

**BDSM Erotica**

# **Sex Slave Holiday**



**SLAVERY BOOKS**

# **Simon Grail**

# **SEX SLAVE HOLIDAY**

Simon Grail

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# Chapter One

The four naked women bent over the veranda railing of the log cabin screamed their pain out about the rubber bits stopping their mouths as their bare backsides were whipped. Their cries rolled out across the tranquil waters of the little lake to the wooded slopes of its further shore, which uncaringly swallowed them up as if they had never been. There was nobody to hear them in this little valley. They were totally helpless.

Their wrists were cuffed behind their backs and their legs were spread with their sandaled-toes protruding between the posts supporting the veranda rail. Ropes bound about their ankles, knees and waists held them pressed tightly against the rail. They were held bent over by heavy crocodile clips clamped about their nipples which were connected to bungee cords which stretched down and backwards to hook onto the ropes binding their ankles to the veranda posts. Each convulsive jerk of pain which arched their backs also stretched their breasts downwards into tormented pink fleshy cones and any attempt to stand upright would have torn their nipples off. To keep their heads up the handles of the heavy choke chain dog-leashes they wore were stretched up to a row of heavy rings, from which hanging baskets might have been suspended, which were screwed into the lower beam of the wooden panelling that ran above the veranda rail.

Two of the four were women in their late thirties and other two no more than eighteen. There was a blonde and brunette in each age group, with the older women bound side by side to the middle of the rail and the younger ones on each side of them matched by their hair colour. The family resemblance was clear even in their distraught features: they were two mothers and two daughters, both generations now reduced to shared humiliation, fear and pain. As the whip cracked across their backsides they twisted their heads round to look into each other's shiny red anguished faces through tear-filled eyes, straining against their cuffs and leashes and dribbling about their gag bits. Then they looked round further to their tormentor, pleading incoherently for his mercy.

A large man in a full head mask walked up and down the boards behind them, swinging a short braided whip across the four naked defenceless bottoms so perfectly presented for his use, laying searing slashes across their desperately clenching and shivering buttock cheeks. As the pliant whip curved about the yielding contours of buttocks and thighs, it licked up into the intimate humid cleft between them and across the lips of four reluctantly pouting sex mouths which throbbed and dribbled helplessly even as they stung and burned under the cruel onslaught.

But although the masked man's face was hidden, his penis was not. A huge thick cock-shaft jutted out from the flies of his loose combat trousers and bobbed stiffly in front of him as he moved from one of his helpless victims to the next. As he did so the women's eyes kept dropping to his rampant manhood in fear and sick anticipation, knowing where it was destined to go.

'Do you want me to stop whipping you?' he demanded in a deep powerful voice.

They nodded and whimpered pathetically.

'Then I want to see each of you piss yourselves right now as a show of submission to your master!'

And such was their state of despair that they obeyed, surrendering to the pain and letting their bladders go almost joyfully. As hot fitful streams of pee hissed from their sore clefts and splashed over the veranda boards, the masked man lowered his whip and raised the camera slung about his neck and recorded the intimate fountains play with apparent satisfaction. And for a moment the women felt a perverse sense of relief and even gratitude to their dominator for sparing them further pain. Then, as the last drips fell from their clefts, they realized they had simply disgraced themselves at his command, acting like animals and confirming his mastery over them. And so their tear-streaked face burned with fresh shame.

'For the next week I will be your master,' he told them, 'and you'll be my total, obedient, pussy slaves...'

And at that moment none of them had the strength or courage to doubt it.

Yet little more than an hour earlier they had been at the start of what might have been such a nice holiday...

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‘Are we there yet?’ Zoe Parkinson asked her mother dejectedly from the back seat of the old but sturdy silver Volvo estate. It was a bright August day and even with all the windows down the car was hot. Behind her its baggage compartment was packed high with luggage and groceries.

‘A little more whine and you’ll sound just like a twelve year old again, dear,’ Tess replied with gentle forbearance as she turned off the A38, which cut through the Devon countryside in a long arc separating its south coast from its upland heart, and onto a narrower “B” road. Ahead of them, hazy and purple in the afternoon sun, was the rising ground of Brent Moor which formed the southern extremity of Dartmoor.

Alice Winters, who was sitting in the passenger seat by her old friend, consulted the map. ‘Just another ten minutes, Zoe.’

Alice’s daughter Karen, who was seated in the back next to Zoe, pulled out the earphones which had been connecting her to her iPad and looked about her, asking innocently, and not very enthusiastically: ‘Ohhh... are we there now?’

Alice and Tess exchanged resigned glances.

‘Why do we bother?’ Tess wondered. ‘They’re eighteen. They don’t really want to be here.’

‘Because this is the last time they’ll put up with having a holiday with their old mums,’ Alice reminded her. ‘Next year they’ll be off having fun somewhere with all their new college friends, and if we’re lucky we’ll get a couple of texts the whole summer.’

Her light words did not entirely conceal her genuine emotion at the thought that this would be her last proper holiday with her daughter, even if it was only for a week in a rented holiday cottage in the West Country.

‘Felicity Saunders’ mum has let her go off to Italy with her friends,’ Zoe said pointedly, ‘and she’s a month younger than me.’

‘And knowing Felicity she’ll regret it,’ Tess countered.

‘But it’s Italy!’ Zoe repeated.

‘And Italy will still be there next year... if you save up enough money for the trip.’

The girls’ lack of funds had clinched the matter of where to vacation. They had to have a holiday of some kind to celebrate finishing school, even if it was just a week in Devon with their mothers, which was all they could afford. Then it was back to their holiday jobs to earn money towards their college expenses.

‘Come on, give it a chance,’ Alice persisted. ‘You might even enjoy yourselves at the lodge. I mean it’s got its own private lake. And we can visit Plymouth and the beach at Torquay.’

‘Nice try, mum,’ Karen said, ‘but Torquay verses Venice? Seriously? No contest!’

Zoe raised a point of acute concern to her generation. ‘The brochure said you couldn’t even get a phone signal there! We won’t be to talk to anybody!’

‘Apart from us,’ Tess reminded her gently. ‘Or don’t we count anymore?’

‘It has got a landline and you can go online through that,’ Alice reminded her. ‘We’re not totally going back in the Stone Age.’

‘That still sounds pretty primitive to me,’ Zoe said grumpily.

‘You’ll be able to decide first hand in a minute, Zoe,’ Alice said. ‘I think we’re there...’

A meandering side road running between red earth banks had brought them to the mouth of a turning lined with bushes and an arrow and signpost that read: *Lakeside Lodge: Private*.

Tess steered the big car slowly round the curve of an even narrower stone and gravel track until they came to a metal sheep grid, there to keep wandering livestock out, crossed by a big five barred gate which was padlocked shut. Beyond was a wall of trees.

Alice got out of the car and opened up the padlock with the combination they had been sent with their booking details. Tess drove through it with a rattle across the cattle grid and Alice closed the gate behind them and then slipped back into car. Slowly they made their way along the rough track which curved and dipped down between overhanging trees. Then the vista suddenly opened out in front of them.

It was a small, shallow, thickly wooded valley cut into the rising moorland and running north to south, with a small clear lake filling most of its floor which shimmered in the summer sunshine. The track they were on led to a grassy clearing in the trees by the lakeside where the slope levelled out. They drove into this clearing past a long wooden shed-like a building, opposite the double front doors of which a small wooden jetty jutted out into the lake, to an oval of hard standing which was set between the shed/boathouse and the lodge itself.

Lakeside Lodge was a wooden chalet with a rustic finish, contrasting oddly with its large modern picture windows, fronted by a wooden decked covered veranda which looked out across the lake. It was almost as if somebody had tried to recreate in miniature the relaxed, spacious, close-to-nature feel of an American lakeside log cabin set in some picturesque north eastern state. And on a summer’s afternoon like this it looked as if they had very nearly succeeded.

Even though they all had seen online pictures of the lodge, the girls appeared grudgingly impressed by the real thing. Eagerly they clambered out

of the car and went to look around with Tess and Alice following after them. They were all lightly clad in sleeveless tops, shorts and sandals and now that casual dress felt just right for such a place. This was where they could relax and have fun. Their holiday had begun. Tess and Alice exchanged hopeful glances. Perhaps this would work out after all.

On the far side of the lodge was an open lawn with a brick barbecue pit and a swing hung from a tree. A flight of steps ran down from its lower end to the waters edge.

‘This is quite nice,’ Zoe conceded.

‘Yeah, not bad,’ Karen agreed.

‘Apparently there are garden chairs and hammocks as well as some outdoor games equipment stored in the shed,’ Alice reminded the girls. ‘But let’s look inside first...’

They found the key safe by the front door and used the code they’d been given to open it up and let themselves into the Lodge. The front half of the building comprised a spacious combined sitting room, dining area and kitchen, with a central hall leading through to a well appointed bathroom, two bedrooms with pairs of single beds and one double with an en-suite. Everything was well maintained, clean and inviting.

‘All right,’ Tess said, after the girls had approved of the accommodation and had chosen the bedroom they would share, ‘before we start having fun and if you want to eat, we’ve got to get the car unloaded...’

They set about unloading the car and bringing everything inside. Once they had unpacked the girls were eager to go for a swim while the sun was still on the lake, but Alice said: ‘We’ve still got to get the kitchen sorted. While we’re doing that you can open up the shed and find a garden table and a set of chairs. Bring them round to the lawn and set them up so we can eat supper outside. Here’s the key...’

Zoe and Karen went across to the shed and opened up its front double doors. Inside they found a rowing boat resting on trestles together with the



usual assortment of items such places accumulated. There were several closed and padlocked boxes and crates, an odd legless round table top under a dust sheet, a shelf of old paint cans and empty flowerpots, assorted ropes and chains hanging from nails, a bundle of bamboo stakes, a mower and assorted garden tools. There was a swing-ball and croquet set and a folded badminton net, while hung on the wall were a pack of rackets and shuttlecocks. Beside them was a big garden hammock and its stand, a stack of folding chairs and a couple of garden tables: one rectangular and the other round, which came with a large furred garden umbrella which slotted into a hole in its centre.

‘The round table will big enough for the four of us,’ Karen said.

Between them they carried it outside, across the hard-standing area and along the narrow path that curved round the back of the lodge between it and the edge of the woods, to the top of the lawn on the far side. They then returned for a pair of chairs each. Then, leaving Karen to start setting them out on the lawn, Zoe went back for the table umbrella by herself.

As she walked into the shed and passed the upended rowing boat, a figure rose up from the shadows beneath it.

A strong arm was wrapped about Zoe’s body while a big hand closed over face, forcing a pliant rubber ball between her lips as her mouth opened to scream. The ball expanded behind her teeth, pressing her tongue down and filling her mouth, stifling her shriek of terror. She was forced down onto her knees and her arms were twisted painfully up behind her. Handcuffs snapped about her wrists and were ratcheted tight. For a second she managed to twist her head round so she could see her attacker and her eyes bulged in fear and she gave a choking scream at the sight of him. Then a thick fabric hood was pulled over her head, blindfolding her and further muffling her moans of fear. She was hauled onto her feet and thrown over a muscular shoulder. With one arm wrapped about her frantically kicking legs her attacker carried her out of the shed and around the side away from the lodge and then up into the trees.

The whole thing had taken less than thirty seconds.

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A few minutes more passed before Karen came round from the back lawn to see what was keeping Zoe. When she couldn't find her in or around the shed and she saw the garden umbrella was still there, she went into the lodge to look for her.

‘Where’s Zoe gone?’ she asked Tess and Alice who were still packing away goods in the kitchen and planning their meal

Alice and Tess looked at each other in puzzlement. ‘I don’t think she came in here or else we’d have seen her,’ Tess said.

It only took a minute for them to check Zoe was not inside the lodge. Feeling apprehensive they went outside and began shouting her name. There was no response.

‘You’re too old to start paying hide and seek, Zoe,’ Tess called out. ‘If you don’t stop it right now you won’t get any supper...’

Still there was no reply.

Karen took out her mobile and tried to ring Zoe’s phone, but there was no network connection in the tiny valley. They fanned out and searched along the narrow strip of shingle and rocks that fringed the grounds of the lodge and formed the shore of the lake, peering anxiously into the clear waters, but there was no sign of Zoe.

Standing once more by the car between the lodge and the shed they turned to look up at the western side of the little valley that rose steeply behind the lodge. There was nowhere else Zoe could have gone. It was not a large expanse of land but by now the sun was sinking in the sky and the wooded slopes were filling with shadows, making them look denser and deeper than they actually were. In winter without the foliage on the mainly deciduous trees which covered the valley it would have seemed quite open to a search, but now at the height of summer lushness it was almost impenetrable to their gaze.

‘Perhaps she went up there to pick some flowers for the table or something?’ Karen suggested.

‘But even then she could still hear us,’ Tess said, her face pale and pinched with growing fear.

‘Maybe she’s had a fall and hurt herself...’ Alice began.

Then without warning something pale and fluttering flew out of the trees from halfway up the slope and bounced across hard-standing to come to rest beside their car, making the women gasp and flinch away in surprise. When the object did not move they ran to it. Wrapped about a large stone was a leaf of lined paper looking as if it might have been torn from a note book and, infinitely more sinister, Zoe’s underpants.

While Tess bit her lip and clutched at the scrap of underwear, Alice opened up the sheet of paper. On it was written in bold black felt pen: I HAVE ZOE. MRS PARKINSON WILL NOW STRIP NAKED EXCEPT FOR HER SANDALS AND COME ALONE UP THE PATH FROM THE BACK OF THE BOAT HOUSE. IF I DO NOT SEE HER OBEY THIS COMMAND IMMEDIATELY ZOE WILL SUFFER.

Even as they read the chilling message from somewhere up in the woods they heard Zoe’s voice raised in a brief shrill cry of pain which cut off abruptly.

Tess went white and swayed as if she might faint while Karen moaned: ‘Oh shit... shit...’

‘We’ve got to call the police right now,’ Alice said, struggling to remain calm. ‘It doesn’t say not to. We can use the house phone...’

Tess took a deep shuddering breath and recovered herself. ‘You do that... but I’ve got to do what it says...’

‘You mean... go up there naked?’

There came another shriek of pain from the woods, making them all flinch.

‘What does that matter when she’s being hurt?’ Tess said with sudden

steely determination. 'If it was Karen then you'd do the same, wouldn't you?'

Alice did not have to reply.

Tess pulled at the hem of her T-shirt and dragged it over her head. It did not take her long to remove her few pieces of skimpy clothing until she was wearing only her sandals. Alice and Karen's eyes shied away from her in embarrassment and concern and she trembled as she realized some stranger had been watching her expose herself. But what else could she do?

She faced the woods and spread her arms wide; shivering and sick with fear as she displayed her naked body to unknown eyes.

Tess had shoulder length light blonde hair, deep set pale blue eyes, high cheekbones, a narrow nose and full lips, all set in a heart-shaped face. Her complexion was pale but lightly tanned and her face showed few lines. Her figure was compact with a trim waist, full breasts capped by brown nipples, womanly hips and thighs, smooth fleshy buttocks and a trimmed dark fuzz of pubic hair over a deep pussy cleft

'See, I've done what you said!' she shouted. 'Don't hurt my girl any more! I'm coming...'

She drew in another deep breath and then grimly set off around the boathouse and up the path into the woods.

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As Tess's naked form disappeared around the side of the boathouse, Alice grabbed Karen by the arm and together they ran back into the lodge. There was a wall mounted phone by the kitchen counter. Alice took up the handset and punched in 999, and then she frowned and juggled the cradle rest. 'The line's dead,' she said grimly.

Karen whimpered. 'We do we do now, Mum?'

Alice snatched up Tess's car keys which were still by the boxes of groceries. 'We take the car.'

‘But we can’t leave Tess and Zoe...’

‘We have to get help and that’s the only way! Come on...’

They dashed outside again, ran across to the car and piled into the front. Alice turned the key in the ignition. They heard the starter motor turn over, but the engine only coughed and then died. Twice more she tried to start it but it was quite dead.

‘What’s the matter with it?’ Karen sobbed.

‘I don’t know!’ her mother snapped, struggling to keep the fear from her own voice. ‘All right... we’ll just have to get to the main road on foot and flag down the first car we see or get to high enough ground to use our mobiles ... come on... as fast as you can...’

They tumbled out of the car and sprinted along the stony track by the side of the lake and then up through the trees towards the front gate. It took little more than a minute at a dead run but all the time Karen was shaking in fear, looking about her at the increasingly gloomy woods and fearing that whoever had taken Zoe was going to spring out at her. But they crested the brow of the track unhindered and saw the boundary gate closed and padlocked as they had left it. Beyond the curve of hedging on the far side lay the main road from which they could already hear the distant sound of passing traffic.

Their feet clanged on the bars of the cattle grid...

...which with a click and squeak of hinges dropped from under them like a trapdoor and with shrieks of utter terror they fell into a deep dark pit beneath it.

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Still scarcely believing this could be happening to her even as her stomach twisted itself up in a cold knot of terror, Tess ascended the narrow but well-worn pathway through the clumps of fern and close set trees and bushes. With every step she was acutely aware of her nakedness. Why had she been

ordered to strip? Out of sheer perversity or to ensure she did not carry any kind of weapon with her? Her phone might start working if she got high enough and she could call for help. Was that it?

Then she heard another shriek from Zoe from somewhere up ahead which only drove her on to climb all the faster. It was as if she had been plunged in to every parent's worst nightmare.

And then half way up she came to a shelf in the slope where her path joined another which ran along the contours of the valley side. Leaning over it was a large oak tree and under a heavy outthrust branch of this stood Zoe, twisting and squirming desperately.

The sight of her made Tess's heart surge with relief even as it simultaneously clench a cold angry hand about it. Who had dared treat her little girl like this!

Zoe was as naked as she was, with her arms pulled round behind her back with her wrists cuffed together. She looked beautiful and frighteningly vulnerable at same time. She had longer, darker blonde hair than Tess, but the same high cheekbones, full lips and deep intelligent eyes. Her nose though was a little heavier and had a slightly up-tilted tip. Her bare breasts were high and prominent, capped with large brown nipples. Her hips were slim and her buttocks well rounded. Her pubic hair was closely trimmed over a tight pouting labial cleft.

Zoe had a rubber bar clamped between her teeth, held in place by elastic cords, about which she was dribbling. Her red tear-filled eyes were wide in fear and her face was flushed almost purple. This was because there was a heavy chain looped around her neck like a dog's choke chain which was pulled tight as it was stretched upwards above her head, keeping her on her toes. The end of this leash was tied to a rope which passed over the bough above her head and then ran down and back to disappear behind the tree.

Zoe's eyes widened as she saw her mother and then she tried to say something around her gag. Tess gasped out: 'It's all right, Zoe, I'm coming...' and started forward.

Then a grotesque figure stepped out from behind the tree and Tess faltered, shocked at what she saw, instinctively trying to cover her breasts and pussy from his gaze.

He was a big man dressed in army boots, camouflage trousers and a green vest stretched tight about a muscular torso, over which he wore a shoulder harness and equipment belt fitted with many button-down pockets. Large binoculars were slung about his neck. Carried the crook of his right arm was a paintball rifle, while in his left hand he held what looked like a short braided whip with a heavy handle. But what was so shocking, in bizarre contrast to these quasi-military accessories, was that he seemed to have the head and neck of a bull with a black fleece, curving horns, jutting furred ears, a heavy snout with flaring nostrils and glaring eyes.

And then illusion was shattered as Tess realized he was actually wearing an elaborately moulded translucent rubber mask, half painted and half clear, which covered his entire head and neck and flowed out across his sternum and shoulders to vanish under the neckline of his vest. The mask blurred and merged with his real features beneath it, distorting and concealing them even as they gave it a disturbing appearance of inner life and animation. It was there to intimidate and to conceal his identity...

‘I knew you’d come when you heard your daughter crying in pain, Mrs Parkinson,’ he said in a gravelly baritone voice in keeping with his build. As he spoke the movement of his jaws caused the snout of the mask to flex slightly and its open mouth to move in an eerie fashion. ‘After all, what mother could resist such a sound, even if it meant exposing herself?’ As he spoke he swiped his whip across Zoe’s bare bottom.

It crackled and sparked as it struck with a fleshy crack. It had a battery pack in its thick handle and bare electric wires braided into its leather thongs. Zoe screamed in pain again, blubbering about her rubber gag as she tried to twist away from the terrible whip only to tighten the choke chain about her neck again so that her tear-streaked cheeks became even rosier. A fresh crimson strip blossomed on her behind.

‘Stop it!’ Tess screamed. ‘You... you let her go right now! My friends have called the police. They’ll be here any minute...’

But her threat did not seem to trouble the man. Instead he chuckled heartily. 'No, your friends have not called the police, Mrs Parkinson, because I have disconnected the house phone. Nor will they be driving to fetch help because I put a wad of rag up your car's exhaust pipe. So you see no one will be coming to help you. I had planned to take you tonight individually while you slept, but seeing Zoe alone in the shed I realized I could speed things along. Now with her as a hostage you'll do whatever I tell you.' And he swung his gun round to point at Tess.

For a moment Tess felt a nauseous surge of cold terror filling her stomach. He'd planned everything. Oh God, what was he going to do to them? She struggled to think clearly and not to let him dominate her with his threats. If she gave in there would be no hope. 'You... you can't frighten me! That's not a real gun.' She looked about her desperately, snatched up the end of a fallen branch lying amid the fern clumps and brandished it like a club, as if she was a naked cavewoman defending her young from some primitive beast. 'Now you let her go or I swear I'll smash that stupid mask into your face!'

'You make a pretty picture of defiance, Mrs Parkinson,' the bull man said. 'But it won't do you any good. This may only be a paintball marker but it has a muzzle velocity of ninety metres a second, which at close range on unprotected skin feels like this...'

The gun thumped as it fired a rapid burst of half a dozen shots at Tess's legs and midriff.

