

SLAVES IN THE CELLAR



By
SYLVESTER HORNE

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Chapter One

His reconnaissance trip had been a waste of time, he having seen nothing he fancied. He wanted some mints for his two-hour journey home when he spotted some shops off to the left as he tried to negotiate the roundabout. Doing a full circuit, he headed towards them.

He swung his Toyota van into one of the dozen or so vacant parking spaces in front of the little arcade and looked about. There was a pub over to the left, a convenience store on the right, with a hairdressers and newsagents between.

Reaching to press the stop button, he froze. She came out of the convenience store swinging a carrier bag in her left hand. "Yum, yum, yum," he muttered.

His experienced eyes reckoned she must be five-foot-seven, although she was wearing what looked like an expensive pair of black knee-high boots with two or three inch heels. A short pleated black and white checked skirt revealed a good measure of thigh. Her unbuttoned white knee-length coat allowed him to see a straining white blouse, and she had one of those pashmina things hanging around her neck. Graduated sunglasses were propped up above her brow, her long black hair reaching down below her shoulders. "Fucking poser, it's bloody summer. What's she need a coat for," he mumbled under his breath.

Sitting back in his seat, he left the engine idling, watching as she stepped into the newsagents, wondering if he should in fact get out. He had little time to wait. She reappeared with a newspaper under her arm, right hand rooting in the handbag slung from her shoulder. He saw her face on and quickly came to the conclusion she had either been sunbathing or had a hint of brown-skin-genes in her anatomy. "Corr, she looks very tasty, very tasty indeed," he thought.

“What the fuck?” he said out loud as she headed back toward the store. “Where’s she going?”

She turned into an alleyway he had not really noticed before and concluded it must lead to the back of the arcade. Wanting to see where she was going, he glanced left and then right, seeing a sign some thirty yards further along the road, it saying, “Car Park”, an arrow indicating the direction.

Slipping into gear, he reversed out and then drove to the corner, turning left and, fifty yards later, left again. He reckoned there were about forty or more spaces. Two little vans were parked immediately behind the convenience store and he could see three cars over at the far side of the parking area. A wide ditch ran along the right-hand edge, a playing field beyond. As he got round the back of the store he saw five more cars to his left, he guessing hers was the brand new metallic-blue Mini Cooper.

“Just the sort of thing the likes of her would have,” he thought. “Where the hell is she?” He saw no sign of her until he drew up alongside the right of what he hoped was her vehicle. There she was, at the end of the alley, bending down, fussing over some cat.

Scanning about, he saw no one else. The backs of the shops and pub were near solid walls, windows high up and barred. Over to the right was a terrace of five townhouses. No one appeared to be home, he hoping all the residents would be working, it being three in the afternoon. There was only the one vehicle access, so in an emergency there was only one way to go.

She stopped stroking the cat and started to move towards the cars. He killed the engine, opened his door and got out. Walking to the back of the van, adjusting his grey overalls, he looked around again. He stared at the field to see if anyone was playing or walking a dog and thankfully saw no one. Perhaps he should risk it?

Heart pumping, veins in his temples throbbing, he stepped from the rear of his vehicle and walked towards her, she now approaching the Mini’s driver’s door, fumbling with her keys. His right hand slide the side door open, he saying, “Hi there, nice day isn’t it.”

“Errr.” Is what the ignorant slut uttered.

“Get in the van!” he snapped.

“Errr?”

It was now or never, he decided. He propelled his left fist hard into her stomach, delighting in seeing her crease in two, dropping her bunch of keys that slithered under her motor. Grabbing her lapel with his right hand, he yanked her towards the opening, using his left to cup her bum, partly pushing as well as lifting. She went sprawling onto the dustsheet-covered floor, letting out a loud groan, the contents of her handbag spewing everywhere in the back of the van.

Ducking inside quickly, sliding the door, he straddled her and sat on her back.

“What the—” she was gasping.

“Shut the fuck up or I’ll thump the shit out of you!” he said loudly, adrenaline flooding his veins. Leaning over, he pulled his attaché case closer and lifted the lid. Good job he always brought his capture-kit with him, he never knowing when opportunity would come knocking. Extracting the ball-gag, yanking her head up by her lustrous hair, he pushed it into her mouth, securing it behind her head. He grasped her left hand and jerked it behind her back, lifting a one-inch-wide rubberised tree-tie, slipping it over the wrist. Switching his hand, his right grabbed hers, her fingertips having nearly managed to reach her mobile telephone. Wrenching her hand to her rear, he pulled the tie tight, locking her wrists together. He put another tie above the elbows, reckoning that would give her a bit of discomfort to think about.

Her feet were kicking the floor. “Stop your fucking racket!” he snarled, getting up, turning around, and sitting on her soft posterior. He looped a tie about her ankles and another above the knees. Using a length of cord, he secured the feet to the cargo restraining eye in the van floor.

Working quickly in such conditions had made his face sweat, and the back of his neck, and the small of his back. Taking the black linen bag, he

pulled it over her head.

Checking her mobile was switched off; he slipped it into his pocket, intending to chuck it into a river when crossing a bridge.

He folded the edges of the top dustsheet over his capture before stepping outside via the side door, making sure it was secured behind him. Trying to act nonchalantly, he walked sedately around the front of the van, scanning about for any signs of life. His cock was throbbing as he climbed into the driver's seat.

Locking the seatbelt into place, he pushed the starter and eased the van on its way. Turning right then right again, he drove to the roundabout and took the first exit.

He might not have gotten his mints but he believed he had acquired something far sweeter, it carefully wrapped up in the back. Currently, his cock was painfully trying to burst open his zipper. If it wasn't for the precautions he knew he needed to take, he would have pulled over as soon as he could and taken her.

* * *

Claudia was terrified. She was currently in the back of some van, bound, gagged and blindfolded, trussed like a Christmas turkey and fearing for her very life.

The day had started so well, having received a promotion at work to section leader for a small team dealing with the PR requirements of several local businesses. Still not twenty-two, this was a feather in her cap, mind she reckoned she deserved it as most of those around her were, in her opinion, one step up from morons. It had come as a pleasant surprise, she having only been at Tracker Trent for six months, straight after graduating from university. She had had an offer to go travelling with a friend for twelve months but turned it down in order to start employment, she now wondering if that had been a mistake for, if she had gone, she would not currently be in

this predicament.

Having finished early that afternoon she had gone to do a little late shopping for fresh produce. Her mother was coming over to her flat for dinner, to meet Charles, Claudia's latest beau. He was a dream. He was tall, dark and handsome, and from a very good background. A barrister who was climbing up in his profession, but then his father was a High Court Judge.

She simply hoped her mother approved for she was quite snobby about possible suitors. After all, Claudia's grandfather had been an earl, his wife a maharaja's daughter. Her mother could be a bit of a pain sometimes, a bit quick to criticize and haughtily look down on supposed inferiors.

Vibrations from the vehicle trickled through her body, reminding her that the bonds above her elbows were giving real discomfort as she rocked on the floor. She was perspiring from being wrapped up and no doubt from fear, she having urinated a little when the man bound and gagged her. All she could recall was that he was some sort of delivery man, with eyes of the palest of pale-blue and a nasty sort of callous demeanour on his face.

Sometimes she had fantasised about being raped, what girl hadn't? But those thoughts were nothing like this. Usually they involved some Latin-lover-type who took her against a wall in a swish nightclub or on a golden-sand beach in the Caribbean.

This was her worst nightmare, snatched from the street by The Lord knows who. One thing was certain in her mind, given an opportunity she should scream and shout, do her utmost to escape before she was raped and probably murdered.

Chapter Two

Cresting the top of Cantly Ridge, he saw one of the finest views in England set out before him, not long now and he would be home. Wow, it had been so easy, and in broad daylight too. “Now, now, don’t get cocky,” he whispered. Only time would tell if he had pulled it off again.

Driving through Upper Dribble carefully, he spotted the coppers parked outside the Fox & Hounds as usual, radar-gun in one of their hands. Two miles later he left the main road, passing through Stagland before getting onto the old Roman road. Immediately before Lychlee Cottage, he took the left onto the farm track that brought him to the old barn, the residence of at least one pair of nesting owls. The track veered left, he went right onto his gravelled drive.

Lychlee Grange came into view, Lychlee Hill the other side of it. The lower storey of the Grange was red sandstone, the upper, half-timbered. In front of his home, he swung the van in a semi-arc, getting out and opening the garage doors before reversing in. He locked them from the inside, it paying to take precautions. Only a hundred yards or so from the house, Lychlee Hill rose up six hundred feet at an angle of seventy degrees but that didn’t stop walkers following sheep tracks. A few of the stupid bastards ended up on his property instead of following the public right of way that skirted his property.

Unlocking the connecting door, he stepped into the scullery and reset the alarm. He checked the downstairs of the house for intruders, going back the way he came and using the keys that hung around his neck to unlock the door at the top of the steps that led down to the cellars.

Back in the garage, he first took a screwdriver and changed the vehicle’s plates. After, he opened the rear doors and lifted the dustsheet. He untied the cord and dragged his package out, putting her over his shoulder.

“Make a fucking noise and I’ll drop you to the floor and kick your head in,” he advised restrainedly, his cock desperately wanting to break free again.

Down at the bottom of the steps there was a choice of doors, he unlocking that on the right, stepping in and locking it behind him. Easing a section of wine rack from the wall, he revealed the secret soundproofed-door, making certain it too was secured once he was inside. He walked ten paces and turned right, up to the iron-bar grill that was operated by a key pad. “Stop fucking wriggling!” he shouted as she squirmed, giving her bottom a powerful slap.

Through the grill were two doors on either side of the short corridor with another facing him. Stepping in, he secured the grill behind him. Unlocking the second door on the right, he flicked a couple of light switches located on the outside wall before going inside the cell, plonking her down on a padded hospital trolley.

Stepping back outside, going into the first room on the left, he stripped off but kept the chain of keys around his neck. Unfastening a steel cupboard, he picked up a large blue plastic storage box and returned to open his present.

Removing the two lower ties first, he unlaced the backs of her boots and pulled them off, exposing her feet, toenails painted cochineal-red. Using a two-foot bar-stretcher, he secured her ankles then went to the little steel cupboard that was inserted into the wall, close to the doorway. Opening it, he pressed one of the rocker-switches. A chain came rattling down from the ceiling. He looped the hook-end to the bar-stretcher, returning to set the motor, located through the wall in the torture chamber, into motion, cranking up three feet of links.

“Now, Slut, let’s see what goodies we have here,” he said, eagerly anticipating the joys to come. He ran his hand along her right leg and up her thigh. It felt delightful, the leg was silky smooth and there was no sign of cellulite. She squirmed and made a gurgling sound.

Unfastening her skirt, he shoved it to her feet. Pulling at her white lace panties, he used a pair of scissors to snip the sides, wrenching the

remnants off and discarding them to the floor. He stroked his fingers through her trimmed black bush with its clear bikini line, saying, "Oh, don't worry about this lot, Slut, we'll get rid of it pretty soon. I simply adore bald pussy." He licked his lips as if savouring the thought.

He squeezed her mound, it firm like a plump chicken breast. She made another strangled noise as he eased his middle finger into her slit, wiggling it around, thumb brushing her clitoris. "Hmmm nice, real juicy and warm," he oozed appreciatively. "A real fucking slut I bet, and no doubt you're gagging for it. Aren't you?"

Her response was to make another groaning sound and to wriggle about, shaking her head from side to side.

Out of his box came the extra wide belt with attached restraining cuffs. Slipping it under her back, he fastened the three buckles at the front. Flinging the pashmina on the floor, pulling the coat wide, he proceeded to rip open her blouse. Cutting the front of her bra, he lifted the DD-cups, letting them spill their gorgeous coconut-sized contents, they wobbling like a pair of jellies fresh out of their moulds. She squirmed and tried to speak.

