

# NIGHT- MARIE IN BRASS



FETISH WORLD BOOKS

# Simon Grail

# **NIGHTMARE IN BRASS**

Simon Grail

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# Chapter 1

As she came through from the bathroom with a towel wrapped about her, Alicia Marshall scowled at the big brass framed bed that now dominated her bedroom. It gleamed and it smelled of newness; of metal and wood hardly out of the factory, of crisp fresh linen and a deep unused springy mattress. It was as if it was mocking her with all its possibilities and promise, which now looked as if they were going to be unfulfilled. Tonight she should have been trying it out with Sebastian, but not any longer.

Earlier that day, in anticipation of christening the new bed, he had made the mistake of presenting her with a gift box tied with a big pink ribbon that turned out to contain a variety of sex toys. There had been ball gags, handcuffs, a huge vibrator, an anal hook and a lash. Not only were most of them too gross for Alicia to contemplate using, but what was even worse he not even thought of consulting with her before choosing them. Alicia felt doubly cheated. She had thought that she knew Sebastian, but apparently he had had been concealing what she considered to be dark and perverted tastes that went well beyond naughty fun, together with a certain arrogance that had assumed she would gratefully accept his gifts and then let him try the unpleasant devices out on her. Soon things had escalated into a blazing row during which he had called her cold and unadventurous and she had called him a mediaeval Neanderthal throwback. Shortly afterwards he had left.

Alicia felt bad about the row now, but she knew she couldn't have done anything else. She wanted to be desired for more than the sexual possibilities her body offered, not there was anything wrong with her body...

It was revealed to her in the full length bedroom wardrobe mirror as she slipped off her towel. Alicia was a cool, successful 27-year-old market analyst for the city trading company CR&N. Long honey blond hair framed her intelligent and perceptive face. She had bold dark eyebrows and bright blue eyes, red cupid bow lips, a straight decisive nose and a neat firm chin. Her slim figure carried well-proportioned pale rounded breasts high on her chest, which were capped by red stand-up nipples. Her waist was trim and it

flared to slim hips and firm rounded buttocks. Under her smooth dimpled stomach at the junction of her thighs was a fluffy delta of pubic curls that partially veiled a pouting pubic cleft.

She paused for a moment to consider her reflection and decided that she could do better than Sebastian. She would have no trouble finding somebody else with less dominating tastes who would be grateful for what she had to offer. That would teach him...

Alicia moved across to the bed where her nightdress lay folded on the pillow. But instead she paused to stroke the intricate brass work of its headboard, divided into two panels by a central post, which combined a sensuous scroll and leaf pattern that had so intrigued her when she had seen it in the showroom. The style was called: "Korrector", and boasted: "*A unique sleeping experience that opens up to a whole new life,*" and it had been her choice to buy it.

She traced the scrollwork with her fingertips and felt a sudden shiver of warmth in her loins while her nipples began to prick up. For a moment she had imagined herself naked as she was now examining the bed in the showroom in front of everybody. No doubt that kind of exhibitionism was something of which Sebastian would have approved.

Well there was nobody to see her now...

She sprawled across the bed and rolled languidly down its length to the foot board, which bore the same scrollwork pattern. She ran her hands along its upper rail until she reached the brass knob capping its central dividing post and idly twirled her fingers around it. Suddenly and unexpectedly it flipped backwards about a concealed hinge to reveal it was a hollow shell concealing another smaller brass knob underneath it. Except that this was not a perfect sphere but unmistakably the sculpted head of an erect penis!

Gazing at it in astonishment, Alicia pulled on the head and it slid smoothly upwards out of the hollow middle post of the footboard to reveal a fat phallus shaft a full thirty centimetres long sculpted in the same meticulous detail. As it reached its maximum extension it hinged at its base and bent

over like the handle of a bar pump until it jutted out horizontally pointing up the bed.

For a moment Alicia gaped at it disbelief. How had something like this come to be inside her bed? Was it some kind of joke or was it a special model for people with odd tastes that had got delivered to her by mistake? Well she'd send it back and it get her money refunded and then she would...

She realized she was stroking the phallus even as she contemplated the furious complaint she would make. Then she felt her loins tingling and growing hot and her nipples stiffening while her anger melted away. What a joke it would be if she had fun without Sebastian and his box of perverted tricks with something that she had chosen and bought herself which now turned out to contain unexpected bonus.

The thought made her dizzy and she felt her pussy cleft wetting, while her nipples throbbed and tingled. She ran her fingers through her hot slot and they came away sticky. Giggling at her own brazenness, she rubbed this intimate lubrication over the sculpted penis, making it look as if it was oozing with its own juices.

Alicia knelt on the bed and presented her haunches to the brass phallus. She edged backwards and fed her pussy onto the phallic shaft. It slid up inside her smoothly and she began to rock her hips back and forth, squeezing and grinding and churning the phallus within her.

It felt delightful inside her, its unyielding contours so smoothly sculpted that they did not hurt. And it was not as cold as she had imagined. In fact it was growing hotter and hotter by the moment. And so was she. Her nipples were so hot and engorged they felt as if they would burst, while her loins were heavy with the liquid heat.

Her juices were pouring out of her over the bed knob and dribbling onto the fresh linen beneath. Return it? No way. She was going to keep this all for herself. It was incredible... the best ever...

With a choking sob Alicia climaxed, making the bed frame shake with her convulsions as she thumped her bare buttocks against the bed rail so

that the full length of the phallus plugged her. A violent spasm tore through her body from her brass-impaled loins to the base of her skull where it burst like fireworks inside her brain. And then it seemed that everything went black...

## Chapter 2

Alicia recovered her senses slowly, luxuriating in the afterglow of her orgasm. That had been one of her best ever... No, the best ever!

In this state it took her some moments to realize that something had changed. She expected to be lying on her soft wonderful new bed. Instead she was standing upright with her legs wide and her arms stretched up above her head. Why? There was no bed under her and yet she was still impaled on something. And for some reason her mouth felt uncomfortably full.

Alicia tried to expel whatever was in her mouth but she could not. It felt like a rubber ball held in place by a strap running around her head. She blinked her gummy eyes and tried to focus on her surroundings. She was no longer in her bedroom.

She was standing on a circular brass grating of scrolls and flourishes a little like a manhole cover but about the size of a large table top and bearing the Korrektor pattern. There was a thick brass rod rising out of the middle of this grating with a brass dildo on its tip which was jammed up into her pussy. But this dildo, instead of a smooth base, had a ring of upward curving brass fingers spreading from it like the half open petals of a flower. Sprung fingers, Alicia realized, which flexed and dug into her slot and stroked her inner thighs and teased the mouth of her anus.

She straddled this phallic pole with her ankles pulled wide and cuffed by short chains to a continuous ring set in a circular channel which ran round the rim of the grating. Beyond the grating carved into a worn stone slab floor were a ring of words: *This wench does not know her proper place. Teach her by any means you desire...* She had to twist about to read the rest of the text as it curved round behind her out of sight. As she did so the ring to which her ankles were chained rotated smoothly in its channel, so she could move with it, shuffling awkwardly, while it kept her feet spread to the maximum. But doing so ground the dildo and its terrible teasing prongs about inside her vagina, as if she was literally screwing and fingering herself. She shuddered

and read the rest of the text: *...she must only be freed when she has learned submission and humility.*

Beyond this ring of words was the circular perimeter of the stone slab floor which was perhaps three and a half metres across. It was covered by a conical tiled roof supported by a lattice of heavy timber beams. From the point at which they met in the centre hung a heavy pulley through which the chain stretching up from her cuffed wrists ran and then down again to a securing cleat. She was stretched and splayed in an inverted “Y” of pale bare flesh by the chains that were pulling her arms up to the roof and dragging her legs out sideways so that the tension between them was holding her impaled.

The roof was carried by four heavy black wooden posts equally spaced about its circumference without any walls, doors or windows between them so that she could look out past them onto a ring of bare earth and trampled leaf litter which ringed the structure. Beyond this was a shaggy wall of greenery.

The impossibility of all this at last fully impinged upon Alicia’s dazed mind and she felt a surge of panic. She spun around, screwing the dildo up into her as she went so that she could see all about her. Four paths ran away at opposite points of the compass from the structure in which she was imprisoned; naked, chained and impaled, into a gloomy wood which entirely surrounded it and which was made up of thickly clustered shrubs and bushes underneath ranks of towering oak trees.

So dazed shocked was Alicia that it was some moments before she realized that she must be dreaming. She felt so foolish. Of course it was a dream! Her growing panic dissolved into grateful relief.

Now it made sense! She had been feeling bad about her row with Sebastian. Her unusual orgasm had been so intense that she had passed out and now she was incorporating the things most on her mind: the bed, its strange phallus and Sebastian’s bondage gifts, into this fantasy. It was disturbing in detail and unusually realistic, but now she knew it was a dream she could wake up.

Wake up now...



Nothing changed.

There were, she now noticed, a selection of chains, straps, canes and lashes hanging from the undersides of the beams that carried the roof. They looked frighteningly purposeful. She jerked her hips back and forward so that the dildo ground painfully inside her and its fingers hooked at her slot. She clenched her fists and drove her fingernails into her palms.

I want to wake up, she thought firmly, wishing she had not imagined herself gagged so she could have said so aloud.

Odd that she had not noticed before but there were four long mirrors screwed to the insides of the big square corner posts that reflected her image back at her... just like her bedroom mirror, of course. Yes she'd got now. She moaned and bit hard on the ball gag in her mouth; or rather the ball gag she imagined was in her mouth, she reminded herself.