Tess screeched in pain, dropping her improvised club, and fell to her knees, claspings at her stinging, bruised stomach, groin and thighs which were now covered by alarming red splashes of paint discharged when the grape-sized paint-filled gelatine balls had burst.

'Now shall I do the same to Zoe?' he asked as he turned and pushed the gun muzzle hard into her daughter's pussy cleft. 'You've felt what they can do at five metres. Imagine what damage they'll do to her soft little pussy at point-blank range. I promise she'll scream and maybe she'll bleed. Do you, her mother, want to be responsible for such suffering?'



Zoe shrieked and twisted about from her collar chain, scrabbling with her toes she tried to pull herself away from the gun barrel.

‘Don’t hurt her!’ Tess shouted.

But the bull man held the gun muzzle remorselessly in place, gouging and twisting it into Zoe’s sex mouth. ‘Then stand straight with your hands clasped behind you neck and legs spread so I can look at you properly!’

Trembling Tess obeyed, feeling a paralysis of fear creeping over her as she displayed her naked body for his pleasure.

The bull man circled her, looking her up and down intently, and then he came closer and rubbed the muzzle of his gun over Tess’s breasts, lifting them from beneath and teasing her nipples. Then he moved it round to prod into her smooth buttocks which made her flinch. Noting her reaction he pressed his coiled electric whip between her thighs and dragged it up through her cleft, making her whimper. Her knuckles were white as her clenched fingers tightened, but she knew she could do nothing to stop him. Up close she saw how powerfully built he was. If she knew any kind of martial art may be she could have attacked him, but she had lived a quiet safe life until now. And his tone and use of words suggested he was educated. Strength and intelligence: a dangerous combination.

The bullhead mask made him seem even bigger and more intimidating while his real eyes glittered behind its false red-rimmed orbs. She could not even see his face properly while he could see all of her naked body. And he had a gun and a whip, which was terrifying as it rasped through her helpless pussy mouth... her wet pussy mouth... Oh God, what was happening to her? She swayed and felt dizzy and tried not to faint. But despite her terror she could not run away and leave Zoe. At least she was distracting him from hurting her again; buying them time while Alice and Karen somehow got help.

‘Very nice,’ he said at last. ‘I’m glad to see you keep in shape. How old are you?’

‘T... thirty eight,’ Tess stammered.

‘Well I hope the other two are of the same quality.’ He pulled a set of handcuffs out of one of his belt pouches. ‘Now cross your wrists behind your back.’

Shivering, Tess obeyed. She felt the cold metal cuffs close about her wrists and click tight. They felt very heavy.

From another pouch he took out a choke chain and looped it about her neck. It had a small padlock that closed through a link beyond the sliding ring on its end, making it impossible to pull loose while leaving it capable of being tightened further. Now she was leashed like a dog. Then he took out a rubber bit like the one Zoe had in her mouth and pushed it between her teeth, securing it with a loop of elastic cord about the back of her neck. The bar cut into the sides of her mouth and it made her bare her teeth in an unnatural grimace.

He tugged on her new leash, making her wince as the cold chain links cut into the skin of her neck.

‘I haven’t introduced myself, have I?’ he growled, with a ghostly suggestion of a grin on the face within the mask. ‘I’m Mr Taurus... but you will simply call me Master. Now, let’s go and find Alice and Karen...’

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The pit beneath the cattle grid was as long and wide as the grating that covered it and a little over two metres deep. Its sheer sides had been roughly sealed with a facing of concrete and it was a third full of cold, stagnant, muddy water.

Karen sat on her mother’s shoulders as she lifted her up so she could grasp the edge of the metal grille that had swung shut again after depositing them in the pit.

‘It’s no good, Mum,’ Karen gasped. ‘I can’t get it open. There are kind of spring bolts set in the sides that are holding it shut.’

Now from below they could see the levers and heavy coil springs that

worked the trap. They had noticed none of this when they driven over it earlier, but then who examined the depths of a cattle grid, which should only have been a shallow pan beneath their feet.

Alice let her daughter down again and they stood thigh deep in the water. Both were shivering, soaked and filthy.

‘If we shouted do you think anybody out on the road would hear us?’ Karen wondered.

‘Not in a car,’ Alice said. ‘Maybe they could if they were on foot or on a bike. But I don’t think we’ll be in here long enough to find out. Whoever dug this is going to come for us first.’

They could simply leave them down here, she knew, but she did not let herself think of that possibility.

‘The same people who took Zoe and cut the phone line?’ Karen wondered.

‘Must be. This was all carefully planned. It didn’t trip when we came in. It was set afterwards to keep us from getting out.’

Karen chewed her lip. ‘What do you think is happened to Zoe... and Tess?’

‘I don’t know.’

‘I’m frightened, Mum,’ Karen admitted.

Alice hugged her daughter. ‘I know... so am I.’

With an effort to stave off her fear, Karen murmured with mock indignation: ‘You’re meant to be reassuring me and saying everything’s going to be fine, you know that!’

Alice responded in kind. ‘Sorry dear... your trapped-in-a-water-filled-pit parental reassurance policy expired when you turned eighteen...’

They both laughed a little hysterically.

‘Keeping your spirits up, are you?’ a booming voice enquired from above.

Alice and Karen twisted the heads up to see a grotesque figure staring down through the grating at them. It seemed to be a man in combat gear with the head of the bull. No; wearing a bull mask. And he was carrying a paintball gun.

‘I am Mr Taurus,’ he said in a deep voice. ‘And for the next week you’re all going to be my sex slaves...’

As they gaped at him in disbelief he jerked on a couple of chain leashes he was holding and Zoe and Tess stumbled forward up to the edge of the pit where Alice and Karen could see them. Both were naked, handcuffed and gagged. They looked down at them with hollow, helpless eyes.

‘Oh... God no...’ Karen sobbed.

‘What have you done to them you bastard?’ Alice shouted angrily.

‘Just what I’m going to do to you and your daughter when I get out you of there,’ Taurus promised. He moved around until he reached the gatepost and worked some concealed latch on its side. The grating clicked and its halves hinged downwards again, opening up the top of the pit.

‘Now before I let you out of there, I want you both to remove your clothes and throw them out of the pit so I can see what pretty fish I’ve caught,’ Taurus said.

‘What!’ Alice said. ‘You... you must be mad! You can’t treat us like this!’

Zoe and Tess were shaking their heads in warning and making little grunting sounds.

‘Have you heard the expression: *shooting fish in a barrel?*’ Taurus said, raising his gun to his shoulder.

A hail of paintball shots splattered and burst and raised spouts of crimson water as he poured them down into the pit. Alice and Karen shrieked and tried protect their heads and faces as the shots smacked painfully into them, splattering them with red paint. They twisted and thrashed about but there was nowhere to hide from the stinging, bruising shots except under the water and then only as long as they could hold their breath.

After a minute of chasing mother and daughter from one side of the pit the other, Taurus lowered his gun again. 'And now you will listen carefully,' he growled. 'You will remove your clothes and show me your pretty bodies, or else I will close the bars again and leave you down there all night to consider your position. Which will it be?'

Bedraggled and paint-splashed, Alice and Karen looked at each other wretchedly, still half incredulous that they could have fallen into such a nightmare. But they knew they had no choice. They could not spend a night in this terrible pit.

'I don't want to do this, Mum,' Karen said, looking up at Tess and Zoe's haggard faces and bare bodies it as they knelt beside the pit.

'I know,' Alice said, 'you've just got to be brave...'

With trembling fingers they began removing their clothes. When the last sodden garment had been tossed out of the pit, they stood there wet and naked, displaying themselves for Taurus to see.

Alice was a pale skinned brunette with a thick collar length mane of tousled curls, now hanging damply over her shoulders. Her eyes were brown capped by dark amused brows. Her nose was strong and slightly aquiline and her mouth was composed, with cupid bow lips over a firm and determined chin. Her breasts were slightly heavier than Tess's and tipped by perfectly round light brown nipples whose crowns grew pale when they stood out with cold and fear as they did now. Her hips were wide and her buttocks fleshy, tapering to strong legs. A narrow strip of tight black curls framed her sex mouth with its prominent inner labia.

Karen had her mother's pale skin but longer brown hair, which was now sticking to her back in a tangled mess. Her nose was a little more snubbed but she had the same brown eyes, bold high brows and red cupid lips. Her breasts were slightly smaller but higher and more prominent, with even more expressive nipples which were swelling into perfect red brown domes in their own right under Taurus's scrutiny. Her navel was smooth and her hip-bones still showed. She had firm round pale buttocks and sturdy legs. Thick dark pubic curls were only trimmed back from the lips of her sex.

Taurus surveyed their wet trembling forms with approval. Then he pulled a camera out of one of his belt pouches and snapped a picture of them. Karen moaned in dismay.

'Holiday snaps to add to my collection,' he explained. 'And I'm going to have a quite a lot more by the time I've had my fun with you four...' He moved to one side of the pit for a moment and dragged something out of the bushes by the track where it had been concealed from sight. It was a short aluminium ladder that he slid down into the pit and rested against its side.

'You will climb out first, Mrs Winters. You will then kneel down and cross your wrists behind you for cuffing and leashing. Then Karen will climb out and I'll do the same for her. If you attempt to escape or resist me in any way then you and your friends will all suffer, do I make myself clear?'

They nodded dumbly.

Biting her lip, Alice clambered up the ladder and then kneeled down dripping, her head bowed and her arms folded behind her. Taking out a pair of handcuffs, a gag bar and a leash chain from his belt pouches, Taurus secured her. Then he did the same for Zoe so that the four of them knelt naked and leashed in a row in the dirt. He took another picture of them all hunched over in a line. They looked at each other in utter misery and disbelief, trembling in fear at what was to come.

Taurus pulled the ladder out and closed the pit again with the control concealed in the gatepost. Then he took up all their leashes and set off back down the track, dragging them after him like a pack of naked female dogs.

‘Now we’ll go to the Lodge and I’ll give you an introductory lesson in how the Bull Man trains his women...’

## Chapter Two

Taurus ran his big hands along the row of four burning bottoms bound across the railing of the lodge veranda. Each one was now liberally crossed with blazing whip marks and he could feel the heat of them in his palms. He went down the steps to the grass and walked along in front of them, taking more pictures of their distraught faces and nipple- clamped and stretched breasts. The women screwed up their eyes in shame.

Back on the veranda again he stood between their splayed thighs and rubbed his stiff cock up through their bottom clefts, sawing it back and forth and making it stiffen even further. Then he slid his hands between their hot, wet thighs and examined the state of their simmering pubic mounds.

Tess, Zoe, Alice and Karen were still shaking and trembling, tears dripping from their hollow red eyes, acutely aware of the shameful stains of urine between their bound feet. As he touched their tender skin and teased their intimate parts with his rampant penis, they winced once more, pinching and tugging on their clamped and stretched nipples and jerking against their leash chains. But they were utterly helpless and could do nothing to prevent him examining them and pressing his huge penis up against their groins menacingly. As he rubbed it through their young bottoms, Zoe and Karen began to cry again. Instinctively Tess and Alice turned to their daughters and tried to smile in feeble reassurance about their gags bits, but in truth there was nothing they could do to spare them, or each other, from whatever Taurus planned. They were his toys now to do with as he liked.

Finally Taurus stood back. 'That was just a taste of the punishment you'll get if you disobey me,' he told them. 'Of course obeying me will also be painful at times, but nothing like as bad as the alternative, do you understand me?'

Snivelling desperately they all nodded their heads.

'In a moment I'm going to take your gags bits out so you can speak.



Generally I prefer seeing pretty naked women with their mouths stopped because I think they should be seen and not heard, and it teaches them what those orifices are really good for, but there are times when it's useful to allow you to speak. But calling for help will do you no good, so don't waste your breath because there's no one to hear you except me. And it's no use pleading or threatening me because that will get you nothing except another beating...' He ran his terrible electric whip across the row of their bottoms, making them shudder. 'When I give you permission to speak you will do so politely and you will call me "Master", do you understand?

They nodded again. He reached around them and pulled the gags bits out of their mouths. They licked their stretched lips but fearful of his warning, they said nothing.

'I keep check on bookings for the Lodge so I'll know when there'll be women here I might have a use for,' Taurus said. 'That's how I knew you were coming today. But why don't you have any men with you?' He prodded Tess's sore behind with his whip. 'You tell me what you do and why you're here alone...'

'I... I'm a teacher and I'm divorced and Alice is an accountant and she's s... separated, Master,' Tess said stammered, fighting the pain in her bottom and nipples, which were only making things worse by throbbing with blood. It seemed sick and bizarre to speak to him like this after he had beaten them and while she was still naked and bound, but she had no choice.

'What about your girls?'

'They... they've just finished high school and... they had boyfriends but they broke up with them, Master.'

'And why have a holiday together?'

'Alice and I have been friends since we were at high school, Master. And it's cheaper this way. And it's our last chance to have a holiday with our girls before they get too old.'

'I see,' said Taurus. 'Well, I'll do my best to make it a memorable one

for you all. I haven't had four women guests at once before, but I'm sure I'll rise to the occasion...' And he stroked his monstrous cock meaningfully.

'Don't hurt our girls, please!' Alice blurted out. Then she yelped as he swiped his whip up between her thighs so that its braided sinuous tip rasped through her pussy cleft.

'What did you forget to say?' Taurus demanded ominously.

'Master! Don't hurt our girls please, Master!' Alice begged pathetically.

Taurus slapped Zoe and Karen's bottoms, making them flinch. 'They're grown women and they'll take what I chose to give them. They should be honoured to have the Bull inside them when they're still so young. But I warn you that there's a danger it might ruin them as far as other men are concerned. They'll never have anything bigger or better inside them again.'

From that moment Alice and Tess exchanged bewildered glances. It seemed that Taurus's alpha male ego was as big as his manhood. What kind of man was he?

'P... please, Master, why are you doing this to us?' Alice sobbed.

Taurus laughed a great booming laugh. 'For the fun of it, of course, and because I like having pretty women as my sex slaves. What better reason is there? It's what your bodies and those hungry little mouths between your thighs are for. If you'd been married to real men then you'd know that. But you've got no partners here to protect you so I've won the right to take their place because I'm the superior male. Think how easily I captured you: a snatch, a baited trap and a pit. You might say I'm an old-fashioned kind of hunter and you're my prey and my reward.'

'But... it's wrong... it's criminal, Master!' Tess said desperately.

'It's not wrong, it's natural. And if it's criminal then I'll get caught,' Taurus replied simply. 'That is if anybody's smart enough. But they haven't yet although they've had enough chances...'

‘You... you’ve done this before, Master?’ Alice asked.

‘Weren’t you listening before, Mrs Winters? I’ve had plenty of women who’ve stayed here, one way or another. But what I do to them never gets reported. You’ll understand why by the end of the week. Some even come back for more because they can’t get enough of the Bull...’ and he stroked his penis again. ‘Now I going to start breaking you in before supper, so I want to hear each of you beg me to screw them like a real man should.’ Zoe and Karen’s red eyes goggled in horror at his words and they whimpered and shook their heads.

He swiped his whip across their outthrust bottoms making them yelp and setting their elastic-bound breasts bobbing.

‘It’s either beg for a screwing and thank me properly afterwards, or be left out here like this all night with extra weights on your nipples. Well, who wants to be first to have the Bull up inside them? Don’t pretend you’re not ready for it...’ He jabbed his big stiff fingers up between their thighs, rubbing them into their soft vulvas, making them sob and squirm, but bringing them out sticky and wet. ‘Even if you cry and squeal your bodies know what’s coming. Secretly you’ve always wondered what it would be like to be treated like this by a real man...’

Again Tess and Alice exchanged anguished glances. But they knew they could do nothing to prevent him screwing Zoe and Karen. All they could do was reduce their suffering slightly.

Tess took a deep breath: ‘Have us first please, Master.’

‘Beg for it as I told you.’

‘Please Master, will you screw me like a real man should,’ Tess said wretchedly.

‘I will, Mrs Parkinson,’ Taurus promised.

He took up position between her spread legs and grasped hold of her hips. Without any attempt at foreplay, or perhaps his beating of her had been

foreplay, he rammed his huge cock up into her waiting unwilling pussy.

Tess yelped as he filled her, feeling as if she had been penetrated by an express train. He really was big: the biggest man she had ever had inside her, stretching her sheath wide and ramming the head of his cock up against its very end. And then he stretched her even further as he pushed all the way up into her to the very root of his manhood. It was like having a cucumber thrust up inside her. Then his hips ground against her whip-marked buttocks and added a fresh layer of pain to her suffering. She wanted to give way to her despair and scream. But she was painfully aware of Zoe's presence beside her. She must not let her see how bad this was.

And then Taurus began pumping into her with powerful thrusts of his hips, grinding her thighs against the veranda railing and making her tethered breasts jiggle and sway. Despite her resolve with every thrust Tess whimpered in pain as her insides were stretched almost to their bursting point. Her nipples throbbed in their clamps, perversely aroused. Desperately her pussy lubricated, trying to ease the passage of the terrible shaft reaming her insides out. It felt like he was drilling into her stomach. She couldn't take it...

And then Taurus came inside her with a grunt and as hot jet of sperm, marking his conquest of her interior. It was as if a paintball shot had burst inside.

Giving himself only a few seconds to recover he pulled his shaft out of her distended pussy. Tess sobbed in desperate relief even as she felt a brief pang of dreadful emptiness as her vagina gaped forlornly.

With his cock dripping sperm but still stiff, Taurus moved to stand behind Alice. 'What have you got to say to me?' Taurus demanded of Alice.

'Please screw me like a proper man would, Master,' Alice begged.

Taurus rammed his cock, now slippery with Tess's juices, up into her tingling pussy. Alice's face was flushed and her eyes bulged and she sobbed in pain and astonishment as the huge shaft filled her to the limit and a little beyond, driving desperate moans from her depths. By her side Karen

whimpered as her mother was violated.

Taurus came after a mere dozen thrusts and pulled his shaft, still hard, out of Alice's pussy with an almost audible sucking sound. The tip of his shaft was dribbling sperm and Tess could smell it and Alice's intimate lubrication. He had come a second time in less than two minutes.

Then he moved across to Zoe. She snivelled in horror.

'Just be brave, dear,' Tess whispered desperately.

'He'll... he'll split me open!' Zoe choked.

'No he won't... just don't fight it.'

'What have you got to say to me girl?' Taurus asked.

'P... please Sir... I mean Master... Screw me like a... proper man...'  
Zoe choked out.

Taurus mounted her and thrust. Zoe screamed as the huge shaft, now bearing the juices both of Alice and her mother, was forced into her tight little pussy mouth, stretching her pink labia wider than they never been before. Her lower belly bulge as he filled her and then she shrieked again as his hips ground into her whip marked bottom. Then he bent forward and reached under Zoe and clasped and squeezed her tortured breasts, doubling her misery.

Zoe screamed in pain.

'Don't do that!' Tess screamed at Taurus.

He took one hand away from Zoe's breasts and slapped her backhanded across the cheek. She jerked back against her leash, dizzy with shock and sobbed as the links briefly tightened about her neck.

'Are you offering your tits to me instead of your daughters?'

'Yes, yes... Master... have mine...'

So with one hand he reached sideways and cupped and squeezed Tess's taut breasts as he screwed Zoe.

'You should've let me have your daughter first, Mrs Parkinson,' Taurus said as he pumped away inside Zoe's vagina. 'Even though she's got a lovely tight cunt, after having you and Mrs Winters, I'll be inside her and her friend for longer now... Not that I'm complaining... '

Tess and Alice both began to cry in helpless despair. They had actually made things worse for their daughters. This was a nightmare!

It took Taurus almost two minute to come inside Zoe, by which time her voice was rough with crying and sobbing. When he finally pulled out of her tight hole it still gaped wide, dribbling sperm and juices. Incredibly his cock was still hard. Then he moved along the line of ravaged backsides to Karen.

By now Karen was white and terrified, having seen three couplings already, which seemed to have drained any show of resistance from her. Without being prompted she closed her eyes and said meekly: 'Please have me like a real man would, Master...'

'Good girl,' he said.

He thrust into her and she gave a feeble moan of despair as she was stretched and filled to her limits. He reached under her and squeezed her breasts with their swollen clamped nipples and she screamed louder. 'That's right; I like to hear my girls responding properly. You don't hold back. That's what the Bull should do to you. If he rides you once you'll never forget it...'

Alice cried: 'Squeeze my tits instead, Master, please!'

And so he did. And like Tess, Alice gasped and sobbed in pain and despair as he squeezed her breasts while she watched her daughter relentlessly ravaged by her side.

It took Taurus almost five minutes of thrusting to come inside Karen. When he finally pulled out of her after ejaculating four times in less than

fifteen minutes, his shiny dripping shaft was still somehow semi-hard. He wiped it clean across Karen's sore bottom and then tucked it away.

He examined the line of whipped bottoms and well-used mother and daughter pussies dripping onto the wooden decking with satisfaction, as if it was a job well done. He took some more pictures of their ravaged bodies then he rubbed his big hands together. 'When I'm going to entertain female guests I store equipment in the shed so it will be convenient. I'll bring a selection in for tonight. Meanwhile you can decide what you're going to cook me for supper. I want three courses of proper food, none of those pizzas.' He gave their sore bottoms parting slaps which made them flinch and whimper once again. 'And I don't have to tell you what will happen if you disappoint me, do I?'

'No master!' they said in a wretched chorus.

# Chapter Three

Taurus went to the shed leaving the four of them bound over the veranda rail.

He had left them ungagged so they could talk, but for a moment they were silent, staring out across the placid lake: dazed, exhausted and sore inside and out; hardly able to believe what had happened to them. They were weighed down by acute shame at their shared brutal violation, the evidence of which was still dripping from their aching pussies. The girls especially were struggling to hold their feelings in check. They had been screwed by a brutal stranger and shared that terrible experience with their mothers, which was a mortifying experience for any mother and daughter to endure, but then to have it happen when side by side with their best friend and her mother at the same time, who had suffered the same perverted mutual degradation, was almost too much to bear. It was the knowledge that the same huge, masterful cock had entered each one of them which most revolted them. It had carried their mothers' juices with it which made them feel even dirtier if that was possible. Yet despite their crushing mutual humiliation they knew could not let this brief opportunity pass without saying something.

