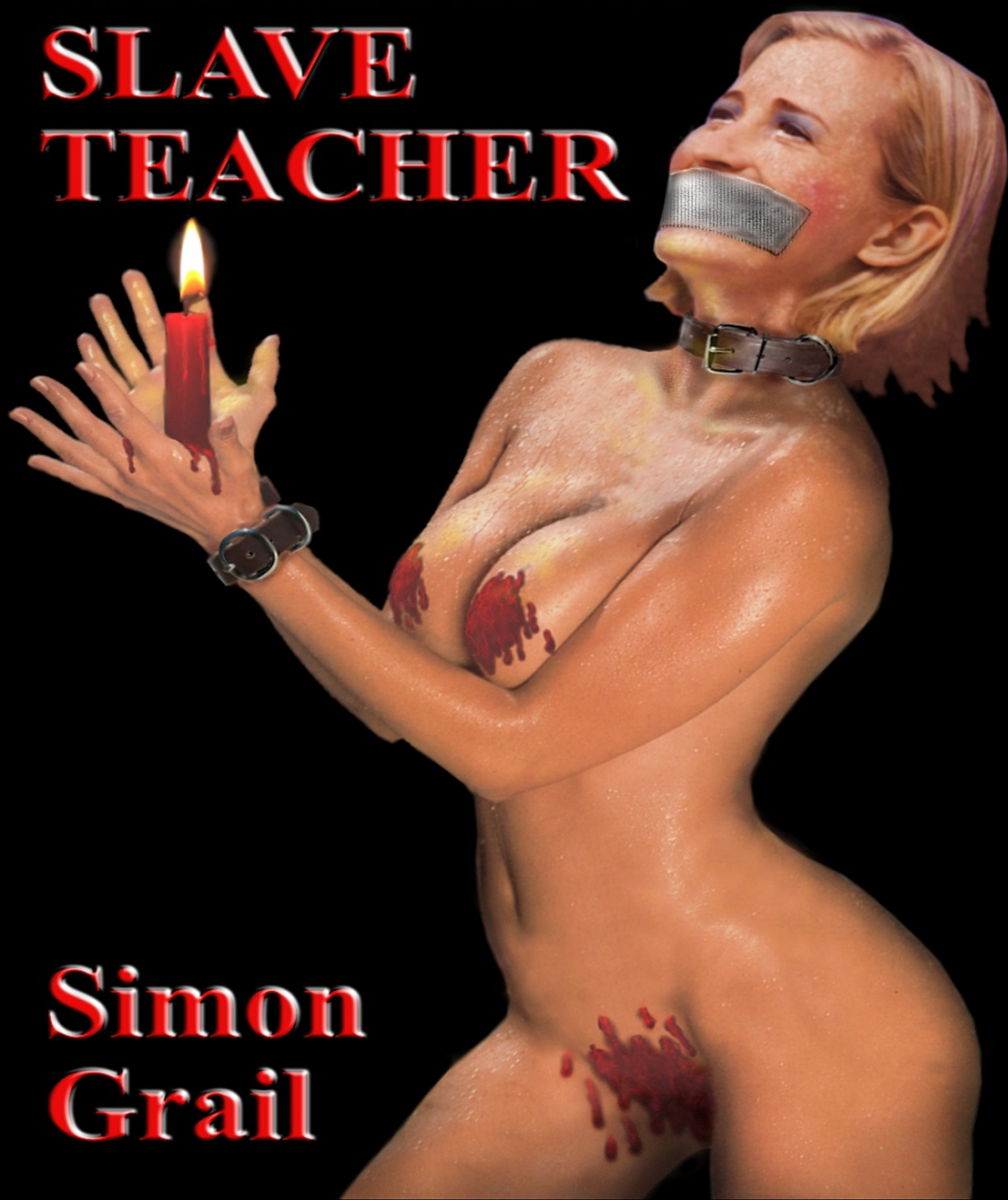


# THEIR SEX SLAVE TEACHER



Simon  
Grail

# **THEIR SEX SLAVE TEACHER**

Simon Grail

© Copyright, 2014 Simon Grail

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

All rights reserved.

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

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

This electronic book published by 4Play Press

4Play Press is an imprint of Fiction4All

<http://www.a1adultebooks.com>

# Friday Night...

Dianna Crowley paused in the act of drying herself off after her shower to examine her reflection critically in the bathroom mirror. She had found she needed these moments of reassurance after she had split with Richard a few months earlier.

Not too bad for thirty-two, she decided after a few moments. Teaching, being a generally sedentary occupation, always carried a threat to the figure, but so far with regular workouts she had kept hers. Partly that had been to keep Richard happy, of course. Well, whatever the reason she should not resent the results...

Dianna had collar length curling dark blonde hair which framed a lean face with a sharp jaw line, high cheekbones and a neat firm chin. Her mouth was shapely and her lips were thin and expressive. She had pale penetrating blue eyes and a straight, fine-bridge nose with the slightest of aquiline peaks, down which she could look with arch disapproval, as many students had found their cost.

She had strong shoulders and distinct collarbones which carried rounded breasts capped by large pale brown nipples. Her waist was trim, stomach flat, and her hip bones were prominent. Her buttocks were smooth and still well-toned and her legs were long and lean. Her pubic mound had a long deep cleft, from which pouted her crinkled inner labia. It was capped by a thin tangle of dark blonde curls.

Her skin was currently pale with only the vestiges of an even tan showing. But hopefully she would be able to do something about that.

It was the summer half term and Dianna was determined to get away a few days before A-level exam fever gripped her and the rest of Bewford Sixth Form College, where she taught English and was also a form mistress. She was all packed for an early start tomorrow. Of course the last time she had taken a holiday it had been with Richard, but he was gone now so she

had to think of herself. It would be good to get away before the holiday season got into full swing, even if it was just to Cornwall. She needed a change of scene...

Dianna was still preoccupied with thoughts of her journey tomorrow as she came out of the bathroom, tying her towelling robe about her. So it was that she was caught totally unawares by the gloved hand that slapped itself across her mouth while another clasped a fistful of her hair at the back of her neck.

The sinister image of a man in a black balaclava looming before filled her horrified eyes as she opened her mouth to cry out. As she did so the large sponge ball he was holding in his palm was forced between her jaws, stifling her scream. There were two other black masked figures on either side of her, grabbing hold of her arms and twisting them up behind her back. They all bore down on her, forcing her onto her knees.

One said: 'Strip her...'

They tore at the loosely belted robe, pushing her arms back through its sleeves and pulling it off her back, exposing her naked body still warm and scented from her shower to their eyes, which gleamed through the slots in their masks.

Diana whimpered in terror and twisted and tried to kick out at them, but they were far too strong. They pushed her face down onto the carpet and pulled her arms round behind her back. There was a ripping sound and she felt broad sticky repair tape being bound about her wrists. One of them straddled her body and held her flailing legs down while the other bound more strips about her knees and ankles. Then they rolled her onto her back and another tape strip went across her mouth and cheeks, holding the sponge ball which plugged it in place so she could not spit it out. Between them they folded her body up, pressing knees against her breasts and her heels up into her naked buttocks. There was more tape ripping and a long strip of it was bound about her ankles over her thighs and around the small of her back, securing her in this doubled up posture. Then they pulled an old pillowcase over her head like a hood and taped it about her neck, blindfolding her.

Dianna squirmed desperately and toppled over onto her side where she lay mute, blind and immobilised. She grunted and strained against the tapes and rocked about but she was totally helpless. Her stomach began to clench up in a sick knot of fear...

‘Look at that arse,’ one of them said in crude appreciation.

‘She is seriously fuckable,’ another agreed.

A less distracted and more purposeful voice said: ‘Get her keys and start turning everything off. Make sure it’s properly locked up. And empty that big case out...’

Dianna heard footsteps moving quickly around the bungalow. They had left her lying on the floor but of course tightly taped up as she was she could not escape them. That small part of her normally keen and decisive mind that was not dulled by shock wondered how they had got in. Of course, it been a warm evening and she had left the kitchen window open. If they had climbed over the side gate into the small walled back garden they could have got in through that while she had been in the bathroom. But why now did they want her keys and travel case, why were they turning things off... and why were their voices so hauntingly familiar?

There was a rattle of wheels as her case was pulled across the floor and laid on its side. Strong gloved hands grasped hold of her bound body and she was lifted into it and crammed tight. The lid was closed and buckled shut but the zip was not pulled round, allowing her to breathe.

Oh God they were kidnapping her!

The case was turned back onto its wheels and she was flipped upright once more, with her bare buttocks pressed into its lower corner as it was pulled away down the hall to the front door.

The hall light was switched off and the front door was opened. She was bumped over the steps out into the night and across the little hard standing at the front of the bungalow to her car, a Honda Civic three door hatchback. She heard its back click open. There was another heave and the

case was lifted up and dropped into its rear luggage compartment. They were using her own case to conceal her naked body and then stealing her car to kidnap her!

She felt them climb into the front and close the doors. The engine started smoothly and the car pulled out of her little driveway and turned onto Larchwood Avenue. After a few moments it turned again onto the main road and sped away into the night.

As she swayed about in the close stuffy confines of the suitcase, Dianna's thoughts tumbled in confusion intermingled with a creeping dread of what was going to happen to her. She had to struggle to stop herself bawling like a child. She was an educated, capable woman and she was stronger than that. She must not give in to total panic. Think, think! Where had she heard those voices before? A terrible wave of fear enveloped her once again... Whoever they were she was totally helpless and in their power... but who, who?

And then suddenly she knew. They were Todd McMullen, Reece Davies and Calvin Flynn!

It was the bizarre circumstances and shock that had prevented her from realizing straight away. She should have known them. After all she was their English teacher and form mistress! She had been kidnapped by three of her own students!

They were three young men who preferred sport to academic study and who really did not belong in the sixth form. They should have taken practical vocational courses or else tried for apprenticeships. But their ambitious parents had pushed them that way and so they had spent two years working at their studies in a half-hearted fashion, frequently disrupting classes and annoying the staff. They had just enough sense to not step over the line and get themselves expelled, although secretly most of Dianna's fellow teachers wished they would, but it made them three of the most annoying students in their year. Their projected exam grades were mediocre and it would have been better for all concerned had they never come to Bewford.

