strip of clothes hooks and hangers hung on one wall.

‘They need to have somewhere to clean up after they’ve used you,’ Gary explained.

The low cage over their bed in their quarters had a secondary function as they soon discovered. Jay and Garry bent them kneeling across it, pushed their knees wide and then tied them to the mesh so that their breasts ground against it. Their invitingly presented buttocks received a few crisp hand spanks and then the lads made use of their exposed pussies in what the women were beginning to think of was the usual way. How many times had they had their cocks up inside them now? It was beginning to feel frighteningly normal...

Afterwards Jay and Gary left them bound across their bed cage while they got busy adding fixtures to the interior of the room. They screwed battery-operated camping lights and handy tethering rings to the wall studs and then built a low stepped wooden box enclosing the front of the chemical

toilet it up to rim level, turning it into a squat model. They added tethering rings to that as well and cut a hole in the wall behind it for a powered extractor vent operated by a car battery.

They were so good with their hands that Bethany found herself wishing they had taken up carpentry instead of slave keeping. But instead she and Maria were now the unwilling beneficiaries of their skills.

When Danvers arrived to inspect the new installations they showed all this off to him by making Maria and Bethany use the toilet, squatting across it totally exposed with their legs bent and splayed wide and their collars hooked the wall while they voided their bowels. Again it was a familiar humiliation that confirmed and reinforced their slavish, almost animal-like status.

‘Well done,’ Danvers said as he watched the girls performing. ‘I might offer this to the guests as an amusement if they like this kind of thing...’

When Maria and Bethany were secured again, Danvers took Gary and Jay away and began coaching them for their new roles as his quarry slave keepers.

Maria and Bethany spent that night in their new quarters. They had to admit it was a lot more comfortable than the old hut. If they closed their eyes and ignored the cage enclosing them and the chains linking their collars to the bed frame, they could almost imagine they were in their own secluded bed somewhere making passionate love, which of course they did. And when they finally climaxed, for a few seconds they were able to blot out the awful reality of their situation.

They were in those quarters the next day when they heard another delivery arriving and items being unloaded in the next room. When the delivery truck had gone Gary and Jay took them through to watch them unpacking several cartons of different sizes. The smaller boxes contained professionally made sets of restraints, cuffs, and collars and pleasure and punishment devices of all shapes and sizes, which made Maria and Bethany sick with perverse anticipation. There were also sets of black jumpsuits, caps and shoes for Gary and Jay to wear.

‘Mr Danvers wants us to look smart and clean for his guests,’ Gary explained.

Jay began opening up one of the bigger cartons but Gary said: ‘No, don’t let them see yet. It’ll be more of a surprise that way...’

On Thursday morning Maria and Bethany entertained their first “guests”.

Gary and Jay woke them looking very self important. They were closely clean shaven, sported fresh haircuts and were wearing their smart new black jumpsuits.

‘We’ve got to get you ready now,’ Gary said. ‘The first guests will be here in an hour.’

‘They’ll be masked of course, like ours were, and you won’t know their real names,’ Jay explained. ‘But they’re much more important than our mates and they’re paying a hell of a lot more, so you make sure you please them... well, just do whatever they want like usual.’

Maria and Bethany’s stomachs churned.

After they had washed, combed and made themselves up under Gary and Jay’s watchful eyes, the lads fitted Maria and Bethany with new shiny collars and cuffs of rubber lined metal. Fresh red rubber ball gags were plugged into their mouths. Then they arranged them on the veranda of the slave hut kneeling with their backs to the supporting posts to which their leashes were tethered. From there they could look out across the open expanse of quarry floor which now had a fresh running track marked on it in the form of an irregular oval formed from strips of artificial plastic turf. The posts set up on the far side had now also been fitted with tethering rings and chains. Inflatable beach lilos with restraining frames around them had been set out in the shadows under the trees. It was all very clean and neat and menacingly purposeful.

When they were satisfied the girls were ready, Gary and Jay went

back through the partition screen to await the new arrivals. Maria and Bethany exchanged mute glances of fear, love and encouragement. But they knew they had choice. For better or worse this was the path they had chosen.

From the other side of the screen they heard the gates open and car draw up. A few minutes later Jay and Gary appeared escorting a couple between them.

They were a man and woman wearing casually expensive jeans and T-shirts and were perhaps in their late thirties or early forties, but their features were concealed by elaborate highly decorated full-face masks. The man wore that of a Lion and the woman a Phoenix.

Instinctively Maria and Bethany flinched at the sight of strangers seeing them naked and bound like this. Perversely they derived some comfort from the familiar presence of Gary and Jay.

‘Here are our two slave girls, Maria and Bethany,’ Gary said, trying to make his voice sound a little more suave and laid-back than normal. ‘Can I please remind you to keep them restrained at all times?’

Lion and Phoenix examined the girls with interest, their eyes glittering sharply through the slots in their masks.

‘Yes, very nice,’ said Lion.

‘He really can get quality goods,’ his partner agreed.

‘In here we have all the gear you might want to use on them,’ Jay added, opening up the door to show them the store room with its sinister array of props and devices.

‘You have three hours to do what you wish with them within the limits stipulated in your agreement,’ Gary said. ‘We’ll be in our office if you need us. Please enjoy yourselves...’ And he and Jay withdrew.

Now Bethany and Maria were alone with the two strangers who were going to treat them like their own slaves. The couple looked at them again for

a moment, exchanged nods and then went into the store room. They were in there for a good ten minutes while Maria and Bethany's stomachs were tying themselves into knots. When they emerged again they had two shocks.