Please let me wake up now!

But everything around her remained disconcertingly solid and unchanged. She could even smell slightly damp and mildewed earth and the muskiness of leaves. Even worse she could smell the aroma of her own orgasmic discharge as it trickled down the sides of the dildo, the deeply buried head of which was making her stomach bulge obscenely. She looked down at her chest to see her nipples were standing up like little cherries.

Alicia struggled desperately, twisting and jerking on the chains that bound her, but all that did was to ream the dildo even deeper inside her while grinding its fingers into her slot and across her throbbing clitoris, making her shudder with perverted delight. If she kept on like that she cum again!

Alicia forced herself to hold still while she tried to work out what was wrong with her. She knew this was a dream so why couldn't she wake up? Or was it one of those kinds of dreams when even though you knew it was not real you could not wake up. Was this a nightmare...?

Then she heard footsteps and voices approaching through the trees and from out of one of the paths before her emerged a couple of young men.

They were dressed in homespun baggy trousers with laced leggings and rope-tied tunics and had rough cloth caps on their heads with dangling earflaps. They looked like extras in some historical drama.

Alicia cringed and squirmed in her chains, feeling her stomach clench and her cheeks burning with shame. How could two young men see her like this? Even if this was just a dream it was getting absurdly embarrassing. Wake up, wake up, wake up...

But her surroundings remained all too solid and tangible and she saw the two young men were approaching her with big grins over their homely, half shaven faces: the kind of expressions young men might wear when looking at a naked, helpless and attractive woman. They stepped up on the stone slab floor and under the roof and looked her over with appreciative eyes.

‘This one’s new, Harry,’ one said, speaking with a heavy country burr.

‘Yeah, real fresh, Ed ...’ his companion agreed, reaching out and pinching and tweaking Alicia’s stiff nipples. ‘Nice hard teats on her...’

‘Good meat round here to,’ Ed said, reaching round and giving Alicia’s bottom a hard slap.

Alicia bucked and screeched about her gag, trying to pull herself away from their rough hands, feeling hot tears of fear and shame spring into her eyes. But between her chains and the terrible impaling dildo, there was no escape.

‘A real lively one,’ Harry commented, running his hand across Alicia’s stomach and through the wisps of her pubic hair to the apex of her stretched pubic mouth. A large rough finger ground into the swollen button of her clitoris and she groaned and rolled her eyes up in despair.

‘I don’t think she’s used to being touched like a woman should be,’ Harry observed. ‘Maybe she needs warming up a bit?’

Ed grinned. 'We can warm her up good and proper, can't we?'

Alicia shook her head frantically and moaned and whimpered and pleaded with her eyes.

'Looks like she's getting excited about something,' Harry said. 'Shall we take the gag out of her mouth and find out what she got to say for herself?'

Perhaps if she could speak then she could scream and shout and wake herself up, Alicia thought and nodded desperately.

'But does she know right way to speak to her betters?' Ed wondered. 'You know what these sluts are like.'

How dare they call her a slut, Alicia thought! Except that if this was a dream then she had just insulted herself. What was wrong with her?

Ed took hold of her nipples and pinched and squeezed and twisted them in opposite directions, making her sob and her eyes water. How could this hurt so much without waking her up? 'If we let you speak to us, girl, then you do so politely, right?'

'You call us "Sir", right?' Harry said forcefully.

Fearfully Alicia nodded. She would agree to anything. If she could just speak she could deny all this and then it would go away and she would wake up...

Ed pulled the ball gag out of her mouth.

'Wake up now!' Alicia screamed. 'I want to wake up now... This is just a dream... It's not happening... Wake up now... uggggh!'

Ed had slapped her hard on both cheeks with his rough hand while Harry had done the same to her buttocks, making her yelp and wince in shock. Her head rang and her bottom burned while more hot tears filled her eyes. Nobody had ever struck her like that before.

‘What did I tell you about being polite, girl?’ Harry reminded her. ‘Now you say you’re sorry...’

‘Ss... Sorry, Sir,’ Alicia choked out.

‘Why do you want to wake up, girl?’ Ed asked. ‘Don’t you feel awake enough already?’

‘I... I know this... this is all just a dream, Sir,’ Alicia stammered, ‘and I w... want to wake up. That’s all...’

The young men grinned. ‘Oh,’ Harry said, ‘so we’re just part of your dream are we? Does this feel like a dream?’

He pulled open a flap in the front of his rough trousers to expose a straining hard cock. Then he moved behind her and took hold of her breasts and pressed his erection up against the cleft of her buttocks and rubbed it against her vigorously.

Alicia whimpered in dismay at the feel his cock flesh rubbing against her bottom.

‘Does this feel like a dream?’ Ed said, freeing his equally hard cock and pressing it up against her belly, rubbing its head through her pubic curls and then against the apex of her cleft and the hood of her hard clitorises.

She squirmed between them rattling her chains while her stomach churned and her pussy clenched tight about the brass phallus, as if suddenly frightened to let it go. ‘No... don’t please... Sir... Sirs... stop it. Don’t...’

‘If we’re just dreams then what does it matter what we do to you, girl?’ Ed challenged her.

That conundrum was too deep for Alicia’s dazed mind to resolve. But if this was not a dream then what was it? It felt so real, as did fear of what they were going to do to her. She retreated to begging: ‘Please don’t do this... Let me go...’

From behind Harry took hold of her hair and bent her head forward so

she had to look down at the lettering etched in stone around her. ‘Can you read? What does that say, girl? Why should we let you go? You’re in the pillory to be taught your place, understand? You need to be corrected...’

Corrected... Korrektor... What games was her imagination playing with her?

Ed slapped her again, this time on the side of her left breast, making it shiver and bounce across her chest to slap against her right. Alicia shrieked in pain. He chuckled and used his left hand to slap her right breast so that it bounced and heaved in the other direction, making her shriek again. Then he slapped them both so they flattened together with a fleshy smack and then rebounded. Then he caught hold of both of them in his big rough strong hands and squeezed and kneaded them as if he was turning lemons on a juicer until she sobbed with pain.

‘I think you need to be reminded who’s in charge around here, girl.’

He let go of her breasts and he and Harry went to the array of punishment devices dangling from the roof beams and selected a pair of leather lashes. Alicia’s eyes bulged in horror at the sight of them. They were far bigger and more threatening than the puny thing Sebastian had bought for her...

Harry stood behind her and Ed in front. Their hard young cocks still jutted out of the flaps of their trousers, straining in expectation. Ed bent down and twisted the shaft of the brass dildo so that it retracted, pulling the dildo out of her with a sucking pop and leaving her groin exposed. Harry went to the cleat to which the pulley chain hooked to her handcuffs was tied off and drew it in and secured it again, lifting her higher until she stood on tiptoe between them.

‘We’re going to give you a thrashing and we’ll only stop if you beg us for a screw instead,’ Harry said.

Alicia’s eyes bulged in horror. ‘No please... no, Sirs... don’t hurt me... eek!’

The lash thongs hissed and swished through the air and cracked against her breasts and belly and groin, and across her back and over her buttocks and up between their cleft so that even the sphincter of her anus suffered. But then the thongs curled further between her legs and up into the wet slot of her pussy mouth. They drove down her hard nipples again and again and ripped across her straining clitoris and made her breasts leap and her buttocks shiver with waves of raw, stinging, shocking pain. Under the impact of the blows without the impaling rod to steady her, Alicia's body fluttered back and forth as she swayed from the ceiling chain, the cuffs cutting into her wrists as her belly and hips bowed forward and then her bottom thrust back. She was being batted back and forth by the lash blows between Harry and Ed as if they were playing a strange kind of game with her.

Her pussy was being relentlessly lashed front and behind, but instead of shrinking it had swollen with perverse excitement so that its lips gaped wide as if inviting further pain. Every blow that tore through it splattered her juices across her thighs and stained the leather thongs.

Alicia bawled and shrieked and sobbed and tears ran down her cheeks and splashed onto her bouncing breasts which were turning scarlet as they burned. Through the veil of her tears she saw Ed's face before filled with sadistic delight while his stiff cock wagged and bounced as he swung the lash against her helpless body.

She had all the pain she could imagine and yet she still could not wake up. What else could she do?

'You can have me,' she shrieked above the crack of leather on her own flesh. 'Screw me... fuck me... Please Sirs... do it... I want it... now...'

They stopped beating her, leaving her dangling limp from the ceiling chain with her head lolling forward, her chest heaving and her burning breasts trembling. Her sore buttocks clenched and her pink and swollen pussy dripped shamelessly. Her knees had turned inward and her legs were limp only twitching spasmodically. If the roof chain had not been there to hold her upright she would have collapsed.

Harry took hold of a fistful of her hair and pulled her head up so that she had to look at them. 'What did you say, girl?'

'H... have me... please have me, Sirs...'

They dropped their lashes and embraced her from front and back. The rough fabric of their tunics grated on her tender skin. They cupped their hands under her splayed thighs and lifted her so that their stiff cocks could slide up into her burning vagina and sore anal ring, stretching it wide and forcing their way up inside her until it seemed as if their shafts would meet in the middle. And just for a moment the relief from the terrible beating made it almost seem blissful simple to have two strange young men's cocks plugging her tight.

And then, delighting in their power over her, they began to pound into her together, making her passageways bulge with their swollen manhood's as they ground her sore and aching body between them. Alicia sobbed and moaned and gasped and they screwed her even harder. They did not care what she felt. They were doing this solely for their own pleasure. They were using her like a piece of meat, taking cruel advantage of her helpless inviting passageways and pliant body.