And now, in some fit of insanity, they had actually kidnapped her and stolen her car! They must realize that this was the end of their school careers and they were certain to be arrested and charged by the police as well... unless they knew she would never get a chance to testify against them.

Cold terror gripped Dianna once more. Oh God... what were they going to do to her?

They drove for twenty minutes or half an hour before they turned onto some bumpy track. The sounds of other traffic faded into the distance and she thought she heard the swish of twigs and leaves brushing against the sides of the car. Finally they came to a halt and she heard the three boys clamber out. The hatch back was opened up and then they undid the lid of her suitcase. They lifted her bodily out onto some dew-wet rough grass. She shivered as cool air washed over her bare flesh. There was a snick of a knife and the tape binding her folded up tight was cut and peeled off her skin. Then the knife slashed the tape binding her ankles. They lifted her onto her feet she groaned as she straightened up. As they held her firmly between them she felt something being passed over her hooded head and tighten about her neck.

One of them, she was sure it was Todd, said: 'This a choke chain like they use to train dogs. It teaches them to obey their Masters, like this...' He gave it jerk and Dianna winced as the chain links dug painfully into her neck. 'So you follow where we take you, Miss Crowley, and don't do anything stupid...'

He led her off over rough ground with her stumbling along blindly behind him with wet grass brushing her ankles and bushes scraping her thighs. Twigs cracked under her feet as they tramped on last year's leaf litter.

They proceeded like this for at least five minutes. At one point they helped her through a gap in what seemed to be some rickety wooden fence. They were in a wooded area of some sort but she no idea where. Bewford was in a rural part of the country and they could be anywhere within ten miles of it.

Then they struck a patch of slightly smoother grassy ground. They paused for a moment and she heard a key turning in a lock. Then she was led

into an enclosed space. She felt rough carpet under her wet feet.

She was positioned by two of the boys holding her arms and felt her choke chain being pulled up behind her neck and tied to some fixture above her head. Then they let go of her. She tried to twist away by instinct but the chain tightened a warning about her neck. She had no choice but to stand upright where they had put her, trying not to shake with fear.

She heard matches striking and gas hissing. With soft pops light flared through the thin fabric of the pillowcase over her head.

Todd said: 'Get her hood off...'

It was pulled off her head and Dianna blinked about her.

Under the light of a pair of hissing camping gas lamps she saw she was in a room with peeling whitewashed brick walls and smelling of damp and mouse droppings. Opposite the single door was a small fireplace and in each side wall were small barred windows with cardboard covering the glass. The floor under her feet was covered with tattered rugs and offcuts of old carpeting, while above her head roof beams were exposed. It was to a hook screwed into one of these that the end of her choke chain was tied.

With its head resting beneath one of the side windows was an old rusting iron frame bed on which lay a stained mattress and some folded blankets. Beside it were several plastic buckets, some lengths of hose, a couple of cardboard boxes, a battered bentwood chair and a couple of large plastic jerry cans of water.

This was the background to the figures of the three masked young men who were standing facing her, staring at her naked bound body in open fascination.

As she had been taking in her surroundings, they had stripped off their gloves and began to examine her. She twisted and moaned and gurgled in anger as they pawed her naked body all over, cupping and squeezing her breasts and stroking her buttocks and sliding curious hands between her thighs to feel the warmth of her pubic mound.



‘I always thought she was hot but not as good as this,’ one said, his voice identifying him as Reece.

‘Fucking amazing,’ Calvin agreed.

‘It was worth it just to have her like this,’ Todd said.

They began to get bolder, walking round her, slapping her bottom cheeks and breasts and pinching and twisting her nipples, which embarrassingly responded by erecting. It had been a long time since they had felt a man’s touch...

‘Hey, look at her nips. They’re getting so big and hard.’

‘What a slut!’

Then they pushed their stiff fingers into the cleft of her pussy. Instinctively Dianna clenched her thighs together to try to protect herself, but they simply slapped them aside, chuckling at her futile gesture. They took turns dipping and stirring their fingers inside her slot, bringing them out wet and sniffing them through their masks.

‘So that’s what a teacher’s pussy smells like,’ said Calvin. ‘Nice...’

Even through their masks Dianna could sense their lust and she could see the bulges forming in the fronts their jeans. She felt a terrible sense of inevitability threatening to overwhelm her. She was a naked, attractive woman tied up with tape and chains and they were adolescent young men over ten years younger than she was. They must have built up some twisted obsession for her and now they were playing it out. How much would it hurt?

‘All right, we’ve got work to do, remember,’ Todd said.

The others let go of her. Todd took hold of the end of the strip of tape bound across her mouth.

‘I’m going to let you speak, Miss Crowley,’ he said, suddenly sounding older and deadly serious, ‘but don’t waste your breath screaming or calling for help or anything because there’s nobody to hear you out here,

understand?’

Dianna nodded. She must not let itself panic. This was a terrible insane situation but she might still be able to reason with them...

Todd ripped the tape off her cheeks and pulled the by now sodden sponge ball out of her mouth. Dianna licked her lips and took a deep breath. She must imagine she was talking to them in her own office fully clothed, not trembling bound and naked with her nipples treacherously responding to her exposure by beginning to swell up.

‘I know who you are, Todd... and you Reece and you, Calvin,’ she said calmly. ‘I recognise your voices so you might as well take off those silly masks. You must know you’ve done something very serious and stupid, but you don’t have to make it any worse for yourselves.’

‘It doesn’t matter who you think we may or may not be, Miss Crowley,’ Todd said. ‘If you don’t see our faces you can only guess, so we’ll keep our masks on and you can call us whatever names you like. What matters is that we’ve got you where we want you.’

Dianna continued to try to speak reasonably. ‘But I’ll be missed. People will come looking for me.’ The hackneyed old phrase came to her lips: ‘You...you can’t get away with this...’

Reece spoke up: ‘Yes we can, Miss Crowley. We know you’re planning to go on holiday tomorrow and so does the rest of staff. That’s why we shut up your house and took your car. You haven’t got a boyfriend any more so nobody will miss you for days...’

Calvin added: ‘You see, we’ve been studying you, Miss Crowley. We’re not stupid you know. You’re the one who’s been caught...’

Dianna struggled to keep her voice level. ‘I never said you were stupid, Calvin. I always thought you could do better if only you applied yourselves properly. I told you that! But this... this is totally stupid...’

‘It’s not stupid because you don’t know why we’re doing it,’ Todd

said.

‘You think we’d go to all this trouble just for the chance to screw you?’ Reece said contemptuously. ‘We could have done that in your house.’

‘That doesn’t mean we won’t, only that there’s more to it than that,’ Calvin said.

That threw Dianna. ‘You... you don’t think you can force me to give you better grades, do you? I can’t influence your exam results. Everything is independently verified. Even your coursework...’

‘We know that,’ Todd said dismissively, ‘and that’s not why we brought you here either.’

Despite the cool damp air inside the shack she could feel herself begin to sweat as doubt was added to her physical fear. ‘Then why? What’s this all about?’

It seemed as though Todd grinned under his mask. ‘We’re not going to tell you. If you’re so clever, Miss Crowley, you can work it out for yourself. Think of it as a problem to solve...’

‘That’s enough talk,’ Reece said impatiently. ‘We’ve got to start her first lesson on how to behave properly...’

‘That’s right, Miss Crowley,’ Todd said. ‘This isn’t school and you’ve got to obey our rules now, you understand?’

Dianna gulped. ‘Just... just do what you want to me and get it over with, but I’m not playing any of your games...’

‘Yes you are, Miss Crowley, because you’re going to be here for a few days and you’ll have to behave properly. For a start, anybody in a mask you’re going to call “master”. You got that?’

Dianna felt a brief flicker of defiance flare up within her. ‘I... I won’t flatter your sick and twisted egos by calling anybody master! You’re just pitiful thugs and you can’t make me do that... uhhhh!’

Todd had caught hold of her jaw in one hand and had squeezed her cheeks painfully inwards between his fingers and thumb, stifling her rant.

‘Yes we can, Miss Crowley. We can do things to you that you never imagined in your nice safe little world. We’re going to make you call us master and then you’re going to beg us to screw you...’

And he pushed the foam rubber ball back into her mouth, gagging her once more.

They began taking items out of one of the cardboard boxes by the bed. At the sight of them Dianna began to moan and squirm in fear. They had come prepared...

They dragged her feet wide and buckled leather cuffs about her ankles, which were screwed the ends of an old thick wooden broom handle, holding her legs spread. A broad leather dog collar with rings hung about it was buckled about her neck. At the back it was clipped to a heavy leather dog leash which was tied to the hook in the beam above her head. The choke chain was then unfastened and taken off her. A length of leather strap with a buckle at each end was stretched across her back and then buckled about her upper arms above the elbows. Tightening the strap pulled them close into her ribs. They cut the tape binding her wrists and dragged her forearms down to her sides. Broad leather cuffs went about her wrists and these were clipped to what were essentially leather strap garter belts that they bound about her upper thighs. These were held in position by thin straps that ran up the outside of her hips to a broad belt about her waist.

When her arms were held securely they bound repair tape about her hands, taping her thumbs to her fingers until they were all encased in silver plastic tape. Now even if she could reach any of the clips and buckles that restrained her, she could not possibly undo them. The normal use of her hands had been taken away from her.

The boys stood back to admire their efforts. Dianna now stood with her arms pulled down and into her sides and her legs spread wide and her head held upright by her collar and leash. Her taped hands slapped helplessly

against her thighs like silver flippers. She could not cover any part of her body from their eyes or do anything to escape them. With a shudder she realized how totally helpless she now was. She could not even use words to try to manipulate them. They had complete power over her...

‘Look at her nips standing up,’ Reece said with a laugh. ‘I think she’s enjoying this...’

‘Maybe she’s one of those sexually repressed women,’ Calvin said. ‘All icy and cool outside but secretly they’re just dying for a good fuck.’

‘Maybe we’ll find out,’ Todd said.

They brought out new items from the cardboard box and Dianna whimpered.

They were two bulldog clips on lengths of elastic bungee cord. These they hung over the beam in front of the one her choke chain was fastened to so that the clips hung at chest height in front of her. Then they caught hold of her breasts and closed the clips about her hard throbbing nipples.