Their mothers overcame their embarrassment and the simmering pain in their throbbing clamped nipples first and Tess and Alice asked together: 'Are you all right?' and 'Did he hurt you?'

'I... I'm all right, Mum,' Karen said with a brave snivel.

'T... thanks for trying to make better, Mum,' said Zoe to Tess. 'But you don't have to offer him your tits instead of mine again. I'm not a child.'

'I just couldn't stand it seeing him making it even worse,' Tess choked.

'I get it... but what about you?'

'It... wasn't nice but I'll live,' Tess said simply.



‘We’ll all live and we’ll all get through this together,’ Alice said with as much conviction as she could muster.

‘If he ever lets us go,’ Zoe said fearfully. ‘I mean after he’s done with us, maybe he’ll...’ her eyes flicked to the lake again ‘...get rid of us.’

‘No, he’s wearing a mask so we can’t identify him,’ Tess said firmly. ‘In a way that’s good. It means he plans to let us go. Remember this can’t last more than a week at most.’

‘A week of that huge c... cock!’ Karen moaned. ‘He’s so big it hurts!’

‘Did he... damage you inside?’ Alice asked fearfully.

‘I’m not a virgin, Mum,’ Karan retorted with a feeble flicker of indignation. ‘It hurt but he wasn’t my first... just the biggest. And how can he keep cuming like that, again and again...’

‘Try not to think about it,’ Alice suggested.

‘That’s not possible, Mum,’ Karen said miserably.

‘What can we do?’ Zoe asked.

‘For now we do whatever he tells us,’ Tess said. ‘It won’t be pleasant but there’s no point in making it worse for ourselves.’

‘But if you get any chance to escape take it and get help,’ said Alice. ‘Remember the main road’s only two minute’s away.’

‘Run out onto the road stark naked?’ Zoe wondered.

‘Yes if you have to,’ Tess said simply.

‘Shhh... here he comes...’ Karen said.

They fell silent as Taurus returned from the shed with a cardboard box in his arms which he took inside the lodge. Then he returned to the shed and brought back the curious legless round tabletop Zoe and Karen had seen

earlier and carried that into the Lodge as well. The women exchanged puzzled glances. What was that for? Finally he came out again to free them from the railing and led them inside by their leashes. The round tabletop was now resting on one end of the big dining table. Within the neat interior of the lodge their captor's physical appearance seemed even more bizarre, but he acted as if he was totally familiar with its layout. How many times had he done this before, Tess wondered?

'You must get cleaned up before we eat,' he told them, leading them to the bathroom.

He watched every intimate detail as they squatted awkwardly over the toilet pan, trying to spare their sore bottoms, and voided their wastes through their sore offices, inflicting a fresh indignity upon them. Then one at a time he undid their handcuffs so they could use the shower and wash and comb their hair. To their surprise he then encouraged them to use antiseptic cream on their sore breasts and bottoms and apply make up and perfume to disguise the signs of their suffering that he had etched into their faces.

'Women should make themselves up to look pretty and smell fresh again after a good screw and a beating,' he said. Then he added: 'It shows the marks better when you do it to them again.'

'Yes, Master,' they said miserably.

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Tess and Alice prepared and cooked the evening meal while Taurus sat at the dining table and Zoe and Karen entertained him with a display of helpless suffering, with the help of equipment brought in from the shed. These accessories together with Taurus's perverted ingenuity had transformed them into a living table decoration of quivering female flesh.

The girls lay on their stomachs with their bodies entwined resting on the round table top, the function of which had now become all too terrifyingly apparent. Its top was actually a rotating disc of plastic covered plywood free to turn on its enclosed base frame which must have contained within it geared-down electric motors and arrays of supporting wheels. Once

plugged into a socket the top rotated slowly like a huge old fashioned gramophone record, displaying their bound bodies from every angle for his amusement.

They were facing away from each other, hogtied to an expanding telescopic metal pole about which the backs of their interlocked knees were hooked and strapped. Their arms were pulled back and stretched outward and cuffed to its ends. Their chain leashes were pulled down the centre of their backs and their links hung over hooks set in the middle of the pole. The tension from their arms and collars forced them to dip their backs and lift their heads and shoulders.

This tension also pushed their bottoms close together which were joined by a short sprung rod with black rubber balls on each end which spanned the space between their naked splayed thighs and penetrated each of their anuses deeply until the balls made their bottoms bulge. Branching downwards from beneath these anal dildos were a second set of larger rubber dildos which were plugged into their pussies. They whimpered as they clenched their sphincters and vaginal sheathes about these intruders, trying to resist their relentless pressure to sink a little deeper into their bodies, acutely aware of this new and terrible intimate connection between them.

If this was not humiliation enough, Taurus had arranged a cruel torment for their breasts which rested on the rotating table top. Their throbbing sore nipples had been freed but another part of their breasts were now suffering. He had slid thin sheets of cardboard pierced by rows of closely spaced upward-facing drawing pins beneath them, so that their soft under curves rested on the array of sharp points. The slightest movement transmitted through their bound bodies caused them to rock slightly forward and back, digging the pins deeper into their tender flesh. Already small drops of blood had run down the pins and were soaking in the cardboard sheets.

Zoe and Karen's teeth were clenched in pain about their rubber gag bits which once more plugged their mouths as they concentrated on keeping perfectly still. But this was not amusing enough for Taurus. So as he sat at one end of the table admiring their suffering, he used a small catapult to fire dried peas at them as they slowly rotated, aiming for their flushed and tear streaked faces or their trembling breasts. The sharp flinches these stinging

missiles induced as they struck, like miniature versions of his paintball shots, were enough to make the girls unwillingly grind their breasts across the pin sheets. They yelped and bit on their gags bars even harder with dribble running down their cheeks, mingling with fresh tears of shame and pain.

‘That’s right, girls, you cry all you like,’ Taurus said. And he took another picture of their weebegone faces.

Tess and Alice watched this sadistic cruelty in helpless dismay with their stomachs churning, knowing they could do nothing to spare their daughters from further suffering except to get Taurus’s meal ready as soon as possible and hope it distracted him. These preparations were not easy as the normally straightforward domestic task had been made much harder by more restraints Taurus had chosen from his box of bondage accessories.

Their arms had been re-cuffed in front of them so there was just enough slack in the chains to allow them to manipulate pans and bowls and prepare the food, albeit with difficulty. But it was made worse by elastic crotch cords which passed from their wrists down between their legs and up through the clefts of their buttocks to fasten to the backs of heavy leather belts they now wore. Rings of rubber prongs had been slid over these cords, so that every movement their arms made ground and dragged them through the clefts of their pussies. Shorter bungee cords from the fronts of their belts were also linked to their cuffs, helping to maintain the tension on their crotch cords and limiting their range of movements more or less to waist level, which was just enough to reach the worktops.

These restraints meant they could not reach the small brass bells which were now clipped to their nipples and which tinkled softly as they jiggled and swayed. The purpose of these bells, as they soon realized, was not simply a further means to humiliate them but also a way by which Taurus could be assured they were keeping active and busy at their task and signal their location even when he was not looking directly at them. It was a simple form of warning against them getting behind him and attempting some kind of attack, although the other restraints they wore made this virtually impossible.

Their ankles were hobbled together with only a few links of chain

between them, restricting them to moving in tiny shuffling steps. Connected to the middle of these chains were the ends of more expanding rods which ran up between their legs, through metal rings bound into the middle of their elastic crotch tormentors, and pushed their rubber ball tips into their rectums.

These anal rods forced them to stand very upright and move with exaggerated care as they worked. Each movement of their arms worked the prongs rings threaded on their crotch cords back and forth and from side to side through their sore pussy lips. As they turned their shoulders or bent forward their nipple bells tinkled softly, dragging their sore teats downwards. They bit on their gags bars until dribble came out of the corners of their mouths.

Once again Taurus had forced mothers and daughters to share their humiliation, for as Zoe and Karen slowly rotated on the table they could see their mothers working away in the kitchen area, while they could see them suffering for Taurus's entertainment as he used them for target practice. As they were all gagged all they could do was exchange desperate looks of hope and reassurance.

It seemed impossible in the circumstances that they could feel any more embarrassed and degraded, and yet soon they found that they could.

Unlike his brutal shafting of them earlier, which had been purely for his pleasure and far too quick for them to have become aroused or take any pleasure from it, the stimulation they were now receiving by dildo, anal plug and prongs rings had been going on continuously for more than half an hour, and despite their emotional anguish it was beginning to take its terrible perverse effect.

An intimate female aroma was mingling with the smell of cooking in the living room emanating from four cruelly stimulated pussies. As Zoe and Karen slowly rotated on their display table, and despite the pain in their pin-pricked breasts, their pussies instinctively squeezed and dribbled about the rods and dildos plugging them, while as their mothers worked in the kitchen area their juices flowed over the rings that were being ground up into their sex mouths while their bottoms clenched about the rods in their rears and their nipples throbbed about the clips of their brass bells.

They were acutely aware of what was happening to them and they were frightened that Taurus knew it as well, which added an extra depth to the burning flushes on their cheeks as they wriggled and squirmed in utter misery. How could their bodies do this to them? Was it simply an instinctive reaction to such intimate stimulation trying to protect their already tender passageways, or anticipation of what was yet to come?

Finally the meal was ready, which Tess and Alice signalled to Taurus with desperate plaintive moans and whimpers.

‘Bring it on, the Bull is hungry,’ he said, putting down his catapult.

They shuffled awkwardly across from the kitchen and set out his portions in front of him. There was a bowl of lentil soup, then a main course of chicken salad followed by an ice cream sundae. It was a simple menu of wholesome food appropriate to the season that had been easy to prepare and which they hoped would satisfy him. They watched him consider it with churning stomachs.

Taurus sampled the soup, the spoon sliding between the lips of his mask into his own mouth, and then he nodded in approval. ‘Yes, that’s very good. Come here...’ They stepped up to him and he pulled the gag bits from their mouths. ‘You can take your girls gags out and feed them and yourselves now...’

They felt a brief swell of pathetic gratitude towards him for approving of their efforts. Then they waited expectantly for him to stop the turntable and un-cuff their wrists but he did not do so.

‘Please Master,’ Alice said meekly, ‘how do we feed our girls and ourselves?’

‘That’s up to you,’ Mrs Winters,’ he said.

They fed the girls by standing on either side of the table with the food in bowls holding spoonfuls in their cuffed hands and thrusting them into the girls’ open mouths as they passed them. It was a messy business and a lot was spilt down the girls’ chins. Twisting about to catch the spoonfuls also

caused their breasts to grind even deeper onto their pin mats, so that they gulped their food down between yelps with tears in their eyes. Tess and Alice snivelled and clenched their teeth in wretched frustration as they saw the blood on the mats, but under Taurus's gaze they could do nothing about it. Delivering each spoonful to their daughters' passing mouths also jerked on Alice and Tess's groin cords, intensifying their unwilling stimulation, so they were tormented by arousal, anger and despair at the same time.

When it came to feeding themselves, Tess and Alice had to face each other and take turns bending over from their hips until they could take a spoonful into their mouths which the other held out. Their nipple bells jingled as their breasts swayed forward and back while their anal plugs pumped up and down within them. The heavy scent of female arousal in the room seemed to grow even stronger.

And all the time Taurus watched their efforts with amusement, occasionally pausing to photograph their messy antics. The women realized they were providing crude entertainment for him while he ate even as they were being made to feel even more helpless and humiliated. This realization made their cheeks burn with anger even as their pussies grew hotter and stickier. They could read the confusion in each other's eyes but they had never been stimulated like this before and could not help themselves.

At last the bizarre meal was over. Awkwardly Tess and Alice packed the dirty cutlery and crockery into the dishwasher.

Taurus stretched lazily and declared in his strange third person manner: 'The Bull ate well. Now we'll see about bedroom arrangements...' He stopped the turntable rotating and looked thoughtfully at Zoe and Karen. 'Now, how shall I have you?'

Zoe and Karen whimpered while Alice and Tess looked at each other, silently agreeing what they had to do. Tess said: 'Please, Master, do what you want to us tonight but don't hurt our girls anymore. They've already suffered enough. Please let them have a rest...' she drew in shuddering breath, feeling sick even as she did so '... and we'll do anything you want to please you.'

Zoe spoke up from the turntable, struggling to speak clearly against

the pain in her pinpricked breasts: ‘No... Master we can take whatever you want to do to us. You give our mothers a rest...’

‘Zoe, shut up!’ Tess snapped. ‘We know what we’re doing...’

‘I said I wasn’t a child, Mum. He’ll be too much just for two of you...’

‘She’s right,’ Karen agreed.

‘Don’t say that...’ her mother interjected. ‘Let us do this. It’s our decision!’

Taurus clapped his hands slowly in mock applause. ‘How very fine and generous and loving you all are, trying to spare each other from more suffering. And Zoe is right: the Bull Man is too much for two women to manage until you are properly stretched. But who I have and how is not up to you. For the next week I’m master of this little family and I decide the sleeping arrangements and who has the honour of pleasuring me. Now you will visit the bathroom to clean yourselves up then the nocturnal fun and games can begin... ‘

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Taurus sprawled on the master bed, naked except for his grotesque mask.

He might have looked ridiculous except that the pliant neck rim of his mask, which was moulded and painted to resemble dark hair, merged smoothly with the actual hair on his brawny chest, which looked powerful enough to carry such a head for real, so that it almost seemed natural, animated as it was from within by the movements of his actual head. The impression of physical power was reinforced by the fact that he had slab-like pectoral muscles and six-pack abs. His intense maleness was emphasised by the tongue of dark hair that grew down from his naval to flow about the root of his huge penis, apparently fully recovered from his earlier exertions, which stood up like a pole from a mat of thick dark pubic curls that covered his groin and inner thighs and which only partially concealed a heavy ball sack. He almost was hung like a bull.



Zoe and Karen knelt doubled over on the bed on either side of him with their cuffed arms hogtied to their ankles, their leash chains tied to their knees, and their heads over his groin. Desperately they kissed and licked his massive shaft adoringly as they had been commanded. Their mouths were wide because of pairs of rubber hooks dug into their sides behind their back teeth which were joined by elastic cords going about the back of their necks. The tension pulled their mouths open so they could only use their lips and tongues to pleasure Taurus; keeping him aroused while their mothers entertained him with a show of total humiliation. Zoe and Karen's eyes kept drifting sideways to look at them even as they felt horror and revulsion in their stomachs at the sight of what they were doing.

Tess and Alice lay across the end of the bed with their arms cuffed behind them and their leashes hooked to the footboard. Tess lay on her back with her legs splayed while Alice crouched down over her, with her breasts resting on Tess's stomach. Their mouths were also hooked wide and their heads were buried in each other's groins as they desperately performed cunnilingus upon each other for their master's amusement. Up until this moment they had been nothing more than good friends and now they had been forced to perform this intimacy upon each other like passionate lesbian lovers. And in front of their teenage daughters!

But they had no choice.

Taurus held a cane in each hand which he flicked across Zoe and Karen's outthrust bottoms to encourage them to greater efforts pleasuring his shaft and as a warning to Tess and Alice to continue plunging their tongues into each other's wet pussy mouths. If they hesitated for a moment or lifted their faces from the sticky fleshy gashes in which they were buried, there was a swish of a cane and smack of bamboo on flesh and a gasp from their daughters to drive along again.

Tess felt sick and dizzy as she pleased her friend, her senses overwhelmed by the hot wet exciting smell of her. Yes, it was arousing and revolting at the same time and even as she hated what she was doing, down at some deep dark level it thrilled her in the way that perverse things sometimes do. Her nipples, free from their terrible bells, were standing out in hard cones from breasts heavy and hot with blood.

At the same time she could feel Alice's tongue probing the hot depths of her own vagina with equally sick desperation and knew she was also becoming unwillingly aroused. For a moment in the maelstrom of her confused mind Tess felt that they were betraying themselves in responding like this, then she reminded herself that also was being forced upon them. They were being made to do this for the pleasure of a perverted masked man who had declared himself their master. But was that enough of an excuse to feel such illicit excitement? Maybe a little curious passion and some extra wetness made it easier to endure their ordeal. Anyway what did it matter? As long as they survived this ordeal with Zoe and Karen safe then they had won! Yes, they would do anything for their daughters. That was their only strength!

Suddenly Tess became aware of the liquid knot that had been tying itself in her loins suddenly bubbling up and exploding as she sprayed her juices up over Alice's face. She heard her friend splutter and sob and then convulse as she in turn inundated Tess's face with her love juices which fell upon her like fine rain. And for a moment Tess felt dizzy with a surge of intense orgasmic delight that did not care how it came into being because it existed only for itself.

Taurus grunted urgently, flicking his canes across the girls' bottoms, and said: 'Lick it all up...' as a milky fountain of sperm spurted from his hard cock. Zoe and Karen fell upon it, their lips meeting about the head of his shaft, as they sucked desperately, swallowing it down and not wasting a drop even as they choked in despair at the intimate act they were being forced to perform.

Briefly the five of them lay still, Tess and Alice with their heads still buried in each other's sticky wet groins, dizzy with the aftershocks of their own passions and fearful to move without being commanded, and Zoe and Karen with their lips still locked about Taurus's shaft, sucking up the last of his sperm while staring into each other's frightened incredulous eyes around it.

Then Taurus pushed them aside and got up off the bed, his shiny cock still jutting stiffly out in front of him seemingly undiminished by his recent discharge. Taking hold of Alice and then Tess he freed their leashes from the

foot of the bed and pulled them up onto it, doubling them over so they knelt with their heads down and bottoms up between Zoe and Karen. Now he had recreated the array of bare bottoms and pouting clefts that they had formed when they had been bound across the veranda railing.

‘Spread your knees!’ he commanded and they struggled to open their legs as wide as they could, pressing into each other’s calves and thighs as they formed a line of soft swelling buttock mounds, gaping orifices and tight dark pits across the bed.

Taurus knelt between their ankles, shuffling across the sheets and rubbing his rampant penis through the cleft of their buttocks and then into the wet slots of their sexes. They shuddered and moaned fearfully even as they became a little hotter and wetter at the touch of his huge cockhead. They knew what he was going to do to them and could only prepare for it as best they could.

‘What have you learned about who goes first?’ he asked them.

Indistinctly through their hooked and stretched mouths, Tess and Alice both said: ‘Please have our daughters first, Master...’

And so Taurus screwed Karen and then Zoe, driving their faces deep into the sheets with his thrusts, making them sob and squeal and stain the sheets with their tears and dribble, while their mothers hoped at least he would be quick with them.

He was. Then, while his sperm was still dripped from Zoe and Karen’s aching pussy holes, and apparently with undiminished vigour, he turned to Alice and Tess and spent longer reaming out their already lubricated and sticky vaginas, stretching them a little further as he trained them to accommodate his girth.

And they sagged under his power and weight as he rode them and knew once again what it was to be totally mastered.

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That night Taurus slept with both mothers and daughters chained about him on the bed like fleshy pillows to keep him warm, as if he was some Oriental sultan or potentate at ease with the women of his harem, or, in deference to his bull mask, the mythical Minotaur enjoying the bodies of his tribute maidens under ancient Knossos. At least Taurus slept soundly, while Tess, Alice, Zoe and Karen squirmed and strained against their bonds and stifled whimpers at the lingering pain in their nipples, breasts and bottoms, and the ache in their bruised vaginas. Only in the early hours were they finally able to surrender to total exhaustion and find some rest, disturbed only by confused and frightening dreams which turned out not to be as terrible as the reality they had just endured.

All in all it was not the way they had imagined the first day of their summer holiday would end.

## Chapter Four

The next morning they had to prepare and serve Taurus a perfect full English breakfast of toast, porridge, bacon and eggs, tea and orange juice, while they were cuffed and hobbled. As they worked their exchanged brief shame-filled glances, especially Tess and Alice, horribly aware of what they had been made to do to each other and also to witness the previous night. Nobody should have been put through that, least of all mothers and daughters and best friends.

But Taurus did not give them long to dwell on it. Pleasing him came first and that was enough to worry about for the time being.

Once again he approved of their cooking and permitted them to eat, but this time he did not get them to feed each other. Instead from his box of accessories he took out four large stainless steel dog bowls and set them down on the kitchen floor. They had to prepare a mash of the breakfast food and then get down on their hands and knees like dogs and eat it up without using their fingers or any utensils.

As they ate messily with their heads down and bottoms up Taurus admired their submissive postures and exposure of their pubic mounds and bottom holes. While their cheeks burned in shameful misery he took more pictures for his holiday album.

‘I think there’s no finer sight than a pretty naked woman on her knees with her face in the trough being made to act the part of a bitch,’ he opined. ‘And four of them in a row make a rare and wonderful spectacle.’

The women shivered but said nothing.

When they were finished and the breakfast things were cleared away to Taurus’s satisfaction, he looked out of the window at the sun glittering on the lake and said: ‘It’s a fine day. Would you like to get some fresh air in your lungs and play a game of badminton out on the lawn?’

They glanced anxiously round at each other, knowing it could not be as innocent as it sounded but having no idea exactly how. Aloud they said warily: 'Yes, Master...'

'Of course you'll play naked,'

'Yes, Master.' They had realized by now they would not be allowed any clothes while he had control over them. At least the weather was warm.

'And I'll film you.'

They shivered. 'Yes, Master.'

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Under Taurus's watchful eyes they fetched the sporting gear and put the net up on the lawn. Taurus sat beside the lawn in a garden chair watching attentively. He had his paintball gun with him once again. Alice and Tess both measured the distance along the lakeside track and up through the trees to the road with their eyes but they knew that hobbled as they were there was no chance of them escaping that way.

As they strung the net and hammered in guy rope pegs they were able to whisper to each other. They did not talk about last night but just the immediate moment.