Truly she was living in a nightmare and there was no escape, none at all...

Or was there?

Her body, uncaring about cruelty or morality, was responding to their intense male presence inside her. Her aching nipples were standing up hard and her pussy was dripping and her anal ring squeezing tight about Harry's cock as it pumped within her.

Her loins were simmering and churning and filling with lust and it was going to burst her open... ahhhh!

## Chapter 3

As Alicia felt herself coming out of her post-orgasmic faint, for a few seconds she was filled with the delirious hope that the nightmare was over and she was back in her own bedroom. But when she peered through her bleary eyes she saw the gloomy woods and the posts and stone floor of the pillory with its damning words. The rod rising up through the middle of the grating had been extended once again and the phallus was back inside her with its sprung fingers teasing her sore orifices, so that she was strung up by chains and impaled by brass once more. The rubber ball of the gag was also back between her lips, stifling any sound she made.

But Ed and Harry had gone, leaving only the aching memory of them inside her and their slimy sperm seeping out of her vagina and anus and down her thighs to remember them by. They had had their fun and now they had left her alone again.

No, nobody had left her because there was nobody there, she reminded herself. This was a dream not reality. But then why couldn't she wake up?

Unless this actually was a real place? But where? And how had she got here? No, it must be a nightmare. It was the only thing that made sense. Now if she could get out of it...

She heard a shuffling of feet and a creaking and squeaking of wheels from behind her. Awkwardly she swung herself around; screwing the dildo up into her she did so, and saw a bent, middle-aged man dressed in the same rustic style Ed and Harry had been wearing appear out of the mouth of a pathway. He was pulling an ancient handcart behind him which was piled with cut wood.

He stopped when he saw her splayed wide in the pillory and grinned. He parked his cart beside the pillory and stepped up onto its platform.



‘My, but you’re a fine strong young thing,’ he observed, looking her over as if she was a horse, patting her buttocks and squeezing her thighs to test their strength without any sign of embarrassment. ‘I can make better use of you than leaving you here going wanting...’ He looked her in the eye and she looked back into his lined and weather-beaten face. ‘I’ve an aching back and a load to haul. Would you rather be old Hobbes’s pony than wait for the next beating by young men with pricks to exercise?’ And he squeezed her breasts as if to encourage her to choose.

What an offer to make, Alicia thought with a shudder. But if Hobbes unchained her then maybe she could get away. Perhaps, symbolically, that was what she needed to do to escape from this nightmare. He didn’t look as if he could run very fast. Or would she rather imagine another and beating and screwing from people like Harry and Ed? She nodded her head vigorously.

But she had underestimated Hobbes’s thoroughness and caution.

He took a bundle of straps and brass rings and buckles down from a beam which he proceeded to buckle about her body before he freed her from the chains and impaling phallus. The straps formed a harness, crossing over her shoulders and going above and below her breasts. A pair of chains with hooks on their ends dangled from the harness belt down the sides of her bare thighs. Only when this was buckled tight about her did he free her wrists from their cuffs. He bent her stiff arms down and back behind her, twisting them up into the small of her back and buckling straps hanging from the back of the harness about her wrists, securing her them behind her.

Now Alicia stood with her legs splayed and her upper body bound by straps, feeling the chances of escape diminishing by the second while her sense of helpless shame increased. But it got even worse.

From a pair of hooks where it hung along the line of one of the roof beams, Hobbes took down a curious metre long wooden pole with a brass wheel on one end and a double-pronged phallus and dangling hook and chain on the other. He bent Alicia forward and pushed the double pronged dildo head up into her still sticky rectum and vagina and making her gasp in despair. The trailing hook he fastened to the waist belt of harness, holding the dildos in place within her so that the pole jutted out backwards from between

her buttock cheeks like a tail with its wheel resting on the ground. She tried to straighten up but its length and angle kept her bent forward.

Hobbes took down a leather collar from the pillory collection and buckled that about her neck. Then he snapped a brass chain leash to it. Then he selected a short leather braided whip from the array on offer and dragged it across her breasts, making her shudder.

‘You be good, girl, or I’ll toast your tits with this,’ he warned her.

Alicia nodded miserably.

Only then did he free her ankles from the floor ring. She had merely exchanged one form of bondage for another. Getting away was not going to be as easy as she had thought.

‘This way, girl,’ Hobbes’s commanded, giving her leash a jerk.

Pulling her aching legs together Alicia tottered after him as he led out of the pillory and over to his cart, having to remain bent forward as the tail pole wheel trailing behind her rattled on the stones and bounced down the steps, jerking and twisting the twin dildo prongs within her painfully. Hobbes backed her around until she stood between its shafts with her tail wheel resting between them, and lifted the shafts up until he could hook the chains trailing from her waist belt to heavy staples hammered into their handles. She felt the weight of it dragging her down. How could an imaginary load of wood feel so heavy?

‘Let’s see how well you can haul a cart, girl,’ Hobbes said. ‘I don’t want you spilling the load...’

He led her once round the pillory with her leaning forward to tow the cart after her, acutely aware of her intimately plugged pole wheel rattling along after taunting and teasing her passageways. She felt her nipples beginning to stand up hard while her pussy flowed with fresh lubrication at this strange stimulation, causing her cheeks to burn with shame. Was there no escape from humiliation?

But Hobbes simply grinned and flicked her hard nipples and dipped his gnarled finger in her wet cleft and said: 'Now that's how a pony girl should respond when she gets between the shafts...'

Clearly he thought this was a perfectly normal way to treat a woman. What kind of place was this? Alicia whimpered and chewed on her gag, trying to indicate that she wanted to speak.

'If take this out will you be polite?' Hobbes asked.

She nodded. It seemed that everybody here required her to be polite.

He pulled her gag out.

'Please, Sir,' she asked meekly, 'what is this place called?'

'This is Somnoria of course, girl. Where else did you think you were?'

Somnoria was the name of the shop where she had bought the Korrektor bed...

'Now get along there,' Hobbes said, flicking his whip across her bottom.

And he set off along one of the paths that wound away through the trees, leading Alicia grunting and straining under her load after him, dripping her shameful juices as she went.

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The paths seemed to be endless, winding, twisting and criss-crossing through the dark wood. The oak trees were so numerous and their canopies spread so far that she only glimpsed segments of featureless grey sky between them. The paths seemed to be lined with holly and hawthorn bushes growing so close together that they almost seemed like the hedges of a prickly maze, but in the odd gaps between them she saw apple trees growing wild and heavy with fruit.

Soon Alicia was sweating and stumbling as she hauled the cart, wincing as the tail pole tormented her with its churning in her loins as its wheel bumped and rattled along behind her. Hobbes used the whip to gee her along. She yelped as the lash cut into her flesh and then moaned as the welts stung with her sweat. But harnessed and bent over as she was there was no escape from them.

‘Please Sir... how far is it to go?’ she gasps.

‘A ways yet, girl, a ways...’ Hobbes said vaguely.

Soon it seemed to Alicia that she had been hauling a cart naked through this wood in the Somnoria all her life. Her bare feet slapping on the earth, her sweaty breasts jiggling, the churning of the double plugs inside her making her cleft run so wet while her mouth felt so dry. Perhaps her flat and soft new bed and her job was the dream and this was the reality. What did a market analyst actually do that was as intense as this? What did a market analyst do? She struggled to remember...

And then the path opened up before her, and there was a thatched cottage set in a little garden with wild flowerbeds looking impossibly picturesque. Presumably this was the place the logs had to be delivered to. She felt a flush of shame at the thought of somebody seeing her harnessed like a pony but there seemed to be nobody at home. Hobbes led her through a side gate and round the back to a lean-to shelter with a few logs left in it. He unhitched the little cart and tipped it up and its load tumbled out.

While Hobbes stacked the logs, Alicia sank to her knees resting gratefully, not even caring how undignified she must have looked as she slumped forward with the pole sticking out of the rear. Even with the wheel plugged into her she might have considered escape while he was distracted with his work, but she was simply too exhausted.

When Hobbes was done he had Alicia stand up and he re-hitched her to the now empty cart. He spent a few moments after she was secured patting and stroking her bottom thoughtfully and squeezing her hot sweaty breasts. He slid a gnarled finger into her sticky slot and smelt her juices, making her shiver. And then he got inside the cart and flicked the whip across her

buttocks. 'Get along there...'

He directed her out of the gate and along the seemingly endless paths again.

'Please Sir, can I have something to drink...' Alicia begged meekly.

'All in good time girl,' Hobbes said, flicking his whip across her bare, sweaty impaled buttocks which now rolled before his eyes as he sat behind her.

She strained to haul the cart with him in it along the pathways until they reached a grassy clearing amongst the trees where he called a halt. He clambered out of the cart and then unhitched her from it.

'On your knees with your face in the grass, girl,' he command

He un-chained the wheel-pole shaft from her belt and then pulled the double plugs out of her, coming free of her rectum and vagina with some difficulty as they seemed to be sucking upon them.

'Bottom up and knees wide,' he commanded.

Alicia snivelled she obeyed, feeling her breasts pressing against the cool grass as she raised her bottom and exposed herself to his gaze. He could see the lash-stripped hemispheres of her buttocks and the sweaty cleft between them and the still distended pucker of her anus and the wet swollen gash of her vulva. She had never shown herself to anybody like this before except Sebastian. And neither was she now, she reminded herself. This was just a dream, a nightmare... wasn't it?

'That's her lovely backside,' Hobbes said. 'Now you hold still like that...'