Dianna wailed in pain, dribbling about her ball gag as the sprung metal jaws pinched about the sensitive cones of her nipples, digging deeply into them. Then they let go of her breasts and the tension on the bungee cords dragged her nipples obscenely upwards, lifting breasts after them so they appeared to bob and sway in front of her.

Tears were streaming down her cheeks as she sobbed and shook her head. She had never felt anything like this before in her life. But they were only just getting started...

From the cardboard box they took out short lengths of garden bamboo with what looked like strips of cutup bicycle inner tube wired to their ends. The ends of the rubber strips themselves had been cut into sprays of yet finer strips. The boys took up one each and spaced themselves out around her, swishing these home-made lashes through the air. Dianna’s eyes widened in horror and whimpered and shook her head, but they took no notice.

‘We’re going to give you a good tanning, Miss Crowley,’ Todd told her. ‘After that you’ll have a chance to speak again. Maybe you’ll be more cooperative by then...’

The rubber lash heads swished through the air and smacked into Dianna’s body, the strips of pliant black rubber curling about her belly, breasts and buttocks. Her flesh rippled and indented under the force of the blows which sent crisp cracks echoing round the room. Dianna bit on the ball plugging her mouth and screamed about it, her eyes bulging and saliva dribbling out of the corners of the mouth. Where the lashes had struck her pale flesh it turned a livid pink, feeling as if it had been set on fire. She had never felt anything like it before.

She twisted from her collar leash, rocking back and forth on her spread legs. But of course this only jerked on the bulldog clips clamped about her nipples, stretching them and her breasts outward and upwards even higher, trembling under the tension. Fresh pain from her tormented mammaries stabbed through her.

The boys laughed in delight at her struggles and the blotches and stripes they were painting over her pretty body. The pliant rubber lashes did not cut her flesh so they did not need to hold back as they lashed her.

Swish, crack! The lashes rained down upon her. They beat the soft undersides of her breasts making them vibrate from their clamped tips. They curled about the shivering cheeks of her buttocks, lapping up into the cleft between them. They wrapped themselves intimately about her thighs and belly, their fine flailing tips sliding up through the furrow of her sex mouth to tear into her hard clitoris and the mouth of her vagina. The lash strip that struck her there came away dark and wet.

In the midst of her pain-raddled mind she thought: Oh God, how could she respond like that? It must be some deep primeval defence mechanism. When a body was assaulted and violently stimulated like this it had to prepare for the worse. It was inevitable... she had no choice... she had underestimated the boys’ determination and diabolical ingenuity... and perhaps overestimated own strength of will. Was she a coward? Whatever the truth she could not fight it any longer... anything was better than this!

Her tears splashed onto the unnaturally uplifted slopes of her breasts which were blazing red from lash strikes, turning them glossy and wet. They ran between and about her now shiny bulging breasts and down across her clenching belly which bore its own criss-cross set of stripes. Finally these salty trickles reached the mat of her pubic hair where they mingled with the splatter of her intimate juices, which were being beaten out of the soft folds of her cleft.

Then the boys lowered their arms leaving Dianna swaying from her clipped breasts and collar leash and trembling in fear and shock. Her whole body seemed to be on fire and her mind was reeling. The sudden cessation of lashing took a moment to sink in. Then, despite the fingers of burning fire which seemed to be raking across her flesh, she felt a brief pathetic surge of gratitude to her masked assailants. They had spared more pain... how kind of them.

Todd pulled the ball gag from her mouth once more. 'Now have you got something to tell us, Miss Crowley? Is it about begging us to screw you? And remember how to speak to us properly...'

The terrible lashing seemed to have temporarily beaten all sense of pride, self respect and dignity out of her. She didn't know what else to do. She was amazed at how easily the pathetic and obscene words flowed from her lips.

'Yes... yes, Master, please I want you to screw me... all three of you... Look how wet my pussy is, Master... I beg you...'

'But we want to have you all the same time,' Todd told. 'How would you like to take our cocks up your backside and in your mouth? A three-way shafting like they do in porn videos?'

The briefest spasm of revulsion flickered through her stomach but Dianna croaked: 'Yes... Master, please do that... I'd love to have all three of you at the same time inside me...' she gulped, struggling not to be sick even as her clamped nipples throbbed and her pussy oozed sensuously '...up my bum and in my mouth and my pussy... yes... yes I really want that...'

‘Well, as Miss Crowley has asked so nicely, let’s get her ready,’ Todd said.

They had brought a hot water bottle with a length of rubber hose which plugged into its mouth to use as a douche bag. They filled it with water from one of the jerry cans and then pushed the tube up her rectum while they held a bucket between her spread legs. They squeezed on the water bottle and it swirled and gurgled through her entrails, washing them clean and preparing them for giving pleasure. They had even brought a tube of KY jelly, a dollop of which they pushed up into her, greasing her anus in preparation for penetration. She whimpered as she felt Reece’s fingers working it about inside her but she said nothing. She was beaten and broken and just wanted to get it over with.

When Dianna was flushed and greased the boys unclipped her pinched and by now purple nipples and took the leash down from the ceiling beam. Dianna sobbed as the blood flowed back into her nipples, filling them with hot pins and needles. But in moments they were swelling and filling and hardening once again.

‘Looks like she really is up for this,’ Calvin observed with a chuckle.

‘Maybe she just needed a proper warming up,’ Reece said.

They carried Dianna over to the bed and laid her on her front. They did not need to tie her down. With her arms strapped to her sides and her legs still spread by the ankle bar she was totally helpless.

The boys stripped off their clothes; removing everything except their balaclava masks. Even as she felt sick with dread, Dianna’s eyes were helplessly attracted to them. They had hard bodies and even harder cocks, which were jutting stiffly out from the thick mats of their belly hair like flagpoles. Their testes hung beneath them, heavy, she imagined, with the sperm they carried. The sperm they were going to pump into her...

Then they climbed onto the bed.

Reece wriggled and slid beneath her. Her sore breasts rubbed across



his chest and she could feel his hard cock rubbing against her pussy. Calvin knelt with his back to the headboard, straddling Reece's head and took hold of Dianna by the hair, lifting her head up level with his groin. The sight of his stiff shaft filled her eyes. Todd knelt between her spread legs and took hold of her hips. His cockhead rubbed through the slippery cleft of her buttocks. Richard had never used her bottom or her mouth. Now she was the fleshy socket for three straining cocks all ready to stab her...

'Let's do this together...' Todd said, his voice husky with anticipation. 'Three, two, one, now...'

And then they all penetrated her at once.

Dianna would have screamed as she felt her rectum and pussy plugged simultaneously, if her mouth and throat had not been filled by Calvin's penis. As it was all she could do was try not to choke and suck breath around the shaft that began to ram down her gullet. Reece was bucking under her, holding her hips and working her pelvis about him as he drove his cock up into vagina, while Todd was pounding against her sore bottom, seeming to be trying to ram his rod into her spine. And yet she could feel their cocks sliding side-by-side within her, separated only by the walls of her sheath and rectum which seemed at this moment so very thin and almost ready to burst.

She was the filling in their three-man sandwich, the bit of meat that they were skewering between them, making the ancient bed frame creak and shake. How they were repaying her for every time she had criticised them or given them detentions for bad behaviour. This was their revenge and they were taking full advantage of it, grinding their sweaty bodies against hers, and overwhelming her senses as they filled her with their huge masterful cockshafts that were hard where she was soft and vulnerable. Every orifice was plugged by them. The stink of male arousal was even filling her nostrils.

At her sides her strapped arms jerked feebly and her taped and useless hands jerked and flapped about under the pounding of their relentless assault on her naked helpless body. The thrusting of their cocks seemed even to penetrate her brain, stabbing at it brutally so that her vestiges of pride and self worth bled away as her juices dribbled out of her pummelled pussy over

Reece's shaft. They were marking her as their possession, driving out all feeble thoughts of resistance. They had even stolen her holiday from her and made it theirs. This was their vacation and her body was their recreation. She belonged to them. She was their slut, their prisoner and she had nowhere else to go...

No, there was one place left ago: one final retreat from impossible, overwhelming shame and disgust, and her body took it.

Dianna bucked wildly as a monstrous orgasm tore through her. Her lips and sheathe and sphincter clenched about the cocks pumping into her and in return the boys cut loose, spurting their hot seed into her throat, vagina and rectum, filling her with their lust and contempt. And then for a time there was only her, existing without care...

For several minutes they lay in a sweaty sticky heap on the bed. And then the boys began to laugh in delight and amazement at what they had achieved.

‘All right!’

‘That was amazing...’

‘What a fucking great screw! I want to have her again!’

‘No, she's got work to do tomorrow, remember,’ Todd said. ‘We've got to keep her fresh...’

With reluctance boys pull out of Dianna, clambered off the bed and began to dress. She lay there bound and spread, twitching and trembling slightly. As the mind- shattering delight of her desperate orgasm faded she began to cry softly. How could they do this to her...

When they were dressed they turned Dianna onto her back. Her leash was tied to the head of the bed and a chain was padlocked about its foot around the bar of her ankle spreader. Then they pulled the blankets over her.

Todd took hold of her chin and slapped her cheeks a few times until

she focused upon him. He said: 'This is how it's going to work, Miss Crowley. Over the next three days we're going to be having some friends round to play with you. And you're going to be very good to them and do everything they tell you. Each will be your master for a day and they can do what they want with you. If you please them when they're all done we'll take you back home. If you don't... well, you don't want to think about that. Do you understand?'

'Y...yes, Master,' Dianna said feebly.

'Now you'd better get some sleep. You've got the busy day tomorrow...'

They turned the gas lamps out and left, locking the door behind them, leaving Dianna soiled, alone, totally helpless and fearful of what tomorrow would bring. After what they had done to her, with what was to come, how could she possibly sleep?

Ten minutes later utter exhaustion had claimed her and she slept.

# Saturday...

Dianna woke the next morning in fear and confusion, for a moment not remembering where she was. The room was totally dark with only thin cracks of light filtering about its covered windows, adding to her disorientation.