"Great tits, Slut," he said, using both hands to feel and squeeze them. "They're real too." Unable to resist the temptation, he leaned down and sucked each, the skin hinting of salt, he believing she had possibly been sweating with fear. They were warm and succulent, the brown nipples swiftly hardening,

This was the tricky bit, he reckoned, as he rolled her onto her left side. Unfastening the restraining ties, he yanked her arm out of both sleeves, securing the wrist to the waist belt. Rolling her onto the opposite side, he swiftly repeated the procedure. A leather collar went round her neck, loose enough for him to get his hand under it easily.

"Now, Slut, let's see what your face is like close up." Pulling off the hood, he glared down into her brown eyes, they wide with terror and filled with water, tearstains on her cheeks. Good, that was how it was meant to be. Experience had taught him, slaves learnt quicker if they truly feared their master. Her sunglasses were still there above her forehead, they soon joining

the mounting pile of clothing.

His cock was iron hard, aching for relief although that would have to wait. Pulling her head so she could see his manhood clearly, he thrust it almost into her face. She went saucer-eyed in apparent shock, he doubting she had ever seen someone so well endowed. “Don’t worry, Slut, you’ll get used to the feel of it.” Stroking his hand along her body, he unclipped the jewel at her navel, chucking it to join her things, thinking, “Abby will love that.”

He talked in restrained tone, it more menacing, shouting only occasionally was far more frightening. “Very nice, very nice indeed. I’m so pleased I went to Nottingham today. You’re going to make one fine fucking slave.” Turning, he snarled close to her face, pleased at seeing horror take up residence there. “Listen very carefully and I’ll tell you how it’s going to be. I’m going to fuck you once the tests are done as you know what nasty diseases you sluts have these days. From this second on, you are a slave, I’m your master. As far as you’re concerned nothing prior to this moment existed. You had no name, no life, no family, no friends, nothing. From now on, you’ll be referred to as slave or slut. When I tell you to do something, you do it without hesitation. You will refer to me as master, at all times. You will answer, yes master, no master, as appropriate. You will never speak unless spoken to. If for any reason you wish to get my attention, you’ll merely say master and then wait for my permission to speak. Remember, Slut, you exist to be fucked and nothing more. Fail to heed my instructions in any way and you’ll be PUNISHED! And let me tell you, I simply love being sadistic.”

Extracting the ball-gag, he looked at her peroxide-white teeth. “My cock will look good between them,” he oozed, expecting to do that soon.

“Who the fuck do you think you are?” she shrieked, wriggling about, trying to shake her legs, face shinning with rage. “Let me go now! How dare you treat me like this! I want to go home! My family’s not rich so you won’t get a ransom! You’ve made a mistake—”

“*Splat! – Splat!*” was the sound his hand made as he slapped her tits, they wobbling, he enjoying sight and sensation.

“Yeeoww!”

Bending down, he lifted the cattle-prod out of the box. “This is one of the best investments I’ve ever made. Got it in the States, a few years back when I was on holiday.” Stroking the end of the instrument’s shaft against her hip, he knew what it could do, she too would soon find out.

“How dare you speak without my permission, Slave,” he said, pressing the trigger. “*Beezzz.*” It went as he gave her a jolt.

“Yeeoww! Jesus!” she shrieked.

“How dare you speak without calling me master, Slave.” – “*Beezzz.*”

“Ooowww! Fuck you!”

“How dare you question my treatment of you, Slave.” – “*Beezzz.*”

“Oooh nooo!”

“This is your home, Slave. You have no other.” – “*Beezzz.*”

“Oooh pleeease, no more!”

“You have no family, Slut. You are a slave and nothing more.” – “*Beezzz.*”

“God, no, pleeease, nooo!”

“I’m your master, Slut, so I don’t make mistakes!” he yelled. – “*Beezzz.*”

“No, no, nooo mooore, pleeease!”

“You’re still speaking without permission, Slut.” He put the point against her nipple. – “*Beezzz.*”

“Ooowww! Sweet Jesus wept. Pleeease!”

“Call me master, show me proper respect, Slut.” He moved the tip to her little pink clit, his erection actually increasing in intensity at the prospect at what was about to happen. – “*Beezzz.*”

“Aaaaaaaarrrrggghhh!” she hollered, trembling, tears flowing, crotch dribbling urine. “Please, pleeease, no more ... master!”

“You need to be quicker calling me master, Slut.” – “*Beezzz.*”

Shaking patently with terror, panting, pissing more, she whimpered, “Pleeease, pleeease, Master, no more, please, Master, pleeease.”

Gripping her face in vicelike hand, sniggering, he leaned down. “That was just a taster of what I’ll do to you. And it won’t always be something as pleasant as the prod; you’ll feel the whip and the lash. Get it into your shit-brained head, Slut, show me proper respect at all times. And, don’t think I care if you die on me, I’ll just dig a hole in the garden and bury you.” He had fond memories of doing that too. Releasing his grip, he straightened. “Do you understand?”

“Y-y-y-yes, m-m-master.”

He lifted her legs a little, unhooking the bar-stretcher from the chains, yanking her skirt from around her ankles, using it to wipe up the wee before chucking it onto the pile. “Piss on the furniture or the floor as much as you like, Slut. But all I’ll do is simply make you lick it up.”

Going to the cupboard, he retracted the chain to the ceiling, shutting the cover and locking it. “I believe in the stick not the carrot. Remember that,” he advised as he walked to the other side of the trolley.

“Yes, I will,” she murmured.

He grabbed her collar, yanking her off the trolley. “Get on your fucking knees, you stupid slut!”

“Please don’t call me a slut,” she said in a rather haughty manner. She was having difficulty in getting down.

“Move it! Move it! Get down on your knees, you fucking useless slut!”

“Please, I’m stiff and this bar thing ... its hindering—”

“Not my problem! Get down on your fucking knees!” He shoved her downward violently. “Now, you whinging silly little slut, here’s more things to remember. Over on that wall is a water bottle if you ever want a drink. The toilet is in the corner as you can no doubt see. Use it, but don’t flush it as I want to see what comes out of you. And, if you’re lucky I’ll wipe your arse next time I see you. Next thing, whenever I enter the room you assume the supplication position. That’s down on your knees with your forehead pressed to the floor. Make certain you splay your knees wide for I know slut’s like you simply live to flash their cunts. I’ll knock three times on the door just to give you a friendly warning.” Sniggering, his cock reminding him it craved attention, he knew there was nothing friendly about it. He simply liked seeing his slaves scramble to obey.

“Please, why are you doing this—”

“*Crack!*” His hand slapped her face arresting her words. “You stupid fucking slut, that’s six misdemeanours so far, for failing to call me master and for questioning my right to call and use you as I like. For that you’re going to get six jolts from the cattle-prod.”

“No!”

“*Crack!*” His hand lashed out again, he really enjoying being cruel. Leaning close to her tear-filling eyes, he went on, “Say another word and I’ll shove it in your arse and pull the trigger. Then you’ll know what pain really is.”

She burst into sobbing. Visibly trembling, she tried to lean away from him. “*Beezzzz.*” the prod stung one thigh, “*Beezzzz.*” the other. “*Beezzzz.*” to one nipple, “*Beezzzz.*” to the other. “*Beezzzz.*” to her navel. “*Beezzzz.*” – “*Beezzzz.*” to her clitoris.

Each was followed by a howling, “Aaaaaaarrggghhh!” Her body

trembling like someone with Saint Vitus's dance.

It felt so good inflicting pain, it was his turn-on. Dropping the prod to the ground, his left hand peeled his foreskin back, his right coiled in her hair jerking her head backwards. "Open your fucking mouth, Slut!"

"Err?" she responded, he taking the opportunity to start feeding his ten-inch dick into the open gap.

Her mouth was dry, from fear, he reckoned. The thought of her being terrified excited him more, he knowing that very soon he would actually be lubricating the orifice for her. Gripping both sides of her head, he forced inch after inch down her tight throat, starting to fuck up and down, up and down repeatedly. His face was hot and perspiring from mounting excitement. He pulled a sadistic sneer. "Oooh yeah!" he groaned as he squirted out his cum somewhere close to her larynx. "Oooh yeah, Slut, you're going to learn how to suck cock real well before I'm finished."

Easing back until his bell-end was in her mouth, he heard her snort in air. He had another treat for her now. "Right, Slut, I'm going to flush your windpipe with my piss and if any of it goes on the floor I'll make you lick it up." It was four hours since he last urinated so a full bladder of golden water pleasingly sprayed out of his pipe.

She coughed and spluttered when he extract his prick, he wiping the end all over her face. "I reckon you're one of them bright sluts so you should learn how to please me real quick," he sniggered. "Now, get your fucking forehead to the floor. Your master is leaving you now. That's another rule to remember. I'll return later to tuck you up for the night." He sniggered contemptuously as she plonked her head to the concrete, gasping, looking like she was about to retch. Picking up his bits and pieces, he opened the door, pushing the clothing out with his foot as he exited before turning the key in the lock.

* * *

Still on her knees, she had lost control of her body, it involuntarily shivering with fear. Wherever the cattle-prod had touched her skin it throbbed, the places feeling like a thousand bees had stung. Her clitoris felt raw.

Claudia had no idea how anyone could inflict such pain on another, she convinced she had been kidnapped by some evil psycho. She had been used as a toilet, forced to swallow cum and urine. It was disgusting and she would like to regurgitate everything but dreaded having to suffer the taste of such vomit in her mouth. This was worse than anything she had ever imagined, she a prisoner The Lord knows where. She was convinced she was underground, having felt the sensation as he had descended a flight of steps. “Oh, God, where am I? Pleeease make this a dream.” she mumbled. “I want my mother, I want Charles.”

The cold concrete against her forehead reminded her it was no dream or simply a nightmare, it was real. Some evil bastard had taken her off the streets and she did not need her degree to tell her what his intentions were. He was going to use and abuse her. “Oh, Jesus,” she groaned, panicking as she felt some pee flow onto the floor.

It was difficult trying to stagger to her feet, what with her wrists fastened to the waist belt and her legs spread by the iron bar. She hobbled to the toilet, sitting quickly on the rim, there being no toilet seat. Her bladder gushed, her bowels moved, both actions giving some relief but it did not stop her unrestrainedly crying. Her heart sank as she looked down; there was a trail of piddle on the floor. This bastard had already told her what he would make her do and it sent a tremor through her.

This was so embarrassing, she could not wipe her bum and it felt like she was such a disgusting creature having to stand with that unattended to. Using a foot, she tried to rub away some of the urine that was on the floor. All it did was smear it about, there being far too much to remove, and it made her feel even more unclean. Frustration caused a resurgence of weeping.

The plastic water-bottle up on the wall looked like one of those that usually contained two litres of fizzy drink. It was held upside down by a metal frame, an optic-like thing at the end of the neck pointed at a right-angle. She worked out that if she opened her mouth, and used her nose to press a small leaver, a

shot of water half-filled her waiting cavity. It tasted really refreshing to her orifice, she gulping ten shots quickly. There was another similar frame next to the water, but it held nothing.

Her brain told her she needed to assess the situation, work out what options she had. Scanning about, the room looked about twelve feet square, the walls and floor painted pale-green. Beside the water-bottle, the toilet and the trolley there was no other furniture. Metal ducting, six inches square, ran the length of the base of the wall opposite the door. Halfway along it was a small grill and when she held her damp foot over it there was the faintest hint of tepid air being emitted. Above the door was another smaller grill, she presuming it permitted stale air to escape the room. The solid wooden door appeared strong, there was no way she could smash it with her bare feet. It had a little spy-hole, allowing someone to look in on her. The enamelled-steel cupboard door was about as big as a sheet of A4 paper and flush to the surface of the wall, and as far as she could tell, it was locked. Looking at the white ceiling, she shuddered for she could see four steel hooks retracted up to holes, two above the head end of the trolley, two above where the feet would be. A four-foot strip light illuminated the room and a fitment sporting a lit 9-watt long-lasting bulb was located on the wall, high above the toilet. In the upper corner, diagonally opposite the toilet, was a black object. Staring at it through sore eyes, it dawned on her it was a miniature video camera. "Oh my God," she thought, "I'm being watched."