'Maybe this won't be too bad,' Alice said, trying to keep the girls' spirits up. 'I mean naturist's play naked badminton all the time.'

'I'd rather do this than have him fu... have him screw me again,' Zoe agreed.

'Yes, but he'll have a film of us doing it naked,' Karen moaned.

'That's nothing compared to the pictures he's already got of us.' Zoe reminded her.

'Let's just pretend we're doing this for fun and try to forget about him,' Tess suggested. 'Just remember it could be worse...'

Then it got worse as Taurus added his own accessories.

‘You’ll play wearing these,’ he explained, replacing their chain hobbles with bungee cords. They gave them more freedom of movement so they could take longer strides, but their springy tension might pull their feet out from under them as they did so. Next he replaced their choke chains with leather collars with rings on their sides to which more bungee cords were clipped which extended to matching wrist cuffs. Thinner elastic cords were then clipped between their cuffs and their nipples. If they stretched their arms out too far they jerked on them painfully. Then he clipped egg-sized weights bristling with spikes to their labia by short elastic cords so they dangled between their thighs, stretching their soft flesh lips. Alice and Tess bit their lips as he fitted the weights to them while Zoe and Karen whimpered and snivelled at the pain and at his intimate touch.

When he was done the four women stood trembling on the grass hardly daring to move. He handed them their rackets and shuttlecocks. ‘If you don’t try your best then you’ll get a couple of paintball rounds up your arses to make you try harder!’ he warned them. Then he resumed his seat and held his camera ready to record the game.

Tess and Alice partnered up against Zoe and Karen and play began.

It was possibly the most painful and humiliating game of badminton ever attempted.

Reaching out to hit the shuttlecock tugged and jerked on their nipples, stretching them and then their breasts out or up or down unnaturally and painfully. Trying to run to make a stroke inevitably meant they fell over as the elastic of their hobbles tugged sharply on their ankles. And almost any movement caused the weight dangling between their thighs from their tender inner labia to jump and swing about and stab their soft flesh with its spikes. This made them run with their legs wide, making them look absurd and ungainly. Sometimes in their frustration when they fell or jerked their nipples so hard they thought they would tear them, they reduced themselves to desperate hysterical laughter, which for a moment seemed a wonderful release until they remembered their shameful antics were being recorded.

To make matters worse Taurus kept a strict check of the score and insisted their play by the rules of the game. This of course prolonged the game beyond the sensible limits any fun session they might have played as they struggled for points. Working against the resistance of their hobbles was exhausting and they began to pant and sweat. But Taurus would not let them rest or even have a drink.

‘Keep playing until I tell you to stop,’ he told them firmly.

And then it began to get even worse as the stimulation and exposure once again brought their bodies to an anticipatory state of arousal. Their thighs, scratched and dented by the spiked weights, began to show the glossy sheen of their juices as they seeped from their relentlessly tormented labia, while their nipples were swollen and throbbing against the metal teeth of the spring clips that imprisoned them so cruelly. It was almost as if they were trying to make themselves more vulnerable and sensitive. After the shocks of yesterday had their bodies become confused as to what was pleasure what was pain? Whatever the reason, combined with their light-headedness and dehydration, it made them even more confused and clumsy.

Suddenly Karen dropped to her knees sobbing and burying her face in her hands. ‘I can’t do this any more... Please Master; I’ve got to have a drink...’

‘Yes, please let us have a drink, Master!’ Alice said.

‘Do you want to end the game?’ Taurus asked.

‘Yes we do, Master,’ they croaked.

‘Will you pay a forfeit to end it?’

‘Yes, Master!’

‘Then I want to line up facing me, take your pussy weights off and masturbate yourselves with your racquet handled until you cum!’

By then it didn’t seem such a terrible forfeit to make. They were so



lightheaded that it was almost a relief to go down on their knees and unclip the terrible weights from their sex lips and then part them and ram the tape-bound racket handles up into their sopping pussies. They went in surprisingly easily, aided by their high degree of lubrication and perhaps the stretching Taurus had given them yesterday.

Such was the state of their arousal that it only took them two minutes to begin to cum one by one in quick succession, spilling their juices over the handles, briefly carried away by that sense of freedom and wild elation that only came with a powerful orgasm. Even doing it in the open next to their mothers and best friends did not seem so wrong. For a moment it seemed like the most natural thing in the world...

And then the glow faded and then returned to normality and they realized how they had humiliated themselves before Taurus's camera yet again. Then they blushed and hung their heads in misery.

'That was very pretty to see,' Taurus said.

They had traded relief from pain and exhaustion for a display of complicity in the ongoing process of their humiliation, the memory of which would stay with them all their lives. Had he planned to bring them to that state of exhaustion just to force them to perform such an act for his amusement? How many games was he actually playing with them? And when would they end?

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After the exertion of their game Taurus allowed them what seemed almost like a treat.

He refastened the choke chains about their necks and then clipped extensions to them. Removing their hobbles, cuffs and nipple cords he led them down into the jetty and allowed them to swim in the lake to freshen themselves up, walking along the boards as he trailed their chains through the water as if he was exercising aquatic dogs, looking down at their bare bodies as they swam back and forth in a little shoal.

As the cool water refreshed her Tess looked up at him, almost overtaken by a brief absurd sense of gratitude for permitting them this swim. Then she shook her head to dispel such nonsense. He was just manipulating their feelings for him by permitting them the odd crumb of pleasure. Well it wouldn't work on her.

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Back in the kitchen they had to cook him lunch as it seemed his appetite was in keeping with his physique. After an anxious wait while he approved the quality of the meal they glanced at their bowls, wondering if they were going to be eating out of them again. They were hungry after the exertions of the morning. But he said nothing until he'd finished his meal, making them wait kneeling on the floor by the table. Finally he looked down at them and asked: 'Did you enjoy eating off the floor like dogs this morning?'

Tess spoke for all of them. At least she could be honest: 'No, Master,'

'Would you like to eat off the table?'

'Yes, Master.'

She should have known better...

He bound each of them face down over one side of the table with their heads towards its centre held in place by their leash chains which he linked from collar to collar forming a loose ring. Their sore nipples ground against the table top and were pressed up into the soft pillows of their breasts. He recuffed their hands behind them and spread their legs out and strapped their ankles to the table legs so that their bottoms stuck out; bare, vulnerable and inviting. Then he filled the bowls with food and put them on the table in front of their noses but just out of reach.

He took another photograph of their helpless exposed postures and then he took out his electric whip and walked round the table trailing it across their buttocks which clenched in fear. 'Now I'm allowing you a choice,' he told them. 'Either I can whip you while you eat or I can screw you while you eat. But you won't eat without one or the other. Which would you prefer?'

They were going to have to beg to be screwed or else beg to be whipped. One was humiliating and degrading and the other was humiliating, degrading and acutely painful.

Miserably they said: 'Please Master, screw us, Master...'

'The rule is that you can only eat while I'm inside you.' he told them as he positioned himself behind Zoe. He lifted her head and placed the bowl under it. Then he freed his seemingly perpetually erect penis and thrust it into her trembling pussy. Her eyes bulged and she whimpered and groaned as he stretched her, and then as he began to pump into her she dipped her face into her bowl and started to eat.

Tess bit her lip, realising she was going to have to watch her daughter being screwed by a bull-masked stranger before she would be granted the same privilege of eating with his cock inside her. This was a nightmare! And yet despite her heart aching for her suffering, she and Alice and Karen watched Zoe being shafted almost hungrily. Were they that desperate for sustenance? Zoe was gobbling down her food even as she swallowed his cock at the other end again and again. Was he was teaching them that sex went with food and both were essential? That his cock went with the privilege of eating? That in this place during this perverted holiday, food and sex went together, and soon they would get hungry for his presence within them...

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After they had eaten, with them still aching from this latest shafting, he allowed them another supervised trip to the bathroom to clean themselves up. Then he took them back into the dining room area. He adjusted the blinds in the living space so that they were almost closed, shutting out the view across the lake and woods on either side and leaving the room lit only by soft diffused sunlight.

'I have some business to do this afternoon which will take me away from the lodge so I'm going to leave you here alone: well secured, of course,' he told them. 'But to make sure you won't get bored I'll take the opportunity to start training your bottoms...'

As their stomachs churned at this prospect, he began rearranging the furniture.

He placed four of the ladder-back dining chairs facing each other so they formed a cross with their front legs touching, which he then bound together with tape.

From his accessory box he took out four large twin-pronged dildos with sucker pad bases and rubber tubes running from sockets in the dildo roots. He stuck these in the middle of the chair seats so that the thicker heavily ribbed shafts stood up vertically while the smaller finger-like curving prongs faced forward into the array of seats. These prongs had rubber spur wheels on their tips. With a jar of petroleum jelly he carefully greased the dildos. The rubber tubes trailing from their roots he ran down underneath the seats and across to the square of floor between the chairs where he plugged them into four sockets in the sides of what looked like a deflated blow-up plastic cushion. On this he sat a small plastic bucket. Above the cushion and bucket he placed a light telescopic metal stand with its splayed legs joined to the rim of a horizontal ring which stood at about waist height.

Then he arranged the women standing over the chairs facing inward with their feet placed against their outsides of their front legs.

‘Sit,’ he commanded, ‘so that the big dildos go up your bottom holes...’

Biting their lips they sat down gingerly, wriggling their hips so that the greased dildos slid up their rectums, stretching them painfully wide and making them gasp. They were far larger than the ball-tipped rods they had had up their rears the previous day. As they settled down the springy, finger-like spur prongs ran up through their clefts and the rubber spikes jabbed into their clitorises, which were helplessly swelling and rising in anticipation of more carnal usage. Taurus re-cuffed their arms behind the chairs. Then bent their knees backwards and cuffed their ankles to the side stretcher rungs of the chairs and tied their leash chains to the top rail of the chair backs with only a little slack in them, so that they had to sit upright. Now they were secured to the chairs but they could move their hips a little.

Then he brought out four pairs of large crocodile clips tied to Y-shaped lengths of nylon cord with large hooks on their trailing ends. The crocodile clips of course he closed about their nipples, which were already rising in dread anticipation of further suffering.

He flicked their swelling fleshy nubs as he closed the cruel metal teeth about them, commenting with a rumbling chuckle: 'I think they're getting used to this already. Women are amazingly adaptable when they're properly trained...'

They bit their lips and said nothing.

He passed the hooked ends of the cords together over the ring of the stand and down to the handle of plastic bucket. He adjusted their length so that they lifted the bucket clear of the cushion beneath it. Now it tugged on their clamped nipples but its weight was so small that shared between eight nipples it was not a great strain and less painful than the pressure of the sprung metal teeth biting into them.

Then he brought a jug of water from the kitchen sink and poured it into the bucket.

They sobbed and whimpered as the cords drew tight, stretching their breasts and nipples out from their chests and pointing them across the little circle of their bodies to the stand in the middle. The bucket sank downwards as it dragged on its fleshy elastic mounts until it hung just above the deflated cushion.

'If you want to ease the strain on your tits then start pumping the dildos,' Taurus told them.

Desperately the women began jerking their hips up and down as far as their chains and cuffs allowed and clenching their anal sphincters tight about the heavily ribbed dildo shafts, which they now found compressed as they did so. They had air bladders or small pistons of some kind within them. However this frantic motion also caused the spur wheels to grind back and forth through their slots, simultaneously tormenting and arousing their clitorises as they ploughed back and forth through the soft wet valley

between their sex lips. But their efforts to save their suffering nipples were rewarded as air was pumped along the tubes to the cushion and it began to inflate. It reached the bottom of the bucket and curled up around it, lifting it upwards and easing the strain on their nipples.

Taurus's camera flashed as he snapped their, bucking, straining bodies and contorted faces.

As the cushion reached maximum inflation and the nipple cords slackened off they rested, flushed and panting with effort. Then to their dismay they heard a soft whistling sound as the cushion slowly began to deflate. As it did so the water-filled bucket slowly began to descend within the frame once more, increasing its tug on their nipples.

'It has valve in it to make sure it isn't over inflated and bursts,' Taurus told them as they began riding their anal dildos once again to pump more air into it. 'It also means that you've got to keep working to keep it at its maximum pressure. At the same time you're going to be giving your bottoms a good workout...'

They looked across the circle at each other's wide disbelieving eyes in bleak despair. Even when he was absent Taurus was going to be humiliating and tormenting them. They could almost believe his mask was grinned down at their misery as he continued: 'It doesn't make any difference either way whether I leave you gagged or not, except for discipline purposes, because even if you could call for help there's nobody to hear you. But I know you women like to talk, so if you ask me nicely I'll let you...'

Hating the way he was manipulating them but grateful for any chance to talk freely, they begged him humbly to leave them un-gagged. 'Please don't gag us, Master... We would like to talk if we could, Master... We'd be very grateful, Master... Please let us speak, Master...'

'Very well then, you may chat together if you like,' he said. 'I'll be gone a few hours. When I come back I'll allow you to go online and send a few messages to your friends, just to reassure them that you're having a good time. You don't want them worrying about you, do you? And when I do return I also expect you to be properly grateful to see me, if only for the sake

of your nipples...’

And he went out, closing and locking the front door behind him.

They sagged in their chairs as far as their bonds allowed, trembling with a sudden release of tension. They were alone at last, which felt odd. Taurus was such a dominating presence that he seemed to leave a strange emptiness behind him when he departed. They only stirred again when the strain on their nipples became too great and they had to pump the air cushion up once more to relieve it. Then they looked around at each other, snatching embarrassed glances at their clamped nipples and the spur wheels riding up through their sex clefts. Already little pools of dribbling juices were forming on the chair seats between their splayed thighs. Then they looked along the cords that joined their nipples to the bucket and which linked them together in their shared torment.

‘He’s... he’s a sadist!’ Karen suddenly blurted out, snivelling and blinking away the tears the nipple clamps and her painfully plugged rear had brought to her eyes. ‘How could he leave us like this?’

‘At least we can talk,’ Zoe pointed out.

‘And we’re meant to be grateful to him for that?’ Karen retorted.

‘We all know he set this up so we’d have to beg him to leave us ungagged, dear,’ Alice said gently. ‘I think Zoe was just trying to look on the bright side.’

‘Yes, that’s all I was trying to do,’ Zoe confirmed.

‘And that was a good thing to do, Zoe,’ Tess said. ‘It’s all we can do the right now... try to look on the bright side...ohh... awww...’

They had to break off as the tension on their nipples became unbearable once again and they began to pump up and down on their anal dildos, re-inflating in the cushion.

‘Why does he need our bottoms to be exercised?’ Karen wondered

when they could talk again. ‘Do you think he’s going to have us up there... you know...’

‘You mean anal sex... sodomy...’ Zoe said.

‘I know would it’s called! I was just trying not to use those words!’ Karen retorted.

Alice said, struggling to keep her voice steady: ‘Yes, dear, I think that probably is what he wants to do with us. I’m so very sorry but I don’t think there’s any way of avoiding it.’

Karen took a deep breath. ‘I know, Mum, I’m just a bit frightened about the thought of having him up inside me when he’s so... you know, big...’

They were all silent at the thought of this until Zoe said with false enthusiasm: ‘Well, that’s what we’ve got these fucking dildos up our backsides for. Isn’t the Master being kind and thoughtful? We’ll use them to stretch ourselves so it won’t hurt so much when the time comes to have his huge fucking cock up our backsides...’

And then she broke down in a flood of tears. Tess strained against her cuffs, instinctively trying to reach out to her, but she was utterly unable give any physical comfort to her daughter. All she could do was to say: ‘That’s all right dear... cry if you want to... we understand... you don’t have to pretend to be brave...’

The cords drew tight again and they had to pump their hips, grinding the spur wheels up into their by now stiffly erect clitorises. The strong scent of their unwilling arousal emanating from their swollen, hot and gaping clefts was beginning to fill the air.

‘Oh God... look what he’s doing to us!’ Zoe exclaimed. ‘How can we be getting wet like this?’

‘I don’t know...’ Karen moaned ‘...maybe we’re sick or something...’



‘No,’ her mother said firmly, ‘it’s doing it to me as well, you see...’ Her cheeks went scarlet as she realized she was calling her daughter’s attention to the state her naked dripping sex mouth, but she gulped and continued: ‘It’s happening to all of us, not just you.’

‘But it’s not normal!’ Karen said. ‘What has he done to us?’

‘I think it’s because we’re all together that we’re setting each other off,’ Tess speculated desperately, trying to sound as matter-of-fact and clinical as possible. ‘And we’ve never been treated like this before, at least not until yesterday I mean. It’s not something we know how to deal with so I think our instincts take over. We’re getting massively over-stimulated... our breasts and our backsides and vaginas... all of our most sensitive parts, so it’s not surprising really.’

‘But it’s so sick!’ Karen and Zoe wailed together.

‘Yes, but there’s nothing we can do about it,’ Alice said. ‘It’s all part of Taurus’s game. He wants us to feel like this... ‘

‘So let’s make it our game,’ Tess said suddenly. ‘And let’s not be ashamed of it. I mean orgasms are perfectly natural and great fun so why not? And it’s a way of forgetting where we are for a few minutes.’

The cords tightened on their nipples again and they all had to pump frantically which only made their pussies tingle and drip even more forcefully.

Alice said: ‘Yes, why not. Let’s have a race to see who can cum first...’

‘Mum!’ Alice exclaimed in horror.

‘Well, why not after what we’ve already done for him?’ Alice said. ‘I mean we frigged ourselves with the racquet handles only a couple of hours ago... and what we did last night... ‘

‘Don’t remind me, Mum!’ Karen practically shouted. ‘I’m trying not

to think about that!’

‘That was in front of him,’ Zoe said, looking as though she was struggling to understand her own reasoning. ‘We had no choice. It sort of felt... different. He was a man... you expect to do things like that for him... and his huge cock. This is just... us.’

They knew what she meant. This was just the four of them together: mother’s daughters and friends; private and personal. They had shared a lot before but never anything like this. It felt as if they were perverting themselves.

‘You’re right, dear,’ Tess said. ‘This is different. But least we can decide to play by our own rules. We can’t afford to drown in guilt on top of everything else. I’m declaring that for the duration of this holiday it’s allowed for us to come in front of each other...’ And she began to jerk her hips purposely up and down on her impaling dildo, pushing them forward so that the spur wheels ground even deeper against her clitoris.

And then Alice began to do the same, rolling her eyes up and concentrating on the pleasure she had been trying to suppress.

Zoe looked at Karen in dismay and then forced a grin and shrugged as well as her bonds allowed. ‘Oh fuck, let’s screw ourselves...’ And she began to grind her hips as well. And then with a sob Karen joined her.

The scent of their mutual arousal filled their nostrils. Their clamped nipples throbbed and swelled about the teeth biting into them. The seats under their hot sweaty buttocks became slippery with their juices and they began to groan and whimper and gasp out aloud as they let their instincts take over. And then one by one they came and sprayed their juices out over the terrible spur wheels and across the chair seats.

And for a few precious minutes they forgot all about being Taurus’s sex slaves.

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Afterwards they sagged in their chairs in strangely elated exhaustion with their pussies dripping shamelessly and their cheeks flushed with their own bravado. They looked at each other and grinned foolishly. Before they needed to pump the cushion once again, Zoe asked in a small voice: 'Is this ever going to end or is he going to keep us like this forever?'

'No, he's going to let us go at the end of the week,' her mother said firmly. 'He's just talked about our sending messages to our friends and he's being very careful to hide his face from us so we can't identify him later. He can get away with this for a week but not any longer. By then he'll have had his fun so it makes sense just to let us go.'

'Yes, we take each day as it comes and we'll get through it,' Alice added.

'Do you think really has done this kind of thing before to other women like he said?' Karen wondered.

'He must have done,' said Tess. 'Look how well-organised he is with all this specialised bondage equipment. And he's confident enough to go off and leave us here. He knows exactly what he's doing.'

'But if that's true, then why haven't any of them ever talked about it?' Karen wondered. 'If it kept happening to women who stayed here, this place would have been shut down ages ago. What stopped them calling the police afterwards?'

They all looked at each other curiously, unable to give a good answer.

Then the cords tightened on their nipples again and they had to resume their desperate pumping.

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By the time Taurus finally returned, almost four hours later, their faces were red and they were lathered in sweat, tears and orgasmic juices. Their bottoms ached from endless clenching, their clitorises were raw and their nipples felt as if they were half torn off.

Their gratitude at seeing him at last was in its way genuine and heartfelt and yet also desperate and demeaning, which no doubt was exactly what he wanted.

‘We’re so pleased to see you back, Master,’ they sobbed. ‘Can you please take these things off our tits...?’

Taurus un-clipped their terrible nipple clamps and they moaned and shuddered as the blood returned to their tormented teats in agonising spasms of pins and needles. Yet once again they felt brief pathetic surges of gratitude towards the man who had been responsible for their torment in the first place.

‘Thank you, Master... thank you...’ they sobbed brokenly.

Under his mask he smiled.

He examined the state of their pussies and the chairs beneath them, which gave a mute testimony to their orgasmic activity.

‘I see you’ve been enjoying yourselves,’ he said. ‘Had a good time, did you?’

They did not know what to say. Orgasms were normally a measure of pleasure, therefore judging by the number they had had, they must have had a good time. But that was absurd... wasn’t it?

## Chapter Five

That evening as promised the women were permitted to send messages online to their friends, telling them what a good time they were having at the lodge and even including a few pictures of the lake. Naturally Taurus stood over them as they compiled and sent the messages with his electric whip at the ready while he checked them, ensuring their contents were entirely innocent. They felt oddly guilty at telling these lies but they had no choice.

When they were done he said: 'Now you've reassured your friends, what are you going to make me for supper?

Zoe and Karen feared he would make them perform on the table again, but this time he chose to have his food served on a tray and he ate it while he sat on the sofa watching television. They knelt chained in a tight row in front of him with their bottoms facing him and he took his boots off and rested his feet on their soft haunches, occasionally prodding and rubbing their buttocks and pussy clefts with his toes. They were acutely aware of how they were presenting their recently stretched rectums to his gaze. When would he want to make proper use of them?