Why couldn't she move her arms? Why was she so sore? Why did her pussy and bottom ache? What was that taste in her mouth...?

Then with a shuddering sob she remembered. She wished it had been a nightmare... but it was all too real.

For a moment she thrashed about in a fit of rage, screaming and cursing at what they had done to her, trying to free herself, but she was totally helpless. She could not even properly touch herself with her own hands, taped as they were.

How long had she slept? She had no idea of the time. Probably she should have been on the road to Cornwall by now.

A key turned in the lock, almost making her heart stop. The door swung open and she blinked in the flood of light. The boys, still masked, tramped in and walked over to her bed. Reece pulled the cardboard off the windows, letting more light in.

'I hope you slept well, Miss Crowley,' Todd said. 'We got some food for you and we're going to make sure you're nice and clean and fresh before our friend arrives. What do you say to that?'

Dianna bit back her instinctive response and said instead meekly: 'Thank you very much, Master.'

They pulled back the covers and freed her from the bed. They uncuffed her ankles from the spreader bar and then led her stiff legged by her leash outside.

Dianna blinked in the light of a mild summer day.

She saw where she had been confined from outside for the first time. It was a tiny single-roomed structure half smothered in moss and ivy with its crooked and cracked tiled roof and tiny chimney stack. It was sort of place built in the past for gamekeepers when they had to stay out in the woods to watch for poachers. It was set in a small grassy clearing surrounded by tall trees, which gave no clue to its location.

They had dug a small latrine pit by the side of the building and they made her squat over it with her legs wide. As they grinned and her cheeks burned she had to void her wastes into it, hissing and plopping into the earthen pit. With them went the remains of the sperm they had pumped into her the previous night.

‘I like the way women’s pussies spurt whenever they pee,’ Reece said.

When she was done they used the water bottle and hose to flush her bottom and pussy out. Then they wiped her dry with soft toilet paper. She felt slightly cleaner inside.

‘Eat now and then will give you your wash,’ Todd said.

Breakfast consisted of cheese sandwiches and a banana, which humiliatingly she had to take from their hands like a dog being fed scraps. But she gobbled them down ravenously, suddenly consumed by hunger and wanting to feel the simple comfort of food in her belly.

Then with a bucket and sponge they wiped her over with cold water, making her shudder. They finished by combing her hair and brushing her teeth.

‘That’s better,’ Todd said. ‘You’ve got to look your best for our friend...’

Dianna felt her stomach churning in revulsion. ‘Please, Master, who is this friend of yours... and what do I have to do for him?’

‘You can call him “Smith.” And you’ll do whatever he wants you to...’

‘Please, Master, haven’t you hurt me enough? If... if you let me go now I swear I won’t tell anybody... ‘

She hated herself for being reduced to begging pitifully and making such an offer, but that was all she could do. They had screwed and beaten the defiance out of her. Alone she might rage and curse, but face-to-face with them she knew how feeble and helpless she was. Would she ever get her pride back?

Reece and Calvin laughed at her miserable pleading. Todd said: ‘Like we said last night, this isn’t about hurting you, Miss Crowley.’

They took her back inside and laid her on the bed again. They cuffed and chained her legs wide to the foot of the bed and clipped two more lengths of chain to the rings on the side of her collar and fastened them to the side posts of the bed head. They had a short broad leather strap with a rubber ball bolted to its inner face which they buckled about her head with the ball filling her mouth.

‘If he wants you to speak he’ll let you, if he doesn’t you won’t,’ Todd said simply. ‘We’ll leave you now. Smith will be here in half an hour. He’s got a key to the door. And remember, he can do whatever he wants with you...’

And they left once again alone in the tiny room with only her fears for company.

It was the longest half-hour of her life. Who would “Smith” be? Was it another pupil from school? Somebody who knew her and she had taught? Oh God, they would see her naked and helpless and ready for him to push his cock up into her. Would he beat her like they had? What would he do?

By the time Dianna heard the key in the lock again it was almost a relief. The reality, however terrible, could not possibly surpass her dire imaginings.

A man entered the little room carrying two holdalls. He was balaclava masked like the boys had been and was dressed in trainers and a black tracksuit, but his figure and slightly hunched shoulders told her he was much older. Despite her terror she felt a slight flicker of surprise. She had assumed they were going to give her to one of their friends their own age, perhaps as a way of showing off their conquest. What was an older man doing here?

He put his bags down and came over to the bed and looked down on her. She saw his lips curl up into a smile through the slot in his mask.

‘So you’re Dianna. The boys were right, you are very lovely,’ he said.

He ran his hands over her trembling body, probing and squeezing her breasts and stomach and feeling between her spread legs to sample the moistness of her cleft. She squirmed and snivelled in fear.

‘You don’t like that do you?’ Smith said. ‘Well that’s just the way I do like it. I want to see the fear in your eyes. I’m going to have such a lot of fun with you today...’

He unpacked his holdalls and Dianna watched him with helpless fascination from her bed.

First he laid out a rubber groundsheet. On this he set up a device resembling a small barrel sliced lengthwise down its middle, with a small control panel built into one end. At the other end it had a pair of buckled cuffs bolted to its lower rim. When resting on its flat face she could see it had a long slot in the summit of its curved upper side, through which protruded a couple of metal rods. Onto these Smith screwed a pair of large ribbed rubber dildos, already shiny with grease. Along the curving sides of the device were a row of shiny metal studs. Dianna gulped in horror even as she felt her nipples standing up and her sex mouth begin to tingle.

There was a round hole in the top of the device at the cuff end into which Smith slotted an upright metal rod that he had assembled from two halves connected by a locking sleeve. From a ring on its top hung a heavy coil spring and hook.

Smith then took out of his bag a handheld control unit which trailed a cable which he plugged into the dildo saddle and a second lighter wire that forked in two, with each end joined to a crocodile clip.

When all these items had been arranged to his satisfaction, Smith returned to the bed and unclipped the chains from Dianna's collar and ankles. He noticed her hard nipples and flicked them with a finger.

'That's good; you're getting into the spirit of things. But I don't want you to be too happy. You got to fight it a bit. You can do that, can't you?'

Dianna nodded helplessly.

Taking hold of her by her collar he hauled her onto her feet and led her across to the device.

'Now you squat down onto the saddle so that your ankles are next to the cuffs and the dildos can go up your pussy and bum hole, you understand?'

Dianna nodded wretchedly again. She had no choice...

She straddled the device with her back to the upright rod and knelt down over it, keeping her back straight and resting on her knees. Smith fastened her ankles to the cuffs, holding her lower legs along the sides of the device. Then Dianna lowered her hips.

She whimpered as she felt the tips of the dildos pressing into the cleft of her vulva and the tight pucker of her rectum. As she sank lower they shouldered their way into her passages, making her labia gape wide and her lower belly swell out, stretching the sphincter of her anus until the ribbed head of the rear dildo began to pop through it, making her buttocks part. Then she settled all the way down so that her bottom cheeks and thighs were pressed against the padded vinyl of the saddle top and she was doubly impaled upon it.

There was enough play in the straps that bound her arms and wrists to the sides of her body for her elbows to bend as she sat herself down. The rows of metal studs along the sides of the device pressed against the insides



of her thighs. Smith pulled her head back and hooked the spring from the top of the upright rod to the back of a collar.

And now she was fastened to the terrible device by her ankles and her collar, unable to lift herself off it. Her taped hands twisted and squirmed about uselessly against her thighs. Fearfully she looked up into Smith's masked face and his bright delighted eyes twinkling through its slots.

'You look perfect,' he assured her. 'You just need a couple more fittings...'

He took up the forked wire and clamped its crocodile clip ends to her throbbing nipples. Dianna whimpered as the metal teeth bit into her hot swollen cones of flesh. They were not driven by a spring as strong as the bulldog clips had been the night before, but their teeth were far sharper. Under their bite her nipples seemed to pulsate a little harder. As she suffered she saw a bulge growing in the front of Smith's tracksuit bottoms.

'Now you'll show me how well you can ride those dildos,' Smith said. He held up the controller to which her nipples were connected. 'And I'll give you a little encouragement if I think you need it.'

He pressed a button and the dildos began to vibrate at the same time pumping up and down within her pussy and rectum, alternating their strokes. Dianna gasped and jerked her hips up and down with them, trying to reduce the depth of their penetration. The spring tether on the back of her collar made it impossible for her to lift herself off them entirely so that her back arched and she jerked her breasts upwards

Then she screamed as Smith touched another button and it seemed as though hot electric needles were stabbing through her nipples. She bounced about frantically on the saddle, jerking against the collar tether; her tormented breasts jiggling wildly as she unwittingly ground her groin into the pumping dildos. Her juices began to flow freely.

'No, I said ride them,' Smith said. 'You've got to push against them, drive them as far up inside you as you can. I want to see you come all over them, you understand?'

Wretchedly Dianna began to push down against the pumping dildos, rocking back and forth into each rising shaft so that they filled her pussy and rectum with their slippery presence.

‘Now let’s speed things up a little,’ Smith said, pressing another button.

Dianna shrieked and slobbered about her strap and ball gag as the metal studs on the sides of the saddle began to sting her with sharp shocks. These stimulated the big muscles of her thighs and they began to twitch and jerk helplessly, bouncing her harder up and down in the saddle.

‘Now you’re a proper electric cowgirl,’ Smith declared.

She was rocking and bucking to and fro, the soft flesh on her haunches shivering with each impact as she hit the saddle with a slap. Tears were running from her eyes and joining the saliva from the corners of her mouth as they dripped onto her bouncing breasts. Every few seconds Smith added to her misery by sending sharp stabbing needles of electric fire through her nipples.

Sweat and her discharged lubrication soon formed a slippery film between her thighs and groin and the saddle, foaming about her pussy lips as they were churned by the pumping dildo within them. This natural oil made her squirms and jerks even more frantic and painful. She was being pumped from within and zapped from without and pain and pleasure were mingling within her and filling her with a growing desperate lust and a feeling that she was going to burst. She could not hold back any more. She would give Smith what he wanted: the spectacle of her shameful outpouring and all the humiliation that entailed.

Dianna let herself go, clenching on the pumping dildos and spurting her juice out over them. She let the orgasm rip through her because there was nothing else she could do...