She felt the braided whip stroked across her buttocks. And then it was drawn back and hissed through the air and cracked across them. Alicia screamed as her bottom flesh rippled and a searing welt appeared across her buttocks, just kissing her pubic cleft. Hobbes had not had the room to swing

the whip before while she was harnessed and bent over. Now she knew the flicks her had given her earlier had been mild. This was what a proper blow felt like!

Her bladder cut loose and her hot pee spurted out all over the grass. Hobbes laughed at her disgrace, but that did not stop him delivering three more terrible cracks of the whip onto her helpless upraised buttocks which bobbed and weaved desperately under the onslaught. The last cut of all went up through her sex lips and buttock cleft, rasping them with its braids and delivering a blow of searing agony which tore another scream from the lips.

Then he rested his arm, leaving her sobbing and shuddering and dripping with tears, her bottom upraised and bloody and burning. How could he treat her like this?

‘Now we’ll see how well you can please me...’

He knelt behind her between her spread legs, fumbling with his trousers. Then his rough hands caught hold of her hips and he thrust his ancient penis as hard and gnarled as an oak stick up into her sodden cleft.

Alicia groaned with disgust and despair as he filled her vagina. Then he began to thrust, leaning over her as he did so and grating: ‘That’s right... suck on this like you did the pole... you be good to old Hobbes and he’ll be good to you... could do with a nice fresh bit of pussy to keep me company... all you have to do is beg for it and you’ll be free of the pillory... you can be my pony girl... we’ll have a fine time together...’

He rode her faster, pressing her face down into the grass as his penis pumped the juices out of her cleft, his thighs and belly grinding across her sore beaten bottom. This filthy old man was going to come inside her...

Convulsively Alicia straightened up, jerking her head back. It connected with Hobbes’s nose with a crack, knocking him over and pulling his cock out of her, spurting as it did so and spraying his semen over her burning buttocks. Alicia struggled to her feet and ran for the nearest path and pelted along it. Far behind her Hobbes was crying out in anger. She took another turn and then another until she was far away from the clearing and

she could no longer hear him.

Only then did she slow down to a jog, trembling with relief and despair.

She had got away but her arms were still bound behind her and her leash chain still hung down from her collar and dangled between her breasts. Perhaps she could find somewhere to hide where she could struggle out of it. Or perhaps she could find somebody kind enough to let her go. She must have been punished enough by now...

Then she shook her head angrily. What was she thinking about? She didn't deserve any punishment! She'd done nothing wrong. Then why was she here? If this place wasn't real then it was all in her mind and she was punishing herself for some reason...

She licked her lips realizing how thirsty she was. And there beside the path, peeping out from between a holly and a hawthorn, was an apple tree heavy with red fruit. Suddenly it seemed to Alicia that an apple was most delicious and desirable thing in the world. Some of them were low enough so that she could reach them with her mouth. If only she could get past the spines and thorns in the way...

Cautiously she tried to edge between them, touching them as lightly as possible. She winced as they scraped her bare flesh. Just a little further... now a little more. But the apples seemed to retreat from her and she had to take another step between the walls of spines and thorns. She began to whimper and then sob as she was pricked and jabbed, craning her neck to grab one of the apples between teeth. But it was just out of reach....

Holly spines and thorns were sticking into her bottom and breasts and thighs and even the lips of her pussy. Excited by the pain her nipples were standing up hard which only added to their sensitivity as they were scraped and pricked. Her dangling leash chain was caught up in the bushes and dragged out behind her. This was no good. She had to go back.

She tried to turn round but now her hair was getting tangled up. She became aware of hot trickles of blood running down her body and getting

worse with every futile struggle she made. There was a holly sprig jammed between her thighs and long thorns sticking into her right breast. As she twisted about another joined it. Then one stabbed through her hard left nipple, making her whimper. A holly sprig slapped up against her sticky sex mouth, its spines pricking her erect clitoris, and she yelped. Any way she moved it only became worse.

Alicia began to sob and scream in fear.

She was trapped!



## Chapter 4

‘What’s this, what’s... an escapee from the pillory in distress?’ said a rich mellifluous voice.

Through her tears Alicia saw the glistening face of a plump middle aged man standing on the path staring through the tangle of spines and thorns at her. He wore a kind of black clerical cap and a cassock tied with a heavy leather belt and he had a brass cross hung about his neck. A priest of some kind...

‘Please get me out of here,’ Alicia begged.

‘How did you to get yourself in such a scrape, girl?’

‘I was just trying to reach an apple, that’s all...’

‘Still committing the sin of Eve all over again are you?’ he said censoriously.

‘No... just hungry and thirsty.’

‘How did you get free of the pillory?’

‘A man called Hobbes took me out of it to pull his cart. Then he whipped me and fuc... had me, but I ran away.’

‘And see where it has got you. You should have accepted your just punishment and usage.’

Didn’t anybody in this place have any sympathy for her? ‘But I’ve done nothing wrong! I don’t even know how I got here...’

He shook his head sadly. ‘More denial. You cannot hope to be saved until you admit your wrong doing. I can help you there. Are you ready to confess your sins and do penance girl?’

Right then she would have agreed to anything. ‘Yes... Yes I’ll confess and do penance... I’ll do whatever you want if you’ll just get me out of this please...’

The priest reached into the bushes, caught hold of the handle of her leash and then hauled it and her towards him. With the scream and the swish of branches, Alicia was wrenched out from the tangle, picking up more scratches and pricks and scrapes on the way until she burst free, stumbled out onto the path and dropped to her knees.

The priest looked her pricked and scratched and bleeding body up and down, his eyes growing wide. ‘Dear me, you are a shameless creature, aren’t you?’

Alicia sobbed. She thought a priest at least might care a little more. And then she saw the lustful look in his pop eyes as he gazed down at her.

‘Covering your body in sweat and dirt and blood like an animal... all those filthy curves so blatantly displayed... all that that soft, smooth bare flesh...’ Then he appeared to recover himself and said more briskly: ‘I am Father Tartuffe. Who are you?’

‘Alicia, Father.’

‘Well first you need to be cleaned off, Alicia, and then you must answer for your sins.’

‘Please, Father, will you take this harness off me first?’

‘What, and risk you running off and avoiding your penance, as you’ve admitted you’ve already done once before? I think not...’

He yanked on her leash forcing her to scramble to her feet and led her off along the path.

A short way along the path crossed a clear shallow stream by way of several large steppingstones. Tartuffe used the steps while he dragged Alicia through the stream. Half way across he paused. ‘Sit down in the water so you

can clean yourself,' he told her.

Acutely aware of Tartuffe's eyes upon her, Alicia sat down and rinsed herself off as well as she could without the use of her hands. Rolling over she even gulped some of the water down which tasted sweet and refreshing. The blood washed away leaving numerous pricks and scratches which however did not seem as bad as they had first felt. Even the whip welts that Hobbes had put on her bottom seemed to be subsiding.

She stood up again and Tartuffe beamed down at her approvingly. 'That's so much better. Come out and I will dry you,' he said, pulling out a large white handkerchief and tugging on her leash.

Obediently Alicia clambered up onto the stone on which he stood and he dabbed at her face and breasts with his handkerchief. He lingered as he worked on her breasts so that her nipples began to swell and harden at his touch. 'You are quite a slut aren't you,' he said with a show of disgust. 'I suppose you are just as shameless down here...' and without warning he thrust his fingers into her cleft. Alicia yelped as he penetrated her sore vagina and tried to pull away, but she was held back by her leash and could only whimper as he twisted his fingers around inside. At last he pulled them out and examined the slippery sheen of juices now clinging to them. 'Yes, as I thought, a wanton creature masquerading as an innocent,' he declared gravely.

'But I am innocent,' Alicia protested. 'I've done nothing wrong... I've...umphhh!'

Tartuffe had balled up his wet handkerchief and thrust it into her mouth, stifling her words.

'That's quite enough of that. This will have to be dealt with most severely...'

He dragged her on across the stream and along another path until they came to a clearing in the woods in which sat a small grey stone church. Tartuffe led her to it along a stone flagged path and through a heavy oak studded door. Inside there were a few boxed in pews, thankfully empty of any

parishioners, but the rest of the floor area was open and scattered with dry straw and the walls were not plain white but they had colourful paintings of biblical scenes on them. She had seen something like this before in a reconstruction of a Medieval Church...

Mediaeval. She had called Sebastian “mediaeval”. And now she thought about it Somnoria was a kind of warped mediaeval world. This was a nightmare of her own creation...

Tartuffe led her up to a low stone slab altar with a cloth and candlesticks laid out on it and a large wooden cross behind it set on a low plinth. Then Alicia saw there were iron rings set in the sides of the altar from which chains and ropes dangled and she began to pull back in alarm, but Tartuffe dragged her.

‘You’re not the first wanton I’ve had to correct and you won’t be the last,’ he declared grimly.

He dragged her across the slab on her back with her folded arms beneath her and her bare bottom hanging over one end of the altar. He wrapped her leash about a ring at the head of the altar, so that she could not lift her head and shoulders. She kicked and writhed and moaned and tried to roll off the altar until he slapped her cheeks and then her jiggling breasts, lifting each of them by a nipple until they were stretched into pink cones so he could spank their trembling sides and they shivered like jellies. Finally she lay still, trembling and snivelling in fear.

‘That’s better,’ he said. ‘You must learn to accept your just punishment...’

He pulled her legs apart, bending up her knees, and chained her ankles to the lower corners of the altar. Now her thighs gaped wide, exposing the intimate cleft of her pussy to his hungry, righteous eyes.