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Later that night in the master bedroom, all four of them were once more made to serve him intimately as he sprawled naked on the bed except for his mask.

This time however, Alice and Tess were compelled to pleasure his penis and be ready to lick up its ejaculate while Zoe and Karen provided the entertainment at the foot of the bed.

He had used screw clamps to fix a gibbet-like metal tubing stand to the foot of the bed so that its arm overhung the mattress end. Zoe and Karen knelt on the bed beneath it facing each other with their arms cuffed to the small of their backs. Their choke chain leashes were hooked over the end of the arm and drawn taut, forcing them to kneel upright so that their breasts

pressed together. They looked into each other's eyes which were huge with horror and wonder, fearing what was to come and what their mothers would think of it, and yet also darkly curious. Quite beyond their control, their nipples had swollen and were nuzzling gently against each other.

Their pussies were joined by a double-headed dildo which made them bulge, while their rectums were plugged by a second pair of dildos that connected to sprung rods which ran down to their cuffed ankles. The pressure from these rods pushed their hips together so that they could feel their pubic curls rasping and intermingling.

Taurus sprawled back watching them with evident approval. Instead of the canes he had used the night before he held a pair of electric spanking paddles in his hands, which he was stroking across their mothers' haunches as they lapped and kissed the impressive shaft of his cock.

'Kiss each other like lovers!' Taurus commanded them, flicking his paddles down over their mothers' bottoms. The paddle blades flickered with blue sparks and crackled as they kissed soft flesh. Tess and Alice yelped in pain but did not take their lips from Taurus's shaft.

Hesitantly Zoe and Karen kissed; opening their mouths and sliding their tongues across each other, trying not to be paralysed with guilt but to let whatever primitive instincts had taken over when they had come again and again that afternoon inhabit them once more.

Their mouths were hot and sweet and they felt their nipples pressing into each other's breasts, throbbing with hard excitement. It was wonderful and frightening and tempting and yet also wrong. But they had to try.

'Now use your hips,' Taurus said. 'I want to see that dildo all the way up inside you...'

Zoe and Karen sobbed and then jerked their hips against each other, feeling the big jelly-like plastic torpedo sliding back and forth within them. Their pussies dribbled and their clitorises throbbed. This was different from working themselves off against the spur wheels that afternoon. That had been using individual mechanical devices to pleasure themselves. This was

something they were sharing inside them and it was intensely, frighteningly personal. Like their mothers the previous night, there were being made to act like lesbians. And yet they weren't lesbians. This was sick!

They jerked apart in confusion, feeling the dildo sucking at their insides as they stretched it out between them. The dildos up their rears driven by the spring rods dug more deeply into their bottoms, but burning with sudden doubt and shame they resisted their pressure.

Their mothers shrieked in pain as Taurus beat on their exposed bottoms, swinging the paddles hard so they smacked into their soft flesh and made it ripple while the electric studs piercing them crackled and sparked fiercely.

'Tell them to try harder or else I'll beat your backsides to ribbons,' he commanded Tess and Alice. 'Do it properly...'

The women took their lips away from his cock for a moment revealing their tear-filled eyes to their daughters.

'Please... girls... can you screw harder and be more passionate for the Master?' Tess snivelled.

'Yes... can you please f... fuck Zoe properly, Karen,' Alice added, almost choking over her words.

Taurus swiped his paddles against their bottoms once again even harder making them screech with pain. 'Tell them I keep beating you until I see they've both cum!'

'Please can you cum to please the Master and to save our bottoms, girls...' Tess said.

'We'd really like you to screw until you cum as quickly as possible, please...' Alice confirmed.

Zoe and Karen looked at each other, realizing they had no choice. They were doing this to save their mothers' pain. That was all the motivation

they needed. That allowed them to do anything. While their mothers resumed pleasuring their master's rampant cock, the girls allowed the sprung dildos up their rears to push their hips against each other once more, filling their young pussies with the double headed dildo. They ground their hot pert breasts against each other, making their nipples tingle. And they locked their lips together, letting their friendship bring forth passion as their tongues curled about each other.

Then gradually necessity morphed into unexpected need.

They had never been exposed like this or been so intimate with any other girl. They weren't natural lesbians or even bisexuals, but they both had nice bodies and they liked each other. And liking was the first step to loving. Out of the dark depths they realized this could be such dangerous fun. Hot passion overwhelmed them and they began to jerk and squirm against each other with frantic urgency. Their nipples throbbed as if they were going to burst while they felt their loins filling with hot, churning, lustful desire.

There were dimly aware of Taurus's electric spanking paddles beating out a tattoo of pain on their mothers' crimson bottoms in a perverted accompaniment to their passion and they heard their sobs and yelps of pain. But they did not need any further motivation. They were doing this because it was now impossible to stop.

With wild gasps and moans they jerked and ground their sweaty bodies against each other, rebounding from the springy rods up their backsides as they thrust and bumped their hips together. Their sheathes were clenched tightly about the dildo they shared as if they were trying to squeeze the life from it, even as it was the slippery conduit of their mutual passion, trying to force all of it into each other at the same time as they swallowed it within them.

With shrieks of delight they came together, spraying their juices out over their conjoined pussies. Then for a minute they rocked back and forth, letting the waves of pleasure ripple through them. At last they slumped forward limply, resting their heads on each other's shoulders, still joined by the dildo, dangling by their choke collars from their metal gibbet.



They were dimly aware of Taurus's big hands coming together in applause for their efforts. He was watching them while their mothers were busy about his groin lapping up the eruption of sperm which had sprouted from his shaft in appreciation of their show of passion. 'There, you see you could do it after all,' he said. 'All women rise to the necessity when they have to please an Alpha Male. In fact you enjoy being made to perform for our pleasure, because at heart you like it that way. You might deny it but secretly you know that it's the greatest excitement you'll ever have.'

Zoe and Karen looked at each other through bleary eyes. Could that possibly be true?

# Chapter Six

The rest of that night Zoe and Karen spent gagged and strapped to the bed beside their mothers and the next morning Taurus did not give them any chance to talk in private. Their mothers looked at them with sympathy and gratitude and tried through their glances to let them know that it was all right, but they still felt terribly confused, both by their own feelings and Taurus's outrageous assertion. Were they enjoying being used like this, even when it meant acting like lesbians?

But after breakfast they had to push all those doubts aside when Taurus, now clad in shorts but still masked, led all four of them outside. Their arms were cuffed in front of them, their ankles were hobbled and the choke chains were still looped about their necks. Shuffling along after him he led them across to the boathouse.

They opened up the big double doors and under his direction they awkwardly carried the little rowboat between them down to the jetty and set it down on the shingle just above the waterline. But they did not bring its oars, which remained hanging on the shed wall. Instead Taurus took a couple of long bamboo canes from the bundle in the shed, together with another box of accessories. They trembled with apprehension as he opened it up.

First was a long wooden pole in sections which he slotted together. It had sets of snap hooks bolted along each end. Then there were four pairs of regular swim fins. Then there were some foam plastic floatation tubes. Finally he took out four translucent moulded rubber fins like fishtails, with plug fittings.

The long pole fitted across the boat, slotting into the rowlocks where the oars would have gone so that it ends overhung the sides. He then arranged the women on each side of the boat with Tess and Zoe on the left and Alice and Karen on the right. He clipped their cuffed wrists to the snap rings fastened to the long pole. Then he tied the foam float tubes about their waists and fitted the swim fins to their feet. Finally he plugged the curious fishlike

tailfins into their rectums, so they hung down between their thighs. They felt strange and embarrassing, even though their bottoms were becoming used to unnatural usage and insertions. Only then did he free their ankle hobbles.

‘I’m going to go for a trip about the lake and you’re going to be my propulsion system,’ he told them.

Taurus took up position seated in the boat facing its prow, so that he was positioned a little behind them as they stood secured to the cross pole. He picked up the pair of bamboo canes and flicked across their bottoms. ‘Launch me!’ he commanded.

Shuffling forward awkwardly in their flippers, they pushed the boat into the water. As it rose up about them and flowed into their naked groins they shivered. Then it reached their waists and lifted the floats tied about them so that their feet left the bottom and they lay full-length in the water on either side of the boat with their cuffed hands clasped to the pole so that their heads and shoulders were clear of the water. The strange fins he had plugged into their bottoms now trailed out between their thighs, standing up vertically like real fish fins. They were also buoyant and through the plugs in their bottoms they helped lift their hips. Combined with the lift the float tubes were giving their bottoms floated half out of the water, exposing their twin hemispheres.

‘Now my little mermaids, you will take me for a ride...’

He reached out and down with his canes and swiped them across their exposed bare bottoms. They yelped and began kicking desperately with their fins. They had been turned into living outboard motors. And so, slowly, the boat moved out into the lake and began its circumnavigation of its shore.

Steering was simply a matter of Taurus beating harder on the bottoms on the appropriate side of the boat to make them increase their efforts. The girls shrieked and splattered and tried to keep kicking steadily. As they pumped away with their legs the fin between their thighs whipped from side to side, churning its plug deep in their rectums. Their bare breasts were just at the water level and were slapped by the ripples of the bow wake. Their nipples, chilled by the water but stimulated by the motion of the fin between

their legs and the beating of their bottoms, began to swell and stand up.

On each side of the boat mothers and daughters looked into each others wet and straining faces in wonder and desperation. They knew it was a cruel thing to be used like this, but also that it was inescapably arousing at the same time. *Don't fight it*, they mouthed to each other as they thrashed and kicked in the water, propelling their master very like galley slaves had done for millennia. And like all slaves they had no choice.

Taurus made them propel him around and across the lake, from side to side and from end to end. He enjoying sitting serenely on his comfortable seat, taking pictures of them and the scenery as he did so while they strained to push the boat along on either side of him. Soon their bottoms were crisscrossed by cane stripes, but fortunately the cool water eased their sting. Their legs ached from kicking their flippers and their rectums felt numb from the churning of the fin plugs within them.

But finally exhaustion claimed them. They were gasping and heaving for breath and their kicks were getting feebler no matter how hard he beat their bottoms. So he steered them back to the jetty and tied the boat up. After he unfastened their wrists from the pole he had to half drag them out of the water as their legs were too weak support them.

He stripped off their flippers and floats, cuffed their arms behind their backs again, re-hobbled them and laid them face down on the jetty like freshly landed fish. He left the fins plugged into their bottoms, which jutted up bizarrely from between their thighs. After their long immersion their skins were white and cold and their hands and feet were wrinkled like prunes. They were hardly able to move and it felt good simply to sprawl in the sun. They had drained themselves to serve Taurus and now feebly they hoped he would allow them a little rest.

In fact he seemed to appreciate their efforts, for he brought out water bottles and gave them each a good long cool drink. Then he left them there while he went back to the shed and began working on the frame of the double doors. He was screwing four large ringbolts into sockets already drilled into the heavy top beam of the door frame. From these he then hung large swivel mounted hooks Then from one of his boxes he brought out a sheet of black

plastic which he hung from a roof frame just inside the doors so that it formed a sort of curtain behind them.

Then he came back for the women.

One at a time he carried them over to the shed, turning them upside down so their feet were uppermost and hooking their ankle hobbles to the hooks dangling from the door frame. In a couple of minutes they were all hanging head down within the frame of the shed doorway, with the black plastic sheet behind them seeming to highlight their exposure. The rubber tailfins still plugged into their bottoms hung outwards like little spiny sails between their buttock cheeks while their breasts bobbed outwards strangely inverted. Their choke chain leashes he strung between them, cross-connecting them in a row. Taurus took some more pictures of them and he picked up his paintball gun and stood about ten paces from them.

‘You are my catch of the day and you need to be hung out in the sun and tenderised,’ he told them.

The women began to squirm and twist in fear, bucking and straining at their cuffs and setting themselves swaying about. But of course they were totally helpless.

Taurus took careful aim and began peppering them with paintball shots. The capsules burst against their stomachs and inverted breasts and the clefts of their pussies and the clenching swells of their cane-striped buttocks. They bucked and twisted and turned around on their swivel mounts, jerking on their interlinked leash chains as they thrashed about so that the links about their necks cut into their flesh and added to their misery. Any shots that missed them splashed against the plastic sheet, protecting the shed interior.

The shots that struck the fins jutting from between their buttocks made them shiver and jerk on the plugs buried in their rectums. Shots smacking into their bare breasts stung and bruised them cruelly; punching deep into their pliant softness, which then sprang back out with a wobble and a shiver and a spray of paint. If he struck their swollen nipples full on they were driven back into their parent globes only to pop back up again ready for more. The shots that struck their buttocks re-sensitised the welts he had

already laid upon them that morning, bringing them back to stinging, burning life. But the very worst shots were those that hit the inverted mouths of their pussy clefts, which he hit again and again with painful accuracy. They tore into their soft clefts smacking against their clitorises, which stood up hard as if in perverse defiance, and bursting in the mouths of their vaginas, so that red paint seemed to bubble up out of them.

The shocks to those tender orifices soon became too much to bear and they lost control of their recently filled bladders. Fountains of urine spurted up from between their thighs and fell back down over their bodies to mingle with the paint that by now saturated them, tricking in rivulets down across their faces and into their hair, adding a garish and alarming tint to their suffering.

The dangling women sobbed and screamed and pleaded in the between their gasps of pain, but Taurus took no notice until he had emptied his gun. Then he walked up to them and looked them over carefully, examining the results of his target practice as they hung upside down trembling before him.

‘Shall I leave you out here for the rest of the day?’ he asked them.

‘No, Master, please don’t!’ they sobbed, their contorted, pain-wracked faces framed by their wet hair and soiled and streaked with paint and their own urine.

‘If I take you down now do you promise you’ll do anything to please me?’

‘Yes Master!’ they sobbed wretchedly. ‘Anything... anything at all!’

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That night he put their promise of obedience to the most severe test yet.

Zoe and Karen, now pink and fresh again after much scrubbing, shampooing and flushing out under the shower, lay side by side on the master bed. Their arms were cuffed beneath them and their mouths were plugged

with ball gags. Their legs were raised, spread and bent back over their heads and their ankles were chained to the headboard, to which their collar leashes were also tied. A taut rope passed from one side of the bed to the other went across their lower stomachs, holding their hips down against the tension from their raised and doubled over legs. This posture totally exposed their groins, especially the swelling mounds of their vulvas and the puckers of their anuses.

Their sex mouths were even more painfully open than the tension of their spread thighs would account for, because Taurus had bound pairs of rubber hooks on elastic cords about the outside of their thighs and hooked them into the top and bottom ends of their thick outer labia, stretching their gashes wide and exposing their pink wet secret inner valley's with their swollen clitorises at their crests, the tiny well pits of their urethra's below them and the gaping crinkle-edged tunnel mouths of their vaginas at their lower ends. A musky intimate aroma of fear and excitement emanated from their depths.

Their mothers knelt on the bed facing them: Alice in front of Zoe and Tess in front of Karen. Their arms were also cuffed behind them and their trailing leashes had been drawn down their backs and tied to their cuffs, forming chain handles between their necks and wrists. Jutting out from Tess and Alice's pussies were the ends of large hard black rubber dildos. The other ends of the dildos were buried deep up inside them with their midpoints secured to their inner labia by what looked like crescent shaped bulldog clips, ensuring they did not slip out of their hot wet sockets. Between their nervously clenched buttocks their anuses glistened with a recent greasing.

Taurus stood beside the bed, once again naked except for his mask. His huge cock jutted stiffly out in front of him as if in eager anticipation. He held his electric whip in one hand.

'Now, to show how much you want to please me, you, Mrs Winters, are going to couple with Zoe, and you, Mrs Parkinson, are going to do the same to Karen,' he said.

At his words Zoe and Karen moaned and their eyes bulged in horror above their gag-stretched lips. Alice and Tess turned to Taurus pleading

desperately.

‘You can’t ask us to do this, master,’ Tess sobbed.

‘We can’t... screw each other’s daughters it... it isn’t right Master,’ Tess begged.

‘I’m not asking you, I’m commanding you as your master,’ Taurus said. ‘The master you promised you would do anything to please. Why do you hesitate? It’s not illegal even if it is irregular. And you certainly can screw each other’s daughters because their pretty pussy holes are open in front of you and you have nice big dildos stuffed into yours and one will go into the other. But if you’re so worried about observing the proprieties then you shall each ask the other’s permission first.’

‘What!’ Alice exclaimed. Then she yelped as Taurus flicked his electric whip across her breasts. ‘Awww... I mean... what, Master?’ She corrected herself desperately. ‘What do you mean... ask permission?’

‘You shall ask Tess’s permission to screw her daughter and then she will ask you if she may do the same to Karen. Proceed... unless you want me to whip you until your bottoms bleed...’

Alice gulped and turned to look at Tess in horror. Then she forced herself to say in disbelief at her own words: ‘P...please, Tess, do I have your permission to... to screw Zoe?’

Tess, who had gone white, fought back her tears as she said carefully: ‘Yes, Alice, you may s... screw Zoe...’

‘Go on,’ prompted Taurus.

Tess gulped. ‘And... do I have your permission to screw Karen?’

‘Yes, Tess,’ Alice said, as if the words were turning to ashes in her mouth. ‘You have my p... permission to screw Karen...’

‘Begin!’ Taurus commanded.



The women looked down in horror at the daughters of their best friends lying spread and bound in front of them with their lovely bodies on display and their sex mouths gaping wide in helpless invitation. They knew they had no choice. Awkwardly they hunched over, guiding the tips of their dildos into the gaping mouths of the girls' sexes. Then they slid forward so their bodies ground over the girls until their breasts flattened against each other and their pubic curls rasped together. Despite their disgust their nipples were shamefully hard.

Their eyes locked with those of the girls' beneath them, exchanging looks of desperate pity, apology, remorse and resignation.

Taurus's electric whip cracked across Alice and Tess's buttocks, making them yelp.

'Go on start riding them... that's what they're there for! And you don't get off until you've all cum!'

With their tears dripping into the girls' faces, the women began to work their hips, pumping the dildos into Zoe and Karen's gaping pussies, driving the rubber shafts deep up inside them until their roots ground into their expose clitorises.

'Harder!' Taurus commanded, flicking his whip across their bottoms again.

Sobbing in despair, Alice and Tess began to thrust desperately, banging their hips into Zoe and Karen's splayed groins. The girls grunted and whimpered beneath them, their eyes filling with tears as dribble ran from their stretched lips.

The dildos driving in and out of the girls' vaginas and began to make squelching sound's the passages beneath them were filling with lubricating juices. Their bodies did not seem to care that they were being used by their mothers' best friends. At the same time the shafts buried inside their mothers were becoming wet about the rims of their stretched sex mouths as they were helplessly and horrifyingly stimulated by what they were doing. Their lubrication dribbled about the plunging shafts and dripped down into the

young sex mouths beneath them.

The four pairs of breasts that were mashed together on the bed were becoming slippery with sweat as they rubbed back and forth across each other, sending shameful signals to their owners' brains which only intensified their feelings. Trying to deny what was happening was only focusing their attention on every detail of the act they were performing. Feeling it was wrong only made it more intense and perversely exciting

Taurus bent over the sweating women as they went about their wretched task. 'Are you feeling guilty about doing this?' he demanded.

'Yes... yes...' the women choked out desperately.

'Would you like to have my cock up your bottoms to take your minds off it?'

'Yes!' In their despair they would welcome anything to distract them and make them feel less guilty about what they were doing.

And so he knelt on the bed straddling Alice's right leg and Tess's left, which were pressed together as they rode Zoe and Karen. His huge cock slid forward between Alice's buttocks, spread her sphincter wide and forced its way up into her rectum

Alice screamed into Zoe's face as he stretched her within, reshaping her rectum to accommodate his monstrous girth. Zoe grunted as his weight added itself to Alice's, pressing her down into the bed so that she could hardly breathe.

Then Taurus began to ram his cock up into Alice's backside, making it bulge obscenely as it was already under pressure from the dildo within her vagina. She had never felt anything like it. It excused everything because it was so powerful. She could not fight this. It seemed to be drilling through her body and into her spine. It was immense and terrible and... disgustingly wonderful

His weight also drove the dildo deeper into Zoe's hard pressed body

until their wet pussies flattened together and she felt Alice's hard clitorises grinding into her own.

Oh God, that was too much!

Zoe shrieked about her gag as she came, soaking the sheets beneath her with her discharge. Taurus thrust half a dozen more times up Alice's rear until she cried out and sprayed her juices into Zoe's groin. Seconds later he grunted and spurted his hot seed up into her entrails.

For a moment he lay with his great weight pressing Alice down painfully hard on to Zoe. And then he pulled out of her with a sucking pop leaving her rear passage aching and empty. He dribbled sperm across their thighs as he shifted sideways and rammed his still hard and now slippery cock up into Tess's guiltily waiting bottom hole. She shrieked as he opened her anus up and drove into her, and by penetrating her he drove into Karen beneath her through the dildo that joined them. The two women's bodies were pressed hard together, their sweaty breasts and bellies slithering across each other about the pivot of their coupled sex mouths. It was if he was screwing both of them at once. He was riding them as if they were animals... Yes, he was a Bull God and they were mere mortals so far beneath him they might as well have been animals. That was what he was treating them as. Alice knew it was wrong but at that moment it seemed so incontrovertibly natural.

Then Taurus came up her rear, filling it with his hot sperm so that it sprayed out of the agonisingly tight sphincter of her anus about his plugging shaft. Then she groaned and shrieked and felt her loins explode as she sprayed her juices in turn into Karen's up-tilted sex mouth. For a moment Karen looked into her eyes through her own red rimmed orbs in disbelief and then screwed them up as she bucked and groaned and surrendered to the orgasm they had forced from her.

And so the two women and their daughters lay one on top of the other on the bed beneath their master. They were soiled by his sperm and soaked with each other's passionate discharge, still coupled by their rubber phalluses and now joined together by the dark bonds of shared guilt and despair.