Sitting down on the trolley's plastic covered mattress, she concluded things were bleak, she nothing better than a caged creature. She deduced her kidnapping was not merely some whim, this had been planned and careful preparations made. The inhumane animal that held her captive seemed confident about his security, and the way he talked he had done it before. Having skimmed through newspaper articles in the past about girls taken as sex slaves, it was obvious what was intended for her. If she did not escape or was not rescued pretty quickly she doubted she ever would. One thing she did know however was that she simply could not take any more pain, she feared she would do almost anything to avoid it.

Tears flowed as her body went into uncontrollable trembling.

Chapter Three

He was in the first cell on the left contentedly putting away his things when he heard the warning buzzer make its muted sound, it indicating that a car was using the driveway. Stepping out of the room, he went to the wall adjacent to the iron-grill where the buzzer and a small flat-screen monitor were located. The CCTV picture revealed the car looked like Abby's.

Pulling on a dressing-gown, he went upstairs taking care to secure all the doors behind him. It was her, she had just walked through the front door, she and husband Dick the only other people with keys.

"Hi," she said, smiling as she saw him. "I was just wondering how the ... reconnaissance ... went ..." Her words faded, she obviously seeing him standing with his robe open. "You didn't? You haven't? Surely?"

"Oh yes I did," he replied, smirking. "It was so fucking easy. I just saw her outside some shops and knew I had to have her. Things simply slotted into place so I grabbed her there and then."

"Oooh, Rex," she sighed, a touch of rapture in her tone. Stepping close to him, she put her arms around his neck, they going into a passionate kiss, their tongues exploring each other's oral cavities.

His hand groped her arse. Pushing his crotch hard against her right thigh, he knew he was going to have her later, and that she knew it too. Breaking off, he said, "Come and see the latest slut. I think she's the best looker I've ever had."

"She must be something, then."

"Yeah, reckon she's a real classy piece of cunt. Got a bit of tar-brush in her make-up I reckon but I'm going to enjoy making her crawl and serve me ... us."

He led the way, unlocking and relocking the doors, letting her through the iron-barred gateway and into the room on the left. As she stripped off, he placed the things they would need in a small pink plastic storage box. "Here you are," he handed her the navel jewel. "It was the slut's."

"Wow! That's expensive; it's not cut glass, looks like proper gems to me. I'll sterilise it before putting it on." She popped it into the pink box.

Abby had a good body. She was thirty-six and kept in trim by going to the fitness centre at least two days per week. A natural strawberry-blonde with azure eyes, she was marginally shorter than his new toy, but she too was curvy although her boobs were only grapefruit-sized.

He had taken great care in selecting her, wanting someone who had access to medical facilities, she a laboratory technician. Once he spotted her, he simply knew she was the right one, getting his brother to date and marry her. He had not wanted a wife himself, in case she had misgivings about his hobby. Fortunately, Abby was now fully trained and compliant on that score.

She was standing ready, dressed in long red and black thigh-boots, a black waspie that pushed up her tits, and black bikini pants. The whole outfit was made in PVC, she preferring it to leather.

Both strutted to the occupied cell's door, she carrying the box, he the cattle-prod. Looking through the spy-hole, he saw the slut sat on the edge of the trolley. Rapping three times on the wood, he watched with amusement as she struggled down onto her knees. It looked promising, he contemplating she would soon be broken.

Unlocking the door, he stepped in, Abby following, she putting her cargo down on the trolley. Noticing the puddle, he saw the slut's brow was not firmly pressed to the floor's surface, she presumably avoiding getting it wet. Putting his foot on the back of her head, he forced it down. "When I tell you to put your fucking forehead to the floor, Slut, I mean it." Placing the wand's tip against her upturned bum, he squeezed the trigger – "*Beeezzz.*"

"Aaaarrggghhh!" she shrieked, the sound making his cock go stiff.

Glancing into the toilet, he noted she had done some business. Going to the small steel cupboard, he unlocked it and extracted a medicated wipe from the box he kept there. Returning, he said, “Stick your bum in the air, Slut.”

Stretching over her, he cleaned her arse before chucking the wipe into the pan, pushing the full-flush button. “Where’s your fucking manners, Slut!” he raged as the prod went “*Beeezzz*” against a buttock.

“Aaaarrggghhh! S-sorry, M-master. T-thank you, M-master, f-forgive me, Master.” Her muffled words came up from the floor.

“Up, rest your bum on your heels.” Switching the prod to his left hand, he reached down with his right, using her collar to pull up her head. Her eyes were red, moisture welling, dread clearly behind her irises. It was so delightful being able to instil such trepidation in a slave. “So, Slut, what’s this liquid doing on the floor?”

“P-p-p-please, I-I-I c-couldn’t g-get t-t-t-to the-the t-toilet fast enough ... m-master.”

“Well, lick it up then.”

“B-b-b-but p-p-please, I-I couldn’t.”

In one fluid motion, he handed the cattle-prod to Abby, his right hand coiling around the slut’s collar and dragging her to her feet. “Open the door, Abby! We’ll take this slut into the torture chamber and show her the meaning of real pain, not the little stings she gets off the prod!”

“N-no, p-please!”

It would not have mattered how good the slut had been, she would have been going in there sooner or later, now she was a day ahead of schedule. Abby held open the door at the end of the corridor, he manhandling his struggling charge into the chamber.

It was thirty feet by twenty, the vaulted ceiling at least twelve foot

high. The place had been the butter and cheese store in mediaeval days when the original farm belonged to Stagland Monastery. Now it was equipped for slave training and sadistic pleasure taking.

Both sides of the door, situated along the bottom of the adjoining walls, were eight small electric winches that each worked one of the chain hoists located in the cells. Each set had an additional pair of winches that controlled chains that ran through steel grommets screwed into the vaulting stonework. Also to the right was the pump that circulated the air, carbon filters purifying it and taking out most of the moisture.

The right-hand side of the chamber contained an assortment of wooden frames and devises to restrain and aid inflicting punishment. Sets of chains, whips, canes and torture instruments hung from hooks affixed to the walls. For a distance of eight feet, from the left-hand end of the room, the walls, floor and ceiling were tiled, two drainage grates set into the floor. This area was where slaves ended their days when he butchered them.

Hauling the slut to a caning post, a wooden contraption with a three-foot upright and heavily padded crosspiece at the top, he bent her stomach over it. Abby was there fastening the strap that was attached to the base to hold down the spreader bar as he lifted the anchorage chain to clip to the slut's collar ring. "Get me the four foot crop, Abby" he said, pointing.

She pranced there and back, delivering the leather covered item, wickedly smiling, licking her lips.

Practising, he swished it through the air. His one great regret about the chamber was that it was not big enough to swing a full-length bullwhip; he would love to see what one of those could do to human flesh. Turning, he rained down six rapid deliveries. "*Thwack!*" – "*Thwack!*" – "*Thwack!*" – "*Thwack!*" – "*Thwack!*" – "*Thwack!*"

Each was followed by a piercing "Oooooowwww!" and a fearsome red stripe appeared on either: her thighs, buttocks or upper back. She begged for mercy, imploring him to spare her.

"Remember to always call me master!" "*Thwack!*" – "*Thwack!*" –

“Thwack!” – “Thwack!”

“Aaaarrggghhh! Pleeese, Master, pleeease!” she howled after every blow.

His cock was as hard as iron. He could have carried on laying on dozens of strokes but supposed he best give her a chance to live to please him. Anyway, it would be a pity to ruin her too soon seeing as he yearned for her cunt. “You’re nothing but a slave! You have no other purpose in life other than to please me as I wish! Every day you should thank me for letting you live, beg to serve me better! When I tell you to do something, do it and thank me for my orders too!”

“Y-y-yes, M-master.”

He unclipped the chain from her collar. “Cast an eye about this room, everything here will be used on you if you do not quickly learn obedience. Now, Slut, open wide and suck my cock!”

Stepping closer, he fed in three inches. “Suck! Make me come or I’ll give you six more strokes.” Half of him wanted her to succeed, half wanted her to fail. She sucked; he thrust. Soon he jetted jizm. “Yeah! That was good. Now let’s get you back to your cell.”

Abby returned the crop to its spot on the wall, he dragging the trembling slut back to her room, shoving her to the floor. “Lick up your piss, Slut,” he hissed. Her head went down, he watching as she lapped somewhat unenthusiastically, she clearing most of it. “Right, head up; rest your bum on your heels.”

“Yes, M-master.” She was learning. Her bottom rested against the stretcher, her heels too far apart.

“You need to splay you knees wider.”

“Yes, Master.” She shuffled both patellae further from each other.

“Once that bar-stretcher’s off, you’ll learn to spread wider, so your

slut cunt rubs against the floor.”

“Yes, Master.”

“This gorgeous blonde creature is your mistress. You’ll show her proper respect at all times but of course remember who owns you. Me.”

“Yes, Master.”

“Get up, Slut!” Abby ordered. “Then lay your back across the trolley! Fucking move it!”

“Y-yes, m-m-mistress.” She guessed right, and complied.

Abby opened her little plastic box and extracted a hypodermic. Twisting the slut’s right arm, she extracted a blood sample, dabbing a cotton ball against the prick mark.

“Your master and mistress are leaving now,” he advised.

“Yes, Master.” The slut got up and then down, forehead to the floor.

“You’ll receive no food tonight, Slut. You don’t deserve any and anyway we’ll wait for the tests to come back. If you are riddled with nasty slut diseases there’s no point in feeding you if we’re going to have to dispose of you. I’ll leave the toilet light on so you can find it in the night. Sweet dreams.”

“T-thank you, Master.”

Abby followed him from the room, they chuckling to each other, they going into a tight clinch. “Oh hell, I’m so horny, fuck me,” she urged.

The warning buzzer made a noise, the screen revealing another car on the driveway. Abby picked up her things, keeping hold of the plastic box. Heading upstairs, arms about each other, he yearned to empty his cock into something warm.

His brother was in the kitchen. “Hi, honey,” Abby said.

“Hi, Dick, you come to check up too,” Rex said.

“Rex, you haven’t. Not another? Not so soon?” Dick replied, he seeming to lose some of his colour.

“Yeah. The slut just fell into my lap. She a real stunner, you’ll enjoy humping her when I’ve broken her in.”

“But – but – it’s too soon, too much risk—”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake, Dick, stop being such a pain! Rex knows what he’s doing!” Abby snapped. She placed the pink box on the table, her pile of clothes too, grabbing Rex tightly, rubbing against him, they exchanging kisses.

“B-but, y-you know, I’m not happy about this carrying on.”

Disentangling from Abby, Rex stretched his right arm, clamping his hand on the nape of his brother’s neck, gripping fiercely, forcing him to bend backwards. “You don’t need to do any thinking. I tell you what to do, and you’d better fucking do it,” he said coldly. “Piss me off and I’ll thrash the arse off you. Would you like me to do that, Dickie boy?”

“No, please, Rex, let me go. I-I w-won’t do anything to upset you, really. I just thought—”

“Stop fucking thinking, Dickie boy. Do as you’re told and when the cunt downstairs is trained you’ll be able to bang her too. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes. Please, Rex, you’re hurting my neck,” Dick pleaded. “I think Abby and I should hurry home ... you know, the kids need feeding ... and that.”

“Huh!” he snorted. “Well, Dickie boy, fuck the kids. You go and clean out the van as I haven’t had time yet seeing as I had to sort away the new slut. Then you can make me something to eat whilst I take your wife upstairs and shower, give her a real hard bang whilst I’m at it. I’m aching for

her cunt.” With that he let go of the neck, propelling his brother towards the scullery door.

“Stop fucking talking, let’s get to it,” Abby said.

Groping each other, they were on their way. She was soon sat on the bed, he pulling off her boots before both stepped naked into the cubicle. He did not turn on the water for she raised her left leg, he wrapping his right arm under her knee. Using her fingers, she pulled her slit wide. Rolling back his foreskin, he rammed in his throbbing prick, pushing her hard against the tiled wall. Her cylinder was already percolating lubrication, his piston-rod was moving back and forth as if it was cranking the driving-wheel of an express steam-train in a rush.

