

The Young Women of St. Evals

ST. EVALS

Simon
Grail



THE YOUNG WOMEN OF ST. EVALS

Simon Grail

© Copyright, 2013 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>

Chapter One

The sign beside the wooded country lane read: *You are entering St Evals. Please drive carefully through our village.*

Peering out through the window of her private taxi at the sign, Sally Tyndall felt a thrill of excitement and her loins tingled in secret anticipation. After all the waiting she was nearly there. A whole week alone in a romantic English village with Damien!

The road dipped down into a shallow wooded valley about a mile and half long. In this the village nestled, overlooked by the spire of a small church. It was hardly more than a single high-street crossed by a few narrow lanes and surrounded by a patchwork of small fields. As the car rolled sedately into the village Sally saw buildings of thatch, tile, timber, brick and stone all cheerfully jumbled together. There was not a supermarket in sight but there were several small individual shops with bow fronts and small wood-paned windows and three inviting pubs, all of which were very neat and appeared freshly painted and decorated with hanging flower baskets. There was also a quaint old shuttered market cross in the middle of the high street, with a weathervane on top of its octagonal roof. In all it looked like a lovely place to stay, and it only added to the mystery and adventure of it all when she realized that she was not sure exactly where St Evals was.

When Damien had first spoken of going away with her for a whole week, Sally had thought he meant taking the Eurostar to Paris, not a little village she had never heard of in the south of England. But now she realized that with fewer distractions their time together might be even more intimate and special. The preparations that followed had certainly been excitingly clandestine.

At Damien's suggestion she had told everybody at the office and her neighbours at her flat that she been invited by a school friend, who was of course quite fictitious, to stay at her cottage on the edge of Dartmoor for the holidays. She had even packed for just such a visit and bought a ticket from Clapham to Exeter. But she had got off the train at Salisbury where a private

hire car sent from St Evals and driven by a smart uniformed chauffeur, all booked by Damien, was waiting for her. For half an hour Sally was driven eastward along a maze of country lanes until she was unsure whether she was in Cranborne Chase or the Vale of Wardour.

‘It’ll be a surprise,’ Damien told her. ‘St Evals is a very special place.’ And he was right.

The car turned smoothly into the forecourt of a lovely half-timbered old Hotel Inn with ivy climbing up its walls, bearing a large panoramic painted sign hung above the main entrance showing an eighteenth-century stage coach being pulled by a team of eight, bearing the name: *The Coach and Horses*. The chauffeur opened the door for Sally, tipping his hat as he did so, and then fetched her bag from the boot and carried it after her as she made her way inside.

The entrance hall was compact and featured more dark oak woodwork, but again it was very neat, immaculately fitted out and richly carpeted.

‘Mrs Brown,’ Sally announced herself to the dignified balding man behind the reception desk, who wore a grey silk tie and had small pink rose in his buttonhole. ‘My husband will be arriving shortly,’ she continued, using her best refined accent which she had been working on for the last year. ‘We’re booked in for a week... ‘

‘Indeed you are, Mrs Brown,’ the man said amiably, checking his register. ‘I’m Norman Sachem, the manager. If you’d just like the sign in... thank you. I do hope you have a memorable stay in our little village.’

‘I’m sure I will,’ Sally said, further buoyed up by the warmth of his welcome. ‘You look as though you’re doing very well for a small hotel, Mr Sachem. I thought business was tight nowadays. Do you get a lot of tourist trade?’

‘We have a core of regular customers from many parts who appreciate our unique ambiance, Mrs Brown. That helps us make ends meet.’

‘Well now I’ve found you I hope I can come back more often in the future.’

‘We certainly look forward to seeing a lot more of you very soon, Mrs Brown,’ Sachem said sincerely.

An actual bellboy in a red and gold uniform, something you did not usually see nowadays outside four and five hotels, took Sally’s bag and showed up to her room on the first floor. It was a compact suite with a small but beautifully furnished lounge, a double bedroom and adjoining bathroom.

Once she was alone, Sally could not help running her hands over the plush and highly polished furniture and bouncing on the big soft iron-framed bed. Then she looked out the window at the peaceful and idyllic village. Damien had been right: it was a special place.

Leaving her phone on the bedside table, Sally unpacked and put away her clothes, except for the bag containing her special items which she left in the bottom of her case. Then she began running a bath and undressed. She paused for a moment to examine her naked twenty-two year old body critically in the wardrobe’s full length mirror.

She had green eyes and a pale complexion with blonde shoulder-length hair tied back in a ponytail. Her face was open and regular enough although she had a nose that at times she worried was slightly too big, but her mouth was wide and nicely shaped. She was small in stature but had a curvy figure with a tight waist that made her naturally pneumatic breasts look bigger than they were as they stood out proudly from her slender chest. Her breasts were capped by sharply defined pink nipples with stand-up crowns which protruded impudently. They were almost permanently erect as they were threaded through with silver nipple rings. A silver body bar was hooked through the deep pucker of her navel which in turn complemented the rings set in the inner lips of her smooth shaven and prominent pubic mound. Her dimpled bottom cheeks were pale and as perky as her breasts.

She stuck out her pink tongue, exposing a silver stud piercing it. Damien had arranged for her to get these piercings a few months ago. It had added an interesting extra dimension to their sex life but she would have agreed to them in any case. She would do anything to please him. He was wealthy, powerful and self-assured, and offered her something that she, as an orphan, had never truly known: the chance to have both love and security.

And if their stay in Saint Evals went as she hoped, then perhaps she would have something even more precious by the end of it.

Sally bathed with care and then prepared herself for Damien's arrival. First she applied depilating cream to her pubic mound to ensure it was perfectly smooth. Then she squatted over the toilet and used the large syringe and rubber tube she carried with her on such occasions to flush out her rectum. After she had wiped her bottom clean she applied some lubricating gel to the mouth of her anus. She had learned to give herself enemas soon after becoming Damien's lover. He liked using that tighter entrance to her body, and, although she often found it painful, she was always ready to satisfy his intimate desires. She sometimes hoped that if he saw she was suffering to please him it would make him care for her even more deeply.

Sally dried and combed her hair until it shone and tied it back. Then she carefully applied minimal make-up and strategic dabs of the expensive perfume Damien had bought her for her birthday. Putting on a light wrap she went to her case, took out the special bag from the bottom and laid out its contents on the bed.

There was a black leather studded collar with a matching set of wrist and ankle cuffs, each with its own securing chain with snaphook ends. A special feature of the cuffs was that they had spring catches which could be closed by the person wearing them but not opened again without the use of a key. Next was a red rubber ball gag on a black elastic strap. Then came a pair of black rubber garters, each of which had an elastic cord with a hook on its end trailing from them. Aside from the restraints there was a silver vibrator, a leather many-thonged lash which stowed away inside its own hollow handle, and a spanking paddle with a telescopic handle. Last was a small folded rubber sheet.

Sally felt a fresh tingle inside her loins as she contemplated the strange and intimate array of devices, recalling the highs of pleasure and pain they had brought her to at Damien's hands. And now she looked forward an entire week of him using them on her every night.

She unfolded the rubber sheet and placed it in the middle of the bed and put the gag at its head and the vibrator, lash and paddle at the foot. Then she took up the cuffs. Fortunately the iron framed bed offered plenty of places to position them. She coiled their chains around its corner posts and used the snaphooks to hold them in place.

She checked the time and tweeted or texted everybody on her contact list who she had told about her holiday with the same message: "Just arriving. Devon looks lovely..." etc. At Damien's suggestion she would send updates throughout her stay to maintain the deception. It was fun in a way although she really wished there was no need to deceive anybody about their relationship. Maybe by the end of the week there wouldn't be...

A text came up on her phone. It was from Damien and it read: *Just arriving. Be with you in ten minutes. BRNWYLCW.*

The last was their own private erotic code and it stood for: be ready naked with your legs chained wide.

Quickly Sally closed the door of the bedroom that communicated with the lounge and slipped off her wrap.

First she pulled on the rubber garters, hooking their cords to the rings in her inner labia. Then she lay down on the bed with her bottom on the rubber sheet. She pushed the ball gag into her mouth and buckled its strap behind her neck. Then she reached down and cuffed her ankles to the posts at the foot of the bed. With her legs spread the garter cords pulled her inner labia wide, exposing the wet pink inner valley of her pussy cleft, the throbbing bud of her clitoris, the tiny hole of her urethra and the dark, crinkle-edged mouth of her vagina, which was already beginning to engorge and gape in anticipation of what was to come.

She lay back and spread her arms and slipped her hands through the

wrist cuffs. Taking deep breath she pulled them tight, snapping the catches shut. Only Damien had the key to release them. Now she was naked, spread-eagled, gagged, exposed and helpless, eagerly awaiting her lover.

Her ringed nipples were standing up and throbbing stiffly, while her peeled-open sex cleft was glistening with wetness. Fluid was already beginning to seep from the base of her pussy valley and across the greased pucker of her anus into the cleft of her buttocks. It was already filling the air with the reek of her arousal. She wondered how much would have gathered on the rubber sheet under her by the time she was freed from her bondage once again. Anticipating Damien's arrival and the aura of power that he carried with him always had that effect on her. Perhaps it was because she'd never had any power of her own to speak of.

Over twenty years Damien Bentley had built up Loadstar Holdings from nothing to a multi-million pound company, buying up other failing businesses and extracting their most valuable assets and somehow selling them on at a profit, proving that sometimes the parts could be greater than their whole. He had first met Sally when she was working at Lodestar as a temp. He must have liked her because anything he liked he eventually made his own.

Her temporary job became permanent when he offered her work as assistant to his own PA, Mrs Langham. Sally soon found out that her job title was largely meaningless since the dumpy but highly efficient Mrs Langham did not need her help and treated her with distant politeness, apparently knowing perfectly well why she was there and what function she was actually intended to serve in the company. But she was loyal to the firm and was also perhaps pragmatic enough to know that Damien's nature could not be denied in such matters, so she did nothing to expose Sally. Meanwhile Sally's job gave her a plausible reason to be close to Damien which was by then, after he had made some discreet and other not so discreet advances towards her to test her feelings, her dearest wish.

However the day in his office when he almost casually reached up under her skirt and fondled her bottom had been, she realized afterwards, inevitable from the very beginning. Whatever her own feelings might have been, Damien always got what he wanted in the end. It was one of those

characteristics that attracted her to him so strongly. She had never possessed such self-confidence and driving ambition. She admired it in others even when, as her bruised anus could often testify, it caused her personal physical discomfort.

By then of course she had been totally overwhelmed by Damien's attentions towards her and had become in effect his helpless, and every sense, his slavish mistress. He was charming and persuasive. He had introduced her to his private world of BDSM practices and although she had never tried the lifestyle before she had soon become an eager disciple. That he should dominate her both emotionally and physically seemed perfectly natural. That was what powerful men did.

Only one obstacle now remained between Sally and total contentment: Damien's wife Louisa. And Sally had hopes that by the end of this special week that obstacle would be removed. After admitting her feelings concerning his marriage to Damien on several occasions, she had hope that he would finally use this opportunity to announce that he was divorcing Louisa. Sally did not feel any personal guilt about her part in this. Damien had made it clear from the start that his marriage had mainly been a matter of convenience on both their parts. Louisa had invested a considerable sum of her own capital in Lodestar when it was getting started, which Damien freely admitted had been essential in his early years, but it had not bought his affection. They still posed as a loving couple in public but they had both discreetly had other lovers, so Sally was not breaking up a genuine romance. Sally also knew she could make Damien happier than Louisa ever had. The prospect made her dizzy with desperate lust and desire.

She heard the outer door of the suite open and then distantly Damien saying, presumably to the bellboy: 'Don't worry... I'll take care of the bags from here... thank you...' She heard the outer door close. There was a pause and then the door of the bedroom swung open.

Damien Bentley was a lean, clean-cut man in his mid-forties with greying hair, intense eyes and a determined mouth. He smiled and she felt her heart miss a beat and her stomach flip. It did not matter to Sally that he was twice her age because all she saw was the power and strength of his personality. She felt it radiated from him was surprised other people were not aware of it.

She was very aware of it now as he came over to the bed and looked down at her spread-eagled, naked figure. She shuddered and felt a fresh surge of shameless slippery wetness rise up out of her pussy and run down between her legs.

‘What we have here, a naked slut chained to my bed?’ he said with mock disbelief. ‘What sort of girl meat is she made of? Just a cheap cut or something prime?’

He ran his strong hands over her body, pinching and kneading her soft flesh. She shivered and moaned and writhed with delight at his touch as he examined her intimately. He took hold of her piercing rings and lifted and twisted them in their fleshy sockets, making her whimper with happy pain. Finally he slipped stiff fingers into her lovemouth, making her groan and dribble about her gag, and brought them out shiny with her juices.

‘Now that is top quality,’ he declared at last. ‘But I think she needs a little more tenderising before I try her out. Now what’s the best tool for the job?’

Damien slipped off his jacket and rolled up the sleeves of his pale blue silk shirt. He picked up the spanking paddle and the lash Sally had set out for him and weighed them against each other thoughtfully. Sally’s nipples felt they were ready to burst. Dropping the paddle he trailed the thongs of the lash across Sally’s body, and then swung it through the air so that it hissed before it smacked into her soft stomach.

There came a crack of leather on flesh. Sally yelped as her back arched, making her breasts heave, and her eyes filled with tears. She knew the thongs would not break her skin, but the stinging smack they imparted was always a shock.

The second lash blow struck her defenceless breasts, making their soft globes shiver and flatten under its impact and driving her hard ringed nipples deep into their fleshy pillows. But in a moment they sprang resiliently back up again, as springy as flesh balloons, now glowing with bright red scores but apparently eager for more punishment. And punishment they got. Damien lashed them twice more from each side, making them heave and bounce

against each other as he painted their soft contours with the marks of the lash. Then he moved down her body again, giving her palpitating stomach another swipe, until he reached her spread thighs and her streaming and hooked wide-open pussy mouth.

Damien changed his stance and swung the lash up between her trembling legs, past her rubber-gartered thighs and full into her gaping pink sex mouth. If she has thought having her breasts lashed hurt then this was an entirely new order of pain. Sally bit down on her gag ball, trying to stifle her shriek of agony as her poor vulva seemed to burst and burn as it was ripped through by the terrible leather thongs. In the back of her mind she knew that her lover was subjecting her to a terrible torment for his sadistic pleasure, and all her instincts were making her strain at the chains that bound her to the bed, squirming and struggling wildly to escape. And yet at the same time her perverse delight in her own suffering was written in the dark stains that clung to the lash thongs as they tore through her sex and splattered them across her belly and inner thighs. Her freely flowing love juices gathering on the rubber sheet under her hot bottom were proof of her helpless lust and excitement.

She hated and yet adored this moment. She had learned that to be abused by power was in a twisted way almost as good as possessing it. Damien dominated everybody so she was in good company. Even as tears streamed down her cheeks she lifted their hips towards him, offering up her body for his pleasure. She was his sex toy, his pleasure doll, to do with as he wished.

After half a dozen more strokes, Damien lowered his arm and looked down at Sally's trembling body with satisfaction. Sally returned his gaze through misty, fearful, love-filled eyes. From her neck to midway down her thighs her pale skin was now a blushing mottled scarlet, while her hard straining nipples had become two shades darker with the hot lustful blood that surged through them.

‘Now that’s what I call properly tenderised girl meat,’ he said.

He reversed the lash and pushed the handle deep into Sally's dripping, gaping vagina. She clenched about it by reflex.

‘You hold onto that tight,’ he warned her.’ I’m going to have a shower...’

And so he left her there, longing to have him inside her and not a lash handle, teetering on the brink of coming and yet unable to, desperate and unsatisfied. He could apparently wait when she could not. It was another demonstration of his power and although it frustrated her terribly in a strange way she admired him for it. He knew she would simmer in her own need and be all more juicy and satisfying when he came back.

That had to be worth waiting for.

Damien was in the bathroom a good twenty minutes. When he emerged he was wearing a purple towelling robe. He came over to Sally and pulled the lash handle out of her sopping vagina. It came free with an obscene sucking sound. He sniffed its shiny coating of love juices and grinned.

‘Now you’re ready,’ he said.

He stripped off his robe. Underneath his lean, carefully exercised body was naked and sporting a rampant erection. Sally’s eyes locked up on it and all the suffering suddenly seemed worthwhile.

Damien mounted her without any pretence at foreplay. Her beating had taken care of that. Her tender hot breasts were flattened against his chest as it pushed her hard ringed nipples back down into their soft parent milk glands. Sally gasped and moaned as his manhood slid into her desperately waiting vagina. He thrust into her hard, totally dominating her, grinding her into the mattress.

This was her proper place, she thought dizzily: being underneath him, supporting him, offering him all the pleasure of her body.

Her simmering wait had not been in vain. Damien came inside after only a dozen hard thrusts, but she was ready for him and her own orgasmic juices gushed out to mingle with the jets of his sperm that he pumped up into her clenching, lustful vagina. Finally, as the passions drained out of them, they lay still together in a hot, sweaty carnal embrace.

When he had recovered, Damien pulled out of Sally and left her chained to the bed with her bottom in a cooling pool of his sperm and her juices while he cleaned himself up in the bathroom. Sally did not resent this. It was just another sign of his power over her. She waited upon his pleasure. That was the way he liked it.

Only when he had emerged once again did he finally unlock her cuffs and free her from the bed. Sally winced as she sat up and her freshly tanned flesh stung. He pulled her gag out and kissed her, then gave her a smack on her sticky wet bottom. 'Now clean yourself up and make yourself look presentable. I've got a present for you...'

Eager as she was to see what he had brought for her, Sally was as quick in the bathroom as she could be while still taking care to freshen herself up to the standard Damien liked. After washing off the rubber sheet and leaving it hung over the shower partition to drip off, she flushed her sore pussy out and then used a sponge and cold water to take the edge off the blush on her tanned flesh, as she knew he'd like to see her pale and clear-skinned. There would always be another opportunity to put his mark on her later when she was due another lashing or spanking. She removed her rubber garters but left her collar on. Whilst in the privacy of their private suite she was happy to play the part of his loving, naked slave girl.

She found Damien waiting for her in the lounge sitting in one of its deep armchairs. He looked very smart and his dinner jacket hung over the chair back as though ready to be put on. Sally realised that it was gone seven o'clock. She would have to get dressed herself soon. On a coffee table was a large gift wrapped package in silver foil tied with red ribbon.

Damien pointed to it. 'Go on, opening up and put it all on. They had your measurements but I want to see they fit you properly...'

Excitedly Sally went down on her knees and pulled open the package.

Inside was a set of fine silver filigree objects nestling in beds of red silk. It took her a moment to realise what they were. There was a pair of high heeled shoes encrusted with silver glitter with padlocked ankle straps linked by an adjustable hobble chain. There was a matching set of a high silver filigree collar and wrist cuffs. Then came a pair of filigree breast cups with holes to let her nipples pass through and tiny padlocks to lock them in place. These complimented a triangular pussy cup in the same style with another small padlock for her pierced labia. There was a fourth cupped and roughly diamond-shaped item in this set she could not first make out until she realised it was intended to go over her mouth and chin and about her nose. It had a smaller triangular hole for the tip of her nose above a larger round hole that would frame her lips. On either side of this opening were curving hinged arms padded with clear plastic tubing with a clip on their ends which would latch onto her tongue stud. Coiled around the outside of all this was a silver chain leash.

Sally gaped at it in amazement. It was beautiful workmanship, both wonderful and terrible the same time. It was the kind of ensemble she imagined a bondage fairy princess might wear.

‘It’s... incredible,’ she said the choked voice.

Fortunately Damien seemed to take her inarticulate hesitation as a sign of her being lost for words in delight at the ensemble. ‘Put it on. Let me see what you look like...’

Biting her lip, Sally undid her studded collar and replaced it with the filigree one. A recessed catch within it clicked shut. The collar had a large tether ring hanging from its throat. The matching wrist cuffs went on next. She saw they had rings on their sides with snaphook fittings that could be locked together. The shoes, which had ten centimetre heels, fitted her surprisingly well. She snapped the little padlocks on the straps closed after she buckled them up, locking them onto her feet. The hobble chain was slung between them. She hesitated slightly at putting on the pussy cup but did not want to disappoint Damien. She removed her labial rings and slipped the cup over her pubic mound. She pulled her inner lips through the slot in its front and slipped the padlock through the ring mounts on each side and then her piercings, clicking it shut. Now the pussy cup was held in place by the tongue

of her labia pouting out through its slot. She did the same with the breast cups which hugged the undersides of her breasts and extended over her nipples. The tiny padlocks dangled from them in place of her nipple rings.

She put the filigree gag mask on last, hesitantly placing it over her nose and mouth with its cupped part going under her chin. She swung the curved arms into her mouth, the clear plastic-coated sections going between her teeth and over her tongue until their ends latched onto the top of her stud. It kept her tongue down and her mouth open as though in a frozen “O” of surprise. She could still make sounds but it effectively muted coherent speech by literally holding her tongue. She realised that it also made her appear invitingly open to oral intercourse.

Damien took hold of her arms and pulled them round behind her back, clicking her new wrist cuffs together. Then he took the last remaining item from the box: the leash and slid one end through her collar ring.

Only now did Sally notice that it divided into two finer chains at its end, each with a spring clip. He fed the pair of chains through the big ring on the front of her collar and clipped them onto her nipple padlocks. Then he gave the leash a slight tug. The chains slid through her throat ring and pulled sharply on her nipples. Immediately she took a step towards him to ease the tension.

Damien smiled. ‘That’s the idea. You’ll follow where I take you now, won’t you?’

Sally made a feeble whine of assent.

For a minute Damien practised leading Sally around the room on the end of her new leash. She followed after him with quick shuffling hobbled steps, desperately anxious not to have her nipples jerked again.

When he was satisfied she was walking smartly to heel, he put on his jacket, saying as his did so: ‘I’d love to show everybody else how hot you look in that getup. I think I’ll take you down to dinner with me just like you are and see what they think...’

Before Sally could quite believe what was happening, Damien had pulled a black silk domino mask from his pocket and put it on over his eyes. Then he led her over to the door, opened it wide, and took her out, naked, cuffed and chained, into the public corridor of the hotel.

Chapter Two

At first Sally thought Damien must have gone mad to take her out like this in public. Then she thought that she would be physically sick or else faint from sheer embarrassment if they met anybody. But the corridor and the landing at the head of the stairs leading down to the reception hall were mercifully free of people at that moment. But Damien remorselessly continued on down and, led by her nipples, Sally had no choice but to totter down after him, desperately negotiating the steps in her hobbled high heels and trying not to fall over.

There was Mr Sachem behind the reception desk, the very model of correctness and decorum. Sally could feel her cheeks burning. Did Damien somehow intend to pass her state of bondage off as a bad joke? Oh God this was going to be awful...