## Chapter Seven

The next day they hardly dare look at each other, so sick did they feel about what they had done.

Of course they knew that it was not their fault because they had been given no choice. Nor they had actually done anything illegal. But that did not mitigate the shame and acute embarrassment they all felt. The bonds of family and friendship between them had been so deeply poisoned by these acts of intimate passion and lust that they did not know where it left them. They had just about managed to come to terms with the acts Taurus had made Tess perform with Alice and then Zoe with Karen, but although they had been shocking and deeply humiliating, women of the same age sometimes did that kind of thing. But crossing the generation divide had been too much. It felt wrong and dirty and verging on the incestuous. It was almost a relief that Taurus kept them gagged during breakfast, except for a brief interval when they were allowed to gulp it out of their bowls as they ate off the floor like dogs. They would not have known what to say to each other even if they had been given the opportunity. And yet at some point they knew they would have to reach some kind of understanding between them, if that was still possible. Taurus was a rampaging bull and he was making such a frightening impression on their lives that they feared they might never be normal again.

Once they were cleaned up he had them put on their socks and walking shoes, which they had brought along in anticipation of taking a hike across the moors. Then he took them outside on their leashes and led them to the path behind the boat shed and then up into the woods. They followed after him meekly and so close at his heels that he did not have to jerk their leashes. He had proven what he could do to them last night and although they hated him for it, they were also even more fearful of his power and would not provoke his anger if they could help it.

He led them up to the oak tree where he had held Zoe captive on the first afternoon and then along the path to a small hollow in the slope ringed by trees. There amongst the bushes was a camouflaged tent. Was this where

he stayed when spying on the occupants of the lodge they wondered? Beside it was an odd device. It looked like a shrunken Roman chariot made of tubular metal and plywood with rugged BMX bicycle wheels. Sets of leather and metal harness hung from its long single shaft.

The four women looked at it and then each other with sinking stomachs, realising that all that the device lacked were the animals to pull it.

‘There’s nothing like riding through the woods in a cart pulled by a team of the naked ponygirls,’ Taurus told them heartily. ‘It should be an Olympic sport.’ He picked up four strange items that had been hung over the front rail of the chariot and held them up for them to see. They were fake ponytails fitted to anal plugs. ‘Now bend over...’

Miserably they obeyed.

He pushed the plugs up into their bottoms. They were fitted to S-shaped springy metal rods which curved up between their buttocks so that the tails proper appeared to sprout from the small of their backs and hang free of their bottoms, bobbing and swaying with every movement they made.

‘They’ll help get you into the proper mindset of a ponygirl,’ he assured them.

Then he harnessed them to the chariot. Leaving their arms cuffed behind them he placed Zoe and Karen side by side in the lead with their mothers behind them. They were connected to the shaft by crossbars from the ends of which were strung short lengths of chain which fastened to heavy D-rings set on each side of broad belts which he buckled about their waists. From these belts thinner straps went over their upper bodies, crossing between their breasts and passing over their shoulders. They helped hold the belts in place and spread the load.

Once they were harnessed to the chariot he took off their choke chains and replaced them with broad collars that lifted their heads up. Attached to these were elastic cords holding rubber bits which he pushed between their teeth. Rings also projected from the sides of the collars and through these he threaded long reins with crocodile clips on their ends, one set each for each of

them. These passed over their shoulders and down to their long-suffering nipples which were clamped once again – and which, yet again, seemed to swell up in anticipation, adding to the pain of the clamp teeth biting into them.

Taurus took up position on the small platform of the chariot and drew the reins taut. The women shivered as they realized that for the first time their master would be holding onto the ends of their nipple leashes. That was an incredibly intimate connection.

‘I don’t have to tell you how I will indicate which way you should turn, do I?’ he asked.

Whimpering they shook their heads, even as they squeezed their thighs together as the perverse thrill of it made their pussies tingle unwillingly.

‘As for speed, you will walk, trot, run, gallop and halt on my command.’ He uncoiled his whip and flicked it over their heads with a crack. ‘I expect you to give your best. And you will keep going or you will run until you drop, but you will not give up, do you understand?’

They nodded.

‘Then walk on...’

And they leaned forward and took up the strain and the little chariot rolled on along the bumpy earthen path.

‘Trot,’ he commanded and they trotted.

‘Run,’ he commanded and they ran.

The chariot bumped along behind them and its weight tugged on their harnesses. They were acutely aware of their clamped nipples and air flowing over their naked bodies and their new ponytails bobbing and fluttering behind them. As they wound their way through the woods they felt a kind of perverted thrill at be in the midst of nature without the barrier of clothes. But

they were still women being made to act like animals! And yet with a man like Taurus riding in the chariot they were pulling it seemed horribly easy to accept that although it was not right then it was still natural, which was not the same thing. And so with his hands tugging their nipples left or right and his voice booming out to tell them to go faster or slower, they raced through the sloping woods about the valley, with the whip cracking an occasional warning over their heads.

Briefly they burst out of the trees and across the rough track of the entrance drive and then back into the woods, struggling up a winding slope between the trees and along a level path again. Finally he called them to a halt and they came to a stop, panting and dripping with sweat, which ran off the tips of their clipped nipples and the sodden mats of their pubic hair. They realized they were back at his hidden camp. They had made a complete circuit of the valley.

He paused to feed them water and give them a few minutes rest. Then he said: 'Right let's go again...'

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Tess, Alice, Karen and Zoe lost track of the number of times Taurus drove them round the valley that day, changing the route slightly each time and taking them up and down the web of paths that surrounded it on endless circuits, so they snatched glimpses through gaps in the trees of the lake and the lodge from every angle. They paused only at the camp to have another drink, or to squat down over a pit dug in the soft earth to relieve themselves. And at some point he feed them sandwiches, biscuits and an apple from his hand while they were still harnessed, which must have been their lunch. Then they set off again...

Finally, an unknown number of circuits of the valley later, they were at the end of their strength. They literally staggered into the camp and then sank to their knees. They were drenched in sweat and their legs felt like lead. They could not go another step even if he whipped them until they bled. But he did not attempt to make them go any further. Instead he gave them more water and patted their heads as if they really were ponies and said: 'Well done...'

And for a few dizzy moments they felt an absurd sense of pride that their master had recognised how hard they had tried.

And then as their heads cleared they realized they were being praised for being hard-working ponygirls by the man who had put them into harness that morning and who had threatened them with an electric whip if they did not strain every muscle to please him! It had not been a proud achievement, it had been utterly degrading. How dare he play with their minds like that!

Only when they had another drink and finally blinked the sweat from their eyes did they realize it was becoming gloomy under the trees and the sun was getting low. At it was over now and he would be taking them back to the lodge in a minute and there would be soap and showers. But they were wrong.

He unharnessed them from the chariot and removed their pony tails but he left their gags bits in place. Then he led them over to the smooth trunks of four trees that stood in a half ring about the hollow of his camp, and which had ropes already tied about them. Methodically he bound the women to the trees, criss-crossing their bodies with the ropes from neck to ankles until they could do little more than wriggle their fingers and toes. Actually the bracing of the tree trunks and the web of ropes binding them tight and upright was almost welcome as it took the strain off their aching legs.

They were bound with their legs splayed and pulled back around the curves of the trunks, conveniently exposing their sweaty wet crotches. Taurus freed his seemingly indefatigable penis and one by one and quite unhurriedly for him, he screwed each of them up against the tree trunks, grinding their backs and buttocks into the bark. With solid trunks behind them they felt the full force of his penetration as it filled their front passages almost to bursting point and made them sob and groan as he nearly drove the breath out of them with his barrel of a torso squashing against their chests, driving their sore nipples deep into their bare, sweaty breasts.

As he filled them they realized they had gone most of a day without penetration as all their efforts had been taken up with being ponygirls. Though they had been naked and stimulating other ways, those parts of their bodies had not been exercised at all and suddenly they felt neglected. But his



penis stirred them back to life. Shocked out of their tiredness and almost before they realized what was happening, their pussies became the focus of their thoughts and feelings, filling with liquid heat and almost before they were ready for it, bursting over Taurus's pumping cock shaft.

And so once more Taurus forced mothers to watch their daughters being violated, and then daughters had to watch the same huge penis that had plundered their pussies entering their mothers. And they all responded to it in exactly the same way. They were simply too tired to resist its power.

When he had had each of them he looked them over thoughtfully for a moment and then said: 'As you're so snug and secure I'm going to leave you out here overnight. You might get a little cold but you should be safe enough. By the morning I suspect you will appreciate my company a little more...'

As they gaped at him in horror and disbelief he turned on his heel and strode off along the path and vanished amongst the trees.

And so there they were: four naked women bound to trees in the gathering gloom of the wood, their pussies still dripping with sperm and orgasmic juices. They could speak about their gags bits with difficulty, but they were too exhausted, confused and ashamed to say anything.

Eventually Karen whimpered: 'Will... will we be safe out here all night?'

Alice said as forcefully she could about her rubber bit: 'Yes, I'm sure we will. It won't be comfortable but he wouldn't have left us if there was any danger. He wants to keep playing with us for a few days more.'

'Are there any foxes here do think?' Zoe wondered. 'Or badgers... or rats...'

'I'm sure it's safe,' Tess said firmly. 'He wouldn't make that kind of mistake. He doesn't want us hurt... at least only when he does it to us deliberately.'

'It'll just be like camping but without tents,' Alice said.

‘Or clothes or food or sleeping bags or freedom...’ Karen added.

But the prospect of spending a night in the woods was not actually what was uppermost on their minds. The intense activities of the day had been useful in blanking out what they did not want to talk about, but now there was no excuse. They were free to talk and none of them were going anywhere.

Hesitantly Tess said: ‘About last night...’

‘Please Mum, don’t,’ Zoe said with feeling.

‘No, we’ve got to talk about it to understand what happened...’

‘Can we pretend it didn’t, please...’

‘No, we’ve got to face it,’ Tess insisted. ‘He made us do something terrible and intimate things to each other and we’ve got to work out how to live with it.’ She turned to look at Karen. ‘I just wanted to say that I’m sorry.’

‘You couldn’t help it... I know that,’ Karen assured her.

‘And I want to apologise to Zoe,’ Alice said. ‘He made me shove that bloody dildo up to you... I hope I didn’t hurt you too much?’

‘It wasn’t so bad,’ Zoe said, ‘at least not after having his cock up me. We know this is all part of the Master’s twisted game. He’s guilty not you.’

Alice bit her lip. ‘Yes, but you know I came when I was screwing you.’

‘Only with the Master’s cock up your bottom,’ Zoe said and then she added curiously: ‘Did that... hurt a lot?’

‘It did a bit,’ Alice admitted, ‘but what matters is how I responded actually being on top of you like that... with our breasts touching and everything. I don’t want you to get the wrong idea... I couldn’t help it.’

‘And what your mother has said goes for me as well, Karen,’ Tess

said firmly. 'You know I responded to you quite... intensely, but I couldn't help it and I'm sorry if it disturbed you.'

'Yes I'm very sorry as well,' Alice added to Zoe.

'Well I'm not exactly ugly,' Zoe pointed out. 'It's not so hard to believe you might get off on me. If you were a lesbian or something I mean.'

'I'm not saying you're not attractive Zoe,' Alice said quickly.

'What about me?' Karen cut in.

'And you're very attractive as well, Karen,' Tess said quickly.

There was an awkward silence and then Zoe said: 'Of course we came as well, so do we have to start apologising to you two now?'

'Oh God, do you think I have a thing about you, Mrs Parkinson?' Karen asked with a rather formal anxiety. 'Because I don't... at least it's not because you're not pretty, but I mean...'

'Stop it! Stop it everybody,' Zoe shouted. 'This is getting crazy. If we were strangers of our ages it wouldn't be this bad. It's just that we're friends and mothers and daughters as well which makes it feel so embarrassing and confusing. Look, we've all had to fuck each other to please the Master and though we didn't want to we got hot and couldn't help cuming, right? But that was just... bodies and pheromones and things. That that doesn't mean we actually fancy each other now. Can we leave it at that?'

'That's fine by me,' Karen agreed.

Trying to ease the tension Tess said: 'Anyway, if you did fall for an older woman, Zoe, I rather it was somebody like Alice.'

Then Alice said: 'Karen, if you fell for an older woman, I'd like to be somebody as nice as Tess.'

'And if you did go gay I'd rather it was with somebody like Tess as well, Mum,' Karen said.

‘And even though we screwed each other, Karen and I are not gay,’ Zoe said firmly, ‘just good friends.’

And then the only thing they could do was laugh out loud, which sounded strange with the rubber bits in their mouths.

But as the dew-filled air settled on their shoulders and the darkness closed about them and the rustling animal noises began in the woods, it was the last time they did laugh that night...

# Chapter Eight

The light of dawn the next morning found the four of them stiff, cold, dew wet and still bound to their trees. But if the ropes had not been there they would have fallen flat on the faces, so numb were they. They had snatched a few hours sleep during the night when total exhaustion set in, but much of the time they had remained fitfully awake and frightened. At various times in the night they had all peed down the trunks they were bound to, which made them feel even more soiled. They were all desperate for a shower. Their bondage not been particularly painful, and unlike the previous night they had not been beaten. But it had been terrible its own way. They had been so helpless and totally exposed, without anybody to protect them.

As the sun rose higher they began twisting their heads about hoping for some sign of Taurus.

‘I’m hungry,’ Karen said at last. ‘When do you think the Master’s going to come?’

‘No idea,’ Zoe said. ‘What’s the time? I wish I had a watch.’

The sun rose higher but still there was no sign of him.

‘Has he forgotten us?’ Zoe wondered.

‘Of course he hasn’t forgotten us,’ Alice assured her.

‘Maybe it’s a punishment. Maybe we didn’t pull the chariot fast enough?’

‘He said we done well,’ Karen reminded her.

‘I think this is a lesson,’ Tess said. ‘He’ll come when he’s ready and not a minute sooner. We’re the ones who have to wait for him...’

When Taurus finally appeared on the path through the trees they all

felt a brief desperate surge of relief. He was a big powerful man who belonged out here, unlike them. In a strange way with him around they were safe...

‘I hope you found your night out in the woods refreshing,’ he said.

‘No, Master,’ Tess said. ‘Please can we get back to the lodge so we can have a shower now?’

He put the leash chains back about their necks and untied them from the trees. Then he led them, walking very stiffly and clumsily, back to the Lodge.

Being able to wash away the dirt and sweat of yesterday felt so wonderful that it didn’t feel so embarrassing to have Taurus watch them as they used the toilet and cleaned themselves up. They didn’t care that they had to eat breakfast out of bowls in the floor like dogs, because by then their stomachs were growling and it was just good to have something inside them.

Tess had been right about this being the lesson. He was teaching them to need him.

‘As you had plenty of fresh air and exercise yesterday you can spend today on your beds resting,’ he said. ‘Well, resting for some of the time. I will visit each of your rooms twice today and I have some instructions on how you are to present yourselves properly...’

They listened and then they felt sick but they did not argue. They knew now there were even worse things he could do to them if they did not obey.

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Taurus locked the door of the second bedroom shut behind him, leaving Alice and Karen inside. They were not restrained, but they saw that overnight he had fitted bars mounted on a removable frame to the inside of the windows. There was still no escape. They looked at each other and then at the two single beds and then at the box of accessories they had been given.

‘I... I can’t do this Mum,’ Karen sobbed.

Alice hugged her. ‘We’ve got no choice so you have to do. Just be brave and we’ll get through this... and don’t be ashamed of anything he makes you do!’

‘But this is sick! Why can’t he do this to us himself? It’s easier like that.’

‘Maybe that’s the twisted idea. So we’d actually feel grateful to him for abusing us personally the rest of the time.’

Karen looked incredulous. ‘Oh no, we could never feel like that... could we?’

\* \* \*

In their adjacent bedroom, which also had fresh bars on its windows, Tess took a deep breath and said to Zoe: ‘I suppose we’d better get on with it...’ Then she hugged her daughter. ‘You know what I’ve got to do...’

‘I know, Mum. And it’ll be my turn later.’

‘But no guilt, agreed?’

‘Agreed: no guilt.’

‘And don’t fight it. Try to enjoy any bit of it if you can...’

‘I don’t think that’s possible, Mum.’ She took in a deep breath. ‘Let’s get this over with...’

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When Taurus entered their room an hour later he was completely naked except for sandals and his bull mask. He seemed to fill the room and his big penis was already swelling into semi-erection.

Tess was kneeling on a small round mat on the floor in front of him

while Zoe was kneeling face down on a square of rubber sheeting on one of the single beds. Her knees were spread wide and her ankles were fastened to the ends of a metre long hinged lattice bar, which ran up the sides of her lower legs and folded round above her knees in a V-shape. This pivot joint was locked so it could not be compressed further, keeping her knees and feet spread. Her face and chest were pressed against the sheeting and her collar was hooked to the pivot ring of the bar. Her arms were pulled down on the outside of her thighs and her wrists were cuffed to her ankles. A red ball gag plugged her mouth. This posture exposed her taut buttocks and the soft swell of her pussy mound but especially the dark pit of her anus, which glistened from a recent greasing.

Tess was not so heavily restrained, wearing only loose slave chains, but a long length of chain linked her collar to foot of the bed. As Taurus came in she bowed her head to the floor and said meekly: 'Welcome Master Taurus...' and then with a slight catch in her voice and she continued: 'I... I would like to offer you my daughter's bottom hole for your pleasure...'

'Show it to me,' he said.

Tess got to her feet with a jingle of chains and moved over to stand by the bed. She pointed to Zoe's exposed and trembling bottom and the tight clean dimple of her anus which clenched as she spoke. 'See how pretty she is, Master.' Then she took a deep breath and pried open Zoe's buttock cheeks to expose her anus completely. 'She's been flushed out and she's tight and young and she's never had a man up there before. I would be honoured if the first man to breach her backside would be you, Master.'

Taurus ran his hands over Zoe's bottom and the shiny mouth of her anus. A tiny squeak came from Zoe's gagged mouth.

'She's lovely and hot inside and will give you a great deal of pleasure, Master,' Tess said encouragingly, even as her eyes looked dead.

'And if I was to have her, what else would happen?' he asked.

Tess gulped and said: 'If you take her, Master I will serve you at the same time... I'll lick your shaft and kiss your balls to give you the greatest



pleasure you have even known screwing a backside before.'

'I like my bottoms warmed before I use them,' Taurus said. 'Prepare her properly...'

Very white and trembling, Tess took up a spanking paddle that had been hanging on the head of the bed and, gritting their teeth, swiped it across Zoe's up-raised bottom. Zoe yelped and clenched her sphincter in. Tess spanked her quickly half a dozen times more until her bottom had turned a blushing pink.

'Now she is properly warm Master, feel...'

Taurus felt her soft hot bottom cheeks, making Zoe whimper. Then he pushed a big finger into her anus and twisted it about, exploring the warmth within her and the tightness of sphincter. Then he said: 'I shall have her.'

Tess said: 'I am honoured, master...'

Taurus clambered onto the bed and knelt between Zoe's splayed ankles. His huge cock head, stiffening by the second, rubbed against her simmering buttocks. Zoe whimpered and began to squirm. Tess put a hand on the back of her neck to hold her still.

'Please have her bottom now, Master. She's... she's desperate to have you inside her...'

Taurus took hold of her hips and forced his huge shaft into Zoe's tight little sphincter. She sobbed as she was stretched wide and then his cock head popped through it and the rest of this shaft followed, plunging deeper until he was buried in her to the root. She wailed as she felt her lower intestines being rearranged to accommodate him and for a terrible moment she was frightened that he really would split her behind open. And then he was completely sheathed within her. He was so massively he seemed to fill her completely. It was frightening.

Then Taurus began to ease back and forth sliding his shaft in and out of her, sucking at her insides and then filling them again. Zoe groaned

helplessly, overwhelmed by his presence, and revolted and fearful yet excited. She'd never had a living cock inside her backside before. It was so different from the rubber and metal rods she'd being impaled on so far.

As he began to pump into her, Tess got down on the bed behind him and dipped her head and began to kiss his massive ball sack as it swung back and forth. Then she twisted her head round and licked at the base of his shaft as it was sliding in and out of Zoe's taut anus. She lapped and kissed it with passion, urging him on. The sooner he came sooner Zoe's ordeal was over.

But Taurus was screwing Zoe at a steady pace of his own choosing. He was in total possession of her and would not be hurried. He was taking the virginity of a young bottom and this was not a thing to be rushed. Tess could do nothing to ease her daughter's suffering.

And as he rode her Zoe was helplessly becoming excited by this huge shaft within her. She had never been made so aware of the interior of her body before, or how sensitive her anal sphincter was. It was not sex because her tingling pussy was empty, even though it was dripping onto the rubber sheet beneath her. She was being sodomised and it was a filthy and unnatural violation, and yet with Taurus's big strong hands holding her hips, it felt horribly right.

And then he grunted and spurted his hot seed inside her rectum and she squeezed hard upon him and with a helpless wail she surrendered to her strange orgasm.

They remained coupled for a minute with Tess looking on anxiously. And then he pulled out of her daughter's anus which still gaped wide as if hungry for more. His cock bobbed before her eyes, still undiminished, and Tess dutifully dipped her head and carefully licked it clean.

'I enjoyed that,' Taurus said. 'Your daughter has a very pleasing bottom hole, Mrs Parkinson. Now I'll see what Karen has to offer me...

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When Taurus entered the bedroom next door he found Karen knelt on the

floor while her mother was gagged and chained spread-eagled to the bed. She had a plastic covered pillow under her bottom to lift her hips up, so that her groin was totally exposed. Chains had been bound about the roots of her breasts in a figure 8 so that they bulged unnaturally upwards, making her brown nipples stand out.

Karen was wearing slave chains and a collar from which loops of chain ran down over her chest and up under her pale young breasts, cutting into their under curves as they lifted them upwards and outwards.