“Yes! Yes! Come on, fuck me! Fuck me harder! Harder!” she urged, face and upper torso decidedly a vivid pink.

“Oh yeah, whore, how do you like your my cock right up your fucking cunt?”

“Yes! Harder!” She was snorting, panting like a bitch on heat.

She was climaxing, drumming her fist on his back, perspiring, writhing, cunt muscles contracting around his manhood. He was pumping, soon feeling a douche of his warm cream squirting deep into her womb.

His penis deflated, he going onto his knees, looking at the tiny V of blonde hair that pointed to her opening. He knew it was her little bit of defiance, showing she did have a will of her own, she well aware he would prefer her bald. He ate her out, using his tongue to make her squeal again. No sooner had he finished than he stood up, his meat already stiffly at attention. He bent her over, easing into her goo-filled gash, rutting slower this time, hands fondling her breasts.

“Come on, you bastard, screw it into me harder!” she implored. “Do you think Dick is going to be all right, he seems to be worse than ever?”

Dick was his older brother, by two years, but was meeker. Rex on the

other hand had the crueller set of genes and enjoyed using them. He had ruled his brother's life since being sixteen, actually caning him, making him know who was in charge, repeating the process from time to time just to remind who was in control. "Don't worry about Dick, he's a pussy. He knows what will happen if he doesn't obey me. He's terrified of losing you and the kids."

Abby sniggered, laughing. "Yeah, I've never understood why he dotes on Isobel so much; he knows she's not his. Harry is probably his. Perhaps he thinks I'm going to let him put me up the duff again if he shows how good a father he makes. Come on – come on! Fuck me, fuck me, harder!"

Cunt juice mixed with sperm was oozing out of her quim, soaking the base of his cock and seeping over his ball sac. "You know, Abby you're a real heartless bitch. That's what I love about – about you! Come on, Whore! He'll be fine once the slut's trained; you know how he loves joining in!"

She was panting, rasping air, he keeping her slippery body on its feet by holding her tight. He was pumping, sweat trickling, she was coming. "Oooowwwweeee!" she cried.

"Yerrr!" he sniggered, as he hosed the inside of her vagina.

Getting down on her knees, she licked his equipment, he turning on the shower to wash their bodies clean.

Putting on his dressing-gown, Abby her day clothes, they went down to find his brother in the kitchen.

"The food's in the oven keeping warm. The girl's things are on the end of the table," Dick said, pointing to a neat row of items. "Can we go now, please, Rex? The kids will be worrying where we are."

"Don't fuss, Dick, the pissing kids can look after themselves for a few hours," Abby snarled.

"I'll sort out the slut's thing and get rid of them in the morning. You two can go and leave me to eat in peace. Don't forget the blood sample,

Abby. I want a quick result,” Rex stated.

“You always do. I have National Health patients to worry about, you know.”

“Fuck them. Let the bastards die. I want my results quick.”

Dick and Abby drove off in their separate cars. Rex, getting his meal out of the oven, put it on a tray and went into the sitting room, turning on the television. He changed channels enabling him to watch his new slave who was laid on the trolley apparently groaning, he thinking, “It won’t be long before I’m fucking that cunt.”

* * *

Claudia was lying semi-curved, shivering from fear, seeming to ache everywhere. She did not know what was worse, the electric shocks or that cane-thing. Everywhere it had landed, throbbed like hell.

Her stomach was grumbling due to its emptiness. All she had had all day was a bowl of *Special-K* for breakfast and an apple for lunch. She had gulped down lots of water, not only to swill the bad taste from her mouth but in an effort to fill her stomach with something.

She was not used to doing as others wanted, having always managed to get her own way. But his words about not feeding her, in case they had to dispose of her, had sent dread to her core. The bastard who held her prisoner did not seem to care what he did and she was convinced he would kill her if she failed to cooperate.

It appeared she had no option but to grovel, but it was so difficult remembering to always call him master.

* * *

Abby drove the mile and a half back to her house at Stagland, her pussy lips still puffy from the delicious pounding she had received.

There was something about Rex she could not resist. Well, he did have ten inches of fucking-muscle for a start. "Funny that," she thought, "he's so much bigger in that department than Dick, though otherwise they're physically so much alike."

They looked very similar, people sometimes taking them for twins. But she reckoned Dick actually looked younger, more boyish and by temperament he was quite mild and attentive. Rex was brooding and when roused, in lust or anger, took on a truly callous demeanour. He was certainly the one you did not offend and she could understand why Dick had been his vassal for something like twenty-four years.

She knew now she had been targeted but did not regret that. Dick had made a play for her and wooed her wonderfully. She had met Rex a few times before the wedding but had no idea of the hold he had over his brother or would have over her.

On her wedding night, she and her husband had retired to the bridal suite at the swish Beauchamp Hotel & Country Club where the reception had been held. There was a knock on the door, Dick opening it, letting Rex in. As her husband sat in a chair cravenly watching, her brother-in-law repeatedly made love to her. His threats cowed her into silence.

During the honeymoon on Mauritius, she did not let Dick touch her throughout the ten days, partly as a punishment but more specifically as she intended to divorce him as soon as they got back. The thing was: she could not get Rex out of her head, so when he turned up at their house on the day of their return, she let him use her again. That was fourteen years ago. Isobel was born a year later, Harry two years after that. She reckoned they were his but had never bothered to get a DNA test to prove it. Partly as Rex was indifferent but mainly because Dick begged her not to, she reckoning he believed that if he did not know for certain then he could think that they were actually both his. Harry might possibly be Dick's but not Isobel. The girl was a right madam, although Abby could control her by use of the quirt.

Abby remembered her early married days, being used by both brothers. Dick always followed Rex' plans. For more than a year she had no idea that Rex kept a slave in his basement, not until after Isobel was born. She had then been introduced to the lifestyle bit by bit, Rex making it clear what would happen if she did not take part. However, once she too got to lay the cane onto the slave, she developed a yearning for cruelty. When she assisted in killing the slut, she knew she had no way back, so accepted it as a way of life.

She ruled the lives of the household in Stagland, she in turn submitting to the owner of Lychlee Grange.

Chapter Four

Rolling out of bed, Rex ran a hand over his pubic area, loving the feel of his depilated skin. Glancing in the long mirror, he admired his equipment, it always looked bigger hairless, he reckoning it would soon be in use again.

Down in the kitchen, he put his porridge in the microwave. As he ate, he casually looked at the slut's things on the table. He decided Abby might like the expensive leather handbag so would keep that. Extracting the purse, he removed the cash before putting it into a plastic bag along with her cards, glancing to see she was called Miss Claudia Vickers. There were five bits of makeup paraphernalia, a comb, chequebook, retractable pen, a packaged tampon, an unopened roll of Polo mints, a small handkerchief embroidered with a pink C and an ID card for Tracker Trent PR, all of which he shoved into the plastic bag too. He would go and put them into the garden incinerator later.

He filled a water-bottle, taking it and Abby's PVC clothing with him as he went down to the cellars. Putting the clothing into the cupboard, he stripped off. Picking up the cattle-prod, he went to see his charge. Knocking three times, he entered, she still to fully lower her head. "Move your fucking self, Slut! Don't dare keep me waiting!" he shouted, menacingly.

"S-sorry, M-master," she snivelled, "I'm stiff, s-sorry."

"Hah!" he snorted. Placing the prod on the trolley, he took the water-bottle and replaced the other near-empty one. "I see you've used the bog. Suppose you want me to wipe your arse again."

"Y-yes, Master. I-I-I m-mean ... yes, Master, I've used the toilet and yes please, Master, please wipe my bottom ... please, Master." Her head was still pressed to the floor.

She was learning quickly, he satisfied with the progress made. Going

to the cupboard, unlocking it, removing a wipe, he stepped close. “Put your arse in the air.”

“Yes, Master.” She dutifully complied.

He wiped, and dropped the soiled object into the pan and pressed the flush. When he turned back, he noticed she had lowered her arse. “Big mistake, Slut,” he thought, pleased at the excuse to punish.

“Head up, Slut, sit back on your heels.” Grasping her collar, he sneered, “Think you’re clever don’t you, Slut.”

“N-n-no, Master.”

“Well, I didn’t tell you to put your arse down, did I, Slut? So you’re going to get punished for that.”

“N-no, M-master, please ... I-I-I m-mean, y-you didn’t tell me to lower my bum, n-n-not no about p-punishing m-me.”

It felt so good, having such an effect. His erection hardened further, she visibly going wide-eyed. Rolling his foreskin back, he said, “Suck.”

“Y-yes, M-master.” There was a fraction of a delay, but her lips stretched and surrounded the end.

“I suppose you suck your boyfriend off all the time, don’t you, Slut? Or are you fucking two or three different men at the same time?”

Her head came back. “No, Master. I’ve only got one boyfriend, Charles, but I’ve given him a blow-job a few times.”

His hands wrapped about her collar, wrenching her to her feet. “Stupid slut, I told you, you have no past. You did not exist till I made you my slave!”

Pulling open the door, he hauled her to the torture chamber, bending her over the caning-horse. Selecting a thin four-foot birch cane, he lashed down three strokes to her buttocks.

“Aaarrggghhh!” she squealed after every blow. He put three onto the back of her thighs, she howling her tune each time. Putting three more across her upper back, brought forth three more. “Aaarrggghhh!” – “Aaarrggghhh!” – “Aaarrggghhh!”

Unclipping her restraints, he pulled her back on her heels, trapping her head against his thighs. Pushing his cock into her mouth, he started pumping up and down. She started to suck, he realising she was turning into a compliant slave.

“Yeah, yeah, that’s it! Suck it, Slut, suck it! Errrrhhh! Errrrhhh! Oooerrrrhhh!” he uttered, relishing the feel of spurting sperm to the back of her throat. “Oooh, yesss, that’s so good. Now let’s empty my bladder.” With that he drained his piss into her gullet.

Returning the cane to its hook, he said, “Shuffle back to your cell on your knees, Slut, and supplicate yourself.” Sobbing, shoulders hunched, she shambled away, he following. He carried on to the room on the left of the grill, picking up a yellow storage box and rejoining his trainee slave.

She was waiting, kneeling with her head to the floor.

Pushing the door to with his foot, he placed the box on the floor and moved the cattle-prod to join it. Opening the steel cupboard, he lowered two chains until the hooks were level with the surface of the trolley. “Up, Slut. Climb onto the trolley, lie on your back,” he instructed, mischievously believing the fresh stripes pressed against the mattress would truly hurt.

“Y-yes, Master,” she replied, staggering to her feet. Gingerly reclining, she was soon wincing.

Undoing the ankle straps, he put the spreader onto the floor. Lifting the lid of the box, he took out two, one-inch-wide, steel bands, fitting them about each ankle, locking them with a tiny key. Each carried a sturdy ring which he slipped over the hook on separate ceiling chains. He hoisted her ankles into the air until only her shoulders, head and neck were resting on the mattress, her legs splayed wide.

Taking hold of battery-powered clippers and a portable car vacuum, he cropped her pubes, sucking up the hairs as he worked. Lifting a box of waxing strips, he smoothed a sheet then ripped.

“Ooowww!” she yelped.

He repeated the action until she was visibly bald, he using some tweezers to pluck a couple of dozen stubborn hairs. Rubbing on a dash of Tea Tree balm, he admired his handiwork, working two fingers into her pussy, setting about a little finger-fucking. “Now, that’s much better, Slut. I like bald pussy as it makes it look more attractive and you’ll find it’s so much easier to keep it hygienic.”

“Yes, Master. T-thank you, Master,” she responded, starting to sob for some silly female reason.

He continued prodding with his fingers, pressing his thumb hard against her love-bud. Her face coloured, her body contorted as she evidently approached climax. Renewing his efforts, his fingers went in and out faster, she letting out an almost inaudible whimper as she came. “A real dirty slut, aren’t you?”

“M-master.” He thought her answer rather noncommittal.