Sachem looked up at Damien clad in his jacket and mask as he descended the last few steps of the staircase, then at Sally naked and bound in her silver filigree erotic body cups wobbling along at his heel... and smiled.

‘Good evening, Mr Brown,’ he said amiably, as though the sight of such a couple was the most normal thing in the world. ‘The table’s ready for you and your pet. Do go through... ‘

‘Thank you, Norman,’ Damien said casually, leading Sally towards the door of the dining room.

“Pet”! The word bounced around Sally’s whirling mind.

As she shuffled past Sachem he looked her up and down appreciatively and then in the eye and added with a smile: ‘I did say we’d be seeing a lot more of you shortly, didn’t I... *Mrs Brown.*’

Damien led Sally into the dining room, which was about half full. An immaculate maitre d’ came over to them. He hardly glanced at Sally. ‘How nice to see you again, Mr Brown. Your table is this way...’

As he led them across the dining room Sally felt a dozen eyes locking onto her... *masked eyes*: almost everybody dining was masked in one way or another, and all were looking her barely covered body over with frank and unashamed interest. But there were no cries of surprise or horrified pointed fingers and the gentle clink of cutlery on china and the low murmur of conversation continued unabated.

Confused and dizzy Sally shied her eyes away, looking around wildly for some escape from her nightmare. What she saw instead were more girls naked and bound much as she was. Then she realised that almost every diner had one with them at their table.

There was a naked red-headed girl on her hands and knees with a spiked collar locked about her neck eating from a large bowl. Her hands were encased in black thumbless rubber mittens and she had a black tail stuck to the small of the back which coiled up over her naked haunches and trembled slightly as she ate. She buried her face in the bowl and used her lips and teeth to gobble up her food. A heavy chain leash ran up from her collar to the arm of her master's chair where it was tied securely.

Another girl was seated at a table almost normally, facing the masked man opposite her. But she was wearing a dress which comprised nothing more than a loose mesh of extremely fine gold chains through which every detail of her pretty body could be seen. A high gold collar enclosed her neck. Her wrists were cuffed and chained loosely to the arms of her chair allowing her just enough slack to use her utensils to eat from her plate. She bent her head and shoulders forwards do so and Sally saw a chain running from the back of her collar through a ring set in the top rail of her chair to a counterweight that hung behind it.

There was a black girl squatting at a table with her arms cuffed behind her back and her chin resting on the table top. As the man she was with ate he popped titbits from his plate into her open mouth. Her big dark chocolate nipples were linked by a gold chain. There was something hanging from the dark pouch between her spread thighs... a gold padlock many times larger than the small one locked through Sally's own labia.

Sally would have continued to gape at the slaves but the maître d' had

brought them to a table laid for two. On one side was an ordinary chair and on the other a kind of low stool, upholstered in the same style with a broad padded top and some kind of metal rod hanging beneath it. The maître d' helped Damien into his seat and then turned expectantly to Sally who was swaying slightly.

‘It’s her first time, Anton,’ Damien explained. ‘She’s a little confused.’

‘Of course, Sir. What’s your pet’s name?’

“‘Sally’,’ said Damien.

He moved round and took hold of Sally by the shoulders. ‘Step up and kneel on the top, Sally, there’s a good girl...’ he said briskly.

Numbly she obeyed. There was a step on the side of the stool and using that she clambered up onto its top with a jingle of her hobble chain and knelt down. Her head was now a little lower than Damien’s with her filigree-capped breasts just grazing the table top. The padding on the stool was thick and supported her shins comfortably enough, curving down to let her feet hang over the end. There was a ridge along the middle of the stool top that made her part her legs and lips along its sides that stopped them sliding off. Holding her shoulder with one hand, the maître d’ reached under the stool and adjusted something. Sally yelped as she felt a rod with a bulbous tip slide up out of the seat under her bottom and force its way into her anus and up her rectum. Making frantic gurgling noises she tried to rise and pull herself off the rod, squeezing to push it out of her. But she felt its tip swelling up inside her like a balloon and in moments it was far too big to expel. Oh God what was happening to her?

‘Be a good girl now, Sally,’ Damien said to her sharply. ‘Calm down or I’ll have to punish you.’

Sally yipped as she felt a stinging jolt inside her rectum which left her shocked and dizzy. It was as though the rod inside her had just stabbed her with electric needles. She blinked tears out of her eyes and saw that Damien had his hand on a small remote control unit that was resting by his placemat.

‘That’s right. Your bum plug’s got a zapper built into it. So you settle down like a good girl and keep quiet while I order. Then I’ll explain...’

Shivering, Sally squatted impaled on her stool, staring down at the table top, still half hoping it was all a dream, while Damien ordered their meal and a bottle of red wine. The latter was brought to the table by the wine waiter within a minute, approved by Damien and decanted. The waiter put a glass with a straw down in front of Sally.

Damien took a sip from his glass and then smiled at Sally. ‘If you want some as well I’ll have to free your tongue. Then I’ll explain about St Evals. But remember you’re my pet and we’re in public so you must behave yourself. You only speak when I give you permission and you call me “Master”. Have you got that?’

Sally nodded numbly. Damien reached over and unclipped the arms of her face gag from her tongue stud. She flexed her tongue. ‘Thank me,’ he said.

‘Thank you... Master,’ she said in a small voice.

‘Now you drink and I’ll explain.’

Sally bent over the table and sucked in the warming wine gratefully. Perhaps if she drank enough she would not feel quite so self-conscious of her awful sense of shameful exposure. She tried to blot out the other diners around her. There was only her wine glass and its contents already numbing her senses and Damien’s voice...

‘This place is not actually called St Evals, of course,’ Damien said. ‘That’s a bit of a joke. But you’ll never know what its real name is so we’ll keep calling it that. Anyway, thirty years ago St Evals was dying. There were few young people left, its shops and pubs were shutting, the local church had no congregation, it had been bypassed and in every way it was on the end of a road to nowhere. Then, one summer, a businessman named Reynolds and his secretary slash slave stopped at the Three Bells just down the road. This was before satnavs and they’d got lost taking a cross country shortcut to Shaftsbury and wanted directions. The pair had some drinks out in the beer

garden to cool down, but they had an argument about map reading and it ended up with Reynolds losing his temper with his girl. She was his slave after all and should know better. In front of a few locals, who were the only others present, he took down her knickers and spanked her bare bum until she promised to behave.

‘That put her back in her place but what about the witnesses? Reynolds had a reputation to protect and had his eye on a possible seat in parliament at the next election so this couldn’t get out. So he paid the publican and his customers a wad of money not to report the incident. Maybe he was too generous or didn’t realise how tight things were in the village, because they said for that much money he could spank his girl here as often as he liked and they wouldn’t tell.

‘This got Reynolds thinking. Back home he told a friend who he knew also owned a slave girl. They contacted a few others and formed a little syndicate. They came back here, arranged for a village meeting where they paid off the locals in advance and then had fun with their girls openly around the village. They spread the word about St Evals and soon slave owners started coming here from all over the country. After all there weren’t that many places you could parade a naked collared slave girl around in public in the open air to show her off.’

Damien must have seen the growing look of astonishment on Sally’s face, because he said: ‘Surprises you, does it, finding out so many people keep girls as sex slaves?’ She nodded dumbly. ‘Well get used to it. There must be thousands of them around the country, but their owners don’t exactly publicise the fact for obvious reasons. That’s what makes St Evals so attractive.’

‘Anyway, after the meeting a few of the locals weren’t happy about the deal but they couldn’t deny it would save the village from dying. Others pointed out that as long as the girls who came were willing slaves, why not make the most of it? With the money they earned they began smartening the place up. Soon it grew into the village’s principle source of income and the resident locals began adapting to what you might call a slave economy, selling slave goods and providing support services but mostly acting as though bringing a slave girl here to stay is no more unusual than bringing a

pet dog. And that's why they call you a "pet". Here that's what you are. They also respect the privacy of their owners and don't object to them going under assumed names and being masked. Many of us have public identities we want to keep separate from the St Evals lifestyle.'

'Some slave owners find it useful to kennel their slaves here when they go on holidays. A few of the early ones have retired here. It's very secure. The road in is monitored for what traffic there is so only approved vehicles, like the local hire car that brought you here, are let in. Other traffic is diverted due to "road works". This means naked slaves can be walked about like dogs on the streets day and night and everyone treats it as perfectly normal.' He grinned. 'Of course they made sure they were kept out of the way for a few minutes when you were driven through so as not to spoil the surprise, you being a first timer.'

'And that's what makes St Evals so special. And for the next week I'm going to keep you here as my pet. You'll be naked and collared twenty-four hours a day so everybody can see what a lovely thing you are. So what do you think?'

By then the wine had dulled Sally's initial shock a little and taken the edge off her acute shame at being exposed like this in public, but it still left a yawning chasm of disappointment within her.

She had hoped Damien's surprise was the announcement that he was leaving Louisa, not that she was to be his pet slave for a week in some weird hangout for dominant men. She played the part of his submissive slave to please him in private, and that was often fun. But she was not a compulsive submissive or a masochist or exhibitionist and did not want to be exposed in front of all these strange eyes. It horrified her. Couldn't he see all that?

She looked into Damien's face and realised he did not. He genuinely expected her to be excited by the prospect.

How could he have misjudged her reaction so badly? Worse, how could she love somebody who did not know her any better by now? How could she have been so wrong about him?

Unless... unless this was a kind of test to see if she was truly committed to him? To see if she really was worthy of being his wife? He would not divorce Louisa for just anybody. Sally had no money to bring to their union, only her devotion. She must be ready to suffer some public shame and humiliation to prove she was no some cheap gold digger but genuinely loved him more than preserving her own dignity. Yes, that must be it. All right, then. For a week she would play the part of a perfect slave in public... even if inside she felt degraded and soiled.

‘I think... I think this is the most amazing place I’ve ever seen... Master,’ Sally said with feeling. Well, that was true in a sick way.

That seemed to satisfy him.

Sally was spared further explanations by the arrival of their first course. This was not delivered by a waiter but a waitress: a slave waitress.

She was a pretty, dark-haired woman of perhaps twenty-five, dressed in black hobbled high heels, rather like Sally’s and black stockings held up by broad silver-buckled black garters. About her neck was a very deep collar which helped keep her chin up. Her mouth was covered by a broad black pad held in place by straps that went over the bridge of her nose, under her chin and around the back of her neck. Her wrists were cuffed and chains looped from them to connect to rings stitched into the side of her small tightly laced black corset, which extended from the top of her hips to half cup her breasts and emphasise the pinch of her waist. The breast cups were hoops of springy wire that supported at their apexes spring clips which were clamped to her red nipples, pulling them out in front of her into points. As she moved they shivered and jiggled tautly, as though internally sprung.

As she moved she also automatically violated herself front and rear.

The front inner quarter of her left garter supported an upward facing curved black metal rod on the end of which was fitted a small ribbed rubber dildo. This was plugged into her vagina. The back inner quarter of her right garter supported a similarly shaped and capped rod but this one went up between her buttock cheeks into her rectum. As she moved with the short shuffling steps forced upon her by her hobbled feet, the rods worked to and

fro, stirring and plunging alternately in and out of her orifices. Her pussy and the insides of her thighs were shiny with her juices.

A clear plastic tray was strapped to her left forearm which was held in a crooked position by a black fingerless glove and sleeve fitted with wrist and elbow braces that reached nearly to her shoulder. She lifted the plates off the tray with her freer un-gloved right hand.

When she had set out their first course she bowed stiffly to Damien from the hips and then shuffled back to the kitchens once more.

Damien must have seen Sally's a look of wonder and disbelief at their waitress, because he said: 'She's one of the village slaves. They've acquired a quite few over the years for serving in the pubs and for decorative purposes. Other waitresses might be here for retraining or else they're being kennelled here and their masters have given permission for them to be kept busy. There's nothing worse than a bored slave.'

'No, Master,' Sally said faintly.

The appetizer was honeydew melon. Damien's was served in the normal style while Sally's was diced up and set out in a shallow bowl.

'Go on, eat up!' Damien said

By bending forward until her cupped breasts pressed against the table, Sally could pick up the chunks with her lips and teeth through the hole in her face mask. However in bending she was horribly aware that she was raising her plugged bottom off the stool cushion. She could feel the rod sliding about her rectum, making her anal mouth bulge when its inflated ball tip butted up against it from the inside. It was hateful and disturbingly sensuous at the same time. She thought of having Damien's cock up her backside. In a way this was his cock by proxy.

The main course was tenderloin steak with all the trimmings. Again Damien's was served in the normal fashion while Sally's was pre-diced and pressed into meatball- sized chunks and presented in another shallow bowl. It was practical but made her feel like an animal. She glanced slyly at the other

slave girls. Would she rather be eating off the floor or being handfed by her master? The girl chained to her chair looked the most normal, which said something for the local standard of normality. And yet everybody, even the slaves, was acting as though this was quite typical. Of course they must have done this many times while she was still suffering from what might be called severe culture shock. How long would it take her to fit in like them: to become a perfectly docile slave?

Sally was struggling to keep her nerves under control. It was a week at the most, she told herself. And she would endure that because... she felt her resolve slipping and desperately searched for some further justification... because Louisa could never do this!

Yes! That was the real truth of it.

She'd seen Louisa Bentley several times visiting the Lodestar office and even exchanged a few words with her on a couple of occasions. She was an elegant, blue-eyed, ash-blond woman, with an aristocratic nose and a quietly commanding manner. Louisa was a few years younger than Damien and always looked like she'd come straight from a beauty spar by way of Knightsbridge.

But Sally was sure she didn't know what a hard life was. To her breaking a finger nail was probably a major disaster. In her place she'd have gone to pieces by now chained naked in a stool with a rod up her bum. Well she'd show Damien she was better than that. She might not have Louisa's breeding but she was strong and determined and ready to do anything for him. Besides, after a week of being his total slave how could he resist wanting to keep her with him all the time?

She must've been thinking for too long and not entertaining Damien, for she felt another warning jolt up her backside.

'I want to see you smile and look at me more,' he told her. 'You don't want people to think I brought a dull slave along, do you?'

'N... no master,' Sally choked. 'It's... its just taking a bit of getting used to, that's all. Being on show like this. In front of everybody.'

‘A slave isn’t allowed to feel that kind of shame. I don’t want to lead a shy pet about for the next week. Being out in public with your slave to show her off is what the village is all about, but if they see you like this they might think you’re ashamed of being seen with me. You’re not, are you?’

‘Oh, no, Master,’ Sally said quickly.

‘Well show it more. Maybe this’ll help break you in...’

He got up and went round to her side of the table. Taking out a small key he reached down between her legs, unlocked the padlock of her pussy cup and put it on the table. He resumed his seat and pressed another button on his control pad.

There was a buzzing from the padding of the stool between her legs and then Sally felt something pressing against the mouth of her now unguarded vulva. As her eyes widened in horror the head of a vibrator rose up out of the seat through a slot in the cover and into her vagina. She squirmed and tried to pull away but the plug in her bottom held her in place and she could only sob in horror as the full length of the device impaled her. Damien touched another button and it began to vibrate even more intensely and also pump up and down. And to her shame she began to respond.

She had always lubricated easily. That was why she used the rubber sheet in bed. And even now she felt a surge of her juices soaking into the padding of the stool while her padlocked nipples were straining and throbbing as they poked through the holes in their cups. She had always liked sex as well... but just not like this. She squeezed her sheath tight, trying to keep the vibrator out of her, but of course it was futile and only made the sensations more intense.

Sally groaned and her eyes rolled up, overwhelmed by the intimate stimulation even as she was appalled by it being done to her in public. But Damien was grinning at her across the table, clearly enjoying her reaction. He had total control over her body. He wanted her to orgasm in front of thirty strangers.

And if she loved him she must let it happen...

She tried to blot them out, looking only at Damien. She clenched her anus tight about the plug up her rear, adding its internal pressure to the pumping vibrator. I'm doing this for you, she thought, staring into Damien's masterful eyes, searching for some sign of deeper love in them. But she saw only lust and delight in his power over her.

That would have to do for now.

Her loins were filling with shameful liquid heat. Was there actually a sick thrill to be found in cuming in public? Would it help if she believed there was? Did that make her a filthy slut? All right then, she would be... for Damien... let it happen ... uhhh!

Sally sobbed and bucked on the impaling stool, bouncing her hips up and down, driving the plug and vibrator deeper into her while grinding her filigree-capped breasts across the table top. Juices spurted out of her spasming pussy over the cushion and across her thighs.

For a few seconds Sally was lost in a post-orgasmic cloud. Then her senses returned and she heard laughter and scattered applause and her face burned. She just cum in the middle of a crowded restaurant!

Somebody called out jocularly to a waiter: 'My pet'll have what that bitch is having!' There was more laughter.

Through bleary eyes Sally saw the other pets were looking at her with sharp bright interest. What were they feeling right now? Of course in St Evals they were only pets. What they felt didn't count. Like her.

Chapter Three

That night Sally slept chained to their bed with Damien lying on top of her, with his flaccid penis still lodged with in her sticky vagina, using her rather like a fleshy mattress. It was uncomfortable but her state of confusion and mental and emotional exhaustion meant that she still slept heavily, punctuated only by occasional strange dreams.

The next morning, after she had washed, given herself an enema and greased her anus under his watchful eye, Damien presented her with a new set of restraints.

‘We’ll keep the silver set for evening dinners and any other special occasions,’ he told her. ‘These are for everyday use...’

She stood meekly still while he fitted them onto her.

Her mouth was covered by a clear plastic facemask that enclosed her nose and went under her chin, with only a small hole over her mouth to allow for the passage of the straw. This hole was set inside a larger oval panel in the front of the mask which could be temporarily unclipped to allow her to eat... or of course for a penis to pass through. There were two short plastic rods in recessed slots set in the cheeks of the mask that could be pushed into the sides of her mouth between her teeth, forcing her jaws apart. The mask was held in place by a broad strap that went about the back of her head. Around her neck was secured a broad black collar, from the front of which hung a metal disk no doubt intentionally resembling a large dog tag, on which were stamped the words: *Sally: Property of G. Brown.*

Her breasts were not fitted with caps, but her ordinary small nipple rings were replaced by a much larger set of clear plastic ones. She felt the weight of them tugging at her nipples, which perversely remained hard and erect.

About her waist and groin she wore what looked like a high tech chastity belt. From a broad black waist belt their hung a moulded clear plastic

cup that enclosed her naked pussy mound. It had a narrow slot in the middle to allow her to urinate. It was also set inside a larger oval panel that could be unclipped to allow access to her cleft.

‘When we go out I’m going to train your bottom to get used to having things pushed up inside it,’ Damien told her. ‘I like you tight but you should always be ready to take a cock up there. It should be second nature to a slave girl.’

Sally shuddered.

The lower end of the pussy cup was held in place by a pair of narrow straps that spread out around her anal mouth and ran up the folds of her buttocks and fastened to the sides of the waist belt. Also clipped the back of this belt were her wrists, now enclosed by a matching set of broad black cuffs.

She was effectively restrained while access to all the major orifices of her body was totally controlled by Damien. The transparent plastic shell cupping her pussy both contained and exposed her at the same time, as though her sex was on show behind a window. The cumulative statement they made was clear. She belonged to him. He was her master and she was his slave.

On her feet Damien had her wear a pair of a white socks and trainers. They only seem to highlight her virtual nudity. Damien wore expensive jeans and rolled shirtsleeves. He looked casual and otherwise quite ordinary, except for the spanking paddle which he hooked to his belt.

With a new heavy black leash clipped to her collar and with a red domino mask now covering his eyes, he led her down to breakfast.

Damien ate heartily and chatted amiably with the other masked diners while Sally ate toast cut into cubes and drank orange juice. In between doing so she made a point of smiling affectionately at Damien, which seemed to satisfy his need for a show of public adoration from her. Despite her deep discomfort she found the smiles of approval and occasional pats on the head he gave her in return both thrilling and heart-warming. As long as you know

how much I'm suffering for you, my love, Sally thought.

When they had finished their meal, Damien led Sally through the lobby and out of the front door of the hotel.

Behind her mask Sally bit her lip as she forced herself to keep her head up high and trot along obediently at Damien's side. As they crossed the forecourt of the Inn and stepped out onto the pavement she felt she was been exposed to the entire world. There were people on the street and window after window from which eyes might be staring down at her. She was naked and humiliatingly bound and helpless and now she was on public display. It was terrifying!

What saved her from total collapse was the fact that she was not the only slave girl on display. Between ordinary looking people carrying shopping bags, who she took to be locals, were masked men, and a few women, accompanied by leashed slaves. There were flashes of naked flesh shaded from the palest pink to deep coffee brown; exposed breasts, naked buttocks and bared pubes. The morning sun glinted on chains and leashes and humiliating chastity belts. The surreal spectacle they must have made in such an ordinary setting was beyond Sally's comprehension.

As though in a dream she allowed Damien to lead her slowly up and down the high street while he pointed out places of interest. The old market cross in the middle of the street now had its shutters folded back, exposing its interior, and Damien led her inside. There were two sets of pillories of a strange design and two sets of stocks, set behind alternate pillars and all facing inward. The pillories were already occupied by naked slave girls bent at the waist with their heads and hands clamped between the pillory boards and their bared rears thrust out behind them. There were also some small crates staked against one pillar.

'You see those shutters fitted to the sides of the pillars,' Damien said. 'They can be remotely closed in a few seconds to hide everything inside from view, like when you drove through yesterday. But most of the time it's kept open, of course. Being sheltered it can be used more or less all year round. They put girls in there who need punishing, or else any who just need a bit of livening up. Their owners put signs on them to let people know what can be

done to them. Anything from a bit of light humiliation to full screwing. If people want they can throw these at them...'

From one of the crates he took up a ball of crumpled and compressed paper the size of a small apple that looked like it had been soaked in red paint. It was one of a selection of colours.

'Pillory shot. Just a wad of paper soaked in watercolour paint,' he explained, 'but it makes a nice smack when it hits a girl and leaves its mark. It's traditional...'

His explanation was interrupted by the appearance of an old man in white jacket and Panama hat seated in a powered wheelchair who was making his way along the pavement. Quickly Damien dropped the pillory shot and crossed the road to intercept him, dragging Sally along at his heels. She goggled at the sight of the man, not because he was odd, but because his wheelchair was not powered by electric motors but by a pair of naked slave girls.