She said meekly in a trembling voice: 'P... please Master, I would like you to screw my mother. As you can see she's a very lovely woman and her pussy is fine and wet. I... I would be honoured to see you use it for your pleasure....'

'Show it to me,' Taurus demanded.

Karen got up from the floor went over to the bed and, biting her lip, parted her mother's labia exposing the wet depths of her cleft. Alice's teeth bit more tightly about her gag but she made no sound. Taurus examined the orifice closely, rubbing a big finger through it and then he said: 'It's not hot or slippery enough. I want it warmed up!'

Karen gulped and said: 'what... should I do, Master?'

'Tan it until she's properly hot and sticky.'

With a trembling hand Karen took the spanking paddle off the head of the bed and positioned it over her mother's raised groin. She looked down into her eyes and saw her try to smile reassuringly and nod. Karen brought the paddle down onto Alice's pussy lips with sharp smack. Alice yelped and jerked her hips upwards, making her bound breasts jiggle. Karen screwed up her eyes to try to hold back her tears and swiped the paddle again wildly, trying to get it done as quickly as possible. The smacks of rubber on flesh filled the room while Alice yelped and squirmed in pain. Karen knew this was cruel and insane but she had no choice! None of them did.

At last she saw her mother's pussy and thighs were red and the paddle

blade was stained dark. She stopped beating her, feeling an anguished pang of guilt and despair at what she done. But Taurus would have been far harder and hurt her more, she told herself.

Taurus examined the results of her beating; pulling Alice's cleft open wide. Yes it was true, Karen realized. Her mother's pussy was much wetter. That would make it so much nicer for Taurus to penetrate. Then she whimpered at the horror of that thought, even though she knew it was the simple truth. He was turning them into pain junkies.

She caught her breath and said: 'Please will you screw my mother now, Master. She's really hot and g...gagging for it. And when you do... I'll lick your balls as well if I may so you'll get maximum pleasure.'

And so Taurus clambered onto the bed and mounted Alice, and began to pump into her sore pussy, making it bulge. And Karen knelt between his strong hairy thighs and dipped her head and kissed his pumping balls and tried not to be sick as his shaft pumped in and out of her mother's dripping vagina just centimetres away.

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At lunchtime Taurus let them out of their rooms to clean themselves up and eat.

As far as they could tell beneath his mask he looked contented and benignly self-satisfied. By contrast the women looked haggard and kept their eyes low and concentrated on eating their food in silence while fresh shame and embarrassment weighed on the shoulders. Each time they thought they had come to terms with their situation he contrived some new and even more cruel and disgusting ordeal for them.

And the day was only halfway through.

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That afternoon back in their bedroom, Zoe knelt on the mat on the floor and said wretchedly: 'Please Master, would you like to screw my mother while I

pleasure you with my tongue? She is... hot and wet and ready for you... ‘

The box of accessories he had given them contained a kind of slot-together tubular metal do-it-yourself bondage frame which they had assembled along one side of the bed, using its head and foot posts to which it was clamped for bracing. As they had assembled as they had seen faint clamp marks on the bed legs which suggested this was not the first time the device had been fitted to them. How many more women have suffered in this room for Taurus's pleasure, and how could he get away with it?

Now her mother was suspended within the frame, looking lovely and obscenely vulnerable and heartbreakingly helpless. A daughter should not have to do this to her mother! Except that she had to because they had no choice...

Tess hung from its upper beam which was set at about head height with her legs splayed wide to its ends, opening her groin completely. Her arms were cuffed behind her back and a big red ball gag filled her mouth. She was supported by a harness of leather straps bound over her shoulders and about her waist, upper thighs and knees, which hung from chains hooked to the beam. Her cuffed ankles were fastened to its end posts, stretching her wide until the big tendons in her inner thighs stood out. Her vulva pouted between them, its wet lips already swelling in anticipation.

(‘I'm not going to try to fight it,’ Tess had warned Zoe earlier. ‘I'm not giving in but I'm just being practical. The more ready I am the less it will hurt. And you do whatever he tells you and don't worry if I cry. I won't hold back the tears either. That's what he wants to see...’)

Taurus inspected Tess, cupping her pouting sex in his big hand and rubbing his thumb up into her cleft and over the hard nub of her clitoris. Then he flicked her nipples and slapped her breasts. He turned to the Zoe who was watching nervously. ‘These need warming up,’ he told her.

Of course, he was not going to be satisfied until she beat her mother as well, adding to their mutual misery and subjugation to his will.

And so, feeling sick and light-headed, Zoe picked up the spanking

paddle and beat her mother's breasts with it, making them flatten and jump and jiggle, trying to close her ears to her sobs and wails of pain. She only ceased when both globes were an even shocking pink and her mother's cheeks were covered with tears with dripped off her chin onto her burning mammaries.

'They're hot now, Master,' Zoe said.

Taurus clasped and squeezed her mother's breasts again and she shrieked about her gag. Then he moved closer and cupped her dangling buttocks and thrust his huge cock up into her gaping pussy mouth.

And as he pumped into her, Zoe lay on her back on the bed and slid her head beneath her mother's suspended buttocks and then she lifted her mouth upward and desperately began kiss Taurus's huge bobbing ball sack which was bouncing back and forth in front of her nose, and then the root of his shaft as it slid like a piston in and out of her mother's dripping vagina. She could see every detail of it; every fold and furrow and the hole through which she had emerged into the world. And she could smell her and him and the scent was almost overpowering. She felt sick and yet her nipples were standing up hard. What was he turning them into?

After came at last, inundating Tess's vagina with his ejaculate, Taurus pulled out of her swollen slot and let his penis flop down over Zoe's face. And with tears in her eyes she licked it clean.

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'Please have my daughter's bottom, Master,' Alice begged Taurus. 'It's clean and greased and nice and hot. She'd love you to stretch her wide. And go in as deep as you want...'

Alice was bent over end of one of the single beds within a different configuration of the tubular metal framework that Tess and Zoe had used in the other room. Her legs were spread wide and her knees and ankles were strapped to the foot of the bed. Her body was bent over at the hips so it overhung the end of the bed which they had covered with the rubber sheeting. Her arms were twisted at the shoulders and pulled back and up above her hips

and cuffed to the corners of the metal posts clamped to the bed frame. Instead of a bridge between the post tops, a pair of arms extended horizontally forward from the posts at waist height and their ends were joined across the bed by a pair of rods on which her chest rested, framing her breasts to which they were chain-bound so that they bulged beneath them and her big nipples pointed downwards. This posture exposed her soft, pale buttocks and the pouting cleft of her sex and of course the dark pit of her anus.

Taurus's erect shaft turned towards it. 'Show it to me,' he commanded.

Biting her lip, Alice knelt down between her daughter's splayed legs and pulled her bottom cheeks apart so he could see right up into the tight, nervous, crinkled dimple which she had so recently anointed with lubricating jelly. 'You see how pretty it is, Master. And you can have it all... make her squeal if you want. And I'll... I'll kiss your wonderful manhood as you do it.'

'You really would like to hear her squeal?'

Alice gulped. 'I... I'd like to hear her squeal if it pleases you, Master.'

'Then spank her now. That would please me...'

Biting back a whimper, Alice reached up and smacked Karen's bottom cheeks hard, left and right, again and again, making them shiver while she printed the shape of her hand on them in crimson. Karen sobbed and squealed, biting on her gag and jerking at the frame and setting her chains jingling as her bottom burned.

When her buttocks were red Alice stopped and choked out: 'You see how nicely she squeals Master... and she'd be much louder with your cock up her backside...'

But Taurus needed no further enticement. Pushing Alice aside he positioned himself behind Karen, took hold of her hips and rammed his shaft up into her defenceless anus. And Karen did squeal loudly as he penetrated

her, forcing her sphincter wide and filling her rectum with his hard shaft. Then he began to drive into her at a steady pace.

Meanwhile Alice went round and lay down on the bed on her back underneath her daughter's naked torso. For a moment she looked up into Karen's contorted face and smiled fondly and despairingly up at her. Then she slid herself beneath Karen until she reached her groin and could kiss Taurus's pumping shaft and lick at his swaying ball sack, blinking the falling drips of lubrication from her eyes as she did so, which were being driven from Karen's swollen pussy from the inside by the pressure of Taurus's shaft in her rectum.

Taurus bent forward and reached his arms under Karen and clasped her bar-clamped and chained breasts and pinched her huge hard nipples and twisted them cruelly, making her scream. Alice shuddered and stifled a sob of anguish and then she redoubled her efforts to bring him off as quickly as possible.

As Taurus reached his climax he gave Karen's well-plugged bottom a couple of extra hard thrusts and she shrieked one more time as his massive cock stretched her passage to its limits. Only then did she truly understand what total possession felt like. How could they resist anybody who could take over their bodies like this and make them hurt each other for his pleasure? They were just his flesh dolls and he was their puppeteer. Would he ever let their strings go?

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That night Taurus cuffed and chained each of them to the single beds they had spent the day using to prostitute each other for his pleasure and then covered them carefully with blankets. They had feared he would screw them again or worse, but instead he explained: 'No more Bull Man pizzle for you tonight. You're going to have a rest so you'll be refreshed and revitalised. Because tomorrow you'll be entertaining some guests of mine...'

Their eyes grew wide in horror and confusion.

'You didn't think I was going to waste your earning potential, did



you? I don't do this simply for my own personal amusement. Now I've broken you in just enough so you will do what you're told and be properly responsive, there's money to be made renting out access to those pussies of yours for a few hours. I've got a list of people who enjoy having some sport with pretty naked women who'll scream nicely and take a lot of screwing. They've seen the pictures I've been taking of you and they've made their selections. So get some sleep because you're going to have a busy day...'

As he closed and locked the doors on them and the full horror of what he planned began to sink in and they snivelled and groaned about their gags as they realized he had surpassed himself yet again.

# Chapter Nine

The next morning Taurus ensured that they took extra care in preparing themselves for the day's ordeal. Their hair had to be shampooed and combed and their faces perfectly made up and of course their rectums were flushed out and well-greased.

They were given no chance to talk together in private and try to reconcile their feelings after what he had forced them to do to each other the previous day. Perhaps it would not matter so much after today anyway. They now knew that all that had merely been preparation for this moment: bringing them to the right state of mind and body so that they would be entertainingly fearful and responsive and yet not be paralysed by shock at what was done to them. There was a ghastly kind of logic to it.

But they had just begun to come to terms with one man's dominance of them. How would they cope with serving many? How many cocks would that mean? Would it feel the same, or was Taurus one-of-a-kind? How much would it hurt and would they cry each time?

After breakfast he lined them up kneeling in a row in the living room with rubber gags bits in their mouths once again, emphasising their subjugation while allowing them to speak with difficulty. But this time they had locks on the back of their necks bands so they could not be removed.

Beside them was another box of accessories. He removed their choke chain leashes and brought out new rather bulky collars covered in rubber, except for a row of metal studs on their insides which pressed against the skin of their necks.

He locked them into place and then said: 'These have got locator beacons in them. That means I can always find you wherever you are in the lodge valley with this...' he held up a radio handset with a directional aerial fitted to it. 'They've also got another function...'

He pressed a button on the locator unit and they all screamed as the studs of the collars came alive and seemed to stab hot electric needles into their necks. They clamped their teeth down on their bits in pain as they reeled back and forth. It only lasted a couple of seconds but it left them trembling and fearful.

‘You also get this if you are disobedient, don’t try hard enough or fail to give good sport, do you understand?’

‘Yes Master,’ they gasped indistinctly, now dribbling about their gags bits.

‘The guests today have paid for the privilege of having one of you exclusively to themselves to hunt for an hour. They’ll have non-regulation paintball markers so they can practice their marksmanship at a distance and slow you down so they can catch you. They can do serious damage to the eyes which is why you’ll be wearing these ...’

From the box he took out four sets of tight fitting rubber-rimmed protective goggles which he put over their eyes.

‘But that’s the only part of you that’s going to be protected. After they catch you they can do more or less what they want with the rest in whatever time is left. They’ll have duplicate keys for your gag locks, so if they want to use you mouths they can. You’re the sport and you’re also the prize, you see. If they don’t find you in the hour then I’ll give you a jolt through this to bring you back in. The hunters won’t have a locator to track you down because that wouldn’t be sporting. All they will have to help them are these...’

And from the box he brought out four tails of fake fur with the familiar anal plug fittings. They were shaped like fox tails but were brilliantly coloured in fluorescent green, blue, red and yellow. As he moved them, bells hidden in their roots jingled.

‘Heads down and bottoms up,’ he commanded and they obeyed. As he plugged the tails into each of them he said: ‘That’s all they’ll know you by, the colour of your tails. And of course you’ll never see their faces. Now stand up...’

They obeyed and their new tails jutted out in fluffy plumes from the small of their backs. Alice was red, Tess with yellow, Zoe was green and Karen was blue. As they moved the hidden bells jingled again. Perhaps it was the stimulation of their tail plugs, but their nipples began to stand up stiffly.

‘Since you’ve got fox tails you’ve got have paws was well,’ he said.

He brought out black rubber fingerless mittens which he pulled over their hands, enclosing them tightly so that they could not use their fingers. He had matching black rubber socks for their feet with reinforced soles.

‘You should have a good idea the layout of the woods after your pony girl day,’ he said. ‘Use all of it. But don’t think that you can keep on going up through the woods until you get out onto the moors. There’s a good five strand barbed wire fence around the boundary with some nice thick thorn and bramble bushes growing inside it so you would cut yourself to pieces trying. And I’ve set up a transmitter by the gate so if you try to get out that way it’ll trigger the pain setting on your collars. So you concentrate on running as hard as you can and giving the guests a good time when they catch you. Each of you will have to do that four times because there are sixteen hunters booked to come here today and I want them all to go away happy.’

The women groaned and shivered at the thought.

‘But if you give them good sport, then tomorrow will be your last day as my slaves,’ Taurus said. ‘Yes, if you’re good girls today, then tomorrow I’ll leave you here to finish your holiday in peace. Do you understand?’

They looked at him in sudden hope. He was dangling the prospect of freedom before them, as long as they would pay the price of one more day’s suffering and humiliation. Once again what choice did they have?

‘We understand, Master,’ they said.

‘And will you give my guests a good time?’

He was asking them to prostitute themselves again. ‘Yes, Master.’

‘Will you run hard like good sporting little vixens?’

‘Yes, Master.’

‘And when they catch and screw you will you squirm and scream prettily?’

They faltered for a second and then said: ‘Yes, Master,’

‘Then let’s get you ready to welcome your pussy hunters...’

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Taurus positioned the girls on the back lawn kneeling side by side leashed to stakes hammered into the grass. Their arms were now un-cuffed and they rested their rubber clad hands on their spread thighs as they chewed nervously on their bits. It felt unreal and their stomachs were churning with fear. Yet shamefully their nipples were sticking up stiffly and their pussies were undeniably hot and slippery. By now they could not suppress such responses.

‘Now you’re getting into the spirit of the hunt,’ he said, flicking their stiff nipples with the tip of his whip. ‘Don’t be surprised if you get exited. It’s only natural for prey to feel like that ...’

Then they heard vehicles arriving on the other side of the lodge and Taurus checked his watch and went round to meet them.

While he was gone Tess said to Zoe and Karen: ‘Just do what the Master told us and we’ll get through this, all right?’

‘Can we fight them when they catch us?’ Zoe asked.

‘Try not to get caught first,’ Tess said. ‘As soon as we start we’d better split up to make it as hard to find us as possible. But if you’re caught then fight as hard as you can. You might get away. They expect us to be hard to catch so it can’t make it any worse.’

‘But that’s just what they want us to do, though, isn’t it?’ Karen said.

‘That’s all part of this filthy fucking game! We’ll just be giving them good sport while they screw us!’

‘At least we have a chance of not getting screwed this time,’ Alice pointed out, trying her best to reassure her. ‘Anyway we’ve got no other choice. Just try to be brave... and if you can kick one of them in the balls, then you do it!’

Taurus reappeared in the company of four men in military camouflage gear and harnessed with equipment belts. They carried large paintball markers with big magazines and their faces were covered by protective face masks and tinted goggles. The only way of differentiating them was that they had little coloured patches taped to the chests of their uniforms which matched the colour of the women’s tails.

They looked down at the four women with evident appreciation, walking around them to examine them from all sides while they trembled under their gazes. It felt wrong somehow for men other than Taurus to see them like this and some of their original shame at being naked returned to bring a flush to their cheeks, while their stomachs knotted up even further in fear.

‘Well, gentlemen, what you think of them?’ Taurus asked.

The man with the red patch said: ‘You did it again, Bull Man. They look like top-class bitches.’

‘Then you’ll want to get your hands on them as soon as possible, so let’s not waste any more time and get on with the hunt.’ Taurus said.

He unclipped their leashes and positioned the women in a line facing the mouth of a narrow path that led up into the woods from the top end of the lawn.

He consulted his chunky combat wristwatch with its protective flip cover. ‘You’ll have a thirty second start and then the hunters will be after you. Ready...set... go!’

Zoe, Tess, Alice and Karen sprinted away off the lawn and up the path into the woods, their brightly coloured tails flying behind their twinkling bare bottoms with a bizarre tinkling of bells. Half a minute later their hunters set out after them...

\* \* \*

Zoe pounded along the winding pathway, acutely aware of her unconfined breasts bouncing and her tail fluttering and jingling behind her and the air rushing over her naked body. Even with the heavy collar locked about her neck, for the first time in days she was almost free.

She had decided to head for the far side of the valley as far away from the lodge as possible. Then she would find the best cover she could and hide. It would have to be a bush of some kind. Her mitten-clad hands made climbing a tree impossible, no doubt intentionally. Or could she cover herself in dead leaves?

She slowed from moment to moment to look about to see if she could find some good spot. Then she heard heavy booted feet thudding along the path behind her and realized she had no time to hide. She dashed on again. But how long could she keep running? Eventually she would be back when she started. There was no escape from the tiny valley.

Then there came the multiple thump of a paintball marker on automatic and splashes of a green paint burst on a tree trunk in front of her, matching her tail colour. Oh no! Had her hunter caught her so soon?

She snatched a glance backwards and glimpsed a sinister masked figure running through the trees behind her. At that distance he could hear the jingling of her terrible give-away tail. It would only stop if she remained still, but there was not enough cover to hide behind.

There came another burst of shots and one struck on the thigh. She yelped and stumbled on. The sound of boots grew louder. There was another burst of fire and shorts caught her on the back and buttocks. They stung terribly. These rifles were more powerful than the one Taurus had used on them.

Zoe was panting in desperation now dodging from side to side and running at random, hoping to find somewhere she could hide. But it was too late.

A final burst of fire longer and louder than all the rest peppered her with frighteningly powerful shots that burst over her backside, splashing it with green paint. She, yelped in pain, stumbled and fell. Before she could get to her feet again he was upon her.

‘Got you!’ he growled as a heavy knee was pressed into her back, pushing her down into the dirt.

Strong hands took hold of her arms and twisted them up behind her. Some thin plastic tie was forced over her mitten - sheathed hands which could not resist it and was pulled tight about her wrists. She kicked wildly like her mother had said, but he sat on her legs and clasped her flailing feet. Heavy cuffs were wrapped about her ankles and closed with quick seal hook and loop tabs.

The green hunter rolled her onto her back and looked down at her through his tinted goggles with satisfaction. He prodded her breasts and belly with the nozzle of his rifle, making her shudder. ‘I’m going to have a lot of fun with you,’ he promised her. ‘But first you need to be hung...’

Pulling a coil of wire rope from his equipment belt he tied it to her ankle cuffs and then dragged her through the dead leaves as if she was a carcass to a tree with a low overhanging branch. He threw the end of the rope over it and hauled, pulling her off the ground until her hair was just bushing the dirt. He tied the rope off and then stepped back to admire her helpless body as she twisted and turned about, moaning and whimpering.

Then he pulled open the flies of his combat trousers, freeing a stiffening erection, and advanced upon her. He slapped her bottom hard and spun around and then smacked her bottom again until she was dizzy. Then with his fingers digging into her buttocks he rammed his cock into her pussy, feeling strange as it slid into her upside down, forcing her sheath to distort under its pressure, pressing back against her rectal sheath.



Zoe sobbed as he defiled her, her tears running up into her hair.

He banged against her for a minute, making her head shake back and forth, and then he grunted and spurted his hot seed into her. She struggled not to be sick.

‘Oh yes, you’re really juicy,’ he groaned.

After a minute he pulled out of her, chuckling to himself. He didn’t put his cock away but wiped it across her bush to clean it. Then he checked his watch. ‘Plenty of time to have you again,’ he said.

He picked up his gun again and then gave her a push to set her swinging from side to side. Then he took a position a few paces off and started firing single shots into her. He was using her for living target practice! Zoe squealed as they smacked painfully into her skin, bursting in brilliant splashes of green paint which dripped down her body. He concentrated on her pussy, bottom and breasts. The high-powered shots drove hard and deep into her pliant flesh, making her scream and sob, her tears mingling with the marker paint.

He paused for a moment to ask: ‘Don’t you like that?’

Zoe whimpered and shook their head.

‘Would you like me to screw you instead?’

She was shocked how quickly she nodded. How easy it was to trade her body for respite from pain.

‘What about up your bum?’

Zoe nodded again without hesitation. ‘Yes, Master,’ she blubbed about her gag. ‘Please have me up my bum!’ What did it matter which hole he used, as long as he wasn’t shooting at her. .

The green hunter rested his gun against the tree, turned her back to him and forced his cock into her greased anus. At least he was not as big as Taurus, she realized. Then slowly and relentlessly he began sodomizing her

backside.

He was in no hurry. He had all the time the world. With the blood pounding in her ears and feeling both congested and lightheaded at the same time, curiously Zoe felt more shame at been caught so quickly than what he was doing to her now. That was only to be expected. Taurus had trained them for this. It was what she was here for: the hunters' reward.

In fact that was almost a relief.

In fact... oh no... oh yes!