He pulled the handkerchief gag from her mouth and dabbed his own damp brow.

‘Please... Please, Father don’t do this...’ Alicia begged.

‘But I must do it for the sake of your soul,’ he told her. ‘You must prove you are ready to show contrition for your crime...’

‘But what crime? Nobody’s told me what I’m meant to have done...’

‘You were in the pillory so you must have committed some crime. You must not deny it...’

He unlaced his belt and then folded up a length of it and slapped it in his palm. ‘This will help you see the way...’

He brought the folded belt down across her breasts, flattening them against her chest and driving her hard nipples deep into their soft pillows. They sprang back up again shivering and smarting and glowing pink and so he beat them down once more, while her screams echoed around the church. After half a dozen swipes he moved along to her stomach and smacked that so it clenched and convulsed. Then he moved round to stand before her splayed legs and beat the insides of her thighs and the lower curves of her buttocks overhanging the altar edge and then, finally, the helpless naked pouting cleft of her vulva. As its soft lips flattened under his terrible belt some of the water she had drunk in the stream which had passed through her by now spurted out of her cleft over the floor.

‘Let your sins pour out of you as easily as your water,’ Tartuffe declared triumphantly. He stepped back survey her trembling burning body, crisscrossed by strap marks. ‘Are you ready to show contrition now?’

‘Yes... yes!’ Alicia shrieked and sobbed, ready to agree to anything if only the terrible strapping would end.

‘Do you offer your body up for sanctified rending?’

‘Yes... yes!’

He laid the belt across her stomach and hitched up his cassock to reveal a thick straining cock jutting out from under his wobbling belly and rammed it up into Alicia’s dripping vagina.

To her shame her hips and lifted up to meet him, impaling themselves upon his thrusting holy cock and sucking upon it desperately. At that moment she would take hundred of these inside her rather than be beaten again.

Tartuffe was puffing and grasping as he thrust into her, making her burning breasts shiver as her body was rocked back and forth across the altar slab. Her head lolled limply as he screwed her. She was too shocked to resist and just wanted to get it over with. But then she felt the liquid heat rising in her loins and her sore nipples swelling and hardening in defiance of common sense. It was as if the orgasm that she had evaded while impaled upon Hobbes's cock was not to be denied. Her pussy was dripping shamefully. She looked up between her sweaty breasts and spread knees to see Tartuffe's fat face red and contorted with primitive lust as his hypocritical cock reamed her out. Labourer or priest; in Somnoria they all wanted the same thing and she had no choice but to give it to them.

Tartuffe spouted inside her and she clenched his cock and felt her loins explode and screamed and lost herself in the outpouring of raw delight that briefly blotted out the horror of it all. If she could not be free and this was the only escape left to her.

Then everything went black...

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When Alicia came to again she was no longer lying on the altar. For a moment she thought she was back in the pillory, and then she realized she was still in the church. She was now bound to the big wooden cross!

Tartuffe was just securing her ankles to the cross with heavy straps. More straps were bound about her outstretched wrists and elbows, her neck and about her waist and around her mid thighs, holding her tight against the smooth heavy wood of the cross. Even though Tartuffe's cock was no longer occupying her vagina, which ached and seeped with his slimy sperm, she could feel something inside her. There was a brass phallus like the one in the pillory and the one in her bed (if that had ever existed) jutting up out of the vertical shaft of the cross beneath her buttocks which was plugged up into her rectum, stretching her sphincter painfully wide and holding her hips in place.

She was scarlet from neck to knees from her strapping and the whole front of her body simmered and burned.

She began to stir and squirm in fresh horror. 'No please... Father,' she moaned, 'haven't I suffered enough?'

Tartuffe said: 'Your response earlier proved what a filthy slut you are, even though you protest your innocence. You need to make a further penance...'

Alicia moaned and shook her head. 'Why does it have to be like this? How can you be so cruel?'

'Because I seek the truth, and in pain there is truth...'

He fetched items that had been laid out on the altar and put them on her. They were three lengths of pliant hawthorn twigs woven into rings. One went on her head and the other two about her breasts. As he squeezed and manipulated her mammaries through the rings, she whimpered as she felt the thorns stabbing into her soft flesh. The last item was a sprig of holly complete with berries that he pushed up into her vagina so that it appeared to blossom between her lips, stabbing its thorns into her tender flesh.

Then he took up something from behind the altar. It was a springy willow rod with a woven cane head the size of a tennis racket. It was an ancient carpet beater.

'The beating will stop only when you surrender to your true nature,' he told her.

'What is my true nature?' Alicia begged.

'You'll know it when you find it...'

He swung the beater. It swished through the air and smacked into her flesh. It didn't have the force or weight of his belt but it had a longer handle to build up speed and he now had vulnerable targets to aim for. The beater smacked into her breasts, flattening them against the rings of thorns bound

about them, impaling her flesh upon them and making her shriek. Streaks of blood began to run about her breasts and down her belly. The beater smacked into the junction of her thighs, driving the holly sprig deep into her cleft, stabbing her lips and clitoris and drawing more blood which ran down between her clenching, squirming thighs.

Once again Alicia's cries echoed about the little church as she shrieked and screamed at the horrific pain that stabbed so intimately through her. It filled her body except for the cold brass phallus that filled her rectum and about which her sheath clenched in desperation as if to steady herself. Compared to the terrible hot stabbing pain of thorns and spines its penetration was benign and comforting and almost welcome. As she sobbed and screamed and writhed on the cross, whole body seemed to swivel about it. She was being sodomised by a brass phallus and it felt good! Her juices upwelled and flowed out of her holly stuffed cleft, mingling with the pricks and trickles of blood from her labia to run pink down her legs.

Was this her true nature? Was this what Tartuffe expected her to surrender to? What choice did she have if she did not want to be driven mad by pain?

'Embrace your suffering with love,' cried Tartuffe as he swung the beater again and again. 'It is your gift... your offering... your sacrifice... glory in it!'

With a sob Alicia stopped fighting and let the pain fill her and merge with the hot lust in her loins and the plug in her behind.

And then she convulsed and her juices erupted out of her pussy in a fierce spray into the holly sprig which tore out from between her bloody labia lips and tumbled to the floor. And for a moment it seemed as if she had obtained some strange state of perfect bliss and contentment beyond pleasure and pain and yet riding upon them. Then again blackness enveloped her...



# Chapter 5

Alicia woke to find herself back in the pillory in the middle of the woods.

Her collar and leash once more hung from their hook while her arms were stretched above her chained to the ceiling beam pulley, her legs were spread and her body was impaled on the phallus rod. It was almost as she had been restrained the first time she had awoken, except that the now the brass phallus was lodged in her rear and her mouth was now gagged with a hard apple instead of a rubber ball. She realized her mouth and rectum were not the only organs that felt stuffed. Her vagina was plugged hard causing her pussy to bulge unnaturally. What was up there, she wondered in panic? She squeezed hard and a second small apple popped out from between her sex lips and fell onto the grating under her feet. No doubt it was a little parting gift from Father Tartuffe. He had fed her the apples she had craved after all, but only one of them she could possibly eat.

He must have brought her back here while she had been unconscious, but there was no sign of him now. Perhaps he had decided that her orgasmic act of contrition and penance was sufficient. It had certainly knocked her out for long enough. In fact she realized that she kept fainting after cuming. Was that natural? Of course not! It was another way of making her even more helpless, disorientated and pliable and re-setting the scene so she had to start from the beginning again.

She looked down at herself fearing what she would see after her ordeal on the cross. But although there were rough faint rings of pricks and scratches about the roots of breasts and her pussy stung and her rectum ached, she did not seem to have suffered any lasting harm. Did she heal more quickly here?

She groaned. What did she mean by “here”: this so-called land of “Somnoria” or the darkest recesses of her own mind? But if it was all a nightmare that she had conjured up, what did it say about her mental state? Better that she had been somehow impossibly transported to a real land of

pain and perversion.

But real or imaginary she was learning. She did not try to struggle in her bondage because she knew that was futile. She could only wait to see what would happen next. She did not think she have to wait long. Either an outside force or her own conscience was relentlessly trying to teach her something about herself and, whichever it was, it was not finished with her yet...

Almost as if on cue, a man and woman appeared from out of the pathways. They were quite a handsome couple perhaps in their thirties and were also dressed in an approximation of mediaeval fashion, with the woman wearing a kirtle and the man in a tunic, but they were finely made and embroidered and obviously of some quality.

They came over to the pillory and examined Alicia with interest but once again no show of embarrassment at her degrading exposure. At least the man squeezed and prodded her; pinching her sore but shamefully hard nipples and patting her bottom and probing her distended sex lips, while the woman looked on with a kind of demure curiosity. She was the first female Alicia had seen in this nightmare but she did not appear at all sympathetic to her plight. Apparently Alicia was the only person in this whole land who felt any embarrassment...

‘She is quite pretty,’ the man declared after a few minutes. ‘What do you say, Wife?’

‘She is, Husband,’ the woman agreed meekly.

‘I wonder what crime she has committed?’ He looked into Alicia’s eyes and asked sternly: ‘If I allow you to speak will you do so in a respectful manner?’

Alicia nodded wearily. They might commit unspeakable acts upon her, but they were apparently very strong on politeness.

He pulled the apple out of Alicia’s mouth. ‘Now tell me your name and then what you are here for.’