They were bent straddled over each large side wheel, which were extended on long axels out from the main body of the chair. Their bare breasts dangled freely on either side of the wheel rims, but their insides showed smudges where they had brushed against the rubber tyres. Their wrists were cuffed to rods that extended sideways from the leading edge of the footboard, which they grasped tightly to brace themselves. More rods extended sideways from the back of the chair and connected to broad belts about the girls' waists, supporting them above the rims of the wheels. They had wedge-shaped sandals strapped to their feet, compensating for their awkward stance and allowing them to push it along. As this weird device got closer, Sally saw that the women had thick cables plugged into their anuses. From these cables finer wires dangled which were crocodile-clipped to the lips of their bare sexes. Their cheeks bulged, suggesting they were plugged with ball gags. Protruding from between their stretched lips were stubby, the twin-pronged fork-like devices, lined on the inside with black rubber.

The old man in the chair operated a control lever built into its armrest and with audible yips of pain and shivers the girls brought the chair to a halt beside Damien and Sally. They dipped their heads and jammed the forks they

held in their mouths against the wheels, preventing them from turning. They were serving as living brake-blocks.

‘Good morning, Oliver,’ Damien said politely, ‘nice day isn’t it?’

‘Very fine,’ Oliver agreed. He looked Sally up and down with watery but still probing eyes. ‘So what have we got here?’

‘A pet I’ve just introduced to the village. This is her first time out. I’m showing her the sights.’

‘She’s quite a sight herself,’ Oliver declared approvingly. ‘Nice compact build. Good tits on her. I hope you’re going to train her hard.’

‘I will,’ Damien promised.

Sally shuddered inwardly on hearing her physical attributes and future being discussed so chillingly. How dare this old man talk about like that! But Damien seemed to treat him as a person of some importance. She was grateful for the mask over her mouth, which concealed her expression to some extent.

‘Drop in some time when you’ve got her properly trained,’ Oliver said, ‘I’d like to see how she gets on.’

‘I’d be delighted,’ Damien said.

Oliver operated the control of his girl-powered chair again. This time Sally saw their bottom cheeks pinch in as though they had been shocked. With little gasps the girls lifted their heads from the wheels and, with thighs bulging, propelled him on along the pavement once again.

‘That was Oliver Reynolds,’ Damien said almost reverently, watching the wheelchair with the twinkling bottoms of its naked power units rolling away up the road. ‘He was the one who started this place off when he spanked his slave in the garden of the Three Bells over thirty years ago. He retired here, of course.’

Sally gaped at the back of the old man with his slave attendants. If he

hadn't lost his temper all those years ago, she wouldn't be here now.

Damien began looking in shop windows. Eventually he led Sally inside a shop bearing the sign: *J. G. Fetter, Harness Maker*.

Within it smelt of leather and polish. On either side of the small counter were racks and shelves filled with items made of leather, rubber, brass and steel. There were straps and rods and chains and rings and buckles. As Sally's eyes gave accustomed the slightly gloomy light she realized they were all made to be fitted to the female body.

An elderly man in a brown coat was standing behind the counter. Sally shivered as he looked up and down with mild interest, but of course to him she was nothing out of the ordinary.

'It is there anything I can help you with, Sir?' he asked.

'My pet's got a rather tight rear,' Damien said. 'So I was thinking about some kind of tail that would exercise and stretch it internally.'

'I think we have just the thing, Sir...' the man said. He got a cardboard box down from one of the shelves and began laying out its contents on the counter. They were there were fake tales of all sizes with complex looking fittings on their ends. Some were made of real hair and others tinted rubber. He selected one of the latter moulded in pale yellow rubber. 'Something to match the tint of your pet's hair, perhaps? The tail section is internally weighted to generate a motion-powered pumping action. It has a small bore mounting rod so her sphincter tightness will not be affected yet it will provide a firm mount. The internal bladder is oil filled and will swell and contract with each step she takes. This will certainly train her rear passage to accept penetration.'

The tail was about the size and shape of a large banana. It root was connected to a shiny rod of springy metal that made a right angle and then doubled back on itself to form a gently curved "U" about a finger length deep. At the junction of the tail with the rod was a round pad of clear plastic. The other end of the rod was fitted into the neck of a cigar-shaped bladder of thick red rubber with ribbed sides.

Sally felt queasy at the sight of it but Damien was nodding.

‘Yes, that’s looks the sort of thing I’m after. Can I try it out on her?’

‘Certainly, Sir...’

The shop assistant produced a tub of petroleum jelly from under the counter and greased the rubber bladder. Then he handed it to Damien.

‘Bend and spread your legs,’ Damien commanded and miserably Sally obeyed.

He fed the stiff greased bladder into her anus and she felt the thing filling her rectum. One arm of its mounting rod went in with it, plugging her anal sphincter. The rest curved back up the cleft of her buttocks until it reached the plastic pad which was held tight against her skin at their apex by its tension. The rod curved out at right angles from it and plugged into the tail, which curved jauntily upwards. It felt strangely heavy.

‘Stand straight and walk round the room,’ Damien commanded.

Gingerly Sally obeyed.

She was acutely aware of the weight of the tail as it wagged with the roll of her hips. It stuck out behind her like that of an eager dog and she could not stop it. But it was the internal motion that was the worst thing. Connected by whenever internal mechanism powered its hidden pump, the ribbed bladder inside her rectum swelled and contracted with each wag of the tail, pumping away inside her and making her acutely conscious of her rear passage and the fact that it was occupied by this artificial device. It was there to be used at her master’s whim and not her own.

‘Excellent! I’ll take it,’ Damien said.

He made his purchase and then led Sally out of the shop along the street once more. She felt her cheeks burning with renewed shame as she thought of the spectacle she must make with her absurd rubber tail wagging over her bottom cheeks. Did everybody they passed know how intimately

was mounted? Did they suspect it had insidious bladder that was working away inside her entrails? Then she passed another slave girl being led on a leash and saw she also had a tail. Yes, they all knew what she was experiencing. This was St. Evals and slave girls with tails plugged into them were perfectly normal. They were only pets after all.

This fact was reinforced by the next place they visited. Beside an old stone horse trough was a low, circular black-painted cast iron structure with water spilling over it. On the top was an open pan with a steady fountain of water bubbling up from a spout and spilling over its sides. Beneath was a larger pan with drain holes in the bottom which surrounded the central core of the fountain above it.

Damien pulled the plug of plastic that covered her mouth out of her mask and then pointed at the fountain.

‘Have a drink,’ he told her. ‘That’s what it’s there for. So that pets can refresh themselves...’

Sally bent over the fountain and drank a little. The water was pleasantly cool and refreshing.

Then Damien said: ‘Now get down on your knees and cock a leg and pee in that pan underneath it. That’s also what it’s there for. I want to see you get used to acting like a real pet bitch. See if you can do it cleanly getting your pee out through the slot of your belt.’

Sally looked at him in horror, shaking her head. No, he couldn’t expect her to urinate in public!

Damien’s face clouded and he unhooked the paddle from his belt. ‘You don’t get it yet, do you? The rule is that you do what I tell you without hesitation or else you get hurt!’

He swiped the paddle across her chest, cracking its blade against the undersides of her breasts and making them shiver and leap about. Sally yelped in pain.

Damien raised the paddle again. 'Now do you want any more or will you do I tell you?'

Fearfully Sally went down onto her knees. Balancing awkwardly she cocked one leg, bracing it against the central post of the fountain and angled her plastic cupped pussy at the pan below. It took a terrible effort of will to let her bladder go and send a stream of pee through the slot of her cup and into the pan. But once she started it seemed to go on for ever and she was sure every eye in the street was watching her humiliate herself in the most acute way possible. When she was done she huddled at Damien's feet with her head down, feeling degraded and soiled.

He patted her head. 'There, that wasn't so hard was it?'

I'm suffering for you, she reminded herself as she shook her head.

Damien pulled her to her feet and led her on.

That, as she soon discovered, she had plenty of company in her public exposure and degradation was mixed comfort, since it only showed the lengths of perverted ingenuity the locals had gone to in making their village appear slave-owner friendly. When she had been driven through the village the previous day she had not suspected how many clues to the real nature of St Evals had been concealed. Now the truth was revealed, especially outside its three public houses. Their signs which had all appeared to be painted on boxy frames now had their outer panels folded back, exposing the real signs within. Every one featured a living slave girl.

At *The Three Bells* the girl hung spread-eagled and naked within its rectangular frame. From her pierced nipples hung a pair of painted plywood golden belts, while from a hook plugged into her pussy, looking grotesque as it jutted out of her, hung a real metal golden bell which swayed gently between her spread thighs. A rod had been plugged into her anus so that it jutted out behind her. This supported a pivoting hammer positioned for striking the bell. From a ring on its end a cord ran down the length of the post that supported the sign to a pull handle. Damien pulled on the handle, making the bell chime and causing the imprisoned girl to shiver and whimper as its vibrations were transmitted intimately through her body.

The sign of *The Candlestick* displayed a girl hung inverted within it with her legs spread wide. She was secured firmly to the inside of the frame by cuffs and chains about her wrists, ankles and waist. Plugged into her vagina was a thick white rod painted and moulded to resemble the shaft of a melting candlestick. At its top it had a flickering electric candle bulb. Plaster mouldings of dripping candle wax had been stuck to the undersides of her breasts and her nipples, dangling from them like wax icicles.

At *The Green Dragon* a slave girl was doubled over on a tiny platform with her head down and naked bottom up, with her wrists and ankles chained to the edges of the platform as though she was a sacrifice. Above her was hung a colourful painted wooden cut-out of a green dragon with a rampant downward-pointing erection which was lodged inside her upturned vagina. The cut-out was suspended from a single pivot so that as the breeze blew it turned about within the frame, twisting its wooden phallus inside its victim.

By now feeling slightly sick, Sally tottered after Damien as he led her down one of the small lanes that branched off from the high street. It led to the small church whose spire overlooked the village. Sally felt a fresh blush of embarrassment as Damien took her through its lych gate along the path that wound through its small graveyard with its weathered tombstones to the door of dark iron-studded oak which was sheltered under a small porch. She was not religious in any sense but to be naked and collared like an animal in a place like this felt she was insulting the memories of the people who would once have worshipped here.

Perhaps Damien sense to her discomfort, because he said: 'Don't worry. This place was deconsecrated years ago. Since then the locals have made some modifications which are more appropriate for the village business...'

Within the gloomy interior, with its stone flagged floor and rows of pews, lit by stained-glass windows under a roof heavy with oak beams, Sally could not at first see anything out of place. But as Damien turned and led her up the aisle towards the altar she realised what he meant.

It was not a standard crucifix hung on the white plastered wall behind

the altar, but a heavy wooden “X” shaped cross with the arms radiating out from the corners of a central hollow timber square. Rising up from the middle of the lower horizontal strut of this square was a thick wooden rod carved in the shape of a huge phallus.

‘They call it a St Evals cross,’ Damien said. ‘It’s the only one in the country.’

But Sally hardly heard him because the cross was occupied. Not by carved or painted plaster figure but a naked slave girl.

She hung spread-eagled on the cross, secured by several thick leather straps bound about her ankles, knees, elbows and wrists. She was positioned so that her hips and groin were framed by the central square. She was impaled on the wooden phallus, which spread her sex lips painfully wide. Sally was not sure if she was conscious or not as her head hung down on her chest. She had a black fabric blindfold over her eyes and her mouth was filled with a ball gag.

Damien led Sally past the heavy slab of the stone altar, which she saw had chains and straps hanging about its sides, until they stood beneath the girl on the cross. The foot of the cross was at about head height above the floor. Hung on a hook next to it, secured by a long light chain, was a spanking paddle with a very long bamboo handle. Damien unhooked this and used the paddle to smack the girl across her belly, her impaled pussy mound and her bare breasts. The smacks of rubber on flesh echoed back from the church’s hard walls.

The girl yelped and whimpered about her gag, tugging feebly against her straps. Sally felt her stomach knotting at the cruelty of it, but then she saw that the girl’s nipples were swelling and hardening while a line of glistening fluid was forming about the junction between her sex and the wooden phallus on which she was impaled. Slowly it was trickling down its sides, which she now saw were deeply stained, presumably by other earlier such outpourings.

‘In some churches you light candles,’ Damien observed, ‘in this one you give a slave girl a ritual spanking.’

He hung the paddle back on its hook and then tugged on Sally's leash and led her back down the central aisle to the crossing of the church. 'You should see the font,' he said.

The font was a shallow steel bowl, the size of a serving platter, supported by a cylindrical cage of steel rods set on a stone plinth so that the lip of the bowl was a little under waist high. Contained within the cage of rods was another naked slave girl. She sat with her arms cuffed behind her back and legs spread, with her knees and feet pushed between the bars and strapped wide, exposing her sex. Her head protruded through the base of the bowl, which was in two parts that slotted tightly together and was clamped about her neck. Her eyes were blindfolded and she wore a ring gag which held her mouth open wide. Her hair was tied back in a tight bun.

'If St Evals has a religion then this is it,' Damien said as he led Sally up to the imprisoned girl and walked around her so she could inspect her from all sides. Then he moved in front of the girl's face and undid his flies. As Sally watched in horror he pulled out his semi-hard cock and began to rub it into full erection. Damien leaned against the font and pushed the head of his cock between the imprisoned girl's open lips. Immediately she began to bob her head as she sucked eagerly on his penis.

Sally goggled at the sight of her lover being pleased by this strange woman with horror.

'The holy fluid here isn't water, its sperm,' Damien said as she sucked him off. 'Every girl learns to revere it. By the end of the week I expect you'll be just as ready to swallow it down as she is.'

Sally felt sick. If she hadn't been cuffed and leashed she would have run away. How could Damien insult her like this? She was ready to give him all the pleasure he could possibly want in any way he desired. Except... was she? He had seen that she was hesitant to play the part of his total slave. Was this another test of her love and loyalty... or a sign that she must try harder?

If her mouth had not been sealed by her mask she would have got down on her knees and taken Damien's cock inside her right there then. As it was she could only watch as the font girl sucked on him until he grunted and

spurted its seed into her mouth. She gulped it down with every sign of the deepest pleasure. A dribble escaped the corner of her mouth and ran down onto the pan enclosing her neck.

Damien pulled out of the girl's mouth and buttoned up once again. Then he led Sally out of the perverted church into the sunlight once more. As she went Sally thought: I can do this. I'll show him I'm better than Louisa or any of these other girls.

The Village Bike Shop (Prop. G. Trammel), contained bikes, traps and tiny carriages for hire, all suitable for a slave girl to be strapped inside their frames or else between their shafts so they could serve as true pony girls. The one Damien selected for Sally was essentially a chair frame slung between narrow wire-spoke wheels with a pair of lightweight tubular aluminium shafts hooked to a belt and harness.

Damien pulled the plug out of her face mask and slid the two padded rods in across her cheeks so that they wedged her jaws open. 'You'll need to take in all the air you can if you're going to do this right,' he told her.

Sally realised the rods were now serving as bridle bits. She was being turned into a working pony.

She was harnessed up. Broad straps went across her shoulders and crossed between her breasts and shoulder blades and then connected to a broad belt about her waist, set above her chastity belt. It had large rings on its sides to link with the trap shafts. A set of reins was run across her shoulders, guided by rings in her new harness, and down to her own nipple rings to which they were clipped. Steering instructions were simple. A flick of the reins across her shoulders told her to move off, a tug on both sets of reins to slow down and a pull on one nipple or the other to turn. There was also a long-handled whip if she needed encouragement to speed up.

Sally clamped her teeth about the bit rods as she was secured to the

device, determined not to show her inward revulsion. If he wanted her to be a ponygirl then she would be. Louisa would never have stood for this, she reminded herself. The feel of Damien taking his seat, his weight pressing down on the shafts, and then pulling on her reins which were so intimately attached to her, was strange. It was at the same time perversely thrilling (because it was him) and yet also deeply offensive. She was not an animal! Except that in St Evals she was no better than one. He flicked her reins and she leaned forward and strained to get the strange little trap moving and they rolled out onto the high street.

Her ringed and reined breasts heaved and bounced shamelessly with a heavy fluid motion as she trotted along and her cheeks burned as she imagined every eye was fixed upon them. She thought this would set a new low on her scale of degradation in St Evals, to be seen acting like a human pony. She still had her rubber tail plugged into her bottom and her increased efforts to pull the trap only made it wag and swish further, pumping the rubber bladder harder and deeper inside her. She was being made to sodomise herself in public! And yet she could not deny the sensation also triggered strange feelings in her loins. The trouble was this was manifesting itself in making her pussy lubricate copiously once again. She could feel the fluid seeping between the plastic shell encasing her plump sex mouth and her skin. Oh God! Now some of it was dripping out through the slot in the cup. She was dribbling from her pussy as she strained to pull a cart down a village high street!

Could things get any worse?

But after they had gone only half way along the street she began to fear not death by terminal shame and embarrassment but exhaustion. She simply did not have the strength to continue like this for very long. It was incredibly hard work to pull a full- sized man alone like this when she only had a slight figure. Her buttocks, thighs and calves were bulging with the strain and she could feel sweat breaking out all over her body. In moments she was past caring what she looked like, only hoping that she didn't have far to go.

Damien turned off the high street and along another of the winding lanes. In half a minute they had gone beyond the last of the houses and their

gardens and were climbing along a well-made path up the shallow side of the valley. By then Sally was gasping for breath, snorting and sweating as she bent into the slope, straining to continue forward.

There was a crack as the whip kissed her buttocks. She yelped and pulled harder.

She just managed to reach a point where the path levelled out and she was able to totter along between trees, fences and hedgerows, blinking the sweat out of her eyes.

‘Don’t worry about anybody from outside the village seeing you up here,’ Damien said as they rolled along. ‘The top rim of the valley is well fenced off so nobody can overlook it or wander in.’

At that moment Sally could not have cared less. She was fully occupied by putting one foot in front of the other and not falling over.

After another minute they came to the top of a small field where a metal five bar gate was let into the hedge. Damien turned her off the path and brought to a halt by the gate, where she stood swaying and panting, pathetically grateful for the rest.

Damien got out of his chair, unclipped Sally harness from the cart and led her across to a section of rigid fence beside the gate. Here a shiny stainless steel horse trough passed underneath it so could be accessed from both sides. He bent Sally over and pushed her down onto her knees and she drank from the trough like any animal would, not caring who had use it before her.

After a minute she pulled her wet face up from the trough and shook the drops from her hair, feeling a lot better. She almost wagged her tail in pleasure. It was only then that she saw what was in the field.

Dimly as she had drawn up she been aware of animals some sort and vaguely imagined they were sheep. Now she saw they were in fact eight or ten slave girls.

Damien pulled Sally across to the gate, bent her forward and pushed her head and shoulders through it between the fourth and fifth bars, so that she was half hanging through it. Then he snapped his fingers at the slaves. 'Over here!' he called out. 'I want my pet have a good look at you!'

They shambled across to the gate, moving with the oddest kind of walk. But then Sally had never imagined seeing women confined as they were.

They were moving bent over on all fours with stiff straight limbs that all appeared to be the same length. As they got closer Sally realised they were their own arms and legs but encased in clear, slightly tapered, tubes of rigid plastic with rounded pads on their ends to serve as feet. The front tubes were slimmer than the rear pair and their arms did not reach all the way down them. Instead they had hold of rubber padded rods that crossed the insides of the tubes to form handles. They wore clear plastic belts about their waists connected with bungee cords to rings set in the fronts of their leg tubes and the rears of their arm tubes. This was obviously to keep them in their doubled over postures and prevent them from standing upright. Clear plastic collars with lips that extended across their sternums and up under their chains, kept their necks extended and heads high. Their bare breasts hung freely underneath them, bobbing and jiggling as they moved. Their postures meant that their bottom cleavages and the pouting clefts of their vulvas were clearly displayed between their thighs.

As they got closer still Sally saw that the women all wore transparent full masks over their faces, with holes only for their nostrils, eyes and the mouths. They were tightly strapped in place but Sally could not at first see the point of. Then she realised that they pressed against their faces so tightly that they could not shape their features into any kind of expression. Their faces appeared blank and unresponsive, like those of animals.

'Open your mouths,' Damien commanded them.

Obediently they did so. Sally saw that they all had small clear plastic balls screwed in two halves to either side of their tongues, fitted to piercings like her own.

‘Speak to me,’ Damien commanded.

Again obediently they open their mouths and made a series of baas, grunts and whines, but clearly the balls clamped to their tongues made coherent speech impossible. They really had been reduced to the level of beasts in the field.

As she gaped at them in horror, Sally felt Damien pulling her tail plug out of her and dropping it on the grass. He took hold of her hips and she felt his hard penis slide into her hot, stretched and greased rectum to take its place. He began to pump slowly but steadily into her rear passage, pushing her hips against the bars of the gate and making it rattle slightly against its latch.

She felt her cheeks burning as he sodomised in the open for the first time. The women stared back at her with big eyes and dumb animal-like expressions.

‘I think you’d look lovely in a field just like that,’ he said as he pumped into her.

Sally whimpered. Was this how he expected her to show her love for him? By becoming a pseudo-animal slave in this nightmare village?

Returning exhausted to their hotel, Sally had one further surprise. The boxed frame that bore the hotel sign had been opened up to reveal within it a painted cut-out of a stagecoach with actual leather reins leading from its driver’s hands to a pair of living ponygirls pressed flat against the wall as though in forced perspective and harnessed to its shafts. Their faces were encased in elaborate bridles and bits with fake horse ears stuck to the sides of their heads and flowing pony tails hanging out of their bottoms.

Earlier that morning she had been too ashamed of her sudden public exposure to look back and see that she had walked beneath two girls already

exposed and suffering. Now she knew just how they felt.

The next day and the one after were variations of the same.

They ate breakfast and dinner in their hotel and had a light lunch at one of the other pubs. Sally ate squatting impaled on a stool opposite Damien or knelt by his chair eating out of a bowl on the floor or with her chin on the table talking scraps from his hand.

Every day he hired the trap and she sweated to pull him round the village lanes pathways, which formed a complicated web around the little valley. They must have been specially made for slavegirl-powered devices to use and she felt she had run along every one of them. Soon her buttocks were sore and cut by whip marks but she struggled on even when her legs felt like rubber.

Damien seemed to know many locals and guests, at least under their masked personas, and often stopped to chat with them on the street or over a meal in the pubs. Sally was introduced as his pet or bitch. She felt sick at being treated like a dog but she was usually admired for her physical qualities. It raised dark questions in her mind about how many times he had been here before and with whom. But she quashed them. That was then and this was now.

He bought a few trinkets for her from *Nip and Tuck Gifts (Prop. P. Quirt)*, which sold slave-orientated novelties, dildos and punishment devices. But of course they were gifts for his amusement and not hers.

There were a pair of shiny spiked balls that hung from her pierced nipples and bobbed and swayed across the undersides of her breasts as she moved, stabbing them with their little sharp prongs. Damien actually had her wear them while she was pulling him in the trap and the pain they generated as her breasts heaved and bounced about was exquisite.