She gasped as she came.

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As they scattered through the woods, Tess had turned sharply and headed toward the front gate. Even if she couldn't get out that way she thought that might be the least likely direction that her hunter might look. She desperately hoped the others would get away as well, but for now they were all on their own.

She got quite close the gate before she found a thick clump of ferns above the path and crouched down behind it, trying to still her breathing and concentrating on keeping very still so she would not jingle her tail. If she waited here and he went past then maybe she could get behind him and then he'd never find her within the hour.

Tess heard footsteps approaching and peeping through the fronds she saw her yellow hunter making his way along the path she had just used, looking down at the ground. He was tracking her. Had she left any tracks? How good were these people at this game? Perhaps they had played it in the valley before. They might know the ground better than they did...

He stopped and looked around him. Then suddenly he twisted about firing bursts of automatic paintball shot at every piece of cover in sight.

Tess squealed as the shots cut through the ferns and smacked into her

body. As she flinched her tail jingled.

The hunter heard the bells and he raced up the slope towards her as she scrambled to feet and turned to run. Before she had taken half a dozen strides a fresh burst of shots smacked into her back and legs with shocking force and she stumbled and fell.

He was on her in a second, catching hold of her by her hair and dragging her across the ground half on her hands and knees. She kicked out and tried to pull free and he slapped her cheek hard, making her head ring. He pushed her face against a small tree, grinding her breasts against its bark, and pulled her arms around it, binding them together with some ready-made loops of ratchet-sided plastic strip which locked tight about them. She whimpered and struggled desperately but she could not get lose. Her brief taste of pseudo-freedom was over.

Without saying a word he ran his hands down her body, pinching and squeezing it appreciatively. Then he took a strap out of one of his equipment pouches and began to beat it methodically across her bottom and thighs. She screamed about her gag bit as her bottom burned and tears filled her eyes. Her bladder cut loose and she spurted her hot pee down the trunk of the tree, but he kept on lashing her.

He could do this for nearly an hour, she thought! Any shreds of pride she had left vanished and desperately she dipped her back and thrust hips outing in blatant invitation, spreading her legs wide. He swung his strap up between them so that it curled about her sex mouth, smacking its wet lips.

She screeched again and wiggled her hips, trying to say: 'Please fuck my bum if you want,' about her gag, but her throat was too choked for her words to be understandable.

He stopped strapping her and she whimpered with relief. He ran his hands over her burning bottom and they felt so much better than the strap she sighed in delight. Then he opened his flies, freed his erect cock and rammed into her bottom hole. Then he began slowly but steadily to sodomise her.

Tess felt her pussy swelling and wetting and dribbling onto the grass

and her nipples digging into the rough bark his thrusts were grinding her against. How could she get aroused by this? How had Taurus twisted her mind and body? But there was no point in fighting it any longer. Nothing could be worse than this and at least it was a brief escape. And so she let the orgasm overtake her. It was surprisingly intense and for a few seconds it blotted out her fear and shame.

But while Tess came once, her yellow hunter came three times inside her and never took his cock out of her aching rear until his full hour was up.

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Alice shivered in the cool water of the lake. Only the top of her head was above the surface. She was breathing through her nose and clamping her lips about her gag bit while trying to keep absolutely still.

As soon as they had split up she had found one of the lower paths that led down to the water's edge. During their boat trip and pony chariot day she had noticed some clumps of rushes along the shore not far from the lodge. Now she thought that if she could hide amongst them she had a good chance of evading capture. After all you did not think of fox's hiding in the water.

She had reached the water's edge head of her hunter and had waded in amongst the rushes and squatted down in the shallows, letting them shelter her. They would help keep her bright red tail out of sight as well.

As she hid she heard the sounds of people running about the woods and a few bursts of paintball marker gunfire and some female screams, but she was not sure who they belonged to. But as far as she could tell nobody came close to her. She began to feel guilty about her clever hiding place if the others were getting caught in the woods. Maybe in between hunts when they were resting she could let them in on the secret. Perhaps they could all hide from the next group of hunters. Would they demand their money back from Taurus?

And then a hail of paintball shots burst out of the bushes by the lakeside and smacked into the rushes, splattering them in bursts of red paint.

With squeal of surprise Alice ducked her head down as shots raked across the water, tinting it red. Holding her breath she pushed away through the reeds, trying to get away from the hunter, her protective goggles acting like a swim mask. But the water above her head was cut through by shot after shot bursting and splashing. He could see her! She couldn't get away from him except by swimming out into the middle of the lake and her collar was too heavy for that.

With her lungs ready to burst she came to the surface for air and was hit by a dozen shots in the face and chest which stung and shocked her wet skin and made her take in a mouthful of water by mistake. Coughing and spluttering she stumbled into deeper water and had to scramble back towards the bank, thrashing wildly, until she found a footing again. More shots smacked into her and she fell over in the shallows. There was no escape...

Miserably she raised her arms and tried to call out: 'I surrender!' about her gag.

The red hunter emerged from the bushes and jerked his gun meaningfully. 'Get up here and get down on your knees!'

Streaked by the paintball shot, Alice stumbled dripping out of the water and collapsed onto her knees in front of him.

'Wrist crossed at the back of your neck!' he snapped. And she obeyed.

He used a plastic tie band to bind them, looping it under her collar so she could not pull them down in front of her. Then he reached round the back of her neck and unlocked her gag, freeing her mouth.

As she spat out the dregs of lake water and marker paint he drew something out of an equipment pouch, reached down and clamped it about her nipples. It was a pair of short wooden rods with a ring about their middles, both heavily diamond ridged for grip and clamped together by heavy elastic bands. They pinched and squeezed her nipples between them, the ribbing gripping them tight. He hooked his finger through the middle ring and lifted and stretched her breasts until she screamed.

‘I want the best oral sex I’ve ever had or else I’ll rip these off!’ he promised.

‘Yes... yes, Master... let me suck you, Master...’ Alice sobbed pitifully.

He undid his flies and pulled out his stiff penis. Taking hold of by her wet hair he pulled her head against his crotch and rammed his shaft between her lips. Half choking on this rod of flesh poking down her throat, she began to suck.

As she did so her clamped nipples throbbed and her pussy began to tingle, as if her body had known all along that she had never stood a chance.

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Karen raced along the topmost path of the woods just below the tangle of thorn bushes and brambles that marked the perimeter. She reckoned up here she could only be seen from one direction and she had more foliage between her and any pursuer. She had heard a few shouts and bursts of marker gun shots from the woods, but they’d sounded quite distant. There been no sign of her blue hunter. Perhaps she had got away from him. She hoped the others were doing this well. If only she could keep going for another few minutes she would be round the other side of the valley from the lodge.

And then a man in camouflage trousers and jacket and a dark tinted mask stepped out from behind a tree in front of her and shot her full frontal with burst of blue paintball shots.

The shock of them hitting her breasts, stomach and pussy at close range and punching into her soft flesh made Karen shriek both in pain and surprise. She jerked backwards, lost her footing and fell to the ground and began to slither down the slope of the hillside. He tramped down after her, spraying her with more shots as she tumbled. They kept stinging her from every angle, so she could not think or manage to brake her fall.

Finally she hit bank of dead leaves and moss that had built up around a fallen tree and came to a halt. The paintball paint had helped leaves and

scraps of moss and dirt to stick to her as she tumbled and she was filthy. Before she could collect her senses the blue hunter was upon her. He took hold of her by her hair and hauled her to her feet and then pushed her face down across the fallen tree trunk, grinding her bare breasts and nipples into its half rotten bark. Then he kicked her legs wide and leaned against her. She felt the swell of his erection under his trousers pressing against her bare buttocks.

Slinging his rifle he drew out a huge hunting knife and held it in front of her eyes and she whimpered in fear.

‘Now you pull yourself open and beg me to fuck you,’ he said in her ear.

Snivelling in terror Karen reached behind her and awkwardly with her rubber sheathed hands pried her buttocks apart to expose her anus and the cleft of her pussy.

‘P... please will you fuck me... Master,’ she choked out.

She heard the hook and loop seals of trouser flies being ripped open and then hard a cock was rammed up into her pussy, making her gasp. As she squirmed impaled upon it he pulled her wrists together behind her back and bound them with a plastic tie. Then he reached round and under her and scooped her breasts forward and over the far curve of the tree trunk. By now her nipples were treacherously swollen and throbbing. Looking down over her shoulder he ran the tip of his knife around their rims.

‘What lovely big nips you’ve got,’ he said.

The touch of cold metal against her hot tender flesh and the fear of what he might do to them to them sent a surge of sheer terror through her. When it reached her loins it seemed to burst the hot liquid bubble of perverse lust that had been gathered within them since she had waited on the lawn anticipating her fate at the hands of their hunters. How stupid to imagine she could have escaped. This was how it was meant to be...

Karen shrieked and sprayed her juices over the cock being driven hard

up her pussy and then she slumped limply over the dead tree trunk. Her hunter laughed at her abject surrender even as he spouted inside her.

After enjoying the sticky warmth of her pussy for a few moments he pulled his penis out of her dripping sperm and shiny with her helpless discharge. He rubbed it through her buttock cleft to reinvigorate it and then rammed it into her unresisting anus...

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One by one the women were brought back to the lodge lawn on leashes or else slung over the shoulders of their triumphant hunters; all bruised shocked and bedraggled. There Taurus took commemorative photographs of the men standing proudly with their guns held aloft and feet resting on the women's heads or bottoms or breasts as they sprawled on the grass under them; sometimes hogtied and perhaps with the hunters' sperm still seeping out of their pussy or anus. Finally a lock of their pubic hair was cut and presented to the hunter as a memento and he left happily. Then the women had an hour to cry and clean themselves up and recover their strength before the next party of hunters arrived

After that only the highlights of what was done to them stood out, indelibly etched on their minds ever: paint shots bursting and stinging against their flesh... masked faces looming over them... ropes and straps and binders cutting into their skin... cocks being thrust into every orifice they possessed... being handled like animals and treated like trophies... screaming and sobbing and even coming in perverse desperation because there was no other escape left for them...

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But even the worst nightmares have to come to an end and finally so did this one.

The last hunter departed, leaving Taurus looking down at Tess, Alice, Karen and Zoe as they sprawled gagged and bound on the lawn. They were bruised, utterly exhausted, sore inside and out. 'That was very well done,' he said sincerely. 'They said that was the best day's girl hunt they'd ever had...'



And briefly they were filled with feeble flickers of pride at the knowledge that they had not let him down.

Then they remembered who was responsible for all their suffering and who had turned them into naked living prey in the first place, and silently they cursed his name.

But aloud they said: 'Thank you, Master...'

\* \* \*

That night Taurus let them sleep alone to recover from the hunt. But despite their exhaustion sleep was elusive. Gagged they could not talk to share their thoughts, but their minds were filled with the same perverse and terrible things they had endured that day. Things they would like to forget but knew they never would: especially the orgasms that had somehow been torn from them when they had been at their most vulnerable and terrified. Taurus's penis they had at least become used to and it seemed understandable to respond to such a monster, but what did that say about them when they came so easily over the cocks of strangers?

And then out of this confusion their thoughts shifted to tomorrow. Would it really be the last day of their captivity? Would Taurus keep his word? Or had all this been just another game and he would never let them go?

# Chapter Ten

The next morning the women woke physically and emotionally drained and numbed by the hunt. In the bathroom mirror they saw the array of scratches and bruises they had acquired the previous day, let alone the others hidden in their pussies and rectums. They all told a story and looking into each other's eyes over their gagged mouths they knew at some point that they would have to tell them to each other. Yes, they had to know if they had responded the same way to the hunter's cocks... and of course to commiserate and share their pain.

And yet they were also filled with the hope that this would be the last day of their imprisonment and suffering. There were hints of a change in the routine. They could smell polish in the dining room and everything looked very clean. They noticed Taurus was wearing gloves. Had he been removing all traces of his presence and the perverse use to which the lodge had been put? But they found he was not going to let them go without a suitable send-off.

After breakfast he took them out into the back garden where he had prepared the round garden table for a different purpose. It was now fitted with the selection of old ropes and chains they had seen hanging in the boat shed.

‘They belong to the lodge,’ he said. ‘After you’ve done with them put them back where they belong...’

A bundle of bamboos also lay by the table, but their eyes were fixed on the pairs of soup bowls he had arranged in a ring on its top. Each held several freshly cut holly leaves.

He had them form a ring about the table facing inward with their thighs pressed against its rim and then he spread their legs and bound their ankles to those next to them with the old ropes. Then he made them bend over the table, their bare dangling breasts settling into the soup bowls and

impaling themselves on the holy spines. They whimpered and bit on their gag bars and tried not to move their chests. He un-cuffed their arms from behind them and stretched their arms out in front of them where he bound their wrists with the old chains to the umbrella shaft. The ends of all these lengths of chain he then linked together in a continuous loop about the shaft, connected by a single large padlock. Then he removed their choke chain leashes and replaced their gags with strips of repair tape pressed across their lips. The leashes and gags he stowed away in one of his equipment pouches. He was leaving none of his special equipment behind. He really was going... but not before they suffered one final humiliation.

Their bottoms and groins were perfectly exposed in a ring about the table. He picked up a bamboo and swished it across their haunches, making them flinch. Swish, crack; he went round the table, laying a fresh stripe across their buttocks, ensuring he had their full attention. As they jerked from the blows their breasts ground into the holly bowls, bringing tears to their eyes.

‘I’m going to enjoy one last session with you four and then I’ll be gone,’ he said. ‘This is not just for the fun of pushing my cock up your pretty little cunts and arseholes once last time. No, the Bull Man wants to inject some understanding into your heads as well...’

He positioned himself behind Tess, opened his flies and rammed his cock into her bottom. She groaned but it was not as terrible as it had been the first time. The pain it caused her holly-pricked breasts was worse... but if she squeezed on his cock and focussed on that it was not quite so bad.

As he slowly pumped into Tess he said: ‘First, you mustn’t pretend anymore that you don’t enjoy getting off on rough sex, because I know what the hunters told me yesterday and I know how you feel when I have my cock inside you..’

He pulled out of Tess and moved round to Karen and rammed his hard shaft up her rectum, making her whimper. ‘It’s nothing to be ashamed of. Women are very adaptable. All it means is that you’ve become used to rough handling and you’re getting a taste for it...’

His cock came out of Karen's tight bottom and he moved round to enter Alice, who screwed up her eyes as he filled her with his shaft still warm from her daughter's rear. 'That is one reason why you won't be telling anybody what happened to you on your little holiday...'

He pulled out of Alice and moved on to Zoe, completing the circle by pushing his shaft up her rectum. She gave a little moan as her bottom bulged to accommodate him.

And yet she had just watched her mother being sodomised and now she was watching her receiving the same flesh shaft up her behind, as it had penetrated Karen and Alice before her, with hardly a sound. A week ago that would have been unthinkable. Taurus was right: they were adaptable.

Taurus pulled out of Zoe and moved on round the table, but this time he pushed his huge shaft up into Tess's vagina. And now he began to pump into her with vigour, making her sob as her breasts were stabbed with holly spines. Their rectums had just been to warm him up. Desperately she squeezed on his shaft, thinking of the release it could bring her...

'Firstly, like every other woman I've had who stayed at the lodge, you won't speak because what happened will seem incredible and explaining it will mean reliving it again and you don't want to do that,' Taurus told them. 'Not to strangers...' and then he grunted and came inside her Tess's pussy.

He paused for a moment within her, perhaps savouring her hot wetness for the last time, and then he pulled out of Tess, leaving her helplessly wanting more, and moved round to Karen's vagina. She groaned as he plugged her and began to pump hard again, making her breasts grind back and forth in their bowls. A little blood began to smear the bowl sides.

Now he delivered a warning: 'If I or any of the men of the men who have had you are ever caught, then all the images we took of you will automatically go online and you'll be forever shamed by them even as you will be drowned in sympathy...' he told them sternly, then he came for a second time. Karen snivelled and rolled up her eyes.

He pulled out of her and moved to Alice's pussy. Automatically she

spread her legs further to let him up inside her, biting her lip as he filled her. He began to thrust again. 'And sympathy will feel even worse. Everybody will know forever what happened to you but they won't understand because no uninitiated woman can understand how special it felt. You will never be able to explain that this has been different from the usual sordid sexual crimes and scandals, because you have been privileged to be the Bull Man's slaves!'

And then he came inside Alice from for the third time.

He pulled out of Alice and moved round to Zoe. She gasped as he filled her with his cock now carrying the juices he had gathered from her mother's pussy and that of her best friend and her mother in turn. No, nobody could know how this felt...

'But it won't just be for those reasons that you won't talk,' Taurus continued. 'You won't talk because although this has been the worst ordeal you've ever known, it has also been the most incredible adventure you've ever had! What doesn't kill you makes you stronger, and you are stronger for this. Admit to yourselves that you've never felt as alive as you have over this last week! And you will do nothing to spoil that memory...' And he came for the fourth time.

Taurus sagged for a moment, as though even his great strength had been depleted by achieving four orgasms within five minutes. Then he pulled out of Zoe's pussy and began wielding the bamboo again, lashing it against their bottoms and pussies which were now dribbling with his sperm. Swish crack! The bamboo sang and they sobbed and screamed into their tape gags, grinding their pricked and scratched breasts into their holly bowls, which were now all spotted with blood.

Then he lunged forward and ripped the gag strips off their lips.

'Will you ever forget this holiday?' he demanded. 'Answer me...'

'No!' they almost screamed. After all that was the truth.

Swish crack! 'Was it boring?'

‘No!’ There were many words they could use to describe it, but boring was not one of them.

Swish crack! ‘Will you ever forget the Bull Man?’

‘No’. That was an undeniable truth.

‘Once you’ve been had by the Bull, all other men will seem like sheep. True?’

‘Yes!’ To their horror they realized that was probably true. They would never meet another man like him.

He lowered his cane, watching the tears dripping from their eyes. ‘Now I’m going to give you one final gift to remember me by and ease your pain...’

He went into the lodge leaving them flushed and confused, their bottoms simmering and pricked breasts burning, staring wildly into each other’s red and tear-filled eyes. Had any of that really been true?

Taurus returned carrying objects wrapped in tea towels. He laid them out on the table between them. There was an orange-sized ball of ice with a key on the end of a length of string cast inside it. He tied the trailing end of the string to the underside of the umbrella above their heads so that the ice-encased key dangled against the stand just above their chained hands.

‘When the ice melts the key will come out and you can unlock the padlock and free yourselves,’ he told them.

The other objects were ice dildos cast about lengths of tape-bound rubber hose pipe. He picked up the bundle of bamboos and slipped a dildo over each of them. Then he went round the ring of their sore backsides pushing them up into their dribbling pussies and then jamming the other ends of the bamboos at angles into the grass behind them.

They shuddered and groaned as the icy shafts plugged them and the cold flowed into their most sensitive passageways.

‘I leave you with one final cool orgasm,’ Taurus said. ‘You’ll all have to do a bit of work to melt them as quickly as possible, but I know you’re up to it. You have been prize slaves and I will remember you fondly. Goodbye and good luck...’

And he turned and strode away round the front of the lodge and vanished from view.

They gaped at each other in confusion. He had really gone. His huge presence had left their lives. And they would probably never know his real name or his face. Then they realized they were free and grinned at each other foolishly. Well, nearly free...

They began working their hips and grinding the iced dildos into their pussies. It was the only way to work up a bit of friction and keep the terrible cold at bay, even if it also punished their breasts further. But pain could always be played off against pleasure.

As they jerked and ground against the dildos the melting ice began to drip from their slots.

‘Oh God... trust him to leave us like this,’ Alice said.

‘At least he did leave us,’ Tess said even as melt water dribbled out of her pussy onto the grass.

Biting their lips against the cold in their sex mouths and the pain in their now bloody breasts, Karen and Zoe looked at each other and then at their mothers.

‘B... but are we going to tell anybody what he did to us?’ Zoe asked.

‘Or are we going to be like the other women he’s screwed like this?’ Karen wondered.

Their mothers looked each other in confusion.

‘We should tell,’ Tess said.

‘I know but he was right that telling the truth would be a bloody terrible ordeal by itself,’ Alice pointed out. ‘And what would they do? We never saw his face. They’ll never find him or those hunters.’

‘We’ve got his sperm up inside us right now.’ Tess said suddenly. ‘They can use that...’

‘Sperm we’re just washing away with these bloody dildos.’

‘Oh hell, so we are...’

But they kept jerking their hips, impaling themselves on the icy shafts which were making their pussy lips swell. By now the table was shaking with their exertions while the ice-capped bamboo heads slid in and out of their dripping pussies and their cane-striped bottoms clenched with effort.

‘I’m just grateful nobody can see us doing this,’ Zoe gasped. ‘So... do we pretend this it was all a bad dream?’

‘No,’ her mother said firmly, ‘that would be like denying what we went through. We must get something out of this!’

‘You mean like the Master said?’ Zoe wondered. ‘What doesn’t kill you makes you stronger?’

Well it was something...

They were winning against the cold seeping through them as their natural responses heated their pussies. In fact it was beginning to get exciting, easing the sting in their breasts. Or was it feeding on their suffering mammaries? Pain and pleasure were a powerful combination, as Taurus knew only too well.

‘Ohhh... fuck... I think I’m going to cum...’ Tess groaned. ‘Hell! Taurus has screwed us once again and... and he isn’t even here anymore!’

‘W... what else did we expect?’ Alice said.

‘We’re never going to tell... are we?’ Karen moaned.



‘No... I sorry but I don’t think so,’ her mother said with a shudder.

‘I think it’s for the... b... best,’ Tess sobbed, her eyes getting misty.

‘So he’s g...got away with it again,’ Karen whimpered. ‘He really... ohh... knows how women work... doesn’t he?’

As their juices joined the water dripping from their frantically clenching and jerking clefts and their loins filled with liquid lust and they slid towards one final perverse group orgasm, Zoe gasped: ‘So... are we going to book this place again next year?’

**THE END**

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