‘My name is Alicia, Sir, and apparently I’m here to teach me my proper place,’ Alicia said, struggling to keep her voice level, ‘which seems to mean me submitting to sex and bondage and spanking and enjoying it. There was a priest who said I was denying my true nature.... so he put me on a cross and beat and screwed me!’

The man looked surprised at her evident disgust. ‘He was only doing his proper duty in trying to save you. Denying your true nature is a serious crime. There’s no woman here who would do that...’ He indicated his companion. ‘Look at my wife. She knows exactly her proper place and is happy in it, aren’t you, Wife?’

She bobbed her head meekly. ‘I am, my Husband.’

‘But... but so you wouldn’t treat her like people have been treating me, would you, Sir!’ Alicia protested. ‘I’ve been chained up and screwed and beaten... and...’

The man was laughing out loud, as if she had said something hilarious. ‘And that is just how Somnorian women expect to be treated. Lillian herself enjoys serving my pleasure in this way. Its how a man maintains his respect and exercises discipline in the home. That is how it should be.’

Alicia looked at Lillian aghast. ‘You... you really let him do these things to you?’

‘I do, Alicia,’ Lillian said simply. ‘It is my honour and duty to please my husband in any way he desires.’

‘For instance, it would please me now to see my wife to kiss you on the lips, Alicia. Do so, wife...’

Before Alicia could react, Lillian stepped forward and embraced her and kissed her on the lips. For a meek woman she kissed with surprising passion.

When she drew back the man handed Lillian the apple he had taken

out of Alicia's mouth. 'Rub this through Alicia's nether mouth, which I see is refreshingly juicy, and then eat it,' he commanded.

Lillian stooped and pressed the apple into Alicia's cleft, making Alicia shudder even as her clitoris throbbed, smearing her juices over it. And then with a look of contented suffering, Lillian took a bite out of it. Alicia gaped at her in horror.

'You see, my wife knows her place,' he said with pride.

'Well that's not my place, Sir,' Alicia retorted.

'Then I think we should give you a fuller demonstration of how women should contact themselves,' the man said. 'She might learn from our example...'

Lillian bobbed her head, blushing slightly, 'as you wish, Septimus...'

'And perhaps if she is good we shall make her our pet.'

Alicia gulped. Did he literally mean that?

He looked at her. 'If I take you to my house will you behave?'

Did she have any choice? If it wasn't them then it would be somebody else, perhaps worse. And there was always the chance that she might be able to make a better escape than she had last time.

'Yes, Sir,' she promised.

This promise did not win her any escape from bondage, however. Septimus took down the collar and leash and fastened it about Alicia's neck again. Then he selected a pair of manacles and unhooked her arms from the ceiling chain and secured them behind her back. Then he withdrew the phallus rod from her rectum and freed her ankles.

Leading her like a dog after them, he and Lydia walked off again through the woodlands winding pathways.

Alicia felt her stomach churning as she stumbled along after the well-dressed couple. She was moving up in the world socially but there seemed to be no escape from her perpetual fate. But this time there was another woman present. Might that make a difference?

After a few minutes they came to a two story half timbered house with small leaded windows and tall chimneys, looking a little grander than the cottage she had helped Hobbes deliver wood to. Inside there were a few rugs scattered between some solid dark polished furniture, whitewashed plaster walls, beams and low ceilings.

People this well-off in this age, or at least pseudo-age, might be expected to employ servants, but Alicia didn't see any. Nor, she realized, had she seen any passers-by on the way here. She had seen nobody in the distance unconnected with her as would normally happen. This world seemed empty apart from some props and a handful of people, like a low budget film set. It could not be real, she told herself for the tenth time. And yet the collar about her neck felt solid and heavy, and she knew only too well that pain was very real here, as was pleasure. She realized her pussy was engorged and wet and her nipples were standing up in anticipation for whatever was to come. Was that sick or simply sensible?

Septimus led Alicia up a flight of narrow stairs and along the landing to a bedroom, with Lillian trailing on meekly behind them. Within was a solid dark wooden four poster bed with a canopy and side curtains that could be pulled round it for conserving warmth. Those were believable enough period details, however the many brass hooks, rings and chains hanging from the bedposts and the array of devices dangling from its footboard were something else.

Septimus hitched Alicia's chain to one of these hooks and then began undoing the laces and buttons of his clothes, telling Lillian: 'Strip, wife, and present yourself doubled over for pleasure...'

Meekly Lillian began undressing, removing her fine clothes. In a few minutes she had exposed a pale slender body with a mane of Brunette hair, cherry-tipped breasts and a deep, dark tangle of pubic hair. As soon as she was naked she clambered onto the bed and positioned herself with her head

resting on a long bolster lying along its headboard. She stretched her arms out to grasp its side posts and then lifted and spread her legs and raised them over her head until her toes touched the knobs of the headboard. Then she waited patiently, even as her posture totally exposed her groin and the pink lips peeping out from between her pubic curls and the little dimple of her anus between the soft in-rolling cheeks of her pale buttocks.

By now Septimus was also naked, revealing a pale lean body with a heavy ball sac swinging between his legs and a penis which was already swelling into tumescence. Alicia gulped as she stared at it, knowing where it was destined to go.

But first he turned attention to his wife, using some of the dangling chains with hooks on their ends to wrap about her wrists and bind her arms wide and then doing the same for her stretched legs. When was secured he gave her buttocks an affectionate slap. Lillian gave a little whimper but said nothing. Her total submissiveness to her husband's will both horrified and fascinated Alicia at the same time.

Septimus drew a broad leather strap across the middle of the bed from one side to the other, buckling it tight, so that it passed just beneath Lillian's pale buttocks. Here a metal ring had been sewn into strap.

Septimus unhooked Alicia from the bedpost and made her clamber on to the bed where he bent her head down and pushed her face in between Lillian's thighs. As she stared into this intimate tangle of hair and with its deep cleft sex lips, Septimus threaded the end of her leash chain through the ring on the strap that crossed the bed and then pulled it tight so that her nose almost touched Lillian's pussy and she could smell its strangely alluring aroma. Then he positioned himself behind Alicia, kneeling between her splayed legs. She felt his stiffening cock rubbing through the cleft of her buttocks and shuddered.

'Now you will use your tongue to pleasure my wife while I take you from behind,' he told her.

Alicia felt sick. 'I... I can't, Sir,' she protested feebly. 'I can't do this to another woman...'

‘Not even to a willing one? Lillian, tell Alicia you want this.’

‘Please put your tongue inside me, Alicia,’ Lillian said humbly. ‘It will please my husband if you do.’

‘But what about you?’ Alicia blurted out.

‘Pleasing my husband is my pleasure, Alicia,’ Lillian responded simply.

‘You see,’ said Septimus. ‘My wife wants this.’

‘B... but I’ve never done anything like this to another woman before, Sir,’ Alicia admitted, trembling with fear even as she felt her loins warming and her nipples pressing after into the bed clothes under them.

Septimus laughed. ‘What a sheltered life you have led! How could you be a proper woman, or know what a man truly desires, if you do not know how to pleasure one? Well it’s high time you learned how. And if you need a spur...’

He reached round to the foot of the bed and came back holding a wooden handle with a short length of leather strap nailed to it. Several parallel slots had been cut in its free end so that it became a spray of short thongs.

Sitting back on his heels so he had room to swing his arm, Septimus beat the frayed strap across Alicia’s buttocks briskly, making them shiver and deep and burn with pain. Alicia yelped and sobbed and jerked against her tethered leash, inadvertently rubbing her nose through Lillian sex lips.

‘Do I have to do more, girl?’ Septimus asked. ‘Pleasure my wife or I will beat your behind until you bleed!’

With a sob Alicia rubbed her face into Lillian’s cleft and slid her tongue into her vagina and lapped and sucked and nuzzled desperately. As she did so Septimus reached forward and took hold of the back of her collar to brace himself and thrust his penis up into her own cleft so that his hard rod

of flesh plugged her completely.

He gave her burning bottom another swipe of the strap. 'Make me feel welcome inside you, Alicia!'

Snivelling Alicia squeezed tight about his plunging cock shaft.

Now she was connected to both man and wife by their most intimate orifices. Lillian groaned as Alicia pleased her while Septimus grunted as he thrust deep into her. She was snatching her breath as she tongued Lillian's cleft which was beginning to flow copiously with her juices which soaked Alicia's face and seeped between her lips. So that was what a woman tasted like...

Septimus swung the strap again but not against Alicia's bottom but down between Lillian's spread legs and across her pale breasts. Lillian shrieked and jerked violently at the crisp smack of leather on soft flesh which made her globes dance.

'Try harder or my wife will suffer!' he warned Alicia.

Lillian lifted her hips against the clumsy bobs and dips of Alicia's head so that their contact was harder and deeper. 'Please make me spend over you, Alicia,' Lillian begged.

With a sob Alicia plunged in deeper, trying to pleasure every fold and hollow in the sucking warm lovemouth before her. She rubbed her nose against her hard clitoris and then nibbled at it and licked around it. Septimus was thrusting harder into her which also ground her face forward into Lillian's hot wet pussy. Swish, smack! Septimus beat Lillian's soft white breasts again and his wife sobbed in pain.

Alicia tried to force her face deeper into Lillian's cleft as if she was trying to penetrate her and its intense intimate scent filled her nostrils. At the same time Septimus rammed so hard up into her that she feared he would split her in two. Lillian's pussy sucked on her and then sprayed her with her juices while Septimus filled her vagina with his sperm. Her own loins burst and Alicia felt a brief intense, despairing spasm of guilty joy fill her.



Then there came another plunge into blackness...