After a couple of days he also replaced her rubber tail with a new one that had a sprung metal coil coming out of her anus and curving up over her buttocks. In the middle of the coil was a silver bell. It did not hurt to wear but its constant soft tinkling made her even more acutely aware of her exposure and as it caught the eyes of everybody they passed by, drawing them to her more often than not freshly spanked bottom.

It got slightly easier for Sally as she became used to the routine. At least there were no more of the shocking revelations her first few hours in St Evals had brought. But this was mitigated by Damien's changing mood. Each day he seemed to become stricter and find more faults in her behaviour. The inevitable punishment was, of course, a beating. Soon her flesh was mottled with lash and paddle marks from knees to shoulders. But she stoically accepted these punishments and did her best not to make the same mistakes twice. Soon she was jumping without question to obey his orders and giving him no reason to be displeased with her.

They had sex three or four times a day, which would have been wonderful in other circumstances. Apart from their hotel room he had her suck him off while he sat on a bench or against a tree in the woods or bent over a pew in the church. There seemed to be few inhibitions about public sex in the village. And spectators who chanced to be close by either looked on shamelessly or ignored them as they wished. They were of course watching her having sex or being screwed rather than him, and she soon realised slave girls had absolutely no privacy here. She was on continuous display and expected to give pleasure with her body or through what was done to her body.

But the very hardest thing to bear was when Damien used other slave girls.

There were always one or two girls at minimum under the market cross roof in the pillory or stocks. He took her with him when he examined them each day. They had notices hung on their restraining frames which specified what people could do to them. Some simply said: *Help yourself!* And Damien did so. A naked girl bent over in a pillory presented her hindquarters as an ideal height for spanking or penetration. He had Sally kneel down beside him as he rammed his cock into some helpless girl's

pussy, riding her hard so that the pillory frame creaked, until he spurted within her. And then he pulled his shaft out of her, shiny with her juices and his sperm, and made Sally lick it clean.

Doing so almost made her physically sick, but dutifully she obeyed, tasting another woman's juices for the first time in her life. This was just part of the test, she told herself. It was his way of letting her know that he had many lovers before her. And she would have to accept that fact if they were going to be together in the future.

Yet strangely all her sacrifice still did not seem to please Damien, and his mood got even darker. She could not understand why. But then what did make sense in this twisted place?

She understood that to the villagers and their guests and the other slave girls, bondage, exposure and cruel treatment was perfectly normal. But instinctively she felt stomach-clenching embarrassment each time Damien took her out onto the high street. She tried her best to be bright and act the part of a dutiful slave in public whenever possible, and the passionate lover to Damien in private, but submission did not come naturally to her. It was only at those times alone at night in their room that she could pretend they were having something approaching a normal affair. Though of course she was at all times kept naked and at night chained to the bed underneath him. She was his total slave twenty-four hours a day, which seemed to be what he wished.

So why was he not happier?

Sally wished they could have talked more, but most of the time she was gagged and mute, even when he stood over her while she sent out her daily texts and tweets about the fictional good time she was having in Devon.

She did her best to communicate her mood to him with her eyes and smile, even wagging her terrible tail, while she counted down the days and hoped she would survive her ordeal without breaking down and show Damien that she had the love and determination to be his wife. No, not even his wife if it came to it. She would be content to be a companion and partner that he freely acknowledged in public. There would be no more secret meetings and deceptions. She wanted to be loved and valued for what she

was.

Finally, however, the longest week of Sally's life did come to an end. It was the seventh day and Damien was packing.

Sally was kneeling by the foot of the bed with her arms cuffed behind her and her leash tied to one of its posts. She was staring at Damien intently waiting for some sign from him. She knew they were due to leave in an hour and yet he still said nothing. But hadn't she passed every possible test by now?

Unable to contain herself any longer, Sally began to whimper and moan, biting on the ball gag that filled her mouth. Eventually Damien came over and pulled it out of her.

'Well, what do you want?'

'Please, Master... Damien. Isn't it over now? Haven't I proved I'm good enough for you?'

He blinked at her, looking genuinely mystified. 'What the hell do you mean?'

She bit her lip. 'That I'm good enough for you... good enough to be your wife? Or not a wife you don't want to marry me, but your proper partner then. I mean Louisa could never have lasted a week like this. But I have. I guessed this was all a test and I have passed it, haven't I? Isn't that enough? Will you divorce her now?'

There was a terrible pause and then Damien laughed full in her face. 'You poor deluded, little tart! You're never going to be my wife, not after seven days... not after seven years!'

Chapter Four

As Sally gaped at him in disbelief, Damien took hold of a fistful of her hair and shook her, as though trying to drive the truth into her head.

‘How stupid can you be? I haven’t been testing you; I’ve been trying to break you! To drive you away! To put you off me for good! When you started talking about me leaving Louisa I knew I had to end it. I got rougher with you but you didn’t take the hint. So I brought you here and made you my sex slave to do it properly. How the hell could you have imagined this was a preparation for me dumping Louisa and then proposing?’

The bottom was falling out of Sally’s world. If it hadn’t been for her leash holding her against the bed she would have collapsed. She could still hear Damien talking but his words did not seem to register at first, and when they did she did not want to believe them.

‘You’re not the first fuck toy I’ve had and you won’t be the last, but Louisa stays. No, we’re not in love. We liked each other once but that didn’t last. But she holds too big a stake in the company to risk a break up, and she’s got a lot of useful contacts I wouldn’t want to lose. So in public we stay together and it works. If you’d been content to be my little bit on the side in a quiet way we could have gone along quite happily, but not when you start talking about me divorcing Louisa and you marrying me. That’s never going to happen because you’re nothing. Louisa’s got style, class and breeding. That opens doors for me. You’ve got a nice body and a juicy pussy, but you’re still trying to sound like you had a decent education and not quite managing it. Do you think I’d want to show you off in public as my wife?’

Sally whimpered. How could he say such things to her? It couldn’t be true...

‘Do you get it yet?’ he continued. ‘Us being together wouldn’t be good for business, and that’s all that matters.’ He saw the lost, incredulous look in her eyes and slapped her cheek hard a few times until she focused on him.

‘Now listen to me! I’ve tried doing this the kind way. I thought you’d pack and leave after first day, but you’ve put up with everything I did to you. And the harder I got the more you knuckled under. Why did you have to be so fucking determined? Even when I started screwing other slave girls you just accepted it. I wondered if you were a genuine masochist on the sly. That might have been all right, but I don’t think you are. So what are you?’

Sally realised that tears were now streaming down her face. ‘In... love...with... you...’ she choked out. Couldn’t she see that explained everything?

Damien scowled. ‘Love! Why the fuck did you have to fall in love with me?’ he said in exasperation. ‘What we did was all for fun, not love! Maybe I let it go on too long, but you shouldn’t have thought that meant it was serious... except, that you did, didn’t you! And now you could make trouble for me...’ He took a deep breath. ‘Right, I’m going to make you an offer. I’ll pay you enough to get set up anywhere else in the country if you sign an agreement to leave Lodestar and never mention our little affair to anybody. If you do my lawyers will crush you, do you get that? And if you’re thinking about telling the media about St Evals and what I’ve done to you here, don’t bother. You’ll never find the place again to prove it. Everybody you’ve met used a false name. Even this place and the pubs and shops go by fake names. And who’d believe such a crazy story without hard evidence? In fact it would just make you look like a foolish girl who’s living in a perverted fantasyland.’

But she had not been thinking any such thing. She didn’t want to hurt him. Didn’t he understand all she wanted was to be with him?

‘Well?’ Damien demanded.

Her dreams were shattered and yet she found she still had a tiny spark of hope left in her. Through the bleak despair and ache that was filling her mind one fact shone through. If she accepted his offer it would seem as though she could be bought off and he would think she had not been sincere about her love. And then she would not see him again so she would have lost everything. But if she refused there was still a chance he might change his mind. He would have to accept she loved him... and perhaps he could learn

to love back.

She took in a deep shuddering breath. 'No,' she said. 'I won't accept any offer. I don't want money. I just want to be with you!'

Damien swore. 'But I can't have you trailing round after me. People will start to notice. You know what the media is like nowadays. I can't risk it!'

'I'll be careful,' Sally promised. 'I won't tell anybody...but I just want to be with you.'

'But you'll still be hoping sometime I'll leave Louisa for you.'

That was it. Her whole purpose, her whole being, was embodied in that gesture from him that would mean she had real value, that she was not just some casual fuck toy. It represented the security she craved but had never truly known. That was worth fighting for.

'Yes,' she said simply.

Damien shook his head. 'I can't take the chance. You've got to get it into your head that I don't love you that way and never will!'

The words felt like daggers of ice stabbed into her heart. But still she shook her head.

'Then I'll have to prove it, won't I?' He pushed her ball gag back into place, untied her leash from the bedpost and dragged her to her feet. 'If you thought I've been hard on you already then you've seen nothing yet!'

With Sally stumbling after him Damien led her out of the hotel and down the road to the market cross. There was a girl already in the stocks with the front of her body, face and hair covered by multi-coloured splashes of paint and shreds of paper.

She was seated on a low thick post like a section of tree trunk just large enough to support her buttocks with a slimmer post at her back about which her arms were cuffed and her collar was chained. The post ensured she

sat upright with her bare breasts well displayed and head up so she had to face her abusers, but the rod rising from the middle of her seat and impaling her anus further encouraged her rigidity. Her legs were pulled out straight and level with the ground and splayed painfully wide. Her ankles were clamped between the halves of short thick wooden stock boards that formed squares when padlocked together. These were mounted upon a metal track bolted to the floor and connected by a long screw threaded shaft with a handle in the middle. As it was turned the blocks and hence the girl's legs could be pulled further apart.

They were already so stretched that the big tendons of her inner thighs stood out, making her exposed pubic mound seem to bulge. A pair of adjustable metal rods with hooked ends reached up from the front of the post on which she sat and were hooked into the mouth of her vulva. The tension on the arms stretched her outer lips wide, mirroring her splayed legs and exposing her secret interior valley for all to see. It was caked and dripping with pillory shot.

The girl looked at them with curious eyes. For a moment Sally thought Damien was going to mount her opposite her, but he ignored her. He was working a windlass handle fixed to the inside of one of the pillars connected to a wire rope that ran up into the roof.

Sally looked up and saw amongst all the big black supporting timbers a "Y" shaped wooden frame was descending. Damien lowered it until it almost touched the ground. It was supported by wire ropes tied to heavy rings set in each arm so it hung level. Each arm and the fork where the two closest arms joined were fitted with thick buckled straps.

'Sit under it!' Damien snapped at Sally.

Too dazed and despairing to resist, Sally obeyed. He positioned her with the back of her neck resting in the fork of the frame and pulled a broad strap across the front of her throat to hold it in place. He pulled her cuffed arms roughly up behind her, twisting her shoulders painfully, until her elbows and forearms were pressed against the underside of the frame strut that extended out behind her. A pair of straps buckled about her elbows and wrists secured them in place. He spread and lifted her legs off the ground, bending

her knees and pressed her shins up against the pair of forked frame struts. Straps buckled tightly about the backs of her knees and her ankles bound them to it. Then he worked the windlass handle again and slowly Sally was lifted into the air, now suspended beneath the frame. She winced as some of her weight pulled on her twisted shoulders. She hung from her straps with her bottom lowest at about waist height and her naked pouting sex and the dark pit of her anus totally exposed between her splayed thighs.

Damien gave the frame a push, setting it spinning quickly. Then he took hold of it and spun it the other way until Sally began to feel sick. He stopped it with a jerk and looked her in the eye. 'This is what I think of you,' he told her.

There was a rack on the wall which held sign cards and thick felt markers to use on them. He wrote on a pair of them rapidly and showed her the result. They simply said: *Do what you want with her.*

He hung the signs on the sides of the frame and then stepped outside the little building onto the narrow ring of pavement that surrounded it.

He clapped his hands to get people's attention and then called out: 'Free for all! My pet needs to be taught not to think so highly of herself and to do what she's told in future. Do what you want to her!'

He took one last look at Sally. 'I'm going to leave you now. I'll check if you've seen sense at lunchtime. Meantime you're on your own...' and he walked away.

Sally screamed and dribbled about her gag as the man swiped the spanking paddle into her pussy again, driving her rings into her sex lips. By now it was burning as though it was on fire and flushed almost scarlet.

'Do you beg me to screw you, bitch?' the man shouted. He wore a blue blazer with the silver buttons and matching mask. With her leash tied to

a ring set in the nearest pillar, his own slave pet knelt on the floor watching him with wide-eyed fascination.

Sally nodded as far as her strapped neck and throbbing shoulders allowed. She could hardly feel her arms twisted up behind her back any more. She did not truly want it, of course, but it would blot out the pain of the paddle, which had in its turn, briefly, done a little to block out the pain of her broken heart.

The man stepped between the forked struts of the frame and rammed his stiff cock into her gaping sex mouth, making the frame sway wildly. Sally sobbed as he entered her, feeling defiled. But then nothing could make her any more wretched than she already was. Damien had invited other men to put their cocks inside her pussy and anus, which she had hoped would be exclusively for his use for ever. People passing along the street were stopping to watch her being degraded. Damien had wanted the whole village to see her suffer, and he was getting his wish fulfilled. And she would suffer for him if it was his pleasure, but this was to drive her away from him. How could he? How could he...

The man spilled his seed inside her with a grunt of delight and a masterful flash of his eyes. After standing for a moment between her strapped legs to recover, he pulled his soiled cock out of her and then stepped over to his own pet so that she might use her mouth to lick it clean. Meanwhile Sally was left suspended in her swaying frame, with his sperm dripping out of her throbbing pussy onto the floor beneath her, ready for the next visitor or villager who wanted to take advantage of helpless body.

They beat her bottom, her thighs, her pussy and her trembling, ringed breasts. They rammed their cocks up her anus and vagina until they were raw and bruised. They spun her round until she was dizzy. They threw pillory shot at her until her body was a multicoloured mess. One man pushed the wadded paint soaked paper up into her pussy mouth until it bulged and then he beat her until she forced it out of her vagina again as though she was

giving birth.

Three times during her torment Sally orgasmed, and for a few precious moments was beyond care. Was this defying Damien's will by finding some pleasure in the depths of misery or simply proving that she was just a foolish slut who could be brought to spurting point by the crudest of stimulation whoever was using her? She no longer knew.

At some point she sought oblivion in unconsciousness and fainted.

Sally was revived by a jet of cold water being played over her face and body. As she whimpered and spluttered it gurgled into her pussy, washing out the filth accumulated in there from pillory shot, paint and sperm. A nozzle was pushed into her anus and flushed that out as well. She blinked the water out of her eyes and focused on Damien who was holding the end of a hosepipe.

'Come to your senses now?' he asked simply.

Sick and dazed, Sally tried to ignore the terrible pain in her body and the revulsion at what had been done to her and tried to collect her thoughts. All she had left was her belief that what she wanted was not wrong but good and wonderful. She knew it was not logical but then love was not logical. It didn't matter any more if she had been deluded. She would not be driven away from Damien whatever he did to her. Even if he was not true to her, she would remain true to him. She would make him acknowledge that her love mattered. He would not make her deny that ever!

She shook her head.

Damien sighed. 'Well I can't have you running around lose with those crazy ideas in your head in case you make it public and embarrass me. So this is what's going to happen. If you won't let go of me then you stay in St Evals as a slave. To make sure nobody misses you and starts asking awkward

questions, everybody you've been updating about your "holiday" in Devon will get new mails saying you've found a boyfriend and work down there and will be quitting your job with Lodestar. I'll arrange for your flat to be cleared and your stuff put into storage and soon everybody will forget all about you. Meanwhile you stay here until you accept that I don't love you and never will. To help you make up your mind I'm going to turn you over to the village slavemaster and tell him to do whatever it takes to break you!'

Chapter Five

Shivering and dripping, Sally staggered after Damien as he led her cuffed and gagged away from the market cross and the high street and along a narrow lane and out into the fields. She felt cold and dead inside, except for that one spark of hope that refused to be extinguished. If he kept her in the village as he said, where he clearly had long-standing links, then he was not really abandoning her. She would still have some contact with him and while that was so there was still a chance. Yet at the same time part of her also knew that he had been cruel beyond measure to her and now he was stealing her social life and freedom from her. She should hate him for it. But as much as she tried she found could never hate Damien, not really. Perhaps she was deluded, but she had no other choice to be what she was.

Their destination loomed before them in a corner a field. It was a barn of the old-fashioned kind, built of black timber planks with a tiled pitched roof and large double doors big enough to take a tractor at the front. A smaller door had been let into one half of the big doors and it was towards this that Damien led her and on which he knocked.

He was answered by a sturdily built man, perhaps in his early forties, with greying hair. He was dressed in highly polished black boots and clean dark blue coveralls. From his belt hung an electric cattle prod and a cane.

‘Good afternoon, Mr Overman,’ Damien said. He tugged on Sally’s leash, jerking her head up. ‘I’m afraid it didn’t work. She won’t listen to reason so I’ve got to go ahead as we discussed earlier.’

‘I understand, Mr Brown,’ Overman replied. ‘You’d better come in and we’ll make the arrangements...’

Damien led Sally inside the barn.

That small part of Sally’s mind which was still taking notice of her surroundings found itself mildly surprised. From the exterior she had expected a dusty, dimly-lit space with a floor covered in old straw and hay

and perhaps a few stacks of bales and walls of rough timber posts with cracks between the planking. Instead the interior of the barn was smoothly floored with grey rubber matting. The walls and roof were all lined with white painted plasterboard and several fluorescent tubes added their illumination to that which filtered through half a dozen double-glazed skylights.

The far wall was mostly taken up by racks of low metal cages stacked end on. There were a dozen in each row and they were stacked four deep. There was a ladder on wheels to access the top two levels. Framed within a few of the cage fronts were the faces of naked slave girls looking out into the room. Passing above the cage fronts and forming a continuous loop about the interior of the barn were multiple metal channels suspended from the big ceiling beams. In places wire ropes hung from them in trailing bunches.

On the wall to the left of the cages as she looked at them were a set of three low metal troughs and then shelves and basins and a long panel of white tiles backing what looked like a shower area. Next to this were adjustable examination and gynaecological tables that might have looked at home in a doctor's surgery except for the straps fitted to them. On the wall opposite that at the other end of the barn were racks and shelves stacked with what looked like piles of bedding and many small boxes. Next to them were rows of hooks from which hung assorted girl harnesses, not unlike those she had seen in the high street shop. Beside them a sandy-haired young man also in blue coveralls was bent over a workbench seemingly repairing a harness. Scattered about the floor of the room were various trestles, frames and other devices Sally was too weary to take in at that moment.

Overman led them to one side of the main doors where some freestanding partitions marked out a small office space, with desk, computer terminal, cupboard and filing cabinets. He took his seat behind the desk and motioned for Damien to sit opposite. He pushed Sally down onto her knees beside him.

Opening up a notebook, Overman asked: 'How do you want your pet handled, Mr Brown?'

'Break her of this stupid fixation she has on me,' Damien said bluntly. 'Don't put my name on her again. She might think that still meant we had

some connection. Mark her as a common village slave. Wear her down. Plenty of screwing so she learns she's just a pretty cock-hole, nothing special. Use her around the village as much as you want in any position. Make her go with other girls... I know she doesn't like that. Be as hard as you like with her, just make her see sense. I'll keep a regular check on her progress. When you see any change in her let me know.'

Overman had been making notes as he was speaking. 'Yes, I'm sure we can do all that for you, Mr Brown. I'll send you an agreement listing the details and the usual terms in due course.'

'That'll be fine, Mr Overman. I hope you have better luck with her than I did.'

'After a few weeks hard work and strict discipline I'm sure she'll appreciate the reality of the situation, Mr Brown.'

'I hope so.' Damien got up and handed Sally's leash to Overman. 'She's all yours now.' He looked down at Sally for one last time. 'I'll take these back...' he removed the rings and bar he had bought her from her nipples, belly and labia. 'And I'll take your phone with me when I clear the room. I'll get Mrs Langham to send the messages telling everybody about your new life in Devon. It shouldn't be hard to fake your style. After a few weeks she'll let them tail off and soon people will forget all about you. Like I will. You couldn't be content with having a little fun, could you? You had to want it all. And this is where it's got you. Goodbye Sally...'

And he walked out of the barn.

As Sally watched him go she felt hot tears pricking at the back of her eyes. So this was how their secret holiday from which she had expected so much ended...

However Overman did not allow her any more time for self-pity. He pulled over one of the wire ropes which hung from the ceiling channels which passed over the office space and clipped the end to her collar ring. She saw the rope had a fitting which allowed its length to be adjusted. He twisted it until the rope went taut and she was forced up onto her tiptoes to ease the

strain on her neck. As she swayed beside his desk, Overman got some items out of the cupboard. There was a box of body rings, a hand-held rubber stamper with a set of large rubber characters and ink pad and a box of blank metal ID tag disks together with a hammer and a set of metal dye punches. He worked with both of these for a minute and then showed Sally the results.

The collar tag now read “Sally: 43U” The same numbers and letter had been set up inverted on the rubber stamper.

‘That’s your village number from now on,’ he told her as he clipped the tag to her collar. ‘The “U” means unlimited. You can be used for any purpose around the village, made to perform any sex act a villager or guest wants or be punished as severely as necessary... or just for the fun of it. Do you understand?’ When she did not reply immediately he slapped her cheek hard. ‘Silence or unresponsiveness is not permitted. You will answer when I ask you a question. Now do you understand the terms under which you will be serving in the village from now on?’

Miserably Sally nodded.

From the box of rings he selected pairs suitable for her nipples and pussy and threaded them into her. They were hypoallergenic and functional but not as pretty as the silver plated set Damien had taken out of her.

Overman now picked up the rubber stamper. He inked it on the pad then pressed it against the upper slope of her right breast. Then he turned her around, re-inked the stamper and pressed it against the upper curve of her left buttock. Looking down at her chest she saw she now bore the same number “43 U” in large black block letters on her pale skin.

‘Its indelible ink,’ Overman told her. ‘When it fades I’ll re-stamp it. Now you’re a proper numbered village slave. And I can do what I want with you... like this...’

Unhooking his cane he began to flick it across her body in quick short cuts, up and down, forehand and back, making her breasts jump and stomach pinch in and thighs clenched together. Instinctively she pulled away to avoid the blows, but dangling from her rope as she was she only twisted about and

presented her backside towards her which he proceeded to punish in the same way. In a minute she had three dozen light but stinging score marks decorating her body and fresh tears were streaming down her cheeks.

‘That’s just to get your attention, girl,’ Overman told her. ‘I’m your master now and I can do pretty well anything I want with you...’