And again for a few precious seconds all her cares were wiped away.

\*\*\*

When she returned to full awareness of her surroundings once more, the saddle dildos had stop pounding into her sopping pussy and bruised anus and its electric studs were no longer live. She could smell the heady aroma of her own discharge about her. Smith was standing right in front of her with his feet spread each side of her knees. He was unbuckling her gag strap. He pulled it out of her mouth and dropped it to the floor.

He had peeled open the fly flap of his tracksuit bottoms and freed a thick straining cock shaft. Now he grasped her hair with one hand and held the controller in the other. The big purple head of his cock rubbed across her face.

‘Now you suck me off, you filthy cowgirl slut!’ he said. ‘And when I spunk you swallow every drop!’ He thumbed a button on the controller and she felt a warning zap of current through her nipples.

With a sob Dianna opened her mouth and took his shaft down her throat.

He thrust into her, making her throat bulge and the spring connecting her collar to the post behind her back rattle. He rocked her back and forth as she sucked him. He thumbed the controller every few seconds to give her nipples another jolt. Soon she was slobbering with effort, sucking desperately on his manhood, trying to draw sperm out of him and gulp it down and so bring this terrible ordeal to the only conclusion possible.

Then he was spouting his hot seed into the back of her throat and trying not to be sick she did swallow it down as she had been instructed. And then she sagged on the saddle and hung her head against the tension of the spring behind her, holding his shaft in her mouth as she felt the tremors of ejaculation subside, sucking the last drops from him and feeling as dirty as she could ever remember.

Smith sagged over her for some moments, drained of his passion, while his shaft was still filling her mouth. Then he patted her on the head. ‘That’s a good slut. You just wait for me to recover and then we’ll go for another ride...’

Dianna whimpered as she felt his limp penis began to swell once more...

\*\*\*

Smith put her through two more electric dildo rides until she was totally exhausted and no amount of nipple zapping could make her respond any more. She was hanging forward from the rod spring clipped to her collar with her groin and thighs in a lather of sweat and juices and the taste of his sperm burning her throat. Her vagina and rectum felt numb from relentless pounding and her zapped nipples tingled and simmered.

‘Was that was a good ride,’ Smith said. ‘Let’s have lunch now...’

He unhooked her from the terrible machine, clipped her leash to her collar and pulled her up onto her feet. The dildos came out of her vagina and rectum with long wet sucking slurps. Juices dripped down her thighs. She could hardly stand and Smith had to hold her up with her leash wrapped about his fist to keep her supported. Tottering and bow-legged she followed him outside.

He made her squat over the toilet pit and she emptied herself wearily into it. He wiped her clean with a handful of dry grass with evident pleasure. He enjoyed handling her helpless body.

Smith had brought a neatly packed lunch box with him. He sat in the sun with his back to the side of the shack with her kneeling at his feet and fed her scraps which she ate from his fingers with pathetic gratitude, like any slave eating from the hand of her master.

Deep inside her she hated him, but she hardly dared let herself admit that. He had broken her on his machine and proved his dominance over her and it seemed impossible to deny that. He was the controller of her pain and pleasure and, for today at least, he was her master. She felt a terrible dark thrill at that realisation. It was so totally different from anything she ever experienced before. How could she, an independent enlightened woman, feel such a thing about a faceless stranger?

But she did.

‘Now I’ll try something new on you,’ Smith said, packing away the remains of his meal. ‘Don’t you worry, you won’t have to work so hard this time. And they’ll be nothing electrical. You’ll just have to bend over. I want to have some fun with that lovely backside of yours...’

\*\*\*

Dianna was bent over the tubular iron frame at the end of her bed.

Her legs were spread wide and bungee cords were wrapped about her ankles and pulled them out to the feet of the bed posts. Leather straps bound her knees and thighs to the frame. The top rail of the frame pressed into the front of her hips where she was bent at right angles across it. Several bungee cords hooked together stretched from her collar to the bed head and kept her upper body horizontal and trembling under strain. This left her breasts dangling under her like fleshy bells. But they did not hang totally free. From his holdall Smith had produced a simple but terrible device which he placed beneath her chest. It was a thin wooden board through which a few dozen fine nails had been hammered. Their protruding tips now jabbed up into her breasts as they rested upon them, their soft under curves flattening slightly. The nails dug into her flesh and scratched and pricked it so that little blobs and trickles of blood were now flowing down them. Confused by this painful torment her nipples were swollen hard again, inflicting even more damage on their tender skin.

The pain was minimised if she kept totally still so her breasts did not move and dig the nails any deeper into her. But of course Smith did not allow her that luxury.

He was standing behind her with a table tennis bat in his hand. He was smacking this into her bottom and admiring the ripples it drove through her flesh and the pink blush it brought to her cheeks as it’s a rubber coated face beat its dimpled pattern into her bottom flesh. Every few minutes he stopped to feel the heat in her buttocks and then he resumed beating again.

The impact of the blows made her upper body shake, jiggling and

rolling her breasts over the nail board under them. Each shiver meant a fresh set of nail jabs.

The gag strap was once more plugging Diana's mouth which gave her something to bite on when she was not screaming and sobbing and howling about it. Tears and spittle dripped onto the bed beneath her.

Smith stopped beating once again and she felt his hands running across her burning bottom cheeks. They then slid into the furrow of her pussy mound which had caught a few blows itself. Only yesterday she would have been outraged at a stranger touching her so intimately. Now she felt only relief and hoped he would keep on fondling her as long as he wanted. Again she felt the pitiful and irrational surge of gratitude towards a tormentor, as she had with the boys last night. Was that normal in situations like this? She was not sure what was normal anymore.

Smith was investigating the hot wet furrow of her sex and then bringing some of its discharge up and using it as lubrication to slide his fingers up into her tight tunnel of her rectum. As he twirled them round inside her he said: 'I want to screw these pretty holes of yours. I want to hear what you think about that idea...' And he unbuckled her gag strap.

'Yes Master, please screw me up there,' she gasped, pouring out the abject and pitiful words. 'I'd love to have your cock up my pussy and backside. There were properly stretched by the dildo saddle. You can get in them really easily and they're nice and juicy...'

But even before she had finished she felt his cock head pressing into the wet cleft of her sex mouth.

Smith rammed into her and her body shivered and rocked and swayed back and forth, dragging her breasts across the nail board once again. And she sobbed and wailed and then clenched up tight as she was overcome by a new orgasm, spraying her juices out over him even as he was coming inside her. She had never before thought of orgasms primarily as a means of blotting out the pain, but she was beginning to love them for that property.

Smith rested across her haunches and back with his cock still lodged

inside her, his weight pressing her breasts a little harder down onto the nail board. She bit her lip to stifle her whimpers of pain.

When Smith recovered he pulled his slippery wet cock out of her vagina and transferred it to her rectum and sodomised her thoroughly, once again setting her breasts rolling across the terrible nail board, which was now stained with her blood.

Dianna did not think that with the pain she was enduring and just having a cock up her backside she could possibly become aroused enough to come again. And yet in some twisted perverted way this excited her even more. It was so unnatural and insulting and crude that it was amazing. She felt the desire building up inside her, blotting out the discomfort and riding roughshod over her sense of right and wrong. Her bottom was blazing, she had a cock up her rear and her tits were being stabbed by nails. Cumming was her only escape, so she came...

\*\*\*

When Dianna woke up again she was still bound over the end of the bed, but the nail board and Smith were gone, leaving only the memory of him inside her rectum, her blazing backside and bloody breasts. Her day of entertaining a masked stranger was ended. For a moment she felt dizzy with relief and filled with a strange sense of elation simply to have survived such an ordeal. Then she began to cry...

The boys return shortly afterwards.

‘Smith said he enjoyed you, Miss Crowley,’ Todd said, ‘so you won’t get another tanning like last night...’

Dianna felt a surge of hopeless relief.

They took her off the bed and dried her tears and wiped her breasts down with disinfectant. Once again the marks on them were not as severe as she had feared. They flushed her vagina and rectum out and then fed her an evening meal of more sandwiches. It seemed they were not very imaginative when it came to menus.

But even if she was not going to be tanned, the boys still had a fresh humiliation planned for. They produced a white board and laid it on the ground and then a thick black felt marker, the barrel of which was bound with tape to make it chunkier and to add grip. But this was not for her to hold in her hand. They pushed the barrel of the marker up into Dianna's vagina and then positioned her squatting over the whiteboard.

'You're now going to write: "I am a slut teacher" ten times before you go to bed, Miss Crowley,' Todd told her. 'And do it neatly!'

And so Dianna squatted over the board with her tongue hanging out of the corner of her mouth like some child struggling over mastering their handwriting as she painfully shaped each letter. As she did so she could feel the pure, aching humiliation of it all and their eyes on her spread legs and bulging pussy as she gripped the marker with it and worked her hips across the board while trying to keep her balance. Her sore nail-stabbed nipples began to stand up again.

That only made her more conscious of the illicitly sensuous feel of the marker inside her and the way it twisted as she pressed it against the board. Soon she found the marker getting harder to hold as her pussy get wetter. A few drips from her slot splashed onto the board and she was frightened she would mess up her work. She could not take another beating today. She must try harder...

But finally, with a huge rush of relief, she finished the last shaky line. When she looked up again at the boys, fearfully hoping for their approval, she saw they all had their straining cocks jutting out of their trousers.

'And what do slut teachers do now?' Todd asked.

'They... beg to suck their student's cocks, Master?' Dianna ventured miserably.

'That's quite correct, Miss Crowley.'

And so that was what she did: kneeling submissively before them and sucking and licking and swallowing down their hot sperm.



Half an hour later, with the taste of them still lingering in her mouth, Dianna slid into exhausted sleep chained to the bed once more.

# Sunday...

Dianna was so exhausted the next morning that she did not wake until the boys pulled the blankets off her.

‘Wake up, Miss Crowley,’ Todd said. ‘You’re going to be entertaining our friend Mr Brown today...’

The boys fed and washed her as they had the day before. Then she was chained to the bed and gagged once again.

She felt her stomach winding itself in knots as she waited for the arrival of Mr Brown. Would he be better or worse than Smith? And would he be another mature man and not a boy. What was that about?