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When Alicia recovered she found she was still on the bed but Septimus was no longer inside her, although she could still feel his sperm and dribbling out of her pussy, and her face was no longer buried in Lillian's pussy. Her tether had been loosened and Septimus was heaving her body forward so that she rested against Lillian who was still chained to the headboard with her legs spread wide. Alicia's face, still shiny and sticky with Lillian's juices, was suddenly pressed right up against Lillian's own pale face and they stared into each other's eyes. As she goggled at her in acute shame, Septimus wrapped the chain of Alicia's leash a couple of times around Lillian's neck and tied it tight, binding them together.

Septimus slapped Alicia's bottom to gain her attention. 'Get your rear up in the air,' he commanded.

Alicia squirmed about and raised her bottom. Septimus took up something else from the foot of the bed and reached between Alicia's thighs. She felt a thick, phallically sculpted but unyielding shaft penetrate her, sliding easily up her stretched and lubricated vagina until she was fully plugged. Then Septimus tied a cord about her waist. Alicia twisted her head to look down between her body and Lillian's. She had been fitted with a double ended strap-on polished wooden dildo, the up-curving end of which pointed at Lillian's gaping wet cleft.

Septimus took up position behind Alicia again. 'Now you're going to give my wife a good seeing to with that while I'm enjoying the pleasures of your rear,' he told her.

In despair Alicia looked into Lillian's eyes. 'Please do as my husband says, Alicia,' Lillian said meekly. 'It is our duty to please him...'

'No it's not!' Alicia choked out in feeble defiance.

Septimus slapped her bottom and then pushed Alicia down onto Lillian. The wooden shaft slid up into Lillian's interior while their breasts

slapped together and spread against each other. She could feel the heat from Lillian's recently beaten mammaries flowing into her own. Their faces touched and their lips met.

Alicia felt Septimus positioning himself. His fingers dug into buttocks and pried them apart. Then his shaft forced its way through her anal sphincter and slid up into her rectum. As she moaned in pain and shame Lillian kissed her passionately.

Septimus mounted Alicia fully, grinding against her sore bottom while his weight forced her body hard against his wife's splayed and chained form. Her hips rubbed against the insides of Lillian's thighs while their hard nipples pressed into each other's breast mounds. The wooden double-headed phallus that joined them twisted and churned within their vaginas: cruel and hard and impossible to ignore. Alicia felt Septimus's pumping cock head surging through her rectum and pressing perilously close to the shaft of the phallus within her. She was doubly plugged by wood and flesh while her lips seemed to be locked with Lillian's.

Now she was the filling in a perverse fleshy sandwich between man and wife.

While Septimus was pumping into her from behind, Lillian was gasping and thrusting her hips up against Alicia's. The wooden phallus sucked and jerked within them while her juices dribbled over Lillian's pussy, turning her bush into a slick sopping mat which rasped and slithered against her own. The pre-orgasmic reek of their hot pulsating vulvas seemed to fill the airless space over the bed, as if they were sucking upon each other rather than the wooden rod that joined them.

'Oh... oh, Septimus... please let us keep her!' Lillian sobbed with desperate delight.

'She is passionate when the mood takes her,' Septimus agreed, 'but she would be too wilful to make a proper pet...'

Septimus pounded harder against Alicia's bottom which pressed her sex mouth and the dildo deeper into Lillian. Their mouths were locked

together and their tongues were intertwined. Septimus's hot sperm boiled up into Alicia's backside and her loins convulsed and her sheath clenched about the wooden phallus within her as she sprayed her juices over Lillian's pussy which responded in kind. Sperm and juices trickled down Alicia's cleft into Lillian's and then onto the bedclothes where they merged.

Alicia thought her brain would explode from pleasure and then it all went black again.

## Chapter 6

When Alicia recovered an unknown time later she was unsurprised to find herself back in the pillory in the woods. But again it was not quite as before.

This time she was lying on her back spread-eagled with both her wrists and ankles chained to the ring surrounding the round brass grating. The central phallic rod had been withdrawn into its depths to allow her to lay flat but there was still something plugging her pussy. She squinted down the length of her sweaty body to see it was the wooden double-headed phallus.

A slightly manic chuckle bubbled up from within her. She had failed as a pet and so she had been given the wooden spoon by Septimus as the reward for a loser. She hoped Lillian would be all right. She needed some kind of companion, but it could not be her.

Everything seemed oddly peaceful as Alicia lay there helpless and expectant. Well, what would happen next, she wondered? Surely there was no perversion left for her to suffer. If there really was some intelligence putting her through this then its point had been made. She hated what she had been made to do but when forced to confront it she could be made to orgasm. So what? That was just desperation. If she was doing it to herself then perhaps she had run out of ideas.

‘Come on!’ she called out loudly in case somebody was listening, ‘there’s nothing left. You’ve had your sick fun with me. You can force me to cum when you want, but you can’t make me like it...’

Then she heard footsteps approaching along one of the paths. Not one set of footsteps but many. And they weren’t simply walking but marching in step, accompanied by a clink of metal...

Alicia’s heart seemed to stop. Oh no... not that, please...

There were twenty of them: young men marching two abreast and

carrying pikes and wearing britches and shiny brass breastplates and helmets. They marched about the pillory building until their grizzled sergeant called out: 'Company... halt!'

They stood to attention.

'Company... rest pikes!'

They rested their long pikes against the sides of the pillory.

'Company...present cocks...'

They pulled open their britches and twenty hard shafts sprang out.

'First rank... prepare the slut for use...'

Half a dozen of them trooped into the pillory and surrounded the Alicia, while the others crowded about the pillory peering in with lively interest.

She looked up at their rampant cocks and their cruel expectant faces with tears in her eyes and her stomach churned in dread, making her pussy clench and causing the wooden phallus jutting out of it to jerk obscenely. 'Please... No you don't have to do this,' she begged. 'Haven't I suffered enough already? I'm sorry I said anything... I've learned my lesson...'

The sergeant marched in and stood over her with his cock also exposed. Carefully he drew the wooden dildo out of her pussy and held its wet end up before his men who sniggered at the sight. 'You are a shameless slut in a pillory,' he barked. 'Therefore you are available to provide comfort and relief for my young lads.'

'Please don't!' she sobbed. 'Not so many... not like this... eek!'

The sergeant had pulled a cane from his belt and bent over and slashed it across her breasts briskly and precisely both forehand and backhand half a dozen times. Her breasts leaped and bounced and burned as scarlet stripes sprang into being across them. Alicia's protests dissolved into sobs and moans as her eyes filled with hot tears.

‘You will reserve your mouth for the pleasuring of my men, do you understand?’ The sergeant snapped.

Alicia whimpered and nodded.

‘You will make your cunt and arsehole ready for the same purpose, do you understand?’

Again Alicia nodded.

He straightened up again: ‘First rank...deploy chains...’

The men took the ends of chains down from the corners of the pillory roof and stretched down to Alicia’s arms and legs, clipping them to her cuffs in place of the chains that bound her to the grating ring.

‘First rank... raise the slut to waist height...’

They hauled on the chains and dragged Alicia off the floor, stretching her out wide so that she dangled from her wrists and ankles. They kept lifting her until her hips and head hung at waist height with her thighs stretched wide and her pussy and bottom cleft totally exposed.

‘Secure the chains...’ the Sergeant commanded and they tied the chains off to cleats on the wall posts.

‘Tit thrashers... select your paddles...’

Two men selected paddles from the pillory selection and held them ready above Alicia’s swaying body. Their paddle ends were formed of woven canes with metal studs in them. Alicia’s tear-filled eyes bulged at the sight of them.

‘Numbers one and two... take up head and tail positions...’

One soldier stood between her legs and another other behind her head. The one between her legs took hold of her round the hips, clasping her buttocks, while the one behind her head grasped her by the hair and tilted her

head backwards until the sight of his cock filled her gaze.

‘Screwing and thrashing by numbers... commence...’

The men thrust into her, one down her throat almost choking her, and the other deep into her vagina and making her stomach bulge. At the same time the beast thrashers began to beat her. She would have screamed in pain and despair had her throat not been filled with cock. Mechanically in time with the beating the soldiers thrust into her perfect discipline, doing it by the numbers. She was skewered between their shafts that alternately filled her and then sucked upon her as they were pulled half out, even as the paddles smacked into her breasts and flattened them, digging cruelly into them with their studs before they sprang back up again with her nipples hardened and burning as if in foolhardy defiance.

Perhaps because of their state of advance readiness, the first pair men screwing her came after only a few minutes. They even spurted inside her together. Then they pulled out of her, dripping sperm from their satiated penises. They took turns wiping their soiled cocks on her hair and then they stood back. The two who had been beating her breasts handed over the paddles to another pair and they took their place between her thighs and at her head and thrust into her. This time the one standing between her legs chose to make use of her rectum for his pleasure and her bottom bulged as he penetrated her...

Swish, smack, thrust, again and again and again. It was revolting and obscene and too much to bear and...

Alicia screamed as well as she could with a slug of hard flesh down her throat, as she came bucking and swaying in her chains, wriggling between the cocks that impaled from top and tail. She heard laughter and then she fainted.

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But this time when Alicia recovered her ordeal was not over. The only difference was that new sets of cocks were pumping into her and fresh men were beating her breasts which were by now a blazing, searing, shocking

pink.

Spent sperm dribbled from her lips and from her pussy and anus and fell onto the grating beneath her. And with each triumphant ejaculation and change over, more soiled cocks were being wiped in her dangling hair until it was filthy. It was a military gang bang and the mechanical relentless obscenity of it was so revolting and irresistible that she came and blacked out again...