He pulled the gag out of her mouth. Then reaching up he extended the wire rope from which she was suspended until he could bend her across his desk and her face and stinging breasts were mashed into its brown leather top. He pressed down on a section of its inlaid surround and pulled out the end of a metal hoop that was recessed beneath it. He pulled the hoop over the back of her neck and it clicked into place on the other side, holding her head down. Bending down he pulled her legs wide and she felt more concealed metal hoops spring out of the base of the desk and close about her ankles. Now she was secured in place bent over the desk side with her hindquarters perfectly presented for sex or punishment.

He opened the flies of his coverall, took hold of her hips, and rammed his stiff cock into her vagina.

‘You’re a village slave now and I’m the master of the village slaves so you will be respectful to me and my staff. Do you understand?’

‘Y... yes,’ she gasped.

He slapped her bottom hard. ‘You say: “Yes Sir” or “Yes, Mr Overman”.

‘Y... Yes, Mr Overman.’

As he drove fiercely into her, making the desk creak, he said: ‘This is just warming you up girl. It’s nothing to what I’m going to do to you every day you stay here until you forget about your man. He doesn’t want you. It’s never going to work out. He’s given you to us to make that clear. That proves he doesn’t love you and the sooner you accept that the less you’ll have to suffer. Do you agree?’

Didn't he understand that was something she could never accept?
'N... No, Mr Overman.'

Overman grunted. 'You know that means you're going to suffer.'

If suffering was what it took then it was a price she would pay.
'Yes... Mr Overman.'

Overman pounded steadily away inside Sally until he came. He pulled his cock out of her, walked round to the front of the desk and pushed his shiny shaft, greased with his sperm and her juices into her mouth.

'Lick it clean,' he told her.

As she did so he said: 'Get used to the taste of cock. You'll be sucking plenty more of them while you're here. They can be put up every hole you've got and you'll have to please them. That's all you are now, a numbered pleasure slut.'

Sally felt dark despair closing about her once more.

Overman left Sally secured across the side of his desk for half an hour while he got on with some paperwork. It gave a chance to clear her head a little, although she was sure that was not the reason. He was teaching her that her own comfort and desires counted for nothing now. She could be left naked and bound over his desk, with his sperm dribbling out of her pussy and the taste of it in her mouth for as long as he wished. She was no longer master of her own fate and body. She had been abandoned to his discipline by Damien because he did not love her...

Eventually a dark haired young man in coveralls came in leading a couple of slave girls. He took them over to the side of the barn out of Sally's restricted line of sight. She heard running water and splashing and then shortly after the clang of cage doors.

Overman called both him and the sandy haired youth who had been working at the bench over to his desk and introduced Sally to them. She squirmed under their fresh-faced and openly frank gaze. They were the youngest locals she had yet seen in the village, hardly more than eighteen. She felt a new blush of shame as they examined her.

‘This is Charlie and Steve,’ Overman said. ‘My assistants and apprentice slave handlers. They’ll be helping me take care of you. You obey their commands as you would mine, understood?’

‘Yes, Sir.’

‘This slut’s too proud to be a slave and doesn’t want to remain a mistress,’ Overman explained. ‘She wants marriage and everything that goes with it, but that doesn’t fit in with her benefactor’s plans. He’s asked us to make her see sense. Keep a close eye on her. She’s not a natural submissive and right now her head’s full of romantic notions that her man will suddenly change his mind and say he loves her, so she might do something stupid.’

‘We understand, Mr Overman,’ Charlie said cheerfully.

‘What’s her training schedule, Mr Overman?’ Steve asked.

‘Minimal freedom, plenty of sex and discipline. Apparently she’s shy about having her bottom used and she doesn’t enjoy intimacy with other women, so make sure she gets plenty of each. She’s unlimited so you don’t need to be gentle with her. We’re not training her as much as educating her in the realities of life. When she gets those straight she can leave the village. I promised her owner we could sort her out for him. So you’d better get started...’

It was a semi-circular arch of horizontal wooden bars mounted on a wheeled base and it stood about waist high. Charlie and Steve called it the Half Barrel as they strapped Sally on her back across it. She now had a ring

gag in her mouth, holding her jaws wide, so she could only gurgle incoherently as they pulled her arms over her head and buckled her wrists to rings at the base of one side of the arch. They then spread her legs and secured her ankles same way on the other side. It left her bowed painfully tautly over the arch of bars with her naked body turned up towards the roof and her breasts wobbling on her chest and trying to flow back towards shoulders.

If that was not painful enough they slid a rubber dildo on the end of a wooden pole up through the bars and into her rectum, adjusting its pressure so that it pushed her hips upwards. It felt like she was offering her pussy up for sacrifice.

Selecting lashes from a rack of punishment devices, they began to beat her methodically, working from either side of the barrel. The crack of leather on flesh rang out through the barn. They were very good, spreading the blows so that her skin burned evenly across her the front of her body, including the undersides of her shivering trembling breasts and the inner curves of her spread thighs.

She sobbed and strained against the straps that bound her even as spittle dribbled out past her ring gag across her cheeks. Stimulated by the plug up her behind, as she writhed about she realised to her horror that her pussy was also wetting and dribbling under the onslaught of the lashes. Her clitoris was standing up out of its hood, as though inviting the terrible pain of the hissing thongs.

The exquisite pain shocked Sally out of her own dismal introspection. She could not think of Damien while she was enduring this. Perhaps that was the intention: a drastic form of shock therapy. And then because thinking of Damien was another kind of agony, briefly she embraced the sting of the lash, trying to let it fill her mind. How could two young men be doing this to her? How could they at their age be apprentice slave handlers? How had Reynolds and his friends perverted life in the village so it was considered normal?

Then upside-down through misty eyes she saw the fierce look of delight on Charlie's face as he beat her and the bulge in the front of his

coveralls and she realized that perhaps they had not need much encouragement. What young man would not enjoy having such power over a pretty woman like herself? And they clearly had dozens more like her at their disposal. Was she the one having trouble acknowledging the truth?

She lost control of her bladder and a stream of hot pee spurted out of her slot in an arc across the bars to which she was bound and out onto the rubber matting floor of the slave barn. Steve and Charlie laughed at her shameful display.

‘We’ve got a wetting out of her already,’ Steve called out.

‘Yeah,’ Charlie replied. ‘She really spurts it out, doesn’t she?’

‘Screw her now?’

‘I think she’s hot enough...’

They climbed onto the base of the barrel, pulled their flies open and pushed their erect cocks into her ring-braced mouth and gaping vagina. She gagged on the hard young shaft being rammed down her throat, almost choking her even as her pussy clenched desperately about the one penetrating her vagina. They began to thrust alternately into her from each end, keeping perfect time. Perhaps they practiced. It was a terrible violation but it temporarily drove from her mind her all-consuming desire for Damien. Which of course was what he wanted so really she was only obeying his wishes, and yet she knew it would only be temporary....uhhh!

She bucked against her straps and orgasmed.

Charlie and Steve unbound her limp body from the barrel. They cuffed her wrists over her head to one of the dangling of wires and then led around the room to the tiled shower section. They made her straddle one of the troughs, which was filled with blue-tinted water, and used a hosepipe on

her with a selection of nozzles adapted to flushing out slave girls and washed her mouth and pussy clean of their sperm.

‘Pee!’ Charlie commanded. So wretched and dazed was she that she obeyed without caring she was doing so in front of their eyes.

Once she was empty they continued round to the wall of cages. One in the second-tier was open, its door hinge downwards, supported level by chains and forming a kind ledge or step. They made her climb onto this and then slide feet-first to the cage. It was lined by a narrow mattress with a single blanket and pillow. It was just long enough to accommodate her lying down but she could not sit up in it or spread her arms wide. A plastic water bottle hung in one corner.

They closed the door of the cage again with her arms still cuffed before her and linked to the overhead wire. The top of the cage door had a letterbox wide rectangular notch cut out of it through which the wire rope ran. Once the door was secured they pulled her bound wrists through the notch and unlocked the cuffs.

‘We’ll get you some food in a minute,’ Charlie said.

Sally huddled on the thin mattresses, trembling slightly. She was caged but she was not restrained in any way and she had forgotten what that felt like. The cage’s mattress was nothing like as thick as the one in her hotel room but at that moment it felt luxurious. She pulled the blanket up over her and for the first time in a week she covered her nakedness.

Charlie reappeared with a plastic plate of compressed balls of slave food and slid it through the slot in the cage door. It was nothing much but at least her hands were now free so she could actually feed herself with her fingers. For a moment she felt the strangest sensation of being privileged, almost spoilt. And then the reality of her situation returned.

Was this it? Her life would be confined within this cage, the village and the valley unless she renounced her love for Damien, and she could never do that. And then all she had suffered that terrible day came back with a rush like an incoming wave and it rolled her about like a pebble on a beach and

she cried herself to sleep.

Chapter Six

Sally woke to the sounds of voices, the rattle of wheels and the clatter of plates

Morning sunlight was coming in through the skylights and Overman, Charlie and Steve were moving about the barn with a big metal serving trolley with covered shelves. They were pulling bowls out of it and passing them into the cages. Sally saw bare flesh through the bars on either side of her and realized that at some time while she slept many girls had been brought into the barn. The stack of cages was almost three quarters full.

A steaming bowl of porridge with a plastic spoon in was thrust through the bars and Sally ate it up hungrily. It was the first proper food she had eaten normally for over a week. Just being able to do that for herself was a weird thrill.

And then the memory of Damien's rejection returned and bleakness filled her heart. For a moment the smell of food had distracted her. Was she so weak that she could be seduced by a bowl of porridge? Perhaps this was part of her calculated oppression by the men who wanted to grind her down until she gave in and renounced her love. But then everything she had said would be a lie. No, she would not do it.

But she still finished the porridge.

When all the girls had finished the bowls were collected. Then Charlie and Steve began taking the girls out of their cages in batches of five. They started at the top of the stack, using the wheeled steps, so Sally could see what was going on.

Charlie called out: 'present wrists!' and they pushed their hands through the slots in the doors. Cuffs were locked onto them and hooked to wire ropes. The cage doors were opened and the girls climbed down. The rope lengths had been arranged so that when on the ground they stood with their arms pulled above their heads.

When they had five of them the lads marched them round to the three low troughs which were set between the cages and the shower wall which Sally had used the previous day. The girls squatted over them and quite unselfconsciously peed and defecated, shuffling forward as they did so. As they reached the end the lads pushed hoses up their rears to flush them out and then washed their pussies and bottoms clean with narrow high pressure nozzles hoses.

When they were done the women moved on to the shower area and stood in front of a row of basins set on the wall. The lads took toothpaste and brushes from shelves by the basins and as the women opened their mouths on command cleaned their teeth. The women next stepped into a large shower pan where the lads wetted them down with spray nozzles and then used soapy mops to wash them over, like zoo keepers washing down animals in their care, before rinsing them off. Next to the shower was a drying area with powerful hot air vents in the floor that made the girls squeal as they blew them dry. As they stood on a matt beyond that the lads quickly brushed and combed their hair. It looked strange to see young men tending women in that way. Then Overman took charge of them, ushering them around to stand in a row by the doors. While he gagged them, clipped wire cables to their collars, cuffed their arms behind their backs and put on special items of harness, the lads went back for the next batch.

When it came to her turn Sally trembled as she felt her wrists cuffed. But she could not stay in her cage forever. She needed to empty her bowels but dreaded doing it in front of everybody. Damien had made her pee in the slave fountain urinal on the high street several times during the week, but she had hated it each time. Now she understood he'd be hoping all along that something like that would be the last straw and drive her away from him, while she had imagined she was pleasing him by being brave.

How twisted everything had been. That was why she clung to the one thing she was still certain of.

Together with four other women she climbed down from the cages and was ushered over to the waist troughs. She screwed up her eyes as she forced herself to expel her wastes into blue tinted water. Next they gave her an enema and washed her groin clean, which felt deeply disturbing even

though they did it effectively. They were also brisk and business-like with the toothbrushes, and soapy mops under the shower, working them into every fold and crease of her body to get it clean and not minding being rough in the process. But at the end they were surprisingly careful with drying and combing her hair, leaving her feeling at least fresh and clean and as ready as she ever would be to face whatever new horrors the day held for her.

Overman re-cuffed and gagged Sally and the two girls from the cages on either side of her but then separated them from the ranks being assembled by the front doors. With their collars attached to their wire tethers he took them to one side and left them standing while the rest of the girls were processed like fleshy dolls on a production line.

Sally glanced at her companions, who both appeared about her own age, wondering why they had been separated from the rest. They didn't have ink numbers stamped on them like she did, but she read their names from their collar tags.

“Jodie-R. Property of T. Blue” had black hair tied in bunches with a fringe across her forehead. Her face was bright and her eyes were dark. She had slightly olive-tinted skin and had a good compact figure with wide hips and neat up-tilted breasts. A trimmed dark “V” of pubic hair pointed down to her cleft from which her bare inner lips pouted like and impudent tongue.

“Fiona-R. Property of D. Smith” had a wavy mane of streaked blond shoulder-length hair. Her eyes were dark blue under arched brows. Her nose was perhaps a little large but her face was still pretty. She had creamy skin and a nice figure, with slightly larger breasts than Jodie's. Her pubic hair was blonde and had also been trimmed back from the mouth of her sex.

Sally realised they were also looking her up and down with frank but not unfriendly interest. Nervously she tried to smile back at them about her gag. How was she meant to behave in a place like this?

They were actually marked as “Property”: belonging to other people. The thought both horrified Sally and yet in a strange way gave her a pang of envy. It meant somebody still cared about them, even as slaves. Now Damien had denied her even that small comfort. For a week she had worn a tag on her

collar with his name on it and she had done her best to be a good slave. And yet he'd abandoned her. Had it ever meant anything to him at all? He said not... no, she would not give in to such thoughts. What mattered now was that it still meant something to her.

When all the girls had been washed, dried and assembled, Overman read out their names from a list he had compiled, telling them what duties they would be performing in the village that day. Some would be serving as living pub signs and others inside the pubs themselves. Half a dozen went to the pony shop for hiring out and a pair was assigned to the church. Charlie and Steve took them away in groups, leaving a couple who were returned their cages to rest and Sally and her two companions standing in one corner.

With the barn now almost empty, Overman now took charge of them.

'Now I'm going to try to make you see sense in accordance with your master's wishes,' Overman told her. 'I'll use Jodie and Fiona here to help. They're happy and content slaves,' he added, reminding her of her own miserable status. 'We're boarding them out and retraining them, so unlike village girls they're marked "R" to indicate their use and punishment is restricted according to their owners' wishes, because they don't want them to suffer more than is good for them. But what I want them to do with you is allowed...'

He led them over to one of the odd devices she had been able to see out of her cage. 'This is something we use when a girl needs to be encouraged to give more pleasure,' he said.

It was a long padded vinyl table, fitted with rings and straps, with a leaf section in the middle with a circular hole in it the size of a large plate. Under this was a small mesh cage as wide as the table that rested on the floor. The cage was hung about with coils of electric cable and there were more coils of wire on the table top above it. A transformer plugged into a mains lead rested beside the device.

The middle leaf of the table hinged up and the side of the cage beneath it opened wide, exposing its interior. In its base was a raised round vinyl cushion with a pair of silver and black dildos rising from it. Hanging

from the inner sides of the cage were coiled wires with snaphooks on their ends.

Overman made Sally turn about and step backwards into it. 'Sit on the stool so the electrodes go up your front and rear passages.'

Fearfully, Sally sat on the cushion, shuddering as the rods slid up her anus and vagina.

'Spread your legs,' he commanded.

She did so and Overman pulled up another pair of wires with snaphooks on their ends from under the seat. These he clipped to her labia rings. Sally felt the wires tugging on her sex lips and realised they were sprung, pulling her down onto the seat. Then

Overman took hold of her breasts in turn, pinched her nipples and fastened the upper set of wires to her nipple rings. Sally winced as the weight of them tugged on her breasts. The coiled wires now looped off on either side of her.

Overman unclipped the ceiling tether from her collar and lowered the table leaf. Her head just passed through the hole in its middle, leaving it jutting up out of the table top apparently disembodied. He closed and latched the cage's side door.

Sally shivered, clenching at the rods inside her and biting her lip against the weight of the wires on her sensitive nipples. She squirmed about to ease the pain and found the low stool swivelled. She could turn about ninety degrees in each direction, so that she faced along the table, before the pull of the coiled wires began to tug painfully on her nipple rings. Oh God, what was he planning to do to her?

Overman laid first Jodie and the Fiona on their backs on the table with their heads on its sides and their legs pulled back so that their bottoms overhung the rim of the central hole through which Sally's head poked. He pulled straps across them so their upper bodies were held down. Then he freed their collars from the ceiling tethers. He splayed their thighs until they

were almost flat, unbent their hips until their legs overlapped and then interlocked them, knees against knees and ankles against thighs, securing them together with several broad straps.

Now Sally's head rested within a flesh ring formed by their parted thighs and the soft mounds of their vulvas. Their clefts were almost brushing her nose. She could smell their female musk and feel the heat of their bodies on her face. In helpless fascination she gaped at the intricate folds of their clefts and their crowns of curling pubic hair and the tight sphincters of their anal mouths. She was gazing into their most intimate orifices.

Overman took up the coils of wire and fitted them to the three captive women. He slid a pair of electrode rods with bulbous tips up into Fiona and Jodie's anuses. They had small LED lights on their bases. He fitted a pair of wires into Sally's mouth, one in each side, and clipped their ends to her tongue stud. The wires were padded where they passed between her teeth so she could not bite into them.

Overman picked up the remote control unit. 'Now your tongue stud and the electrodes inside Fiona and Jodie are on two loops of the same detector circuit,' he explained. 'The closer the ends are together the more current flows between them, especially if the space between them is wet. The better the contact is the less power will flow through the other circuit which is connected to your nipples and the electrodes in your pussy and bottom. Like this...'

He pressed a button on controller.

Sally shrieked as the electrodes lodged in her rectum and vagina and those hooked to her ringed nipples and labia came alive, stabbing her with their electric needles. Jolt after jolt rippled through her in waves: nipples, pussy lips, vagina and anus, then it repeated. Helplessly impaled and unable to pull herself off the devices, Sally's body jerked and contorted in its cage, while her head rolled about in its ring of thigh and pussy flesh and tears streamed down her cheeks. She bit down on the cables in her mouth, her teeth chattering in pain. Her anal sphincter and vaginal sheath clamped about the electrodes inside her, as though perversely trying to suck up even more of the terrible current.

And then it was gone.

Sally realized that her face was lolling against Jodie's soft sex mound, her tears wetting her pubic curls. Trembling from the after-effects of the shock and deeply ashamed she pulled herself upright and blinked fearfully up at Overman.

'Do you want another sample?'

'N... no... Sir,' she choked.

'Then you'd better listen carefully. The only way you'll make proper contact is if you have your tongue as far up their vaginas as possible and keep them streaming wet. You know how to do that, I hope. The loops will alternate as the controller for the punishment circuit. The lights will be green for active and red when they're not. At the same time a buzzer will sound. That means you'll have to switch pussies pretty quickly if you don't want to get zapped. You keep doing that until I decided you've learned your lesson or they've each cum five times.' He must have seen the look of disbelief on her face, for he added: 'They can do that easily. They're natural submissives, you see. Not like you. But you'll learn to please them one way or another. That is unless you want to tell me you can't go through with it and you want to leave the village and not trouble Mr Brown again? You can do that any time, you know.'

Sally shook her head. She felt sick at the thought of doing this but she would not be broken.

'As you like,' Overman said, and he pressed a button on the remote controller.

A buzzer hidden somewhere under the table sounded and Sally felt a tingle of pain in her nipples. At the same moment the light on the electrode in Fiona's bottom flashed green. Desperately she twisted round and rammed her face into her cleft, with her nose grinding against her clitoris, and pushed her tongue up her lovemouth.

Sharp tingles ran through her body, making her shiver, but it was

nothing like the intensity she had felt before. She was safe from pain as long as she kept her face buried in another woman's pussy with her tongue up her vagina.

For perhaps thirty seconds she licked and tongued Fiona. And then the buzzer sounded again. Sally pulled her face, now wet with the other woman's juices, away from her groin and twisted about to see the light flashing on the probe inside Jodie's anus. She only just managed to ram her face into her groin before her nipples and pussy were stabbed with electric fire once again.

And so it went on.

It only took Jodie and Fiona's responsive bodies a few minutes to reach their first orgasms. They both came in Sally's face, drenching her with their outpourings. She spluttered and helplessly lapped up their juices. She felt dirty doing so because she was no natural lesbian. But the extra moisture must have increased the conductivity of the current between her wired tongue and their anuses because the background intensity of the shocks she was feeling seemed to diminish slightly. She realized it was a trap, of course. The harder she worked to please them and the more they juiced and came, the less she suffered. At least physically. This was all about breaking her will.

As she lapped and snuffled desperately in the pussies of her sister slave girls Sally could look over their fuzz-crowned pubic mounds and up along with their bound bodies and between their breasts to see their lifted heads staring back at her. With gags in it was hard to tell but she thought they looked sympathetic and even regretful at their participation in her suffering. She did not blame them. They were as helpless as she was and they could not prevent themselves coming again and again in her face as they were overwhelmed by their own passions.

Soon Sally's world had been reduced to a simple set of action and reactions. Jolt, twist, lap and suck, all played out in a tiny arena of soft pussy and thigh flesh that was increasingly becoming smeared and sticky with orgasmic discharge. Her own exertions combined with the body heat around her meant she was soon sweating profusely, while the confined heady aroma of lust filled her nostrils and its taste filled her mouth.

She was becoming dizzy and disorientated. Could you get drunk on girl juices? But it was a case of love it or get hurt. Gradually, as her tongue and jaws got tired, it was love it and get hurt. As the buzzer sounded and the lights flashed she was not turning from one streaming pussy to the other fast enough and she was getting punished. This made her miss sliding her tongue into its intended hole, although by now they were gaping wide and eager to be penetrated.

To make matters worse she was adding her own conductivity to the probes inside her and clipped to her labial rings. Despite her revulsion she was getting aroused at an instinctive level and her pussy was dripping onto the vinyl of the cushion, making her bottom sticky. The constant background ripple and tingle of the electric currents being played through her body was adding to her embarrassing condition. Her nipples were standing up like thimbles and her pussy mouth was gaping obscenely wide and lathered in her own juices. She was actually going to...

With a desperate sob she came, squatting on her tiny stool writhing with the jolts of the electric needles stabbing into her even as the pleasure burst of her own orgasm flooded through her. But the system was without mercy and gave her no time to savour her own bodily delights.

Twitching and jerking, Sally forced her head round and buried her tongue in Fiona's sex once again.

Sally did not actually remember her torment being ended. At one point she was surrounded by hot, sticky female flesh with the taste of orgasmic juices into her mouth and next thing she recalled she was standing in the shower pans cuffed to the ceiling wire ropes being hosed down and washed out. Once she was clean and dry she and the other two girls were led round to their cages and put inside to rest.