She heard a rattle and scrape from outside as if something had been rested against the wall. Then the door was opened a man stepped in. He was carrying a bag and wearing a dark fleece, jeans and Chelsea boots. His features were concealed by another black balaclava, but he was clearly a mature man, if rather fitter than Smith had been. Presumably this was Mr Brown...

He walked around the bed examining her splayed form. Without saying anything he ran his hands up and down her legs, squeezing them as if to test the tone of her muscles. Then he examined her shoulders in the same way, giving her bare breasts only a token squeeze almost in passing, with a quick tweak of her nipples. Then he appeared to nod in satisfaction.

‘You look like a strong filly,’ he said. ‘That’s good. It’s a fine day so we can spend it outside. You’ll get plenty of fresh air and exercise. But they’ll be no talking, do you understand? You can whinny or neigh but you won’t speak.’

What was he talking about, Dianna wondered in alarm?

From his bag he took out something made of buckled black leather straps and metal rings that resembled a horse's bridle, except shaped to fit a human head. And then she began to understand.

Brown freed her collar from the bed chains and sat her upright so he could remove her gag strap and substitute his bridle which he buckled tightly about her head. The straps crossed her crown from side to side and front to back. They divided over the bridge of her nose and ran down to two large cheek rings which supported a rubber bit that went in her mouth and another strap that passed beneath her chin. The straps that ran up the side of her face had rubber flaps extending forward like blinkers. As the bridle was bound about her head she felt the pressure of it controlling her features, suppressing the play of her expressions and restricting her field of vision.

When her head was confined by the bridle he took out from his bag a short chain with spring clips and small brass bells hung on each end. These he fastened to her nipples so that the chain hung gracefully between her breasts while the bells dangled from them. The clips pinched her nipples tightly but did not cut off the blood to their tips. The bells were not very heavy and nor was the chain, but there was no way she would forget she was wearing them.

He clipped a long leather rein to her collar and then freed her legs from the bed. As she stood up the nipple bells jingled merrily.

Once she was standing upright he took one last item from his bag. This was a long blonde flowing ponytail. Its base was attached to a clear plastic pad at right angles from which extended a long thin "U" shaped spring steel rod with a rubber ball on its tip.

Dianna gulped at the sight of it but of course she could do nothing to prevent it being fitted to her.

'Bend forward,' he commanded her and she obeyed.

He pushed the rubber ball tip up into her rectum so that half of the wire "U" slid up after it and the other curled about her anus and slid up the cleft of her buttocks. When it was completely embedded within her the

plastic pad of the tail base was pressed into the small of her back by its tension.

‘Stand straight again,’ Brown said and she did. Now the ponytail jutted proudly out from small her back, hanging in a graceful cascade clear of her buttocks.

Brown clearly had an obsession or fetish about ponygirls, and now he was turning her into one.

He led her outside and she saw what been rested against the wall. It was a lightweight sporting wheelchair with large canted wheels. Tucked into a kind of holster at the back of the seat was a long whip. The chair also had a pair of folding metal struts fitted on either side of the seat which had clips and rings on their ends. Dianna realized that extended forward they would form a set of shafts just large enough for somebody to stand between them... She felt her pussy beginning to grow wet.

‘You’ll get the chance to pull that later,’ Brown told her, picking up the whip. ‘First I’ve got to see how well you move...’

He led her out onto the rough open grass and paid out the long rein from her collar until he stood three metres from her. Then he flicked out the whip so that it smacked crisply across her buttocks, fluffing her tail and making her flinch.

‘Start trotting in a circle around me,’ he commanded.

Dianna began to walk round him with her nipple bells jingling softly. Her graceful new plug-in tail bobbed behind her.

The whip cracked out across her bottom again. Dianna yelped and clamped her teeth down on her rubber bit.

‘Faster,’ Brown said. ‘Lift your knees up high...’

Dianna began to trot, lifting her knees with exaggerated emphasis on each step. Her breasts began to bounce and jiggle and her bells jingled more

loudly.

Swish crack! The whip cut another stripe across her pale buttocks.

‘Faster and higher...’ Brown told her.

She was prancing round madly by now and beginning to sweat. Her tail was swaying out behind her with the role of her hips, while the jerking of the bells and the chain on her nipples was beginning to hurt. But under the whip of a man treating her like a human pony, she was not going to be spared that minor discomfort...

Round and round Dianna trotted with a sore bottom and aching nipples, dripping with sweat and panting for breath around the rubber bit in her mouth. She began to trample out a circuit in the rough grass, which made the going a little easier. As the morning dew left it her sweat and juices fell in its place.

Yes, her juices were beginning to drip from her pussy down her pumping thighs. She was being whipped and treated like an animal, she had a bit between her mouth and a tail plugged up her rear and it was perversely exciting. Was it the pain of the whip, the sense of helpless exposure or the relentless stimulation of her nipples and rectum, where the spring ball tip of her tail was working away within her as it swayed about? Or was it the thrill of being at the focus of one man’s attention, even for the most perverse of reasons? Did she secretly miss Richard that much? Whatever it was she could not stop it or deny it and her dripping pussy was testament to its strength.

Oh God what would happen if anybody from school ever saw her like this? Nobody must ever know!

She was beginning to totter when Brown finally allowed her to come to a halt. He ran his hands over her hot sticky, sweat-sheened body, apparently enjoying these signs of her exertions. Was this what he got off on? Handling sweaty, leather harnessed, ponytailed women?

He took her back to the hut and took a water bottle out of his bag.

‘No talking, remember,’ he said as he pulled her bit out and pushed the spout of the bottle between her lips. She was too thirsty to care about speaking and she gulped it down gratefully.

When she was done and he had refitted her gag, he said: ‘You move well and you’ve got a nice trotting rhythm. Now I want to see how well you can pull a load...’

He took out a length of chain from his bag. He hooked one end of it to the front of her waist belt which secured her restraint garters. Then he passed the rest between her legs and, standing behind her, pulled on it so that it rode up into the hot sticky cleft of her vulva.

Dianna whimpered as she felt the chain links sliding through her labia and clamped her teeth about her bit again. This was getting worrying...

Brown led her across the clearing to the trees. Beneath one of them was the stiff shape of a fallen branch. It had long lost its leaves and small twigs and its bark had mostly flaked off leaving a heartwood core about two metres long. He tied the other end of the chain about this branch.

Standing to one side, still holding her collar rein, he flicked the whip across her buttocks. ‘Haul this around the cottage,’ he commanded her.

Dianna lent forward, feeling the chain tightening between her legs. The branch would not move. It had grown into the grass about it.

The whip cracked over her bottom again.

‘Pull harder, girl,’ Brown said. ‘I want to see it moving...’

Biting hard on her bit Dianna leaned against the chain, straining her thighs. The links cut up agonisingly into her, grinding painfully against her swollen clitoris. Suddenly with a tearing sound the branch came free and Dianna stumbled forward out from under the trees.

Brown did not let her lose her momentum but kept flicking the whip across her bottom. She strained and stumbled on, dragging the branch after

her which slithered and bumped across the rough ground. The groin chain vibrated and twisted about between her legs, growing slippery as her juices flowed out across it.

He guided in a circuit about the little clearing as she sweated and strained to haul her load like some working farm horse. This was degrading and inhuman treatment! He could not make her do this! Except of course that he was...

The revulsion of that thought joined the bubbling hot mass growing in her loins that the grinding of the groin chain through her pussy was only adding to. She was being treated like dirt, robbed of her humanity, turned into an animal and being whipped by her master. How her bottom burned from his whip marks! The sweat running down her back stung them cruelly. There was sweat in her eyes and she could not see as her jingling nipple bells were ringing out and the groin chain was cutting into her deeper and deeper and her clitoris was pulsing and she was getting and wetter and more slippery and... and...

Dianna fell to her knees with her thighs clenched together about the chain as she jerked to hips frantically; bringing herself off on its hard and unyielding links.

‘Now that’s how I like my fillies to respond,’ Brown said with satisfaction.

\*\*\*

Brown unchained Dianna from the dead branch and gave her more water. He unclipped the long rein from her collar and then he harnessed her to the modified wheelchair.

She stood between the unfolded shafts as he clipped their tethering rings to the sides of her waist belt. He clipped a pair of short reins to her nipple bells and passed the ends through her cheek rings and then over her shoulders. Then he sat in the chair behind her.

‘Were going for a ride...’ he said with relish.

Dianna trembled. She was acutely aware of the view Brown now had of her, staring straight at her whip-striped sweaty bare bottom plugged with her fake ponytail. He could reach out and touch it. He also had control of her nipples through the new set of reins. He could do anything he wanted with her...

He flicked the reins across her shoulders, jerking on her nipples. 'Walk on,' he commanded.

And so Dianna pulled Brown and his carriage chair around and around the clearing, feeling the sweat and slippery excitement growing in her loins once again. Her nipples throbbed and pulsed and strained at the clips that connected them to the little jingling bells and the reins running up through her cheek rings to the hands of her master. The whip flicked across her bottom again.

'Faster...' he commanded.

Panting and dribbling about her bit, Dianna broke into a trot, hauling the carriage bumping across the grass behind her. Brown was staring at her pumping thighs and rolling sweaty buttocks and the damp mound of hair between her thighs. He must be able to see the juices dripping out of her. He could probably smell her excitement. He must be delighted, knowing he had brought to this state...

This state of total helpless need! She did not have a chain running through her cleft this time. She wanted to come but she needed something inside her. Why not his cock and why not now? She had no shame left anymore...

Dianna dropped to her knees and thrust her bottom up into the air, wiggling it desperately at Brown. Her engorged and desperate sex lips gaped wide in brazen shameless invitation.

Brown slid out of his seat and knelt between her knees, undoing his flies and freeing his hard shaft. He rammed it up into her sopping pussy and Dianna shuddered with relief to be filled at last.



‘You’re a very good strong filly,’ he said as he screwed her to another shattering, guilty, amazing climax.

That was all reward she could hope for...

\*\*\*

That evening, after Brown and his ponygirl wheelchair and all its accessories had gone, the boys cleaned Dianna up again.

‘Mr Brown was very happy with you,’ Todd told her. ‘Now you’ve only got Mr Jones tomorrow.’