Taking a cotton ball, soaking it in alcohol, he wiped around her clitoris and the needle of the piercing gun. Squeezing just below the bud itself, he fired the needle through both inner labia.

“Yyyooowwweee! P-please, Master, what-what have I done?”

“Shut up you stupid slut. You’re going to be ringed, through the nipples and nose as well as those now in you navel and cunt.” He applied some antiseptic cream, slipping a small steel ring through the holes. It was an easy affair changing the navel-ring, but piercing both nipples brought forth agonising yelping, it making his cock ache with excitement. Pinching her nose, he instructed, “Hold fucking still or you’ll look like you’ve gone three round with a heavyweight boxer.”

The gadget created a hole through her septum. “Yyyooowwweee!” Panting, she showed distress, it thrilling him even more, seeing her suffering.

“You sluts have all manner of piercing and tattoos done these days, so stop fussing.” He fitted the last of her five rings.

“Y-y-yes, M-master,” she stuttered.

Wiping more alcohol over the piercing gun, he put it away. Unshackling her right wrist from the body belt, he fitted a steel band similar to those around her ankles. He did the same to the left arm before removing the waist belt. “Get up, Slut. Kneel on the floor.”

“Yes, Master,” she responded and complied. Her face was looking grubby, streaked by mascara-enhanced tearstains for a start.

“See how kind I am to you, leaving you unshackled. Fail me and you’ll be tethered tighter than a Christmas turkey except I’ll use barbed-wire not twine. The rings will be used to hook you to a flogging frame when I want to whip you. Make you concentrate on remaining still, otherwise you’ll rip your nose, nipples or clit off. Then you’ll be no use to me and I’ll simply have to kill you.” He spoke in a deadpan manner so she knew he cared nothing about her.

“Y-yes, M-master,” she responded, obviously swallowing. “M-master ...”

“Yes, Slut, speak.”

“Master, a-are y-you going to s-starve m-me to d-death?”

Shrugging his shoulders, he replied, “What I chose as your fate is my affair, Slut. It might simply amuse me, to watch you die that way. Merely pray that your mistress gives you the all clear.”

“Thank you for the advice, Master. I will pray hard.”

“Now, let’s practice splaying. Spread your knees wide. Get your cunt touching the floor and rub it against the concrete so I can see your slime-

trail.”

“Yes, Master.” She spread wide, he shoving on her shoulders to force her down.

He was not surprise when her pussy lips could not make contact with the floor for she was not supple enough to achieve it. So he pushed his foot under her to give the surface she needed to masturbate against. “That’s right, Slut. Rub. Rub!” In less than two minutes he felt her pussy lips spread moisture on his skin. “That’s it. Work at it and you’ll be able to rub against the floor. So practice.”

“Yes, Master.”

Going to the cupboard, he pressed the switches to take the chains back to the ceiling. Taking another wipe from the plastic container, before securing the door, he placed it on the top of the mattress. “When I’ve gone, clean the makeup and piss stains off your face. I don’t want to be fucking a tramp, do I? Chuck it in the bog but don’t dare flush, don’t want you wasting water. Remember to practice rubbing your slit on the floor.”

“Yes, Master.” She bobbed her head, as he left.

Having no intention of starving her to death, he wanting a healthy and robust toy to provide years of enjoyment, he went up to the kitchen. Taking a sachet of dietary fibre and another of health tonic, he emptied the powders into a litre bottle. Juicing up the nectarines from her shopping, he poured the liquid in, adding water to the brim, giving it a good shake. He took it to the cellars.

* * *

Her new piercings ached and throbbed. Notwithstanding the fact that every nudge of her nose against the trigger brought a jolt of pain, she pumped shots of liquid feed into her mouth. It felt heavenly as the fluid trickled to her stomach, starting to fill it. He had told her to take a mouthful of water after

every five of food, the dietary fibre needing it to swell up properly. She was doing as instructed fearful of being punished for any misdemeanour, certain he would be watching via the camera.

Claudia could scarce credit how she had become no more than a whipped puppy, kowtowing so easily to the beast. She was suckling on a bottle like an orphaned lamb, doing her best to be subservient, hoping it would reduce her punishments although she suspected that he would still inflict pain even if she did everything in strict compliance to his orders. Her only hope, she reckoned, was to be rescued.

Using the wipe, she cleansed her face as best she could, it certainly feeling fresher. She wiped it about her pussy and her anus too. At the time he brought the food, he left a *Vaseline*-smeared butt plug, telling her to insert it in readiness for when he took her up her back passage. The idea of anal sex disgusted her. The prospects were playing on her mind. Having never seen a man so well-hung, not in real life anyway, she was terrified his penis would do her lots of internal damage.

Chapter Five

Sprawled in an armchair, he was watching the midday news on the television, switching back and forth to the CCTV to see that the slut was complying with his instructions. Eating his sandwiches and fruit, he saw her finish her feed, seeing her going over to the trolley. She had difficulties inserting her plastic bung. Cleverly, so he had to admit, she put it upright on the floor and sat down on it appearing to give out a yelp. He was thinking that one of these days he would need to improve his monitoring equipment so that it relayed sound.

Flicking back to the news, it was a report about a missing girl, Claudia Vickers. Her mother, Veronica, was at some police press conference weeping as she appealed for help and information.

A contented smirk crossed his face, he slipping his hand into his trousers and giving his cock a few leisurely strokes, creating an erection. She was an attractive looking woman, only appearing to be in her mid-thirties. Slightly swarthier than her daughter, he would nevertheless have loved a chance to be fucking her. “That would be a real giggle,” he thought, “humping both her and her daughter as his slaves.”

The front door bell rang. “Who the hell’s that?” he muttered, rapidly extracting his hand from around his genitals. “Must be someone on foot who’s avoided breaking the security beam,” he told himself. That was another project that he would have to give attention to. Adjusting his bulge first, he opened the door.

“Hi, Mister Greenstreet, is it okay if I cut the orchard grass today as I’m going to Nottingham on Saturday?” Becky Freeman asked, in her usual cheery manner.

“Sure, Becky, can you manage without me?”

“Don’t I always?” she responded, pulling a cheeky grin.

“It’s unlocked. Don’t worry about the incinerator if it’s still burning, I’ve been getting rid of some old papers,” he said, smiling back at her. “If you don’t mind me asking, why are you going to Nottingham anyway?”

“If I get my A-level grades, I want to go to university there. So, Mum and Dad are taking me for a look round.”

“It’s not a bad city, done a little business there myself recently.”

“You don’t say. Must get on Mister Greenstreet, Pete’s taking me out to celebrate the end of school.”

“Do that. I’ll be in my study if you need me, doing a bit of work.”

He watched her arse as it headed towards the looseboxes where the garden tractor was stored. Closing the door, he went to the study, sitting at his easel ready to start drawing, adjusting its position as the sun was streaming in through the south-facing windows. He did illustrations for books and magazines. His favourite currently was for one called *Brutal Rome*, a pornographic magazine of tales set in the days of the Roman Empire, his pictures depicting all manner of depravity.

The Freeman family lived down in Lychlee Cottage, Becky being the eldest of two daughters. She was a pleasant thing, not what he would call pretty, but attractive enough, quite shapely but she usually dressed in jodhpurs and either a baggy sweatshirt or pullover. Her brother John had cut his grass until going away to university, some three years ago now.

It was surprising how quickly time flies when engrossed in something enjoyable. Hearing the clatter of the tractor engine, he looked up at the clock on the mantelpiece. “Gosh, is it that time,” he asked himself, getting up and going to the front door.

Opening it, he yelled to ascertain if she wanted a drink. She killed the engine, saying, “What did you say, Mister Greenstreet?”

“I was saying it looks very hot out there, and do you want a drink of something?”

“That would be nice. I’m steaming, so something long and cool would be great.”

“Coming up,” he advised before heading into the kitchen. He popped six ice cubes from the plastic tray into a tall tumbler, poured a good measure of lime cordial over them and topped up with water from the cold tap.

Becky was in the loosebox, green sweatshirt off, using a hand brush to shift grass clipping from the collection box. “Here you are,” he said, proffering the tumbler. She turned around to take the drink, revealing that perspiration was making her green long-sleeved shirt stick to her chest, the buttons straining to hold in what was wobbling within.

“Phew,” he thought, “those are big tits.” Mind, it was some time since he had seen her without a sloppy top, she certainly seeming to have filled out of late. “So, you’re going to be deserting me and running off to university in eight weeks or so. Suppose I’d better advertise for someone to cut my grass.”

“Well, Mister Greenstreet, I wanted to talk to you about that. Clare says she would like the job, and I could show her the ropes before I go if you agree.”

Clare Freeman might only be sixteen, but she was quite a stunner. Taller and slimmer than her older sister, she constantly wore very short skirt. She also knew she possessed the looks men craved, so flaunted it. Village gossip claimed she was the “local bike”, ridden by nearly every boy for miles; if only he had had the opportunity. But a couple of years working for him and who knows what would fall into his lap.

“Sounds fine to me,” he said. “Always best to rely on personal recommendation. Keep it in the family. I’m assuming you are recommending her.”

“Yeah, I suppose so. She’s interested more in the money, so you’ll have to keep an eye on her as she can be a lazy cow if she can get away with

it.” Becky was finishing her drink.

“Oh, I’ll keep an eye on her all right,” he said, winking saucily.

“I bet. Most blokes do. She’s always throwing herself at some fella or other.” As she spoke, Becky, stepping from behind the tractor to hand him the tumbler, caught her ankle on some part of the machinery. Tripping, she catapulted into him, her big breasts squashing against his chest, she somehow managing to hold onto the glass.

In that instant, he decided he was going to have her there and now. His hands went to feel her buttocks, gripping them tightly. Grinding his crotch against her, his cock went rigid, trapped between the inside of his left thigh and his trouser leg. Moving his right hand, he grasped a hank of her neck-length auburn hair, pulling her head back, locking his mouth onto hers. Pushing his tongue against her lips, she responded by opening wide and letting him explore her warm wet orifice.

His left digits went to her jodhpurs’ buttons, popping them open. Slithering his hand between her flesh and knickers, he made contact with her clitoris, massaging it, rolling it between thumb and index finger. She responded by pushing her pelvis forward, face flushing. Taking hold of the tumbler, he reached over, placing it on the seat of the tractor.

Manoeuvring her backwards, he was aiming to lay her on last year’s bailed straw. The back of her knees hit the edge of a bail. She collapsed backwards, he ensuring he landed on top. His fingers were stroking between her inner and outer labia, thumb strumming her little nub. Breathing deeply, she was now tentatively rubbing her hand against his flies, pressing the materiel against his aching manhood. Two of his left fingers were manipulating inside her juicing pussy, he forced a third and then a fourth digit in.

Using his right hand, he unbuttoned his shirt, easing it the floor. Reaching behind, he first un-shoed himself before pulling off her left pickie-boot. Opening his trousers, he slipped them down, his taut cock gladly springing from its confinement. Her hand started caressing it lightly. Nothing was going to stop him now, he breaking contact to yank off her remaining

boot, her jodhpurs and knickers.

“Oooh, Mister Greenstreet, do you think we should—”

“Yes, Becky we’re going to fuck,” he interrupted, opening her shirt, lifting her bra upwards, exposing her large jugs. Leaning down, he sucked on each plump nipple, making them hard. Easing her thighs wider, his right hand rolled his foreskin, guiding his weapon into the prepared hole, thrusting in until his balls made contact with the underside of her buttocks.

Becky spread, lifting her legs upwards, he wrapping his arms about her thighs, using them to lever himself in and out of the tight but moist twat. “Aah! Aah!” She started panting. “Aah! Mister Greenstreet should we ... aah! What’s my ... my Pete going to ... to say?”

“Fuck Pete, don’t tell him. Errrhhh!” He was sniffing air through his nostrils. “What he doesn’t know won’t hurt. Errrhhh! None of his business. Errrhhh! Anyway, when I’ve finished with you, you’ll be able to fuck his brains out. Errrhhh! He should be grateful. Errrhhh!” He was formulating a plan, wanting to have her a few more times before she went off to university. From what he could remember, Pete was a bit of a drip so it was unlikely he was going to teach her how to screw properly.