Sally hugged herself feebly. Her nipples, pussy and bottom still tingled from the after-effects of the multiple electric shocks and her tongue

and jaw ached like she had never known it, even after a long session giving oral sex to Damien. But that had been with a man she had loved. This had been different. And yet she had still come. She felt confused, ashamed and exhausted and just wanted to sleep.

‘We’re sorry,’ said a pair of voices in unison.

Sally became aware of Fiona and Jodie peering in at her through the bars of their adjacent cages.

‘That’s all right,’ Sally mumbled back. ‘Don’t blame you... I know you had no choice.’

She realized she was talking to two women for the first time only after she had already brought them to multiple orgasms through forced cunnilingus. This place was crazy.

‘You mustn’t feel guilty either,’ Fiona said.

‘No,’ Jodie added. ‘You only did what Overman made you do. Don’t feel bad about it.’

‘Which was pretty good, by the way,’ Fiona added. ‘You’ve got a great tongue, you know that?’

‘Thanks,’ Sally said bitterly. ‘It’s all right for you. You must like this kind of thing. I don’t.’

‘Why are you here, then?’ Jodie asked.

And so Sally told them. She was careful to refer to Damien only as “Mr Brown.” If any of this conversation got back to Overman in some way and he reported it to Damien, she did not want him to think she was trying to ruin his reputation by revealing details of his secret life. She would be true to her word.

Despite her tiredness it felt good to unburden herself. There had been nobody to talk to like this for over a week. She had spoken to Damien, of

course, but that had not been the same thing. In the end both Fiona and Jodie expressed sympathy for her situation, if a little puzzlement.

‘So you’re not here to be trained or disciplined by your lover, who’s trying to drive you away from him by getting Overman to break you?’ Fiona said.

‘But even though he says he doesn’t love you anymore, you think you can still win him back by not giving in?’ Jodie added.

‘Something like that,’ Sally agreed. ‘Does that sound stupid?’

‘It sounds like you must love him a lot,’ Jodie observed.

‘I do.’

Fiona looked uncomfortable. ‘I hope he’s worth it.’

Sally sensed she was holding back far stronger criticism of Damien’s behaviour. She had to admit it had not sounded good as she told it even to her own ears. Well she always knew he was not perfect. But was this becoming about more than simply winning his love; was she also trying in some way to redeem Damien’s own failings? Was that too much to wish for? But if she let doubt into her heart, what would she have left?

Talking became easier and in turn she found out about Jodie and Fiona’s background.

They had both met wealthy and dominant people a few years ago, Jodie a man and Fiona a woman, and had easily slipped into becoming their lovers and happy full-time slaves. They made it sound so natural and ordinary to live naked, collared and chained virtually full time. Sally could just about imagine playing sex games like that in private but it was the thought of being on display in a place like the village before the eyes of so many strangers, or being kept in cages like dogs, that made her feel queasy. It had been forced upon her. How could they embrace it? Weren’t they angry with their respective owners for treating them like that?

‘No,’ Fiona explained. ‘We haven’t been abandoned. We know they love and care for us. And we want to be better slaves to please them.’

‘When they come back they’ll want to show us off around the village and we’ll be proud to walk at their heels,’ Jodie said.

‘You see it doesn’t matter so much what you’re made to do as who you’re doing it for,’ Fiona added.

Sally felt at a loss in the face of the cheerful certainty exhibited by these two happy and committed slaves. Unlike their owners, Damien was ashamed of showing her off or even acknowledging her existence outside the village. Was the fault his, or was she really that common or worthless? Was she not even good enough to be a slave?

Sally spent the afternoon as a girl-cow in the field she and Damien had visited when she had been harnessed to his ponygirl trap. It was of course the next act in Overman’s attempt to break her will.

Steve had driven her up there, together with half a dozen other village girls. Jodie and Fiona were apparently excluded by the limitations set upon them by their owners, which was disappointing. She could have done with their sympathetic company.

She and the other girls had been put in their weird harnesses in the barn. It felt strange to be able to move in a fashion and yet be so restrained at the same time. The tapering plastic tubes tightly encased her arms and legs so she could not bend them, while the collar forced her to keep her head up. She was acutely aware of the blatant exposure of her buttock crease and naked vulva. The clear mask pressed against her face, constraining her ability to show expression yet did it not conceal her features. The ball clamped about her tongue prevented her from speaking clearly. She was physically supported, exposed and yet contained and almost totally helpless.

They were driven like the animals they had been turned into along the back lanes and pathways to the field. Sally teetered along with the others in a stilt-like motion, being flicked across their buttocks by the long whippy cane Steve carried. It was a posture almost designed to take to set large breasts like hers bobbing and jiggling wildly, making her blush at the spectacle she knew she was creating. Each stride pulled on the cords linking her encased limbs to her belt. There was no question of moving at any faster pace. She feared falling over and not being able to get upright.

As they approached the field she saw a sign by the gate which she must have missed before. It read:

These animals are free for use by any orifice.

Please keep the gate shut when doing so.

Do not enter the field.

Sally tried to puzzle this out. Did that mean they could only be screwed through the gate?

Once inside the small field with the gate closed she the others were left to their own devices. All they could do of course was wander around looking perversely decorative and wait for somebody to take an interest in them. Harnessed as they were there was no possibility of escape even if they had wished to try.

Something she had not seen from the other side of the gate was that beside it on the field side was a device built against the hedge. It was a stainless steel box which combined a urinal pan and a pair of nozzles above it activated by pads set beside them, which, according to the instructional diagram attached to it, functioned as an automatic anal and pussy flusher and greaser. Sally shuddered, amazed by its perverse ingenuity and yet appalled by its existence. And yet she had no doubt she would use it herself and be grateful for it.

Soon she saw visitors, some with pets on leashes, passing the gate. A few paused to look at the girl cows with amusement and then continued on.

Others wanted a closer look.

Like Damien had done they summoned them over to the gate where they could reach through and over its rails to handle them. Sally clamped her teeth as she was pinched and pawed and probed. Curious fingers tested the weight of her breasts, investigated the elasticity of her vagina and pried apart her buttocks to examine the tightness of her anus. Inevitably some wanted to test its depth. Before Sally could even properly take in the face of the latest person to handle her, she found her haunches pulled against the gate and a penis was forcing its way up into her rear. The gate began to rattle as she was sodomised and she had to brace her rigidly encased forearms against the thrusts which set her body jerking and swaying.

Her user came inside her his own good time, which was frustratingly too soon for Sally. When he was done he pulled his cock out of her and gave her rump a slap to let her know she was now free again. By the time she looked back he was already striding off along the path. She would never know what he looked like. Did that matter?

Stiffly, with his sperm beginning to dribble out of her bottom, she made her way over to the cleaning station and backed against it. The pressure of her buttocks activated the mechanism and she shivered as the refreshing water washed his sperm out of her rear and eased her sore anus with a parting blob of grease.

This was what Damien had said he wanted for her, she thought bleakly. To be left out in a field as the plaything of strangers. Perhaps Jodie or Fiona could have taken genuine pleasure in such brief encounters but she found she could not. In any case if she had enjoyed having a stranger's cock up her she might have felt she was being disloyal to Damien in some way. But then he wanted that... or at least for her to suffer when it happened. But if she began to enjoy it for herself what would that mean? Oh God she was so screwed up! All that was left was to endure and hope.

Chapter Seven

The next morning Overman reported Sally's progress to Damien via a webcam link.

He had angled his laptop so Damien could see his latest efforts at breaking her spirit. From where she was secured she could also see his masked face on the screen and her heart ached.

She was standing under a small wheeled gibbet next to Overman's desk, with her legs spread and ankles clamped to the ends of a T-bar. The longer adjustable shaft of the bar rose up between her legs and was embedded in her anus. Her upper body was bent painfully forward by the tension on her arms, which were drawn up behind her and secured by heavy straps about her elbows and wrists which pulled them together so that her elbows touched. A wire rope ran from them to a big ring hanging from the gibbet arm, from which also hung a rope and hook that passed through the ring on the back of her collar. More straps were bound about the roots of her breasts so tightly that they bulged outwards like mushroom heads, turning purple as the blood congested within them. Lead weights hung from her nipple rings, tugging them downwards into fleshy cones, causing her to bite down on a big rubber bit that was wedged between her teeth.

Jodie and Fiona, with their arms cuffed behind them and collars linked by a chain, knelt in front of her taking turns to lick and tongue out her pussy. Meanwhile Charlie stood to one side with a cane, alternately lashing it across Sally's tormented breasts and outthrust bottom, which were by now thickly marked with scarlet stripes.

Sally swayed and moaned in her bonds, tears dripping down her cheeks from her red eyes, as pain and shame fought within her.

'As you can see I've been keeping up the pressure on her as you requested, Mr Brown,' Overman reported. 'Plenty of pain, humiliation and forced intimacy with other females.'

‘But has it done any good?’ Damien snapped back.

‘She seems to be very stubborn, Mister Brown,’ Overman admitted. ‘And I’m not sure she is responding quite as you hoped to sex with other slave girls.’

‘I could see how it affected her when I screwed them and then made her lick me clean,’ Damien insisted.

‘That may be true, Mr Brown. However it is possible she is adapting to her new situation.’

For a moment surprise at Damien’s naïve reasoning penetrated Sally’s misery. He had assumed that because she didn’t like an intimate act, piling on more of it would break her spirit. Did he really think so little of her? Sex with other women still disturbed her but after getting to know Fiona and Jodie a little it did not feel quite as sick as it had even yesterday. They weren’t anonymous strangers anymore. They were also undeniably skilled with their tongues, which distracted her from the crack of the cane.

‘Well get tougher with her!’ Damien snorted. ‘That bitch has got to accept that she is wasting her time mooning after me!’

The anger and crude distaste in his words cut through Sally more deeply than any cane could. She hoped this was just another ploy of his to make her give up her infatuation with him. After all he had genuinely cared for her once. All that could not simply have been forgotten. Could it?

‘I have something special planned for her tonight at the church, Mr Brown,’ Overman said.

‘Well make sure it works!’ Damien said. He cut the connection without having spoken one word directly to her.

Feeling even more wretched than before, Sally sagged in her bonds. How could he treat her like this? She must have lowered her emotional guard because just then an orgasm rose up within her and to her surprise she came copiously over Jodie’s face. Sadly it was only a brief respite from her misery.

Later, when they were allowed to rest in their cages, Sally asked Jodie and Fiona what Overman had meant when he talked about taking her to the church that night. The other two girls suddenly looked grave.

‘They have a kind of pseudo-religious services there for slaves and masters,’ Fiona explained. ‘Our owners don’t let us go. A lot of it is just show, you know, the way locals sometimes stage events to entertain tourists, but we heard they can get pretty brutal at times. Have you seen the altar? Well they use that a lot apparently.’

‘They celebrate what they think makes an ideal slave girl,’ Jodie said. ‘That means totally giving yourself to submission and pain and being willing to suffer anything for your master’s pleasure.’

Sally thought she might have been willing to suffer like that for Damien... if he had been there with her. But he was not.

There must have been a congregation of about fifty people seated in the forward fumes of the little church. Mostly they were masked slave owners with their gagged and leashed and slaves kneeling beside them. All were staring directly at Sally.

She stood in the middle of a circle of red rubber matting that had been set out in the space before the altar, which was hung with straps and chains and covered with many lighted candles. Behind it the current girl to be chained to the St, Evals cross moaned softly about her gag as she writhed and squirmed about her impaling dildo. It was now capped by a metal sheath wired to a transformer and sent regular jolts through her pussy that kept it clenching and dribbling throughout the service.

Overman presided over the ceremony very much like a priest. He had even changed into black robes decorated with silver stars, like some storybook wizard. Sally hoped it was just for show and the villagers would not suddenly be revealed as secret Satanists with a taste for human sacrifice. But whatever his intentions were she hoped he would act them out quickly. She was in such pain.

Sally stood with her arms cuffed above her head to a long chain dangling from a roof beam. Her right leg was also pulled upwards by a second cuff and chain until her foot was higher than her head. Her left leg was cuffed to a ring set in the middle of the mat and bolted to the floor, so she could not lift it to ease the strain. The tension bent and bowed her chest and waist sideways until her hips were almost at right angles to the floor as she was forced to perform this most extreme version of the splits. The muscles of her inner thighs stood out and the bare mound of her sex and the mouth of her anus were totally exposed. She shivered and trembled and bit on the gag she filled her mouth to stifle her whimpers of fear.

‘Welcome to you all,’ Overman said, raising his hands as though in benediction. ‘In St Evals we celebrate the possession and mastering of the female body. It is a form ideally designed to give pleasure. A woman’s breasts are made for suckling, confining and ringing; her buttocks for grasping and beating, and her orifices for penetration and the weeping of sweet juices. These pleasures can be given freely or they can be taken by those strong willed enough to command them. Even in the depths of suffering a woman’s body can be enjoyed. Some even say they are at their most pleasurable when there are tears in their eyes...’

As he spoke these sonorous phrases he was moving round Sally and adding to her misery. He hung lead weights on her nipples rings, stretching her tender flesh. Then he pulled down another chain from the ceiling. On its end was a large metal hook with a bulbous tip. This he slid up into her anus, making her groan as it entered her. Then he drew it tight until her bottom bulged, almost lifting her off the ground until she stood on tiptoe. As the hook twisted within her rectum the pressure made her pussy mouth bulge even further, its lips gaping. He clipped light chains to her labia rings and coiled them around her thighs, drawing them tight so that her inner lips were

peeled back to expose her pink glistening sex valley: the dark crinkled mouth of her vagina, her tiny red-rimmed pee-hole and the flesh hood of her clitoris, which was perversely swollen and prominent.

Overman ran his fingers through her cleft, which was, due to the unnatural posture of her body, now horizontal. Sally snivelled and flinched and twisted between the chains that stretched her from floor to ceiling as he felt her and probed her gaping passage. Overman held his wet fingers aloft for the congregation to see.

‘See! Even in her misery she is wet and juicy and ready to be used! She is a true slave and cannot help but express her inner desires. She will give you pleasure even as she suffers...’

He picked up a spanking paddle from the altar and positioned himself behind Sally. Slowly he drew the narrow rubber paddle head through the gaping maw of her sex, and then he drew back his hand and swiped.

The crack of rubber on tender girl flesh rang out through the church. Sally screamed in pain as the full force of the blow smacked into her soft wet inner love mouth. The impact flattened her clitoris and drove the juices back inside her vagina. She had never felt anything quite so terrible.

Again and again Overman beat her defenceless sex until it glowed red and the insides of her thighs blushed with the heat of the blood being forced through it. With every blow the paddle blade came away wet with her juices which were splattering across her inner thighs and trickling down them, giving a lie to the shrieks and sobs of pain she was making and the saliva dribbling about her gag. She was twisting wildly to and fro in her chains but was totally unable to escape the terrible punishment. She was strung out as taut as a piano wire and she could not escape the paddle blade.

And then came the climax. Terrible pressure had built inside her until it could no longer be denied. With a desperate sob Sally surrendered to it. A hot hissing stream of pee spurted sideways from her pussy hole with such force that it went beyond the edge the mat and onto the stone flagged floor of the church. At the same terrible wonderful moment an orgasm took hold of her of such intensity as she had never known before. A spray of orgasmic

juices joined the stream of her pee and splattered out from her widespread thighs, twinkling and sparkling in the candlelit air. Caught up between absolute pleasure and pain, Sally wailed and then fainted.

Sally recovered her senses to find she was now lying on her back. Her legs were still spread but they were drawn out sideways, as were her arms. There were heavy cuffs about her wrists and ankles and across the front of her neck. Then she realised she was lying on the church altar with the tall candles glowing about her. Her open groin and stinging, simmering pussy mouth, wet with urine and sticky with her discharge juices, was facing down the length of the church at the congregation, with her bottom just overhanging the lip of the altar. Overman was standing behind the altar looking down at her and smiling knowingly. Beyond him she could see the gently twitching body of the girl strapped to the St Evals cross.

She recalled what she had done and her cheeks burned. She had pissed herself and orgasmed at the same time in front of fifty people! The shame of it was almost worse than the pain in her blazing pussy.

Overman raised his hands again. 'Now let us enjoy this slave as nature intended...'

And one by one the congregation came up to the altar, some leading their slave girls with them. As the girls squatted down and watched with eyes filled with lust, curiosity or fear, their masters rammed their hard cocks up Sally's vagina or rectum according to choice. And when they were done and had pulled out of her, their slaves were made to lick their cocks clean, tasting the juices of their unfortunate sister.

While Sally was being screwed Overman had taken up one of the big red candles on its silver stick. As her body trembled and shivered with the force of the penises being rammed up inside her as he held it over her chest and dripped its hot wax across her heaving breasts. Sally's eyes bulged and she shrieked and dribbled about her gag as the wax solidified on her breasts

and nipples in splashes and streaks. When a thick enough crust had been formed, practically encasing her breasts and confining their natural fluid jiggle within a hard shell of wax, Overman put down the candle and took up the lash. He beat it across her breasts, shattering the candle wax cocoons and scattering their fragments across the altar top.

‘She has an orifice going unused at this end!’ Overman called out. ‘Bring round your girls and have her pleasure them!’

And so slave girls were brought up and made to squat on the altar over Sally with their pussies pressed against her face and she had to lick and suck them out, while they faced their masters who were pounded away inside her pussy mouth or bottom hole. She tasted the juices of slave pussy after slave pussy as they were sprayed over her face, while her other orifices were being filled one or another with their masters’ sperm. Her whole body was truly being offered up to the village spirit of suffering and total enslavement.

And at some point in the midst of this terrible assault on her Sally was caught up once again in the throws a monstrous orgasm. For a few seconds she bucked and heaved on the altar, clenching the penis of the man inside her rectum with her sphincter so tightly that he could not move, and almost throwing the girl straddling her face off her body.

That tiny fragment of her mind still capable of anything like rational thought realised that if she could get an orgasmic thrill out of this, for whatever perverse reason, then she would never be broken. If she allowed it to take hold of her it would see her through the worst suffering. Yet if Damien really didn’t love her anymore and winning him back was a hopeless cause, had this discovery come too late?

And then she fainted again.

Chapter Eight

Except for visits to the toilet troughs, Overman let Sally rest in her cage in the barn the next day to recover for her church ordeal. Her pussy and anus ached as she had never known before and her whole body seemed to simmer with pain. At least Overman had arranged for her orifices to be well flushed out, greased and then cooled with ice packs.

Fiona and Jodie had been as caring and sympathetic as they could, but Sally could tell they were wondering why she had brought this on herself when a few words would end her suffering. So was she.

The only other time she was taken out of her cage was to be displayed in front of the laptop camera for Damien to see that she had been properly abused.

Her breasts and buttocks were crisscrossed with cane and lash marks and blotched from where the wax had come so close to scorching her skin. Her vulva was puffy and her scarlet inner labia were swollen. She could hardly stand without support from Steve or Charlie. As she gazed into Damien's face on the screen Sally experienced a little start as she realised that for the first time she did not feel that old instinctive longing for him.

'Well, Sally?' he said gruffly. 'Now you've had a proper taste of village life have you seen sense yet? Are you going to stop being such a fool and accept my offer? Or do you need another week to think about it? Well?'

Why not? It was all over so why shouldn't she take his offer and go off far away and forget him or that any of this had ever happened? If she had been a self-deluding fool this far then there was no sense in prolonging her own suffering. All it would take was a nod or a simple yes... She shook her head.

'You stupid, stubborn bitch, what's the matter with you!' Damien roared. He swung his eyes round to Overman. 'Why the hell can't you break her? That's what you're paid for!'

Overman maintained his calm. ‘There are limits to the suffering I can inflict on her as defined by village convention, Mr Brown. You know the rules. “Unlimited” does not mean beyond reason. You must be patient...’

Back in her cage Sally huddled under her blanket, fighting back tears, but they were not from the lingering pain of her ordeal.

Why was she still defying Damien? Was it to prove to herself that she had the courage to face further suffering, or was it to make him suffer in his own way? They had not broken her, but perhaps, at last, she was giving up. Slowly she was facing up to the terrible possibility that Damien’s love, if it had ever been that strong, was gone beyond any hope of winning back. Perhaps this final show of stubbornness a way of putting off for a little longer the acceptance that even though she had invested everything in her hopes and dreams of being with Damien forever, he had not. And if that was so then she might as well stay in her cage and rot.

By the next morning Sally felt a little better physically, although her mind was still filled with bleak despair and she was wracked by heartache. She knew it was over. It was simply a matter of how long she wanted to prolong the inevitable. And fear of the emptiness that would then follow.

‘He can’t be worth all this,’ Fiona said before she and Jodie were taken away for an exercise run around the village. Small bells were clipped to their nipples, making it a spectacle both for the eye and the ear.

She was right, of course. But actually admitting it was so hard.

After they were gone there came a change in the normal barn routine. The remaining unlimited girls were taken out and arranged in a row on the floor of the barn as though ready for inspection.

‘A “Mrs Robinson” has come to St Evals without a slave and wants to hire one for her exclusive use for the next few days,’ Overman explained. ‘If

she chooses you, you will serve her to the best of your ability. She will have full punishment and usage rights over you.'

Sally shivered. Was this the time to say she was giving up? But Overman was busy now and she did not want to do it in front of everybody. Suppose she was chosen. She didn't want to be any lady's pet slave. Then Sally looked down at her own sore and sadly lash-stripped body and then at the clearer flesh of the girls displayed on either side of her and thought that there was very little chance of that happening.

Mrs Robinson was a slender woman who might have been aged anywhere between thirty and forty. She wore a black cat mask that went across the bridge of her nose and had fabric ear tips on the head band. Her bright green eyes shone through its slits and her red hair was pulled severely back in a ponytail behind it. She was dressed in a fitted black jacket, a ruff fronted shirt, a knee-length pleated skirt and black knee boots. With a spanking paddle hung from her belt she looked casually masterful.

She strode up and down the line of girls, lifting chins to peer into their eyes, squeezing breasts, patting bottoms, tweaking nipples and sliding fingers stiff fingers into the mouths of their sexes. She radiated an air of absolute self-confidence that Sally could almost taste.

'I will be strict with whoever I chose and will demand their total obedience,' she said in a clear well-modulated voice that Sally instantly envied. 'If they don't please me in every way they will suffer. Do they understand that?'

'Yes, Mrs Robinson,' Overman assured her.

After examining them all carefully, Mrs Robinson turned and pointed at Sally. 'I'll take that one,' she said.

Ten minutes later Mrs Robinson left the barn with Sally, cuffed, re-

gagged and wearing a set of slave sandals on her feet, trailing after her on the end of a chain leash. She wore a fresh leather collar with a new tag hanging from it that read: *Sally: property of Mrs Robinson*. Temporarily at least she belonged to somebody with a name and not to the whole village. She was not sure if it was an improvement.