‘She’s still got us tonight,’ Rees said. ‘Don’t forget that...’

‘That’s right,’ Todd said. ‘We’re going to have a little bit of fun with you first. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?’

Dianna had her gag out at that moment and so she was able to speak for the first time for hours. She wanted to say: please fuck me again because I’ve only had a cock up me once today. Instead she simply said: ‘Yes, Master. I’d like that, Master...’

They bent her over against the foot of the bed so that her head hung between her legs and she was looking back between her knees. The old iron frame pressed against her shoulders and her breasts flowed up towards her collarbones. They spread her legs wide and strapped her ankles to the bed feet and her knees to the rods of the bed frame. Then from one of the supply boxes they took out a large rubber hook on bungee cord. This they pushed into her rectum and then pulled its shank back through her bottom cleft and bound it to the bed rail. The tension stretched her anus and held her haunches unnaturally steady; exposing the pouting cleft of her pussy which she could look at through her painfully spread legs.

The used the bulldog clips and cords they had stretched her nipples with on the first night to peel back her labia, tying the cords about her thighs so that her pussy gaped impossibly wide, exposing the dark mouth of her vagina and her pit of her urethra and the swollen shamelessly hard flesh

button of her clitoris. As she looked up at her unnaturally distended sex mouth it dribbled down her belly and dripped into her face.

They lined up facing her. They had pennies in their hands.

‘The first one to get a penny down her hole can screw her,’ Todd said.

They began flipping and tossing the coins at the crinkle-lipped mouth of her dark pleasure pit.

As each penny bounced off her flesh not quite hitting its target, Dianna ached a little more with need and had to bite her lips to stop from crying out and begging to be screwed. She winced as they struck her soft wet sex lips, her upturned bottom, thighs, belly and clitoris, wincing and shivering and dribbling.

Finally there was a wet glop and a coin dropped into her hole. Grinning behind his mask Calvin stepped forward, freeing this shaft and rammed it down into Dianna’s gaping vagina after the penny...

# Monday...

The next morning Dianna lay ready on her bed shivering in anticipation.

This would be her last day of captivity. That was if the boys were telling the truth about taking her home. No, she thought they were. There was no reason for them not to. If they returned her home after only a few days they must know there was a better chance they'd get away with it.

As long as she did not report what they had done to the authorities, of course.

Well of course she should... she must. What they had done was criminal and had to be punished. They couldn't go around kidnapping women and subjected them to this kind of her ordeal. And yet there were consequences to speaking up...

Her reverie was broken by the sound of a key turning in the lock.

Mr Jones was quite a small man who incongruously matched his black balaclava with a black suit and tie. He had an attaché case with him that he put down on the side of the bed and opened up. From her position Dianna could not see what was inside it.

He looked her over carefully examining her with small neat hands. He paid special attention to her groin, peeling open her aching sex lips to peer within. He slid a stiff finger into her vagina, apparently testing its elasticity and depth. Then he did the same to her anus. He sniffed his fingers delicately and then took out a wet wipe from a pack in his case and cleaned them off. Then he pulled her gag out.

'I want you to be quite free to scream and cry as much as you want,' he told her in a soft clear voice. 'The sounds of a woman in genuine distress only add to the pleasure. You won't disappoint me, will you?'

Dianna shuddered. Somehow Jones, although slighter, seemed more sinister than Smith and Brown had been. 'No, Master I won't.' She hesitated a moment and asked meekly: 'What will you do to me if I do disappoint you?'

'The same as I'm going to do to anyway of course. You're going to suffer in either case, but I'll just enjoy it more. After all, that's what you're here for isn't it. You've been a naughty girl and you need to be punished.'

Dianna realized she had no idea what the boys had told their friends about her. Did Jones really believe she deserve to be punished or was this simply is own fantasy? It didn't matter. Today he was her master and what he said was law.

'Yes, Master... I'm here to suffer. I've been naughty...'

'I think your pussy and bottom hole have been particularly naughty, haven't they?' Jones said.

'Yes Master,' Dianna said with feeling, thinking of how those organs had responded over the last few days, 'they have been very naughty indeed...'

He pulled something out of his attaché case and held it up for her to see. It was a large red wax candle. 'Have you ever been splashed by hot candle wax?' he asked. 'That can be very painful and decorative at the same time. Do you want to find out just how much?'

Dianna gulped. 'No, Master but I know you're going to show me anyway aren't you?'

Jones smiled behind his balaclava. 'That's right.'

It felt as if she was becoming complicit in the planning of her own torment. 'You'll make me scream, won't you Master?'

'I will. At least until I give you something to comfort you. Something you can suck on...'

\*\*\*

Dianna hung upside down from her cuffed ankles, so that her head was about waist high above the floor. The spreader rod held her legs wide and a ring in its middle was hung over the heavy hook screwed to the roof beam. Her strapped arms strained at her sides and her taped hands flapped and twisted against her thighs.

Jones had pushed three red candles into her rectum, making her sphincter bulge unnaturally, and lit them. They melted quickly and their wax was already trickling down her buttock cleft, scorching her as it went. It hardened into a frozen rivulet as it emerged from her cleft and dangled over her flanks like a waxy stalactite. She could feel the heat of their flames on her inner thighs as they burn down.

Jones stood in front of her totally naked, except for his socks, with his head level with her groin watching every detail intently. As he did so he sniffed and kissed her pussy, which was once again wet and excited and seeping juices. It didn't even need much direct stimulation any more, Dianna thought in despair, only the threat of pain and indignity. He could see she was aroused as she could see the same about him. Jones's stiff swollen penis, that seemed abnormally large in comparison to his stature, was rubbing over Dianna's face.

'Can you feel your bottom getting hotter?' Jones asked.

'Yes I can,' Dianna sobbed.

'Only a few more centimetres go and then flames will reach your anus. If I let them they'd burn right down inside you.'

'Please don't, Master! Do anything you want but please don't let me burn!' She began to moan and sob. 'Do anything you want... please... umphh!'

He pushed his cock into her open mouth, stifling her words. 'Then you make me come before the flames reach your bottom hole,' he said. 'If you're unlucky they might even set your pubic hair alight first... '

Desperately Dianna began to suck and lap on his hard shaft, taking it down her throat and loving it and worshipping it and trying to make it spout within her, racing the descending flames. She could feel their heat and the flow of ever more fluid wax filling the cleft of her buttocks. Her thighs felt as if they were scorching....

And then Jones clutched her inverted body and drove his shaft a little deeper down her throat and spurted his sperm into her.

As he emptied himself she heard him blow hard and felt the candle flames go out and she smelt their sweet smoke. She was so relieved she had a little orgasm herself and sprayed a mist of her juices out into his masked face.

\*\*\*

Dianna lay spread-eagled on a rubber sheet on her bed.

Her wrists and ankles were cuffed and chained to its four corners. Jones had unstrapped her arms from her body and stretched them out wide for the first time in days. Her shoulder joints had felt as if they were going to snap.

Now, still naked, Jones knelt over her shivering body. He held a pair of candles in his hands and was delicately tilting them so their streams and droplets of wax splashed onto Dianna's trembling breasts. He was methodically coating them in solid shells of wax.

Dianna was screaming almost constantly, holding nothing back, while her eyes were red with tears. Behind his mask Jones was smiling hugely. He was holding the candles low over her body so the wax lost as little heat as possible during its brief descent onto her pale defenceless flesh. Layer by layer he built up the red shells over her breasts like skin-tight armour. Her nipples, standing up painfully hard, were the last parts of her flesh poking up through the encroaching domes. They of course were also the most sensitive parts of her breasts. The last streams of wax he dropped on them, sealing them in completely, made her scream and convulse in pain.

Dianna lost control of her bladder and spurted urine out across the

rubber sheet, which then flowed back under her buttocks.

‘Oh... that this really is excellent,’ he said. ‘You really are such a filthy girl...’

Jones had a pack of paper tissues with him and used them to mop up her urine and then he cleaned her wet pussy and the sheet with his wet wipes. All the while Dianna trembled with her breasts encased in wax. It seemed to be cooling and tightening about them making her irrationally feel trapped. She began to fear she would never see them again.

When Jones was satisfied with her cleanliness, he knelt between her spread thighs and thrust his stiff shaft up into her desperate vagina. His small hard body lay across her, pounding and grinding into her. His chest pressed into her encased breasts, shattering the wax and breaking the shells, the edges cutting into her soft domes of flesh which suddenly gave way beneath it, before crumbling and scattered across her chest.

Was the symbolism? He, the little man, had broken down her defences?

What strange games was he playing to satisfy his fantasies?

\*\*\*

When Jones recovered, after a pleasant time sprawled across her bound body using it as a living mattress, they both had smears of wax across their chests.

‘Now I’m going to take something away to remember you by,’ he told her.

What did he mean?

Jones left her wrists bound to the head of the bed but freed her legs and pulled them up over her body, spreading them as he did so until he could fasten her ankles next to her wrists. Now she lay doubled over with her hips raised enticingly, exposing the cleft mound of her pubis and the pucker of her anus. She was completely open to him and totally helpless. She did not think

whether that was right or wrong only that it was the way it was... for today at least.

She saw his penis swelling and lifting once again and her sore scorched nipples throbbed in anticipation.

Jones took out five red candles and forced them one at a time into the opening of her vagina, making her whimper as he stretched her wider and wider until she was sobbing and they were jutting up like castle towers from a fleshy moat: a moat that was once again filling with fluid.

He lit the candles and watched them flicker contentedly.

‘This time I’m going to let them burn down almost to your pussy lips,’ he told her. ‘It will hurt...’

Dianna simply nodded. ‘As you wish, Master...’

The wax trickled down the sides of the candles in fluid rivulets, driven by the massed heat of their flames. It flowed into the cleft of her sex and she imagined she could here it sizzling on her juices. It ran between the barrels of the candles down deeper into her stretched vagina, filling it with wax. It overflowed her pussy lips and began to run into her pubic curls.

Dianna bit her lip but said nothing. She was his plaything to do with as he wanted. The boys must know about this. Or did they? It was too late now.