“Aah! Aah! Aah! You’re experienced then, Mister Greenstreet. Aah! Aah ... that’s it ... more!”

“Sure! Errrhhh! By the time I was sixteen I’d had half the girls in my class. When I was your age, I’d done half the girls in years ten, eleven, twelve and thirteen. Errrhhh!” He felt her lube-juice coating his cock, some of it oozing out onto his balls.

“Oow! Oow! Yeah! Yeah! Oooooowwww!” she shrilled her orgasm.

Gripping her tighter, he ground in harder, determined to bring her off again. “Errrhhh! Errrhhh! Errrhhh!” He simply relished using his cock, loved the feel when he spurted.

“Ooooooww! Ooooooww! Oooooowwww!” Convulsing, arching her

back, she climaxed.

“Ooohhh yearrrhhh!” he roared, feeling a satisfying jet of jism spray towards her cervix. Somehow, sometime, he was going to have to take her again, up her arse too.

Still gasping for breath, sprawled on the bail, Becky looked glassy-eyed, saying, “Oooh ... Mister Greenstreet ... I wish my Pete ... could fuck like you. I never knew ... knew you fancied me.”

“You’re a good looking girl, Becky. You deserve a man up you to show what you’re missing. Next time, we’ll do it up in my bed then I can fuck you for hours, rod your arse out too.”

“Mister Greenstreet, that’s perverted. I don’t do anal, it’s-it’s disgusting.”

“Well, it’s not everyone’s cup of tea,” he said, trying to sound contrite. It was his. If he got her into bed, he would not take no for an answer. And, he had noted, she had not said no to another session.

* * *

Climbing the five-barred-gate reminded Becky how much of a pounding her pussy had just received. The path across the field was however the quickest way home, leading to the little wicket-gate into her parents back garden.

Heading back to her house, Becky was convinced she was walking funnily. She now understood why some girls reckoned they went bandy-legged after a good seeing too. “He’s enormous,” she thought. She could not believe how big Mister Greenstreet was, it having giving her palpitations when she first touched it with her hand. But wow, when he was shagging her, she soon forgot her concerns, it stretching her love-tunnel wonderfully, it producing her first fuck-produced orgasm. She had had a few in the past: when out riding, in her room with her hand, even one when she went to the Robbie Williams concert and she screamed herself hoarse, but she had never

had one from a boy's todger. She faked it with Pete, but when she compared equipment, he withered into insignificance by comparison. He was going to have his work cut out tonight when she let him take her in the back of his car.

She had had a lot of trouble persuading her parents to let her have a boyfriend. There had been the hassle about taking her O-levels then it was her A-levels that were thought to be a priority. They were just so protective, particularly since her brother, John, had gone off to university and mysteriously disappeared after the first year. Funnily enough they did not seem to bother so much about Clare, letting her do what she wanted. But then Clare was always more wilful and quick to make a scene, whereas she did her best to be a good daughter.

Opening the wicket-gate, she stepped into the garden, securing it so that Bobby, the family dog, did not get out and worry the sheep. Once in the bathroom, she stripped off to take a shower, fingering her slit to remind herself of the little wicked thrill that afternoon had brought. "It was so out of character," she thought.

Mister Greenstreet's hint at anal sex might have disgusted her, but she presumed he had merely said it for effect, it not appearing to have been a proper suggestion. She was however craving another session with him, certain she needed to know that she had not been mistaken and dreamed it all up. The sooner the better, as far as she was concerned. It would get one over her sister for a start; she doubting even Clare had been screwed by such a well-endowed full-grown man.

Chapter Six

Feeling smug, he went back to the study, finishing off colouring his latest strip, pictures of a girl being killed by wild animals in the arena. Looking at the clock, he was slightly irritated, Abby having not yet phoned with the test results. “What on earth is she playing at?” he asked himself. “Bet she’s been wasting time on some useless arsehole that is dying of AIDS or The Lord knows what.”

If he had not fucked Becky that afternoon, he reckoned he would have simply been unable to resist making use of his slut downstairs. His balls would have simply been aching to empty into someone. He had fancied screwing Becky for ages, merely for the pleasure of using his garden worker for things other than mowing grass. She was soft and warm, possibly slightly overweight, but if she lost half a stone, maybe a little more, she would be very shapely. Perhaps a little more exercise would help, he being resolved to ensure she had lots more vigorous sex to see if that would assist.

She certainly had left with a big smile on her face, he knowing then that she would be craving his attentions again. He was certain they would end up in his bed and, when that happened, he was determined he was going to have her in the arse, whether she liked it or not. No young cunt was going to deny him his pleasures.

The buzzer over the front door attracted his attention, it signifying a vehicle must be using the drive. Stepping to the window, he saw Abby’s car draw up, his heart giving a flutter with lust-filled anticipation.

Opening the door, he said, “Hi, got good news for me, I hope.”

She slobbered a kiss, rubbing her hand over his trousers, squeezing his prick until it was hard. “She’s clean. Thought I’d bring the news in person. Want to see you hump her, see her squirm whilst you force her to submit.”

“Nasty bitch, aren’t you?”

“Well, look who taught me,” she responded, grinning. “So, let’s go downstairs.”

“Oh, I don’t know if I can be bothered,” he replied, lying, being puckish. He might have had one session today, but he never turned down another.

Looking at him questioningly, she queried, “Have you already had her? You’ve got that evil glint in your eyes you get when you’ve done something perverse and wicked.”

“No. I merely screwed Becky Freeman this afternoon, that’s all.” He smirked with contentment.

“You haven’t? You bastard! She’s a bit of a dumpling.”

“Bitchy or is it cattish.”

“Meeoooow,” she responded, clawing the air. “So, was she any good?”

“She has a bit more padding than you, but she’ll slim down. And, you know me; I always enjoy fucking a new cunt, so I did. I’m expecting her to want it again real soon, and of course I’ll happily oblige. Not jealous are you?”

“Hah!” she snorted. “Not much use if I was. Long as I get my share, I can hardly complain. Well, you’d take no notice if I did.”

“Come on, let’s go downstairs and indulge in the pleasures of using the slut.”

Wearing nothing but his key collection about his neck, he entered the cell carrying the cattle-prod. Abby was wearing her boots and waspie, though her briefs were replaced by a large black strap-on dildo, she carrying a small tube of lubrication in her one hand. The slut’s head was clearly pressed firmly to the floor, he saying, “I see you’ve consumed all your food, Slut.”

“Yes, Master. Thank you, Master, it was delicious,” she replied.

She was trying to butter him up, he concluded. Good, it meant she was turning into an obedient slave. “Sit back on your heels.” He watched amused as her jaw part-dropped. “That’s right, Slut, your mistress here has given you the thumbs-up. No slut diseases to worry about, so the times come for you to be fucked. Get your hands and mouth to my cock, peel back the foreskin and lick it clean. Make me hard so that I can take my pleasure in your body.” He wafted the prod menacingly, simply so she appreciated the consequences of disobedience.

“Y-yes, Master.” Her warm soft hands, somewhat cautiously, he thought, took hold of his member, uncovering his bulbous purple head. Her tongue started to lap.

“Lick harder, Slut. Open your mouth and let me fuck your face.”

She responded by stretching her jaws wide, he thrusting his hips forward, squeezing his rod between her teeth, her tongue brushing the underside.

In his view, plenty more practice was called for and would be given. But for now he was as stiff as he thought possible. Pulling out, he said, “Follow me.”

The three of them went into the torture chamber, Abby shoving the slave down onto a thick mat. “Get your fucking legs splayed wide, Slut!” she shouted. “Let your master get at your cunt!”

“Yes, M-mistress.”

Going down, he licked at the opening of her slit, working his tongue in, drawing his upper teeth teasingly against available tissue. Her breath seemed more audible as it passed through her mouth. Tasting the first of her juice, he shuffled closer, hands reaching for her tits, kneading them.

Abby took hold of his prick and gave it a couple of gentle jerks before using her fingers to hook open the slut’s gash. He guided the head of his

probe into the docking collar.

Reaching, he grasped the slut's collar, pulling himself forward violently. The full length of his cock satisfyingly slid deep into the warm moist vagina, she softly emitting, "Aah, oooh."

Her cunt encased him tightly as he commenced to thrust back and forth.

"Oooh, oooh." Her voice was getting marginally louder, beads of perspiration forming on her brow. He felt her legs lock together behind his upper thighs. "Oooh, oooh, aah." She was breathing deeply. He bucked harder, enjoying the feel of a new cunt. "Oooh," she said ever so quietly, as she came.

One thing she had to learn, he concluded, was that a slave needed to make a lot of noise, show how much she loved being used by her master. A few canings would soon teach her. Saving himself, he withdrew. "Right, Slut, get on all fours, arse in the air!" he ordered.

"Y-yes, M-master." She sounded apprehensive.

Easing the butt plug out, he examined it before handing it to Abby. "Looks pretty clean," he said, "but then her bowels have had no food for twenty-four hours."

"Should make it easy to get real deep in the slut's arse," Abby cheerily responded, squirting a splodge of KY onto the still open anal ring.

Using fingers, he worked the lubricant around the entrance, smearing a little over his glans. Pressing his prick-head against the waiting hole, putting his hand through her arms and gripping her shoulders, he levered into her, his stiffness overcoming any resistance.

"Oh my God!" the slut's yelped. "Oh, oh, Master, you've-you've ... oh my God!"

A virgin poop-chute was one of the great pleasures of life that only a

man could really appreciate, it not worrying him whether she was enjoying it or not. He was, and that was all that mattered. “You see, Slut, how a good master makes full use of his slave. You exist for my pleasure. When you fail to please me, you have no worth!” He was sweating profusely. “Oh yeah! Yeah! Yeah!” His pleasure was mounting.

She was softly moaning. “Oooh. Oooh.” Her back was bowed, her head rocking, she was convulsing. He held her tightly, keeping her face from being pressed against the mattress. “Oooohhhh,” she gently sighed as she climaxed.

“Errrrh!!!” he snorted, pumping cream deep up her back passage.

Sitting back on his heels, he was pleased with the enjoyment she had given him. It was good having a slave again to use as he liked. Bending, he pushed his tongue into the gaping starfish, bringing her off to another restrained-sounding orgasm.

Returning to rest on his heels, he instructed, “Suck me, Slut.”

“Yes, Master,” Turning round, she started using her soft lips, wet tongue and warm mouth, cleansing his now flaccid tool.

She had done a passable job. He eased her head away from his swelling cock. “You’re learning, Slut. A few more weeks and you might turn into a useful slave. Now, I’ll go and prepare your evening meal whilst your mistress screws you with her strap-on. You’ll take a pounding as it’ll require a lot more to bring her off.” He noticed Abby’s face gleam wickedly.

Returning from the kitchen, he put a fresh-filled water-bottle into its stand in the slave’s cell. He took the smaller bottle, filled with green-coloured feed, into the torture chamber, he slipping a teat over the opening. Abby, streaming sweat, grunting, humping furiously, was showing maniacal contempt for the creature she was rutting. The slave, glistening with moisture, was taking it, hardly making a sound, whimpering her climax.

Abby however shrieked, “YEEOOOWWWEEE!”

“So, what do you think of the slut?” he asked.

“She’s an arrogant cunt,” Abby sneered; her face currently wearing what he knew was her sadistic expression. “The slut doesn’t show proper respect to her fuckers. Hardly makes a sound, whereas if she truly enjoyed her master or mistress’s efforts she would regale us with sounds of unrestrained joy. Let’s thrash her!”

“Good idea.”

“P-please, Master. I-I don’t-don’t normally m-make m-much n-noise, I-I usually only c-come quietly.” The slut was trying to explain.

Grabbing her collar, wrenching her up, he frog-marched her towards the triangular flogging-ladder. “Well, you should show proper appreciation! And, no one gave you permission to speak so you need a beating for that too!”