Sally followed at her heels eyeing the spanking paddle as it bobbed from her waist. This was her punishment for hesitating and being both proud and stupid. Now she would have to suffer this further degradation. As Overman had told her in a hasty aside, there was no option of telling Mrs Robinson that she had suddenly chosen no longer to be a slave girl and wanted to leave the village. They had a reputation to uphold. She would have to serve her for as long as she wanted her.

Overman had asked Mrs Robinson if she wouldn't prefer a fresher girl, but the woman had been insistent. 'She looks like she might be amusing,' she said.

After they had gone a little way along the path that led back to the village high street, Mrs Robinson halted, turned to Sally, lifted her chin up and to her surprise smiled.

'Don't worry, Sally. I'm strict but I'm not quite the ogre I make out to be. It impresses men, that's all. They pay you more respect in a place like this if they think you're a hard bitch. One thing I do insist on, though. When I allow you to speak you will call me "Mistress". Now, would you like an ice cream?'

She pulled Sally's gag out for a moment.

'Yes, Mistress.'

Ten minutes later Mrs Robinson was eating her ice cream seated on a bench under a tree on the edge of St Evals tiny village green, which was just

large enough to play a modest game of cricket. Sally knelt at her feet. Her gag had once again been temporarily removed and her hands had been re-cuffed in front of her so she could hold her own cone piled with ice cream and two chocolate flake bars.

As she ate Sally cautiously looked about her. There were other slaves and their owners on the green. Some were seated and others were playing fetch with balls or sticks. To see naked collared female bodies bounding about on an idyllic English country green in sight of a church spire and a couple of pubs, albeit with living girl-signs, was quite surreal, and it still made her feel slightly sick to see grown women reduced to behaving like dogs. However none of that could detract from the fact that this was a delightful spot. During the week she had spent in the village with Damien they had passed the green several times but never simply stopped to enjoy it. Why not? Perhaps because it was a place to be at ease and Damien had not wanted her to feel such a sensation.

Mrs Robinson had been watching the girl pets chasing balls. Then she looked at Sally thoughtfully. ‘I think you would look good as a dog...’

Fetter’s supplied the necessary harness. The same man served them who had supplied Damien with a tail for her the previous week. If he recognized Sally and wondered why she now had a mistress he did not say.

There were black rubber “paws” that slipped on over Sally’s hands and feet, confining and padding them. Next was a pair of ankle cuffs linked by rubber cords to a broad belt that went about her middle. These prevented her from extending her legs and standing upright, forcing her to move round in a more canine gait. There was of course a matching tail, but at least it was a simple one and plugged into her bottom without fancy extras. It wagged easily as she moved without pumping about inside her. There was a headpiece that included dog ear extensions and a rubber dog snout. This went on over her nose and upper lip and was connected by a strap that ran back across her cheeks to the larger strap that went under her chin and over the top

of her head which divided about her ears and supported the extensions that appeared now to be growing out of the top of them. It was more playful than severely restricting.

As Mrs Robinson led Sally out of the shop she had to learn how to follow at her heels her on her hands and knees. But the padding of paws helped a little and she soon mastered a reasonable trot, with her bare bottom bobbing in the air and her tail wagging.

From *Nip and Tuck* they got a ball and a rubber bone. The latter Mrs Robinson took straight out of its packaging and pushed between Sally's teeth.

'Now you carry that like a good girl and don't drop it,' she told Sally.

Mrs Robinson also bought a novelty tongue extender for oral sex-play made of very soft gel rubber and designed to clip onto Sally's tongue stud. Mrs Robinson put it in her pocket. 'That's for later,' she said with a smile.

Back at the green Mrs Robinson threw the ball for Sally and she had to race after it with her breasts bouncing and tail wagging, recover it and bring it back to drop into her temporary mistress's hand.

To her great surprise Sally found that it was absurd fun. If you were dressed as a dog you might as well act like one. And her naked exposure, which until now had so shamed her, became part of the game. It was, in a perverse way, liberating. She came back to Mrs Robinson panting and sweaty with the ball clamped between her teeth and her cheeks glowing.

'Good girl!' Mrs Robinson said. And she patted her head

How long had it been since Damien, or anybody else for that matter, had complimented her like that?

They ate lunch in the beer garden of *The Three Bells*.

Mrs Robinson sat at a bench table while Sally knelt beside her eating slave portions from a bowl on the grass. As she ate Mrs Robinson idly reached down and stroked and fondled Sally's raised bottom. Her touch was gentle and appreciative and not entirely unpleasant.

'You've got a pretty behind,' she observed. Then she traced the still visible cane stripes that ran across it. 'I can see you've been punished a lot recently, but I can't imagine it was because you were badly behaved. You've been perfectly obedient this morning. What did you do to earn such a beating?'

Sally looked up at Mrs Robinson, biting her lip. 'Please, Mistress... I'd rather not talk about it.'

She was afraid the Mrs Robinson would demand to know but she simply smiled and said: 'As you wish...'

After they had eaten, Mrs Robinson took Sally, with her bone still clamped between her teeth, on a leisurely walk along the wooded paths above the village. It looked so idyllic from up there it was hard to believe the perverse activities it concealed.

After they had walked for a while Mrs Robinson had said casually: 'I need to pee.'

She led them off the path up into a thicket nestling between the trees. Here she lifted up her skirt to reveal she wore no panties. At the junction of her slim thighs was a red pubic bush trimmed back from her pale smooth sex lips.

As she quite unselfconsciously splayed her legs and squatted down and released a stream of urine into the leaf litter, she said to Sally: 'If you want to pee as well you can, but do it properly like a dog would.'

It felt more natural performing the act in the woods than when Damien had forced her to do it on the high street in front of everybody. Sally cocked her leg against a tree trunk and peed lustily, feeling naughty and conspiratorial rather than ashamed. After Mrs Robinson had dried herself she

took up a handful of grass and wiped Sally's pubes. Her intimate touch as her fingers slid through her tender cleft made Sally shudder with unexpected excitement. Mrs Robinson misread her reaction.

'You're still very sore there, aren't you?' she observed. 'You have been badly treated...'

Sally was finding herself increasingly at ease with Mrs Robinson. She could sense her commanding power over her but she was hardly using it. And she smiled at her a lot as though she really was enjoying her company and was pleased at her behaviour. She made being her girl-dog, by village standards, almost enjoyable. Then she realised with a shiver that when night came she would undoubtedly be expected not only to pleasure Mrs Robinson, but to sleep with her. And despite her practice with Fiona and Jodie, she'd never done anything so intimate before.

Mrs Robinson was also staying at *The Coach and Horses*. When she led Sally, still on her hands and knees in her dog harness, back through its doors later that afternoon, Norman Sachem was at the reception desk.

'Good afternoon, Mrs Robinson,' he said warmly. 'I hope you had a pleasant day?'

'Very pleasant, thank you, Mr Sachem,' Mrs Robinson replied. 'As you can see I've picked up a pet. I'll need a table for two at dinner.'

'I'll tell Anton,' Sachem said, glancing down at Sally and smiling approvingly.

He must have recognised Sally as "Mrs Brown" from a few days earlier but he said nothing. Perhaps the villagers had got used to the strange ways of slave owners and simply ignored them.

Mrs Robinson had a small suite similar to the one Sally and Damien had occupied, except that it had a modern version of a four-poster bed.

Leaving Sally, minus her dog harness, kneeling cuffed by the bed with her leash tied to a corner post, Mrs Robinson went into the bathroom to wash and prepare for dinner. When she emerged she was wrapped in a robe with her wet hair in a towel but still wearing her mask. To Sally's surprise she then removed her leash, cuffs and collar and sent her into the bathroom totally naked and unrestrained.

'There's a bag there with everything you'll need. Try the perfume and put a little make-up on your breasts and bottom to hide those marks. Take your time...'

She locked Sally in.

Sally luxuriated in a deep hot bath for first time in two weeks. Then she washed her hair and did her best to make herself look as pretty as possible. She felt she owed Mrs Robertson that much for her kindness. If she had not taken charge of her today she would have slipped into a terrible depression over the thought of losing Damien. As it was she had distracted her and made to feel as though she was not quite as worthless and stupid as she had been feeling. She determined to do her best to please her in whatever way she wanted that night.

When she finally knocked on the door and was let out, she found Mrs Robinson had changed into a royal blue evening dress with a new matching cat mask. Her hair was now coiled and pinned and she looked sleek and sophisticated.

Sally was praying she did not have the same kind of surprise that Damien had sprung on her that first night. In fact what she had laid out on the bed, beside some gold chains, was a dress of sparkling red Lurex with heart cutouts for her breasts and pussy to show through and a larger heart to frame both cheeks of her bare bottom. There were high-heeled shoes to match.

‘Try them on,’ Mrs Robinson said.

The dress was a good fit, where it actually covered her. It was the first clothing she had worn for two weeks and the fabric felt strange on her skin. Oddly, with only her most intimate parts revealed by the dress, she felt more exposed than when she had been totally naked.

Mrs Robinson locked a gold-plated solid collar about Sally’s neck and matching cuffs about her wrists, which were secured in front of her. They were linked by a long light chain. She threaded gold rings linked by a much finer chain through her nipple piercings, joining them together across the front of the dress. Her labial rings were replaced by a pair of gold hooks that supported a little gold heart that hung down over her naked pussy cleft. She had not overlooked her pierced ears, which Damien had never touched and still had her plain studs in, and fitted them with gold heart drops. She even had an ornament for her bottom: a delicate gold anal plug with a fine swan neck which curved up the cleft of her buttocks to spread into another heart.

Mrs Robinson stood back and smiled. ‘There, you look lovely.’

Sally supposed did in a way, but she was still a slave, and as such she was about to be shown off as a half-naked in front of fifty people over dinner. At least she was not gagged this time. ‘Thank you, Mistress.’

Mrs Robinson looked at her searchingly. ‘You’re not happy?’

‘When I came to St Evals, Mistress, I wasn’t planning on being anybody’s slave.’

‘Really? You must tell me about it.’ She picked up a gold chain leash and clipped it to Sally’s collar. ‘But as it is you are one and I’m going to show you off. Do you blame me?’

‘No, Mistress.’ She realised that sounded conceited and added: ‘I mean you’ve been very kind to me. If you want I’d... enjoy having dinner with you.’

‘But I’m not who you were hoping to the dining with, correct?’

‘That’s correct, Mistress.’

‘Well his loss... it was a “He” wasn’t it?’ Sally nodded. ‘I thought so. His loss is my gain.’

‘Yes, Mistress.’

They sat at a small table facing each other, and Sally was able to eat using proper utensils. The chain linking her wrist cuffs was long enough not to interfere seriously. Mrs Robinson smiled at her as they ate and made small talk, while Sally kept her eyes averted as far as possible from the other diners and their slaves and smiled back all she could. After the second course she felt something brushing along the inside of her thighs. Mrs Robertson had slipped her foot out of her shoe and was running her stockinged toes up between Sally’s legs. As Sally started in surprise Mrs Robinson gazed passionately at her. Taking a deep breath Sally parted her thighs and let Mrs Robinson dip her big toe into the wet mouth of her sex and wriggle it about. Despite her reservations it was insidiously arousing and soon Sally was blushing and squirming while a dark stain formed on the cushion of her chair.

This of course was only light foreplay by village standards and those diners who noticed merely smiled. The main event would take place when they were back upstairs in Mrs Robinson bedroom. She hoped she would be able to go through with it. Although of course she would not have any choice.

Sally stood naked and spread-eagled at the foot of the suite’s four-poster bed. She was facing the head of the bed with her bare bottom turned outward. She had not noticed earlier but recessed into the bed posts and foot board were handy rings to clip straps and chains to. Mrs Robinson seemed to have come well-prepared with those.

Cuffs chained to the top and bottom of the posts pulled her limbs out wide. Straps about her knees bound them to the front of the foot board, which also concealed slots where other devices could be fitted. One of them was working on her now. It was a vibrator with a head the size of a tennis ball that was pressed up into the slot of her pussy, which spread around it. Her clitoris was jammed hard up against the soft, buzzing vibrator head, pulsing steadily, while her vagina dribbled juices over it. Under its influence her nipples stood up like thimbles. Sally moaned and bit her lip. A gag bar hung on its cord under her chin but it had not yet been put between her teeth.

Mrs Robinson watched her responses with approval. She was now as naked as Sally except for her mask. She might have been thirty-five or forty, but she still had a very nice body with pale clear skin and a trim waist and good legs. She had nicely proportioned breasts with well-defined brown nipples that did not show much sag, and her bottom was pleasantly rounded.

She moved around Sally running the blade of her spanking paddle across her trembling bottom. Then she clambered onto the bed and knelt facing her. She flicked her hard nipples with approval. Then she shuffled forward, put her arms around Sally and kissed her passionately.

Their breasts were flattened together so that Sally could feel her ringed-nipples pressing into Mrs Robinson's smaller mounds and in turn feel her hard teats digging into her. The vibrator head buzzed against both their pussies, which were cupping it between them, wetting it with their juices.

They kissed so passionately and for so long that Sally began to feel dizzy, although whether from lack of air or sexual arousal she was not sure. She had licked out dozens of pussies over the last few days, which she had thought was the ultimate intimacy possible between women, but now she was not so sure. Was it the force of Mrs Robinson's natural passion or her powerful nature that made her feel so light headed? It was a little frightening but exciting at the same time. It was similar to and yet also so very different from the feelings she had while Damien had been mastering her.

Damien! She realised she had not thought about him for over an hour.

At last Mrs Robinson broke their embrace and smiled at Sally,

stroking her flushed cheeks. 'You really are very lovely,' she said. 'And now I'm going to make you cry. That's entirely for my own pleasure. You've not displeased me in any way. I just like seeing pretty girls suffering, and knowing that I have the power to prolong or end that suffering as I wish. And I do know what you're feeling right now. Years ago I was brought here by man who wanted to make me his pet. I didn't enjoy playing at being a slave but I found out two things. First, that I liked women, and second, that I preferred being on the other end of the leash. Do you understand?'

'I could never do that, Mistress,' Sally admitted. 'But I find being near people with power is exciting.'

'Like the man you wished you had been dining with earlier?'

'Yes, Mistress.'

'He's a fool if he let you go. If he could see us right now, do you think he'd be jealous?'

How Sally wished that was true. 'No Mistress... I don't think he would. I think he'd be glad in a way. He wants to get rid of me.'

Mrs Robinson frowned. 'You've got to explain that to me some time because I find it hard to believe. But not tonight. Tomorrow will do...'

She pulled the gag bar up and pushed it between Sally's teeth. Then she clambered off the bed and moved round behind Sally. She ran her hands over her bottom once again then drew back her other arm and swung the spanking paddle.

Sally bit hard into her gag bar as a shriek of pain escaped her lips. Mrs Robinson had not held back and the blow had hurt, driving a stinging shock wave into her bottom even as it set her buttock cheeks shivering. Mrs Robinson felt the hot mark she had seared into Sally's flesh and then drew back her arm and delivered another blow.

And another, and another, and another...

Chained to its posts and braced against the foot board of the bed as she was, Sally's body absorbed almost the full force of the impacts. What slight movement of her hips that did occur only served to drive her pussy harder against the remorseless vibrator. Mrs Robinson stepped closer to Sally, shortening her grip on the spanking paddle even as she reached about Sally to grasp her breasts, squeezing them and pinching her hard nipples while she continued to smack the paddle against her bottom, which was by now a an even scarlet. Then she ran her hand down Sally's body and felt between her legs. Her pussy juices were dripping down the inside of her thighs and the shaft of the vibrator.

Mrs Robinson scooped up a sample of her discharge and inhaled it with delight.

'You're so wonderfully wet and so sweetly scented,' she said. 'Let yourself go...'

Could she do that? Abandon all her fears and prejudices and doubts and thoughts of Damien? Could she learn to love pain? Even as she wondered if that was possible the orgasm rose up out of the liquid knot of heat in her loins and burst within her and she sobbed and shrieked with delight as she felt herself falling into a pink misty cloud of joy.

While Sally hung limp and half insensible from her bonds, trembling slightly with post- orgasmic shudders, Mrs Robinson removed the vibrator and freed her from the bedposts. Gently she laid her on her back on the bed and re-cuffed her wrists and ankles to its four corners. Then she went to the wardrobe and brought out another implement. Returning to the bed she straddled Sally's limp body, kneeling across her chest and sitting back on her hips. She took a glass of water from the bedside table, pulled Sally's gag bit out and fed her a few sips until Sally's eyelids fluttered and she returned to full awareness of her surroundings.

'There now, that wasn't so hard, was it?' Mrs Robinson asked.

Blushing, Sally shook her head feebly. 'No, Mistress.'

'If it's applied in the right way, pain can be quite fun, can't it?'

Sally was in no position to argue. It had been different from everything else she had experienced so far in St Evals. Different from the pain Overman had inflicted on her and the things Damien had done. Had she changed or was that all due to the person doing it? 'Yes, Mistress,' she agreed.

'And we'll do more of that tomorrow. But now it's my time to screw you.'

She held up the device she had taken from the wardrobe. It was moulded in pliant pink translucent plastic with a wire rope bracing at its core and was formed like a large erect penis with on its base a pair of plugs set at right angles to its shaft.

'As I said I prefer women as lovers, but I've nothing against the shape and feel of a penis as long as where it's put is under my control. There's nothing quite like it for getting inside another girl and letting her know who's in charge...'

She rose up on her knees with her thighs wide and pushed the twin plugs of the phallus into her vagina and anus, leaving it jutting up out of her sex almost as though it had become extension to her body. Then she moved down the bed, kneeling between Sally spread thighs. She dipped her head down and kissed Sally's red lipped sex gently, sliding her tongue into its sticky hot wet interior. When she raised her head again she was beaming brightly. Then she positioned herself to mount Sally, sliding the bulging pink shaft of her phallus into her gaping love mouth. Sally gasped as it filled her fuller than anything else she had known. Mrs Robinson's body slid across hers as her weight bore down on her. Their hot breasts flowed together and seemed to merge. Mrs Robinson's face was above hers and she dipped her head and kissed her. Sally tasted her own juices mingling with Mrs Robinson's hot sweet breath. Then she gave herself up to raw abandoned pleasure as her mistress rode her into the small hours of the night.

When they were finally done and both were drained of passion and happily exhausted, Mrs Robinson tied a black silk blindfold over Sally's eyes so she could remove her own mask. Then she cuddled her simmering body in her arms as one might a favourite comfort toy and fell asleep.

Chapter Nine

Sally felt more cheerful the next morning than she had since those first hopelessly optimistic hours she had spent in St Evals. She had no idea where her relationship with Mrs Robinson was going and didn't want to think of the future. She was happy living in the moment with bleak thoughts of Damien pushed to the back of her mind by the power of Mrs Robinson's commanding personality. If she wanted Sally to spend another day with her in the village trotting about at her heels, she was perfectly happy to play that role. Why did the thought of shame and humiliation at being turned into a girl dog again not trouble her? Perhaps because she knew Mrs Robinson would smile at her and pat her head and call her a good girl...

Sally came back to reality, kneeling beside Mrs Robinson's table in the restaurant eating their breakfast. She bit her lip, hoping nobody had noticed that her pussy was dripping on the carpet with anticipatory lust. She knew she was reacting with an unusual intensity but then that was what this place had done to her normal inhibitions. But that was the wonderful thing: it didn't matter any more! Her mistress had said she liked her copious pussy flow. Of course she knew it couldn't last and that at some point there would have to be a reckoning and she would have to face the real world again. But not today.

The real world however insisted on intruding upon her happiness in the form of chimes on Mrs Robinson's phone alerting her to incoming mail. She frowned at the messages on the screen and thumbed back rapid replies.

'Even out here you can't get away from business, I'm afraid,' she told Sally with a rueful smile. 'I must be ready to take these but I'll try not to let them spoil the day. I'm meant to be on holiday and I've found a lovely slave girl to have some fun with. And as it's such a nice day I think we'll go for a ride...'

At the village bike shop Sally resigned herself to being harnessed to a pony trap again. But it seemed that Mrs Robinson had different tastes to Damien and chose a more modern form of transport, although it was equally perverse in that Sally still provided the motive power.

It was almost like a normal pushbike with normal wire-spoke wheels, but its frame had been specially modified. Instead of the normal A-frame linking the front and back wheels there was a slightly stretched and diverging pair of tubular struts rising up from the back wheel to join the front steering column, allowing a deep space between them. It was in this space that Sally was secured, hanging face down between the two struts. Her head poked through a tubular ring which was the upper mount for the front steering fork, braced and held in line with the front wheel by four hooks linking it to rings set in a broad rubber collar that now circled her neck. The ring incorporated a rubber bit gag on elastic cords which was jammed between her teeth. Her arms were stretched out in front of her along the length of the fork, to which her wrists were cuffed, and she grasped padded rods extending out on either side of the front axle. A broad rubber belt encircled her waist and a heavy ring on the back of it was hooked to the upper shaft of the bike frame which helped support her weight. A small bracket under the lower frame strut supported a pair of broad rubber straps which went around the roots of her breasts, confining their natural jiggle and bounce. Her legs were stretched backwards on either side of the rear wheel to which the pedals were directly mounted. Her feet were held in place by cuffs on the pedal bars.

Mrs Robinson sat astride Sally on a saddle that was fairly conventionally mounted on the upper frame strut. Her feet were supported clear of Sally's body by rests which unfolded sideways from a rod extending down from the middle of the lower frame shaft. She controlled the steering of the bike with conventional handlebars, twisting Sally's head confined within the hoop beneath them in the direction she wanted to go. She controlled the speed Sally peddled via a twist control on the left handle grip that was linked via a cable to a probe inside Sally's vagina and held in place by clips on her labial rings. A spiked rubber plug swelled inside it the faster she wanted her to go. The signal to brake was given by a grip lever on the right handlebar which was connected to a plug in Sally's anus. When that pricked her she had to clamp hard on the lever ends lodged inside her sphincter which squeezed

brake shoes against the rim of the rear wheel.

Being virtually part of the bike as she peddled it along felt so strange to Sally that she was not sure if it was better or worse than pulling a pony trap. After going a little way she decided that mechanically it was a more efficient use of her strength, which was something.

As they bowled merrily down the high street, Mrs Robinson said cheerfully: 'This is another way of enjoying having a girl moving between my thighs. You're certainly the prettiest way any bike could be powered.'

By then Sally was discovering another difference between powering a bike and a pony trap. The mounts of the controlling rods up her anus and vagina transmitted the vibrations of the bike frame intimately inside her. Soon she was dribbling from her pussy freely over the frame and dripping onto the road beneath her. And the faster she went the worse, or perhaps better, it got.