The wax was spreading and filling the gap between her stretched thighs like a crude red birthday cake that was all icing, a little bit running down into the pucker of her anus. Dianna began to squirm and moan getting hotter and hotter. The wax felt like molten lava pouring over her and into her and about her. It was swamping her pubic curls. Her pussy mound was vanishing under it. The candles were just stumps now flickering in a pool of clear wax over her vagina.

‘Please!’ she sobbed. ‘Please blow them out now, Master... they’re burning me! Please!’



He blew the candles out and they smoked at the summit of her thighs, now resembling a smouldering volcanic cone. Dianna went limp, trembling with relief.

Jones waited until the wax was totally cold and then carefully took a grip on it.

‘Are you ready for one last scream?’ he asked.

Dianna’s eyes widened in horror she realized what he meant to do.

Before she could reply he had ripped the fat cone of wax off her groin, making a sucking tearing sound as it tore free of her pussy mound. The plug of the candle shaft bases had fused together with the wax that had flowed down between them, forming a perfect mould of the mouth of her vagina and its passage beyond.

Dianna screamed as all the hairs were torn out of her pubes, leaving it blushing red but totally smooth.

Jones held up the mould of her vagina, embedded with her pubic curls.

‘That will make a perfect memento,’ he declared.

\*\*\*

When Jones had gone carrying his keepsake with him, the boys returned to clean her up.

After what she been through their handling was almost a relief. She was physically exhausted and bruised and aching in every orifice and her newly hairless pussy was tingling and felt raw. But it met with the boys’ approval and they stroked and petted it in fascination.

‘I think she looks good like that,’ Reece said.

‘Yeah,’ Calvin agree, ‘really little girlish and bit pervy.’

Once they had finished admiring her bare pussy, Todd said: 'Now listen, Miss Crowley. You can either go home tonight or you can stay here another day and we'll play with you some more.'

'I want to go home tonight please, Master,' Dianna said meekly.

'Then you're going to do something special for us. A little performance to prove you're not the cold bitch we thought you were. Are you up for that?'

What choice did she have? 'Yes, Master.'

'Right, this is what you're going to do...'

\*\*\*

Dianna knelt on the bed naked except for her collar. For the first time in days the tape had been stripped from her hands and she could use her fingers properly. They felt stiff and strange, but she forced them to do what had to be done one last time.

Lying on the bed beside her was a large carrot with its fluffy green fronds still attached and a huge cucumber.

Looking at the watching boys she took up the carrot and lay back spreading her legs wide. She slid its tip into her greased anus and pushed and twisted and ground it up into her rectum. She groaned as its strange rough shape plugged her. Her sphincter strained to pass over its head and then closed about the green fronds, which hung out of her bottom like a strange kind of tail. As it went inside her, her nipples popped up.

Then she took up the cucumber and rubbed it up and down her cleft to start her juices flowing freely. She rubbed them over the vegetable then, taking deep breath, she pushed it up into her.

It was so big she thought it would burst but she kept on pushing and twisting and sliding until half of the thing had vanished inside her and the rest jutted obscenely out of her, stretching the smooth hairless lips of her sex.

Then she began to rub her straining clitoris. Juices bubbled up around the plugged rim of her vagina.

Then as they had told her, she said aloud: 'I'm a slut! A real filthy slut... and I love sticking things up my cunt and arse! The bigger the better!'

And then a strange kind of madness seemed to take hold of her. Why not? What did it matter now?

Dianna dug her fingers into the sticky painfully stretched mouth of her pussy between the cucumber and her flesh and wrenched her sex lips even further apart and shouted: 'Have me now! Fuck me please!'

And the watching boys, wearing only their balaclavas and excitedly rubbing their stiff cocks, fell upon her: clambering onto the bed and pulling and twisting her bare body to suit their pleasure, handling her almost savagely between them. They tore the cucumber and carrot from her pussy and bottom hole with sucking pops and rammed their cocks up into her in their place. As she gasped another cock plugged her throat as well. Then they pumped away, filling her with their sperm one last time...

And locked in their multiple rough embrace, skewered by their rampant penises, Dianna came so hard she fainted.

\*\*\*

After they had recovered themselves, the boys looked down at Dianna's limp, soiled body in satisfaction. She looked back at them through bleary eyes, utterly exhausted.

'Now we're going to clean you up properly,' Todd said, 'so there's going to be nothing left on you to show you were ever here...'

They vigorously scrubbed her body all over and shampooed her hair and flushed out her sore passages. They were not gentle but Dianna did not complain. It was almost over. She was going home...

Why did she not feel more excited?

They stood her on a plastic sheet to dry her off then they bound her in strips of masking tape like a mummy. They taped her wrists together in front of her then bound tape over her forearms and around her waist to hold her hands down over her pussy. A final strip went over her mouth to gag her.

‘When we get you home we’ll cut your arms free and you can pull the tape off your mouth and then chew through the tape on your wrists and then get the rest off,’ Calvin said. ‘That’ll give us long enough to get away.’

They wrapped the plastic sheet about her except for her face. Before they taped a strip of cloth over her eyes to blindfold her, Todd said: ‘There’s one more thing we got show you...’

The boys moved about the room pulling at what appeared to be solid bricks in the walls. Except now she saw they were painted cardboard facings concealing voids behind them in which sat digital cameras, the gaps for their lenses concealed by the cracks and peeling paint, which had been filled in about them.

Dianna squirmed and blushed as the realisation struck her. Oh God, had they recorded every obscene thing she had been made to do? Of course they had...

‘If you tell anybody what we’ve done to you, then a video of you stuffing your pussy with vegetables while admitting you’re a sex slut will get onto the Internet,’ Todd said. ‘Some people might believe you were forced to make it, but others will think you are really into this kind of thing and were just having a good time. What will that do to your career at school? Do you want to take the risk?’

And with that frightening thought filling her mind, they taped the cloth over her eyes. They picked her tape-bound body up between them and carried her back through the dark woods to her car, where they packed her away in her suitcase once more.

\*\*\*

Half an hour later they arrived at her bungalow as they had left it under the

cover of darkness.

They unloaded her in the case in which she had been carried off and rolled it into her house. They took her into her bedroom, unwrapped her from the plastic sheet and laid her naked on her bed. Then they cut the tape that bound her arms.

Dianna heard them leave quietly.

By the time she had chewed through the tape binding her wrists, removed her blindfold and ripped the other strips of tape off her, the boys were long gone.

Suddenly she felt very alone.

# Afterwards...

Dianna did not report her kidnapping and brutal sexual ordeals to the police.

She rationalised this to herself with the admission that there was no proof except for her assertion that this vile, incredible thing that happened. The boys had covered their tracks well. She had never seen their faces and only thought she recognised their voices. They had never admitted who they were. If ever she took them to court it would simply be her word against theirs. And of course there was also the matter of her own shame at the way she had responded to their treatment of her. Even though it had been out of necessity, she had behaved like a slut. The recording of her last session seemed to prove that. All those orgasms would be hard to explain. It almost sounded like a sexual fantasy she had concocted for herself out of frustration following her breakup with Richard. Whichever way she looked at it, was all too intense and personal and embarrassing to tell anybody else.

Of course that meant the boys would get away with it which was wrong. On the other hand the only person who had been harmed was herself, so it was her decision to make.

Even after she had decided on this course of action, returning to school following the half term holiday was still an ordeal.

Dianna was fearful that the boys would taunt her with sly knowing looks and superficially innocent remarks that secretly alluded to what they had done to her. But to her surprise they behaved just as normal: if anything slightly better than normal, looking at her with innocent, guileless faces and acting as if nothing intimate had ever taken place between them.

After a week of this Dianna almost began to wonder if it had been the three of them behind those masks after all. No, she knew it was them. But for some reason they simply were not making anything of it, as if they had got all they wanted. Finally school routine and the pressure of exam time took over and she lost herself in her work. Maybe it was easier to pretend it had just

been a nightmare.

The school broke up for summer and Todd, Reece and Calvin left its gates for the last time. Dianna took the opportunity to have a belated proper holiday in Cornwall. It was relaxing if rather dull.

August came and the A-Level results were released. Dianna saw that the boys' grades were no worse, but no better, than had been forecast. Whatever mysterious purpose they had alluded to seemed to have made no difference to their future prospects in life. Had it all been one big sick joke? Nothing seemed to have changed.

Except in one respect...

Almost every night since her return from her kidnapping, Dianna lay on her bed masturbating herself with a vibrator and thinking of straps and chains and a musty bed in a lonely little building in the woods. The pubic lips that the vibrator parted were still naked. Her hair had begun to grow back but had she decided to keep them smooth. They felt nicer that way. Sometimes she also pleased herself with a big cucumber pushed up her rectum until it felt ready to burst. Whatever she had or had not been able to teach the boys during their time at school, they had taught her a lesson about the needs of her own body that she would never forget.

Then she received a very neat and polite letter.

*Dear Miss Crowley,*

*We'd just like to thank you for all the help and encouragement you gave us during our time at the college. We know we were not always the easiest of pupils but we wanted to let you know that your efforts were not wasted. It's all down to you that we've now got jobs paying good money which we'll be starting soon. I (Todd) have been taken on by Windom Lane estate agents; Reece will be working at Carter, Hutton and Oakshott the solicitors, and Calvin at Bowburn Concepts advertising agency.*

*You said we could be successful if we applied ourselves and we have.*

*Thanks again.*

*Todd, Reece and Calvin.*

And then Dianna understood it all, and knew that, although she would never know which was which, she had just read the real names of Smith, Brown and Jones, one of whom would have a wax cast of her pussy with her pubic hairs embedded in it as a memento. And if the men had not been grateful enough for the day they had spent playing with her, then whatever those hidden cameras had recorded might have come in useful to encourage them to give jobs to boys who might not be academically gifted, but who had certainly shown initiative. It hadn't really been about her at all. The boys had just used her as a tool to get better jobs than they deserved!

For a moment Dianna felt absurdly insulted. Then she began to laugh.

She had given them a good start in life after all, even though it had been by being chained naked on a bed with her legs open. Well, nobody had ever said being a teacher was easy...

That evening Dianna took a cucumber up to bed again. This time she had a candle as well and dribbled it over her breasts and smooth bare pussy cleft as she masturbated, wincing happily.

Of course it helped if your teacher was also a bit of a slut at heart.

**THE END**