As he attached her wrist cuffs to the hooks at the top rung, Abby happily secured the ankles to the bottommost. He pulled on her clit ring, clipping a fastener to it so it held her close to the fourth rung. “Get me a short chain and the whip.” He instructed Abby.

She skipped to the end wall, swiftly returning with his requirements. He snapped the clip on one end of the chain to the slut’s right nipple-ring before passing it through her nose-ring, pulling her head downward to secure the other end to her left tit. “Now, Slut, I suggest you grip the top rung hard and don’t jerk your head about otherwise you’ll lose a nipple or your nose,” he snorted contemptuously, his cock feeling as hard as a length of hickory.

“Y-y-yes, M-master,” the slave replied, sounding terrified.

Taking hold of the black-leather chastiser, he flexed it a few times. It was not a true bullwhip, being made of soft morocco leather and only some six feet long but it would teach her a lesson. Abby stepped out of the way, sticking a couple of her fingers into her pussy, playing with herself. His arm wielded the whip, the black snake cracking against the slut’s bum.

“Aaaoowww!” she screeched.

“*Crack.*” – “Aaaoowww!”

“*Crack.*” – “Aaaoowww!”

“*Crack.*” – “Aaaoowww!”

“*Crack.*” – “Aaaoowww!”

“*Crack.*” – “Aaaoowww!”

“Can I do it?” Abby asked.

“Off course you can. It’s always good for a slut to feel her mistress’s wrath. Give her six. Make certain her lungs are working properly and that she makes plenty of noise.” He ended with a loud guffaw.

Clearly putting in great effort, Abby lashed hard, each stroke causing the slut to shriek. When she finished, Abby gleamed with perspiration, he rubbing himself up against her warm thigh.

“I’m going to fuck the arse off you later,” he said.

“Oooh, good. I can’t wait,” she replied, smirking.

They unshackled the quivering red-striped slave, he hauling her backwards before forcing her to her knees. “You see, Slut, you’ve still got a lot to learn.”

“Y-yes, M-master. P-please t-teach me, so I can be a good slave.” The slut was sobbing.

“I will, but you’ll never manage to avoid being punished as I love inflicting pain.”

“Oooh, Master,” she groaned. He presumed out of anguish, assuming she now realised fate had decreed she suffer a cruel future.

Rubbing his cock against her shoulder-blade, he unclipped one tit, using the nose ring to tilt her head back. "Give me her feed," he said to Abby pointing to the bottle he had placed on the floor, she doing as requested. He put the teat into the slut's mouth. "Suck!"

Obediently, she sucked until only dregs remained.

Extracting the bottle from her mouth, he handed it to Abby, saying, "Fill it with piss. It's time she drank from her mistress's fountain."

"Yeah, great idea," Abby said. Pulling off the teat, she pressed the top of the bottle tight to her urethral opening, half-filling the bottle with golden shower fluid.

The slut opened her mouth without asking, she obviously now accepting her role. Pushing the neck into her oral opening, he watched as the contents gurgled out of sight. Reaching over her shoulders, he mauled her big tits, squeezing the nipples hard, saying, "I saw your mother on the telly at lunchtime. Weeping, begging for your return. Good looking slut; wouldn't mind giving her a long hard fuck."

Abby pulled the empty bottle out of the slut's mouth. "Aah! B-but, Master, I haven't got a mother! I never existed until you made me your slave!"

That was it, he knew, she had accepted slavery and once that happened there was nothing she would not do to please him. He pushed her head forward and re-clipped the chain to her breast. "Good slave, you learn well. Now, get down onto your belly and slither back to your cell. From now on your supplication position will be flat on your stomach, head to the floor."

"Yes, Master."

* * *

Claudia was uncomfortable; her chin still pressed against her chest for the

chain was still in place. If she pushed her breasts upward then she could ease her head up, enabling her to drink a good measure of water to swill her mouth. She was ashamed at how quickly she had learned to deny the existence of her mother, but knew she would do anything to avoid being beaten. But even full cooperation did not seem to guarantee her life would not be filled with punishments.

She had had to slither back to her cell along the cold hard concrete floor, her breasts, stomach and knees uncomfortably rubbing as she went. Notwithstanding anything, she had decided she would abase herself to try and avoid the sort of pain that was being inflicted upon her.

There was no chance of escape; the doors of her cell and the torture chamber were self-locking. She would need a key to open them but then that big iron grill would present a difficult obstacle, let alone how many more doors there were to be breached. There was also the other nagging question, what or who were behind the other three doors she had noticed leading off the short corridor. Were there unspeakable horrors waiting within? Her body trembled as she thought about her predicament, she reckoning her only hope was to be rescued.

It had been bittersweet hearing about her mother. She was sad that her mother was distraught, but pleasing to hear that efforts were being made to locate her. But then had the bastard only told her about the press conference to cause more psychological confusion and pain? Of course he had, he seemed supremely confident he was not going to be detected.

Swilling her mouth with more water, she looked about her gloomy world, bursting into tears. She could not sit nor lay on her back for her thighs, bottom and shoulder-blades were painful.

Her anus ached. "Oh my God," she thought, "he was unbelievable." She had never seen another man hung like him let alone been screwed by one. When he had buggered her, it felt like he was prising her rectum apart. However reluctantly, she had had an unbelievably powerful orgasm, like nothing she had experienced before. Even when he fucked her pussy, she could scarce credit how pleased she was to have effectively been so forcefully used. What sort of creature was she becoming, she wondered?

Climbing onto the trolley, she reclined on her left side, it the least uncomfortable position. Using two fingers, she caressed her swollen labia. No wonder they were like they were, she mused, that bitch had ground into her like she was using a pestle in a mortar. How could a woman treat another so badly? Where were her sisterhood feelings? She was going to have to watch out for her, she surely trying to impress the evil bastard who had ripped her from her previously cosy world.

Chapter Seven

It was always the way, after taking a new slave, he craved more sex. He was going to get it too for Abby was sprawled on the top of his bed, still wearing her thigh-boots, legs akimbo.

“Come on, Rex; get that big prick of yours up me pussy. I’m gagging for it,” she purred seductively. A pair of her fingers stroked in the cleft between her inner labia, the thumb and index finger of the other hand was pinching and rolling her right nipple.

He would make her wait; he was not dancing to her tune. It was she who would do his bidding. “When it pleases me, I’ll give you a seeing to.”

“You’re not going off me, are you? Or is it sex you’re bored with? Perhaps you’re getting past it?” She questioned, sounding playful, licking her lips seductively.

“As if.” He reckoned she had got hornier in the last couple of years, more bestial, ever since he allowed her to assist when he tortured his charges and killed them. However, she always left him to dispose of the bodies. He would dig a deep hole in an unplanted part of the orchard, chuck in the carcass and any bits, cremating them, before in-filling with soil and planting a new fruit tree. The last slave got a damson, Shropshire Prune, to be precise.

Bouncing onto the bed, he slithered his arms under her smooth warm thighs, lifting her bottom clear of the sheets. Locking his mouth onto her clam, he set about eating her out. Probing with his tongue, he tasted her vaginal wine as it started flowing, it almost sweet.

“Yes, yes, you bastard! Make me come!” She started puffing.

Stopping, he rolled her onto her side, sitting on one thigh, the other he held vertical. Hugging it with both arms, he penetrated her juicy quim side

on, it feeling divine as his cock pushed in.

“Oh yeah! That’s it! Hump me!” Reaching to scratch her clit, sounding casual, she asked, “Do you think that slut is broken yet?”

She did it deliberately, he knew. Asking damned fool questions whilst he was trying to concentrate on his prodding, mind it probably extended the actual time that was spent screwing. “Not far off. A slave’s only truly broken when they don’t cry. They’ve learnt to accept anything and everything and function like an automaton. Give it a couple of days— Eeerrh! Eeerrh!” He was inflamed. “A couple of days ... and she’ll be ready!”

“Oooh, yeah! Yeah! Screw me! SCREW ME! A couple of days? You sure?”

“Eeerrh! Eeerrh! You like that don’t you, Whore! I’ve got two decades of experience – I know when a cunt’s going to put out. Oh yes! Yes!” He was rocking his arse, pummelling in. “I can tell when a slut’s about to capitulate ... and ... and ... accept servitude. Trust me, by Friday we’ll be doing a triple on her. Oh yes! How do like that, Whore?”

“Ooowww! Yeah! Yeah! Fuck it in! Fuck it in! Harder! Harder! HARDER! YEEEEAAHHH!” Her writhing body went into spasms as he poured his load of sperm into her womb.

Flopping backwards, he was filled with conceit, having shown her again why she had a cunt.

Straddling him, pushing her crotch to his face, she ordered, “Lick!” Simultaneously her mouth commenced slobbering his semi-rigid lollipop.

Part of the *William Tell* overture started playing, the sound coming from inside her handbag. Reaching to the bedside table, pulling the bag closer, she unzipped it, extracting the noise-making mobile telephone. “Hi, what do you want?” He heard her say. After a pause whilst the other person obviously spoke, she said, “Where do you think, Dick? Rex has just been banging me and when I’ve re-inflated his cock, he’s going to rod my arse.” There was another pause. “Oh, Dick, live with it.” Lifting her pussy into the

air, she thrust the phone at him, saying, “Rex, will you tell your brother to stop giving me a hard time.”

“Hi, Dick, stop giving Abby a hard time,” he lazily said into the mouthpiece.

“But, Rex,” Dick’s voice came through the airwaves, “I was only saying, Abby spends too much time at the Grange. You’d think she didn’t have a family back here. It would be nice if she spent more time in bed with me, that’s all I’m trying to say.”

“Dick, get in the car and come here now! I want you here at the Grange to watch me fuck her in the arse! Remind you what she can’t get enough of!” he said, stridently.

“Oh, please, Rex, the kids—”

“Fuck the kids! Get up here now! Or do you want me to come down there and sort you out?” he snarled down the phone, switching it off.

“Perhaps I should go?” Abby volunteered, putting the mobile back in her bag.

“No! My brother needs reminding who is in charge round here! He’s going to have to learn that being petulant is not an option!” He was always quick to get riled if something irritated him. More calmly, he went on, “Get back to sucking my cock.”

She happily obeyed.

Hearing the muted sounds of the downstairs warning buzzer and then that of a car approaching on the gravel, he manoeuvred her onto her side, easing his stiffness into her anal passage, intending to show how to make Abby squeal in ecstasy. Minutes later, Dick walked into the bedroom looking flushed, his wife already snorting with animalistic passion.

“Rex, I don’t know why you insisted I should come up here tonight. I’ve seen you fuck Abby plenty of times,” Dick whined.

“Shut the fuck up, Dickie boy. Watch how a man uses your wife, it’s obvious you need a lesson,” Rex said, contemptuously rutting harder until Abby shrieked her climax. Pulling out, he rolled to the other side of the bed. “So, Dickie boy, get your kit off and show me how you do her!”

“But, Rex—”

Leaping up, he snarled with rage. “NOW! I SAID!”

Dick shrugged, hung his head a little whilst peeling off his clothes. His wife flopped onto her back, spreading her legs, Dick gently easing in.

“That’s it, Dickie boy, fuck her,” he said. Picking up his leather belt, he went on, “Hold him down, Abby.”

“No, Rex, please—” Dick was saying.

“Shut up. You need a reminder of who’s in charge round here,” he growled callously. “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” He laid six stinging blows to his brother’s posterior.

“Yeouch!” Dick yelped after every delivery.

“You see, Dickie boy, what it feels like when you piss me off and I punish you. I’d have thought you would have understood that by now.”

“Pleeeeeease, Rex, no more. I’ve learned my lesson,” Dick wailed, he still sliding his cock back and forth. He grunted several times, before clearly squirting out his cream into Abby.

“Good boy. Now, Dickie boy, tell me who’s in charge round here? Who makes all the decisions? What’s your roll in the scheme of things?”

Dick gulped in several breaths before replying, “You are Rex. You’re in charge. You make the decisions and I – I – just have to do as I’m told.”