She was able to propel Mrs Robertson at a fair pace along the network of paths that surrounded the village. As she went she felt a strange sense of elation. From her low viewpoint just over the front wheel she felt she was going much faster than she had pulling the trap and the downward slopes gave her relief from pedalling as she was allowed to freewheel. It almost felt as though she was flying along.

After they had made a complete circuit of the valley, Mrs Robinson halted them just outside the churchyard when her phone chimed again. She lowered the bracing struts of the bike so it remained upright and walked off a few paces to respond her call. Left alone Sally realized how at one she was with the bike and also how immobile she was when it was stationary. She could backpedal with her legs but that did not move it of course. Her vision was restricted to the view ahead. She could not even turn her head by herself unless Mrs Robinson turned the wheel to face in the direction she wished to go. It was as if she had become part of its mechanism. She was completely helpless until her mistress freed her again. She shuddered at the thought yet at the same time felt a dark thrill of excitement. The discharge from her pussy became even more fluid.

Mrs Robertson came back from her call muttering: 'This is getting very annoying. I don't want this to spoil my holiday, especially as I'm having so much fun.' She smiled and patted Sally's head. Then she took out her water bottle, pulled out Sally's gag and gave her a drink. She looked about at the churchyard. 'Maybe I'll get us some food and we can sit in there and eat. It looks nice and peaceful...' She must have caught sight of the change in Sally's expression because she asked: 'What's the matter?'

'The man who brought me here had me punished in there, Mistress,' Sally admitted. 'I don't like it.'

'You mean he did some unpleasant things to you in there?'

'Only once himself, Mistress. The second time he had Mr Overman and some of the other guests do it.'

'And this was all part of his plan to drive you away from him?'

'Yes, Mistress.'

'I really don't understand that at all. Certainly if I wanted a slave of mine punished I'd do it personally, not hand it over to somebody else. It strengthens the bond between master and slave. An owner should be in total charge of a slave's pain and pleasure. You've got to care about them even when they've displeased you.'

'He doesn't, Mistress.'

'And yet he's still got a hold over you. In fact this place haunts you, doesn't it?'

Sally realized that in a way that was true. It was the focus of what St Evals was all about and the justification for all her suffering. 'Yes, Mistress.'

'Then you must face your fear and replace it with an equally intense but better memory. I wonder if the crypt is still open? Come on...' She unstrapped Sally from the bike frame and helped her to clamber out of it, pulling her pussy and anus off its impaling control rods. She reached between

Sally's legs and felt the wetness. 'My, you do seem to have been enjoying yourself. Did you like me riding you that much? '

Sally smiled and blushed. 'Yes Mistress...'

'Now how can anybody want to get rid of a girl who responds like that? This has got to be put right...'

Mrs Robinson re-cuffed Sally's hands behind her and clipped a leash back onto her collar. Then she led her through church gate and across the yard to the porch door. Sally shuddered as she was led inside the gloomy interior. But instead of leading up towards the altar as Sally had expected, Mrs Robinson took her in the other direction to the back of the church and a heavy iron-studded door in one corner which she opened. She flicked on a light switch to reveal the head of a flight of spiral stairs leading downward.

'Is this the way to the old crypt,' Mrs Robinson said as she led Sally down the steps. 'There are some cells there that have been converted into mini dungeons. People sometimes take their pets down there to play with in private. I hope one's free...'

At the bottom of the stairs was a corridor with an arched stone roof painted white and a lit by florescent tubes. Half a dozen low heavy wooden doors open off it. Mrs Robinson tried the first one and it opened freely. She turned on the switch inside to reveal a small chamber also with a white painted arched ceiling. There were a few niches is set into the walls and a wooden rack holding a small selection of straps, chains and lashes. The centre of the room was taken up by a device built of heavy dark timbers held together by iron plates and large bolts.

'Good,' said Mrs Robinson, bolting the door behind them. 'This one's free. Have a look at it...' She led Sally around the device so she could admire it from all angles.

Set on a solid wooden base was a heavy post rising to overhead height with a wooden mounting block at its foot. It had two pairs of timber arms fitted to its sides jutting out stiffly, the first pair close to the top and the second, which was a little shorter, set about half way up. The forward faces

of each arm were fitted with several heavy leather buckled straps. The arms were all hung on the post by heavy pin hinges so they could swing from side to side. Bolted to the backs of each arm were the ends of chains that connected to drums wound by crank handles and locked by pawl and ratchet cogs which were fastened to the rear of the central post. By cranking the handles the chain drums would wind in and the arms would be pulled backwards on their hinges, spreading them wider.

A vertical row of large peg holes had been drilled into the central post between the lower pair of arms. Each hole was angled at forty five degrees. Into the lowest of them was plugged a heavy carved wooden phallus, making it appear to jut rampantly upwards.

Mrs Robinson hung her jacket on a wall hook and propped her phone up in a niche beside it. Then she un-belted her skirt and stepped out of it, leaving her naked between the hem of her blouse and the tops of her boots. She hung the skirt up beside her jacket and then she smiled at Sally. 'I'm going to give you a different memory of this place. You can make as much noise as you like down here. Let out all your hopes and fears and frustrations!'

She stood Sally on the mounting block at the foot of the post and adjusted the position of the plug-in wooden phallus. When she had it aligned with Sally's anus she made her back onto it, impaling herself. She buckled a big strap set near the top of the post across Sally's throat, holding her head up straight. Then she un-cuffed Sally's arms and spread them out against the sides of the upper pair of wooden arms, strapping them in place at the shoulder, elbow and wrists. Then she lifted Sally's legs one at a time and pressed them against sides of the lower set of post arms, buckling the big straps about her upper and mid-thighs and knees. She stood back, pulling the mounting block away and leaving Sally hanging by her straps from the arms of the post with her bottom impaled on its phallus.

'You look lovely,' she said. 'But you could be even more beautifully exposed...'

Moving round to the back of the post, Mrs Robinson began to work the crank handles, making the pawl and ratchet click and rattle. Sally felt her

own arms being spread wider as the post arms were dawn backwards until they were square out from the posts. And then they went even further back, twisting her shoulders and thrusting her chest forward. When Mrs Robinson finally stopped, her breasts were jutting out starkly and trembling from the strain.

Then Mrs Robinson began cranking the lower handle, pulling the second set of arms to which Sally's legs were strapped wider and wider. It was only when they were almost in a straight line and Sally was whimpering with the strain on her inner thighs that she stopped. She came round to view Sally from the front again. Sally's smooth, naked pubic mound was gaping wide with the tension upon it, looking totally exposed and helpless.

Mrs Robinson ran her hands across Sally's straining, wide-splayed body. 'You're perfect,' she said. 'This is just how I want you...'

She moved to the rack and selected a long-thonged lash which she shook out and trailed across the floor in front of Sally.

'I think you have a lot of things on your mind that you would like to confess, but you feel too ashamed or inhibited to admit,' Mrs Robertson said. 'And you can't get on with your life until they're resolved. Well I'm going to make it easy for you to let them go. I'm going to beat them out of you...'

She drew back her arm and swung the lash across Sally's breasts, making them jump as the leather thongs bit into them. Sally screeched in pain, the sound echoing back from the stone walls. Her wobbling breasts stung and simmered and showed red stripes where the lash had cut into them, while her nipples stood up hard. Hot tears pricked the back of her eyes. Mrs Robinson swung at her stomach making it palpitate and clench as she tried to resist the impact. Again Sally screeched in pain. She was not trying to bottle anything in now. There was no need to appear brave in front of her Mistress. This was for her own good...

Forward and backhand the lash cracked into her breasts, making them leap and bounce individually or both together until they were an even burning crimson. Then Mrs Robinson shifted her angle of attack and swung the lash up between Sally's widespread legs into the soft mouth of her pussy. The

thongs cut through her slot, ripping at her soft inner lips and the nub of her clitoris. It was such exquisite agony!

Through her tears Sally saw that with her free hand in between lash strokes Mrs Robinson was rubbing her fingertips deep into her own pussy mouth, which was wet and shiny.

The lash cut into Sally's thighs left and right and then back into her pussy again. She lost control of bladder and pee spurted across the dungeon floor.

‘Good girl!’ Mrs Robinson said. ‘Now tell me all about him!’

‘I... I don't want to make any trouble, Mistress,’ Sally sobbed through her tears. ‘That's what he said I'd do... but it's a lie.’

‘Who is he?’

‘I... mustn't use his real name. Then he might say I was trying ruin him.’

Mrs Robinson stepped back from Sally and lowered her lash. Her eyes seemed very large through the slots in her mask and she continued to rub herself with her free had. ‘You're so loyal,’ she said breathlessly. ‘But he doesn't deserve it, believe me. Just use his first name then...’

‘Damien!’ Sally almost spat the name out. It felt good to shout it aloud at last. ‘His name's Damien!’

And then as though a barrier had come down the words began to tumble out of her.

‘He brought me here and made me his slave. I loved him and agreed to play his sex games because I thought he was going to leave his wife for me. Why not? He said he didn't love her any more and she didn't love him. But all this was just to put me off him because he thought I was getting to be a nuisance and I was too common and might embarrass him in public. He never really loved me. I wouldn't have minded being his secret slave but he

was getting scared I'd say the wrong thing or tell on him and that would be bad for his business. Damien made me pretend I was on holiday in Devon. He's got his PA to send texts and tweets in my name to fool everybody while really I was kept here being beaten and screwed by anybody who wanted until I changed my mind and agreed to leave him alone forever. That's what all this is about and that's why I'm here like this!'

And Sally sobbed and howled with all the anguish and frustration that had been dammed up within her until the tears splashed onto her burning breasts.

Mrs Robinson dragged the mounting block back, stood on it and hugged and stroked and kissed Sally, saying over again: 'There now, don't worry... It's all over... You've done so well...'

Her hips were thrusting against her open thighs and their wet pussies were grinding and sucking together. Sally felt their breasts mashing and sliding across each other, her large hot sore globes pressing against Mrs Robinson's neater cooler ones. Mrs Robinson kissed her hungrily and their tongues intertwined. Then she dipped her head and almost reverently kissed Sally's sore nipples. She squatted and buried her face in Sally's naked pussy, sliding her tongue deep inside her.

And with that Sally came all over her Mistress's face.

It was her first post-Damien orgasm. All for herself.

An hour later, as they were riding happily back into the village, Mrs Robinson's phone rang once again. She stopped and left Sally on the verge while she walked off a little way and had an urgent-sounding conversation. When it was finished and she came back to the bike she said to Sally: 'I'm so sorry but I'm going to have leave St Evals for a couple of days to go back to town to sort things out.'

Sally's heart fell and sorrow filled her face. How could she leave her when she had only just found her? Mrs Robinson quickly bent and kissed her.

'I promise I'm not abandoning you and I will be back. I'm going to arrange things with Mr Overman so you're properly take care of and nobody else is going to screw that lovely pussy of yours. I want it nice and fresh and dripping for me when I get back!'

Mrs Robinson was as good as her word.

In Sally's hearing she instructed Mr Overman as to how Sally was to be treated in her absence. 'She's still my property so leave her tag on. She is only to be given light exercise and no punishments. And if this man of hers tries to speak to her again don't let him. He's done her enough harm. You can tell him if you like that she's still in my charge and that I'm being brutal to her. That ought to keep him happy!'

Visibly awed by the evident strength of Mrs Robinson resolve, Overman simply smiled and nodded. 'As you wish, Mrs Robinson,' he said.

Of course Sally told Fiona and Jodie all about her time with Mrs Robinson as soon as they were all in their cages together.

'You're falling in love with her!' they teased, but not unkindly.

Could that be true? She'd only known her for two days. But it had been a very special and intimate two days, like none she'd known before. Was this what slave love felt like? She was a little in awe of Mrs Robinson's obvious self-confidence and aura of power, as she had been with Damien. But this felt very different. They had connected intimately and personally in a

way she never had with Damien. If Mrs Robinson wanted to keep her as her sex slave which she accept? Yes, she thought she would.

Sally went on naked exercise runs with Fiona and Jodie and a couple of other reserved girls in training. They were linked together in an intimate coffle, with light chains slung from plugs in their anuses back to rings in their pussy mouths. They all had silver bells clipped to their nipples which jingled cheerfully as they ran.

As Sally was last girl in the line she had no rear chain plugged into her bottom. Instead she had a little device comprising a hollow metal sphere the size of a billiard ball with a metal cone, like an old-fashioned gramophone trumpet, connected to it. A bell was hung inside the metal sphere and the whole thing was plugged into her rectum so that the metal trumpet protruded between her buttock cheeks. As she ran this bell chimed inside her and she broadcast its sound out of her bottom. As five of them jogged along the high-street the music they made, especially the louder chimes issuing from Sally's posterior, caused many amused eyes to turn their way, belonging both to villagers and guests.

And yet for the first time Sally didn't mind the attention because she had a proper owner's tag on. It said she belonged to Mrs Robinson and she was just showing off her body on her behalf. Suddenly it felt a special and proud thing to do. Was it possible she was becoming a proud slave girl? Yes, because she had the right mistress.

That night Sally lay half awake in her cage, rubbing her pussy and thinking of Mrs Robinson and her masterful ways. And who knew what else they would do when she got back? She would tell Mr Overman to tell Damien he needn't worry about her anymore because she had found

somebody better.

Then she would offer herself to Mrs Robinson. Did she need a PA cum slave?

Never mind. She would let her make those decisions. She trusted her. After all they had got on together so well from the very start. It had been a sign. Mrs Robinson had sensed just what she was feeling and had been so kind and understanding...

Then Sally felt a cold hand clench at heart. Too understanding, perhaps?

Why would a woman of obvious wealth and breeding take so much time and trouble over the feelings of a hired slave girl like her? Mrs Robinson had done all the right things to make Sally feel at ease and then bring her round to trusting her and finally denouncing Damien and emptying her soul of any last lingering traces of love for him.

It was as though a curtain had been drawn back in Sally's hopelessly lovelorn mind, letting in the cold light of day.

She had been a stupid, naïve, deluded fool once again! It could not have been chance! It was all a set-up! Damien had not known that she had been about to give in and so he'd arranged for this woman to come to St Evals with all the background she needed to know about her to break her in a more subtle way. What fun she must have had playing with Sally's mind until she'd actually been happy to serve her. Until she'd actually begun to... love her.

It hurt so much.

Chapter Ten

Sally wondered if “Mrs Robinson” was going to return to St Evals at all. As far as she was concerned she’d done her job and could report to Damien that Sally’s infatuation with him was at an end. There was no need for her to come back. But the next day she appeared again in the barn and requested cheerfully that Overman bring Sally, cuffed and collared and ready for a day out, to her.

However Sally could not disguise the new ache in her heart and the bleak suspicion in her eyes. As she stood in front of her, Mrs Robinson looked at her curiously.

‘Are you all right, Sally? What’s wrong with you?’ She turned to Overman. ‘Has that man of hers been communicating with her?’

‘No, Mrs Robinson,’ Overman assured her. ‘Nothing like that. She seemed perfectly cheerful when I put her in her cage last night.’

Mrs Robinson lifted Sally’s chin to look her in the eye. ‘What’s the matter?’

‘I know the truth,’ Sally said bitterly. ‘You can stop playing your games with me anymore... all of you! I know I’m not very clever but even I managed to work it out in the end. I’m through with being used! And you can tell that to Damien!’

Suddenly looking uncharacteristically flustered, Mrs Robinson took Sally’s leash and briskly led her away from the prying ears of Overman out through the door of the barn. She practically dragged Sally along the path that led up into the woods overlooking the village. Then she left the path and clambered up between the trees and did not stop until they came to a place where a fallen oak had made a little clearing and its moss-covered length formed a natural seat. Looking around her to be sure they were alone, Mrs Robinson turned to Sally and said earnestly: ‘Now you tell me what it is you know.’

‘That you planned all this! You knew all about me before you ever came here, because you’re working for Damien. He sent you here to pretend to love me so I’d give up on him because he couldn’t break me any other way. But the joke is I was almost ready to do that anyway so you wasted your time! Now you can both leave me alone! Tell Damien I won’t tell anybody what he did to me. I was stupid and he’s not worth it!’

Sally was not sure what kind of reaction her outburst would induce. What she did not expect was that Mrs Robinson threw back her head and laughed.

‘Oh, you poor girl,’ she said, when she had dabbed her eyes through her mask. ‘I’m really not laughing at you but at me. I thought you really had guessed what was going on.’

Sally looked at her blankly. ‘Sorry?’

‘Yes, it’s true I came here ready to make you my slave and charm you if I could to break with Damien,’ Mrs Robinson admitted. ‘But Damien didn’t send me. This was all my idea...’

And with that she pulled her cat mask off to reveal a face Sally knew well.

It was Damien’s wife, Louisa Bentley.

Sally would have fallen off the log if Louisa had not steadied her. As she gaped at the woman in at astonishment, Louisa continued: ‘I used tinted contact lenses to change the colour of my eyes and dyed my hair, head and pussy,’ she said. ‘I hoped it was a good enough disguise along with the mask. After all we had only spoken a few times. But I remembered you well and thought you were such a pretty young thing. If Damien hadn’t got his claws into you I might have had a go. Except I don’t think you were into women then. By the way, I don’t blame you for having an affair with Damien. We agreed mutual rules about that many years ago. But it was convenient to both of us that we stay together as far as the public were concerned. It was only when he started mixing up business with pleasure that I knew I had to do something.’

By now Sally had got over her initial shock and had found her voice once again. ‘But... I don’t understand. If you didn’t mind about us what did you come down here for?’

‘You have to thank Mrs Langham for that. She’s always kept me informed about Damien’s affairs to make sure we didn’t run into each other at an embarrassing moment. She told me that he had brought you here and then that she was to maintain the fiction that you were holidaying in Devon. I wasn’t pleased about the way he was treating you. He’s always been too overprotective of his public image and, frankly, a bit of a snob. If he liked you so much we’d have worked something out. Anyway, Mrs Langham told me he was getting the company to pay for your keep here under hospitality expenses. It was penny-pinching, selfish and irresponsible. It’s another reason why I had to move against him for the good of the firm. He was a good businessman once but he’s let success cloud his judgement.

‘Knowing your situation I realised I could use you as a lever. And it worked.’ Louisa allowed herself a smile of satisfaction. ‘I am now the director and majority shareholder of Lodestar. From now on Damien will be taking a non-executive role since he transferred a chunk of his shares to me. And it’s all thanks to you.’

‘But how?’

‘All that business with my telephone the other day was just show. The calls were fakes. I was just getting you used to you seeing me handling it so you wouldn’t be suspicious about it when you confessed how Damien had treated you down in the crypt. The phone was recording all the time. Then I had to get back to town in a hurry to show it to Damien before he wondered where I’d been for the last few days and got any more reports about “Mrs Robinson” from Overman.’

The thought of her heartfelt confession as she hung naked and beaten on the post in the crypt being clandestinely recorded shocked Sally. She’d been used so completely! Then a practical problem occurred to her. ‘But you couldn’t have gone public with something like that. Just my word. I’m nobody. Who’d have believed me? And if they did it really would have hurt the company.’

‘No, but I could have shown it to the key staff who also knew you. They would have known it was genuine and that would have meant the end for Damien. So he took the only way out.’

Sally felt numbed by all these revelations. But at the heart of it one truth remained. Mrs Robinson/Louisa had been using her for her own ends. ‘So... you pretended to like me just to get me to confess and kick Damien out?’ she said in a small voice.

Louisa took hold of her by the shoulders, kissed her passionately and then looked her square in the face. ‘Yes, it’s true at first I was just using you. But it only took me a few hours to realize that I genuinely wanted you for myself. I suppose I should thank Damien for treating you as he did. He broke you in and turned you into a very lovely and highly desirable slave. But he was too stupid to see he was onto a good thing. Now I intend to make the most of his mistake. I’m not as paranoid as he is about appearances. There’s a position opening up as my own PA/slave. It’s yours if you want it.’

Sally gaped at her, for a moment overawed and thrilled. And then she realised the arrogant assumption Louisa was making.

‘You think after the way you treated me and deceived me that I’d take the job just like that?’

‘Yes,’ Louisa said. ‘Because I know you want to be my slave as much as I want to have you. You enjoy being ordered about and mixing sex with pain.’

‘Do I really?’

‘I can prove it.’ Louisa looked around her and then got up and went over to where a small holly bush was growing beside another oak tree. She twisted one of its branches about until it snapped off and brought back to the fallen tree trunk. It was a long holy stem with a spray of glossy green spine-crusted leaves on one end.

‘Bend over!’ Louisa said.

Her voice had that commanding edge to it that reached right into Sally's loins and thrilled her indescribably. Without thinking she turned around and laid herself across the log with her bare bottom in the air.

Louisa gave her pale cheeks three rapid swipes with the holly switch. Sally yelped as the spines stabbed into her soft flesh, leaving scratches and spots of blood behind. Then Louisa threw the holly switch across the tiny glade. 'Fetch it!' she commanded.

Blinking back her tears Sally scrambled off the log and ran to fetch the switch. She went down on her knees and picked it up between her teeth. Then she ran back and dropped it into Louisa's waiting hand.

'Bend over,' Louisa said.

Trembling Sally laid herself across the log again. Hiss... thwack! Three more swipes on her bottom. It was beginning to blush crimson and was now covered with bloodspots.

Louisa tossed the holly wand aside again. 'Fetch!' she snapped.

Sally fetched it like a faithful dog.

'Bend over...'

As she lay across the log gasping and squirming as her bottom was soundly thrashed, Louisa asked her: 'Do you love me?'

'Yes, Mistress!' Sally sobbed.

'Are you happy?'

'Oh... yes, Mistress!'

A couple of hours later, Sally and Louisa descended the steps of *The*

Coach and Horses to where Louisa's sleek black, tinted-windowed limousine was waiting.

Sally was respectable dressed in the clothes she had been wearing when she had first arrived in St Evals. But she walked slightly stiffly. Partly this was due to her sore, holly-lashed bottom and partly due the large gold padlock threaded through her pierced inner labia. Needless to say her new employer and mistress held the only key.

They climbed into the back of the car which was closed off from the chauffeur by an internal screen. Louisa took a seat while Sally knelt on a cushion at her feet. Doors clunked discreetly and the car pulled off along the high street. Louisa smiled down at Sally and hitched up her skirt to bare her pussy with its flame-dyed locks.

'Now, where were we?' she asked.

Sally smiled broadly. The soft ribbed gel plastic extender Louisa had bought in *Nip and Tuck* was now studded onto her tongue. She dipped her head between her mistress's warm smooth thighs and happily set to her new job.

Sally didn't even see the sign by the roadside as they passed it by. It read: *You are now leaving St Evals. Please come again.*

THE END

Table of Contents

<http://www.a1adultebooks.com>