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When she revived from her cum faint there was another set of fresh cocks screwing her and her beaten breasts were on fire and her vagina and rectum were pummelled and bruised and her throat was raw from reaming out and drinking down gobbets of sperm. Alicia no longer thrashed about but hung there limply in her chains, letting herself be penetrated again and again until another monstrous, inexplicable orgasm overwhelmed her. There was nothing else to do...



# Chapter 7

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Alicia woke to find she was alone again. But the soldiers had left her with something to remember them by.

She was no longer hanging spread-eagled in the air under the pillory roof but dangling upside down from the central ceiling chain which was now clipped to her ankle cuffs, while her arms were cuffed behind her. A pair of the chains that had supported her had been restrung from the pillory posts to clamps screwed to her nipples, stretching them out sideways ninety degrees apart and punishing any movement she made. Her whole body ached inside and out. Her gullet, vagina and rectum were raw and bruised. Her breasts hanging stretched out and inverted before her burned and simmered. The last ejaculations of sperm seeped out of her vulva and rectum and trickled through her sodden pubic bush and down her belly or else through her buttock cleft and down her spine. A sprig of holly had been thoughtfully left in her cleft as a final decoration.

Her head, now hanging at waist height, throbbed with pooling blood but the cool woodland air washed over her naked body was gentle and undisturbed. The soldiers had gone leaving her to her fate. Surely this was the end. Now there really was nothing left they could do to her, or if there was she could not face it. She was not brave enough to defy whoever or whatever controlled Somnoria or her perverted dream mistress lurking in the back of her mind again. She had been broken at last and was totally humbled.

And now she was totally alone and empty. She didn't even have a brass phallus inside her for her pussy or bottom to suck on. That would have been a sort of comfort...

What next?

She saw a figure emerging from the woods. It was hard to tell while hanging upside-down but it seemed to be that of a young man in peasant's clothes.

No... please no more she thought in despair.

But he seemed to be innocently passing by, scraping a stick along the ground and not paying her or the pillory any attention. He was ignoring her as if she didn't matter. He was going to walk off and leave her alone...

'Hello...' she croaked feebly.

The boy looked up and seemed to see her for the first time. Idly he came over and stepped up into the pillory and looked her soiled body over curiously as it hung like a side of meat in a butchers shop. He did not touch her he just looked at her with frank unabashed interest.

'What's your name?' he asked at length.

'Alicia... what's yours?

'Sebastian...'

Oh God, what kind of joke was this? Aloud she said cautiously: 'Sebastian... That's a... nice name. I know somebody called Sebastian.'

'You don't look very comfortable like that,' Sebastian said gravely. 'Do you want me to free you?'

At last! Somebody was actually showing her sympathy. Somebody who wasn't abusing her. Somebody who actually wanted to help...

Alicia opened her mouth to cry out that she did want to be free when her lips tightened again. After all her begging to be released suddenly it was too easy. If she was meant to be freed by now then the soldiers could have done it after they'd had their fun and broken her. This was another test. But what could she say?

'No thank you, not just now. Have you had a woman before, Sebastian?'

'No.'

‘Then I’d like you to start with me.’

‘What should I do?’ he asked innocently.

She looked at his stick: a light springy bit of willow. ‘You can use that on me first. You can cane my tits and my bottom with it until I cry.’

‘Would you like?’

‘Yes, I’d like that very much please... it’s... it’s what I’m here for...’

‘Shall I take these chains off first?’ he asked, tweaking her chained nipples.

‘Yes please... then you can cane them better.’

He unscrewed the clamps and the chains fell away and Alicia winced as she felt the blood flowing back into her nipples. Her breasts flopped down more naturally, exposing their undersides. Now she was free to turn around, exposing herself totally to him.

‘Be sure and hit them all over,’ she told Sebastian. ‘Do a proper job...’

Sebastian drew back his arm and swiped the willow wand across her breasts.

Alicia screamed and sobbed as it cut into her flesh and her breasts jiggled and jumped before her eyes. When they were burning red he spun her around and set to work on her buttocks, painting fresh stripes across them and making them clench frantically with every cut. Alicia’s tears were running up into her dangling hair and she howled and whimpered. But she did not say one word of protest or utter a single plea for him to stop.

Sebastian paused and fingered the spray of holly stuck in her sex cleft. ‘Shall I take this out and cane your pussy?’

‘Of course you must,’ Alicia sobbed.

Sebastian removed the holly and swiped the cane down between her thighs so that it whipped through her cleft and tore through her labia and punished her impudent clitoris which was standing up so hard. She lost control and a fountain of pee spurted out of her, making Sebastian laugh as it fell back like rain over her body and stung her burning cane-cut breasts as it trickled over them. Alicia screamed in pain and delight and thought she would faint but she did not.

When Sebastian was done and he had marked her all over with his own personal willow stripes, she snivelled and blinked away her tears and asked: 'Is your cock nice and hard now?'

Sebastian pulled open the flap of his trousers and a fine hard young penis sprang out.

'Now you can push that up into my mouth and I'll suck on it and you'll feel really nice when you spurt inside me,' Alicia told him.

So Sebastian took hold of her sore buttocks and held them firmly while he thrust his cock up into Alicia's mouth and pumped away as she sucked lovingly upon him. He gave a little groan of pleasure when his sperm, hot and sweet, finally spouted into her throat. Eagerly she swallowed it all down.

'That was nice,' he said. 'Thank you...'

'You must wipe your cock clean on my hair now,' Alicia told him.

He did so and then looked at her again intently, frowning slightly. 'I'm going to let you down now,' he told her.

She said nothing although her heart thudded as he loosened and lowered the pulley chain and she slumped onto the floor on her face, mashing her sore throbbing breasts against the mesh of the Korrektor grating. Sebastian undid the cuffs from her ankles and then pulled out the pins that secured the manacles about her wrists and opened them up.

For the first time since she had come to Somnoria she was free!

But instead of running away Alicia got shakily onto her hands and knees and shuffled over to Sebastian and kissed his feet in gratitude. Then she turned her bottom to him and offered up her haunches.

‘If your cock is hard again, please have me up my pussy as a thank you,’ she said.

‘It looks very sore,’ he said, ‘won’t it hurt?’

‘Sometimes it’s meant to hurt,’ she assured him. ‘Now you have me good and hard because that’s how it should be. When it’s the right man... ‘

And so Sebastian knelt between Alicia’s spread knees and rammed his cock up into her aching simmering pussy and she winced and sobbed and pushed back into him.

His cock felt very hard and smooth inside her, but then that was how it was meant to be. Surrender to a cock like that was almost... liberating. And then he spouted inside her and a monstrous orgasm overwhelmed her and Alicia shrieked and fainted and fell forward into blackness...

# Chapter 8

Alicia woke up lying on something soft and white. It took her some moments to work out that it was a bed sheet. She stroked it with one hand and realized that she was free to move. There was nothing sticking into any of her orifices and nobody was beating her and there were no chains binding her. Scarcely believing her own eyes she looked about her. She was back in her own bedroom lying face down on her new bed.

For a moment her heart surged with joy only to have her elation dashed by fear and doubt. Was this real or was it another act in her nightmare?

Her pussy ached and there was dampness on the sheets between her thighs. Cautiously she looked round and saw the brass dildo was still jutting out from the footboard of the bed and dripping with her juices as if she had just pulled herself off it. Or had it been young Sebastian's cock that has been so hard inside her just a moment ago?

How long had she been gone?

The bedside clock read the right time. According to it only minutes had passed since she had impaled herself on the bed phallus, not the hours or days she had seemed to live in Somnoria. She felt her body over but there were no thorn or whip marks upon it.

This was real and all that had been some crazy, guilt-driven nightmare!

And then a sudden surge of emotion overwhelmed her and Alicia curled up and cried for several minutes. Why had she put herself through all that just because she had discovered her bed had an unexpected inbuilt sex toy? Was she feeling so guilty about rejecting Sebastian? Was she trying to tell herself that it was all right to indulge in weird sex games by coming again and again no matter what was being done to her? And what was that meant to

mean at the end when she had offered herself to the other younger Sebastian without any conditions? That the only way to free herself was to submit to rough sex and domination, which was also the path to incredible orgasms?

Well not in this world, she told herself firmly. It was back to sanity for her. Back to safety and comfort. Back to normal pleasures. Back to sleeping in her new bed... alone...

Scowling and wiping her eyes, Alicia rolled over to get off the bed only to yelp as something sharp stabbed into her bottom. She got up and reached round and pulled the thing out of her. It was a small sprig of holly with a few drops of dry blood on its glossy leaves...

Alicia stared at it for a long time. Oh, I see, she thought, slowly. Then she reached for the bedside phone and dialled a number.

‘Sebastian... listen, I’m sorry for what I said earlier. I was being stupid. If you want to come round right now we’ll try out everything you bought... yes that’s right...’

As she spoke Alicia shuffled over the bed to the footboard phallus and lifted its end up so she could impale herself front forward on it. She grunted as she began to work her hips back and forth, feeling her juices flowing around it and the slight glucking noise it made as she sucked upon it.

‘Oh... and I know it’s not Christmas but... can you bring some holly? I’ll explain later...’

She still held the sprig of holly in her free hand. She pressed it against the flexing cleft of her well-filled vulva so that its spines stabbed into her swelling clitoris. Ohhh... that hurt so much it was good!

‘Please come quickly...’ she begged Sebastian ‘...before I do...’

**THE END**

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