The first was that Phoenix and Lion were now both naked except for sandals and their masks. Both had quite trim bodies, Phoenix's breasts were pale and heavy and tipped by crimson nipples, her bottom was fleshy and her pubes were clean-shaven, while Lion's chest hair was greying but his penis was thick and stiffly erect.

The second surprise was the device they were pulling out after them. It was a tubular metal chair fitted with bike wheels on each side and a central tubular metal shaft curving up from under the chair to waist height where it connected to the middle of a crossbar. With it came two sets of black leather harness and a long handled whip.

Maria and Bethany looked at each other in dismay, realising what perversion they were going to be subjected to.

Working together with what was evidently practised ease the couple bound the harness sets about Bethany and Maria's bodies, stroking and pinching and patting their bare flesh appreciatively as they did so. Thick belts went about their waists with hooks on their backs that clipped to their heavy new cuffs, securing them behind them. Crossed straps went up over their chests between their breasts and down their backs. Thinner straps ran down the outsides of their thighs to strap garters. Large tethering rings dangled from the sides of their waist belts. On their feet were buckled thick-soled sandals.

Lion and Phoenix took out Maria and Bethany's ball gags and buckled bridles about their heads with rubber bits jammed between their teeth. Reins were clipped to their cheek rings and hung over their shoulders.

When they were fully harnessed they were secured to the crossbar of the little carriage by their waist rings. Then Lion took his seat in it, gathered up their reins and swished the whip across their bare buttocks. With yelps they started forward.

With tugs on the reins and flicks of his whip, Lion guided them around the new plastic turf track laid out across the quarry floor. They sweated and staggered and snivelled as the whip bit into their rolling buttocks, straining to respond to his commands.

‘They’re not trained,’ he called out to Phoenix who was watching from the trackside, ‘but they’re strong and willing...’

After five minutes he pulled the carriage up and Phoenix took his place.

And so for half an hour they took turns riding in the little carriage while Maria and Bethany hauled them round and round the quarry. Soon the women were panting and snorting for breath and sweat was dripping off them, seeping under their harness and running over their buttocks which stung from whip strikes, soaking their pubic hair and dripping off the tips of their bare bouncing breasts.

They ran and stumbled until they were totally exhausted and their legs gave way and they collapsed onto their knees. They feared the whip but could go no further.

However Lion and Phoenix seemed satisfied with their efforts and fed them bottled water which revived them a little.

‘What shall we do with them now,’ Lion wondered?

Bethany and Maria stood between pairs of the fence posts which ran along the other side of the quarry. Chains hooked to their wrist and ankle cuffs and clipped to the tethering rings in the posts kept them stretched out wide. Their ponygirl harnesses had been removed and in their place they wore simple protective goggles over their eyes and ball gags in their mouths. Concentric circles had been drawn in broad felt tip marker pen around their breasts and pubes with numbers written on them.

Phoenix and Lion stood a little way from them throwing darts at the

fleshy targets they had made.

They were not regular pub darts, of course, but what must have been specially made “slave” darts. Their bodies and fins were made of foam rubber and instead of long spiked tips which would have inflicted serious injury they had short, fine, needle-like points. These did not dig very deeply into their skin but they were still frightening to see flying at them and they hurt like an injection when they struck. If they lodged in their flesh their tails flopped down, painfully twisting their tips within them. If they dug deep enough the tiny puncture wounds they made bled.

Their marked breasts and pubic zones were Lion and Phoenix’s favourite targets and shots that hit their hard nipples and pubic clefts scored the highest. They were also of course the most painful to endure. To make it worse Lion and Phoenix had a dozen darts each and all might end up feathering Maria and Bethany’s naked shivering bodies before they were retrieved, sticking out of their breasts and bellies and about their thighs and pubic lips.

After several sets of darts Maria and Bethany’s bodies were streaked in blood and they were crying and sobbing with fear and pain. They were ready to do anything else but this! And that was what Lion and Phoenix wanted, of course: their total surrender and submission.

They began to make desperate pleading sobs about their gags while tossing their heads.

‘I think they’re trying to tell us something,’ Lion said. The couple moved closer.

‘Please screw us... please screw us...’ Maria and Bethany choked out feebly about their gags.

Maria and Bethany lay spread-eagled on the lilos under the trees with their wrist and ankle cuffs firmly chained to the restraining frames.

Lion and Phoenix lay on top of them, pounding into their dribbling vaginas. Lion's thick cock was embedded deeply inside Bethany while Phoenix's sculpted double ended dildo was skewering Maria's desperately clenching pussy, while her hot, pale sweaty breasts slithered and squashed against Maria's dusky globes.

And as the captive women gazed up into the masks of their temporary masters they strained every sinew to please them, squeezing and caressing the shafts of rubber and flesh pumped within them. There was no room left for pride or doubt, only submission and slavish obedience. Of course it was filthy and terrible and degrading and humiliating and yet still they bucked and shuddered and squealed about their gag balls as shattering orgasms tore through them and burst in their brains.

With ecstatic gasps and grunts of their own, Lion and then Phoenix climaxed and then lay limp across the hot simmering bodies of their sweaty slaves, whose helpless discharge was already pooling under their naked buttocks.

After a brief rest Phoenix and Lion swapped lilos and then each screwed the girl their partner had just had.

And so that was how they finished their three hours of mastery over Danvers' pair of quarry slaves. Yet in their dazed and shattered minds Maria and Bethany knew it would be only the first such ordeal of many.

How could they possibly survive a summer like this?

TO BE CONTINUED...

Table of Contents

[CHAPTER 3](#)