“That’s right Dickie boy,” he said, mockingly stroking his brother’s face. “So, why the fuck do you keep playing up then? If I want to fuck your wife, I fuck her, you know that. Now, suck your wife’s cunt clean!”

“Yes, Rex,” Dick responded, sounding despondent, his mouth and tongue setting to work.

After several seconds it was clear that Abby was getting excited. “Okay, Dickie boy, piss off home. I’ll send Abby back when I’ve finished with her. Oh, and by the way, prepare yourself for Friday night as we’re all going to be fucking the new slut.”

* * *

“Oh yeah! Fuck me! Harder! Harder!” Abby yelled, she sweating like a pig in a sauna. Rex was shafting her pussy again. “Wowee,” she thought, he was sure making her come again. She did not know how he managed it, but reckoned he must simply have loads of testosterone that not only gave him his sexual urge but also his aggressive streak.

She wanted to believe she was not a completely callous bitch, she feeling some sympathy for Dick. It must be irksome having to play second fiddle to his younger brother, she appreciated that, but there was nothing that she could do about it. Being truthful, there was actually nothing she wanted to do, she liking both Dick fawning over her and Rex using her for his pleasure. She was enthralled by Rex, and knew it, particularly his near always rampant prick that was like her big plastic toy, except it was hot and sprayed out copious amounts of male cum. Whoever said men were created equal was wrong, Dick was two inches shorter in that department and could not fuck all night like his brother.

Why Dick played up, she had no idea. It always ended the same way in the end, Rex forcing him to submit, making him show he was subservient. He never seemed to learn.

Deciding, once she and Rex had finished this fuck, she would go home and give Dick some comfort, she urged her partner on. “Harder! Harder, you bastard! Make me cooommmeee!”

* * *

Dick had only a few tears in his eyes as he drove home. His backside was tingling, but he had guessed what the outcome was going to be before he had set out.

He cursed himself for being weak, his brother however had always been the aggressive one and somehow he had never been able to resist, not since the first time Rex had thrashed him. After, it was fear of being publicly denounced that had kept him under his sibling's thumb. Now, strangely, he had a feeling he actually liked being chastised.

Dick knew he simply could not compete on the sexual activity front. Even at school Rex had always been the successfully aggressive one. Although girls seemed to always fancy Dick first, because most considered him better looking, Rex rarely took no for an answer and for some reason they seemed to love his arrogance. Once shafted by him, most seemed to fall under some type of spell, usually wanting an encore which they invariably got.

The two of them shared a big horrendous secret. After Rex had won money on the football pools he had bought the Grange and converted its cellars, with Dick's help, into his special entertainment centre and took possession of his first plaything. Their parents had called unexpectedly and discovered the secret, threatening to tell the police. Rex had simply locked them up and then forced him to watch as he killed them, they occupying the first couple of graves in the orchard. He had threatened to do the same to Dick, he knowing he meant it. There was now the threat that Rex might do something to the children if he stepped out of line.

In his heart he knew Isobel was Rex' child but he liked to think Harry was his, and anyway he adored them both so needed to keep them from falling victim to his brother. Perhaps he was deluded, but liked to believe he was protecting them, but he also reckoned Rex did not really have designs on children, he liked girls with boobs and cunts and arseholes that could be penetrated.

He adored Abby even though she could treat him like dirt sometimes. But he simply needed her. When she came home, and he calculated that would be soon if the past was any indicator, she would dildo his arse and he would get a powerful hard-on which he would use to pound into her pussy for an absolute age. That is what he really looked forward to.

Chapter Eight

Rex went down to the cellars on Friday morning carrying the feed bottle. Tapping on the cell door, he watched through the spy hole, seeing his slave stiffly getting from the trolley and sinking to the floor. The chain binding her nose to her breasts was obviously causing her problems, it giving him a wicked, cock-stiffening, little thrill.

Stepping inside, he ordered, “Slave, slither to me and kiss my feet.”

“Yes, Master,” she replied, wriggling to him, her soft lips pressing onto each foot in turn.

“Good. Follow me.” He did not await a reply, striding to the torture chamber, holding the door open for her to slide in. “Get up on your knees. Splay and rub your cunt on the floor. Let me see slut-juice on the surface.”

“Yes, Master.” She attempted to do his bidding, but she still could not quite reach the floor. Pushing his foot under her gash, he admired the sight as her labia parted and the pink within stroked against his skin. He did not let her stop, she starting to look flushed, beads of perspiration breaking out on her body, lubrication glistening on the top of his foot. “Oooh! Oooh!” she started groaning.

“That’s it, Slut, make yourself come. Let me hear it.”

“Oooh! O-oooh, o-oooh, o-o-o-oooh! OOOH! Oooooooooohhh!”

“See what you can achieve when you try.”

“Yes, Master.”

“So, Slave, what are you?”

She puffed a couple of time. Holding her breasts, raising her head and pulling a tiny grin, she replied, “A slut, Master. A dirty horny slut.”

That was what he wanted to hear. Stepping closer to her, he rubbed his cock about her face, her tongue reaching out trying to lick it when it was near. Reaching down, he unclipped the chain and pulled it through the nose-ring, dropping it to the floor. Putting the feed bottle to her mouth, he said, “Eat.”

She sucked on the teat, he contemplating she would soon be suckling on his dong. Hooking the index finger of his free hand into the ring on her right boob, he pulled it upwards a couple of times for it amused him to do so.

When empty, he let the bottle fall to the floor. “See that mounting-box behind me, get on your stomach and slither over to it and straddle it on all fours.”

“Yes, Master.”

Watching her buttocks wobble from side to side, he followed her as she assumed a position about the length of the box. The box itself was only twelve inches high, three foot long and fifteen inches wide. It was made of well-planed wood and heavily varnished so that it was smooth to the touch. Four swivel hooks were each attached to the top surface by means of a few links of chain. He pushed her bum downwards so he could clip her clit-ring and then pulled each breast so he could secure them. Lastly, he fastened down her nose. Going to the end wall, he selected a three-tongued tawse. Slapping the leather against his hand, he walked back, his rigid prick pointing the way. “Right, Slave, I’m going to thrash your arse, simply so you don’t think I’ve gone soft.” He sneered with malicious delight at her predicament.

“M-master.”

“*Thwack!*” Her left buttock quivered from the blow, it starting to show a pinkish glow.

“Yooowww!”

“*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*”

“Yooowww!” – “Yooowww!” – “Yooowww!” – “Yooowww!” –
“Yooowww!”

Sinking to his knees, he shoved two fingers into her pussy, rubbing back and forth turning her warm hole into a wet cavern. Guiding his cock, he pushed in, feeling his shaft sink deep. He wished he could copulate all day but even he had to admit there were limits to how much fucking he could actually do. In and out he stroked, slowly then faster before slowing again.

“Oh yeah, Master, yeah! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Make me come! Please, Master!” she panted.

“That’s better,” he said, snorting. The pleasure was building, his balls contracting, his buttocks tightening. Her cunt was starting to spasm, gripping his member harder and harder.

“Yooooowwwweeeeeee!” she howled, her noisy climax taking him pleasantly by surprise.

He felt satisfaction as his warm sperm spurted into her womb. Withdrawing, he got to his feet, moving to kneel by her head. Unclipping her nose, he said, “Suck it, Slut.”

She opened wide, possibly to speak, he swiftly easing in five or six inches of his man-meat. Her tongue rasped the underside of shaft as she sucked vigorously for many minutes. Her teeth gently squeezed, he discharging another small amount of his creamy seed.

He released her other restraints before kneading her arse, pushing his fingers into her cunt and bringing her off with another noisy orgasm. “Glad you’ve learnt to appreciate being fucked. Now, follow me, on your belly.”

Opening the door opposite to that of her cell, he said, “In here. This is your new quarters.”

She slithered in, raising her head slightly to look around. “Thank you, Master,” she cooed, as if impressed.

“On your knees, rub your cunt on the floor. Show me you are still a slut.” She did his bidding, this time actually managing to make contact with the vinyl floor covering. He looped his right middle finger in her nose ring, pulling her head back. “Now, Slave, this is your new home. Displease me and you will return to your cell. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Good. As you can see this room is quite luxurious, so keep it spotless at all times. You will find everything you need within the drawers. The water supply is controlled by a regulator; it’ll allow you to shower twice a day for four minutes each time. The toilet can be flushed twice and you can wash your hands about four or five times. This morning as a special treat I’ll allow you fifteen minutes in the shower to wash your hair and cleanse yourself thoroughly for tonight I, my brother and your mistress are going to use you like the slut you are. You understand?”

She gulped noticeably. “Yes, Master, I-I’ll be a g-good s-slave.”

“Of course you will, otherwise you’ll receive merciless punishment. But it pleases me that you have been broken so easily, most sluts take weeks. Tonight, I’ll come for you at eight so be ready with makeup on, use lots of eye-shadow. I’m going out now to do some shopping so I won’t see you till I come for you. Now, lick my cock then press your forehead to the floor!”

“Yes, Master. Thank you, Master.”

* * *

He was gone. Claudia cursed herself for having submitted to his will so swiftly, “most sluts take weeks”, she recalled him saying. Perhaps he lied; perhaps it was simply a physiological stratagem to destroy her resistance. She could not believe other girls could endure the physical torture for any longer than she. “It was definitely a ploy,” she thought, “but I have to admit, it has worked.”

Getting to her feet, she explored her prison, trying to memories where everything was, she certain he would beat her if anything was ever out of place.

The room looked and felt like paradise compared to her last quarters, it twice as wide as her previous cell. Besides the cushioned vinyl floor covering, that was certainly warmer than the concrete, a runner of carpet stretched from the door to the far wall. There was a single wooden-framed bed in the far left corner, the mattress spongy and covered with a fitted sheet. A pillow and a folded thin blanket were placed at the head end. The shower cubicle, toilet and washbasin were stainless-steel, the latter just big enough to get her hands in. The unit under it possessed a drawer and cupboard. Easing the drawer open, she was surprised to see that it contained a small tube of toothpaste with a brush plus four small bottles of: liquid soap, shampoo, body wash, and baby oil. The cupboard held: dustpan and brush, a can of bathroom mousse, a tub of furniture polish and an assortment of cloths and dusters. A fitment on the wall, to the right of the basin, held a two-litre bottle of water.

A large mirror occupied much of the wall to the left of the door. Touching it, she discovered it was made of some sort of silvered flexible plastic, she concluding that was to ensure she had no chance of getting her hands on jagged glass or metal. Beneath the mirror there was a built-in dressing-table, a set of drawers to the left, a cupboard to the right. Under it was a six-foot-square shag-pile rug on which stood a wicker wastepaper basket and a small wicker drum-shape stool.

Pulling the stool out, she sat down. The top drawer contained: a lipstick, eye-shadow and nail varnish in a sort of metallic blue, a colour she would normally avoid. There were also small bottles of clear varnish and remover, a bag of cotton-wool balls and an emery-board. A hairbrush and a small plastic comb lay beside each other, next to a box of waxing strips.

She ran her hand over her lower legs and her mound of Venus, concluding that the former needed some attention. The second drawer held a hairdryer. Looking about, she located the plug socket under the dressing-table top. In the bottom drawer were a bath towel and a wash mitt with a little handwritten note, saying, "These may be hung within the shower cubicle after use."

In the bottom of the cupboard, she found a roll of soft white toilet paper and three one-litre bottles of prepared feed, a missive saying, “Shake bottles before use – green for breakfast and tea, red for lunch. Use everything else you should find sparingly. The clock is showing the correct time and may be left on the dresser top.”

She suddenly realised how hungry she was and lifted out a bottle, setting about gulping it down. “This is a bloody monotonous diet,” she thought.

Where was the clock, she wondered. It was atop a pile of magazines on the shelf that was three-quarters of the way up inside the cupboard. It was a cheap plastic travel alarm that declared it was 10.13 a.m., she setting it up so she could see it. Pulling out the top magazine, she shoved it back quickly. It was called *Brutal Rome* and its cover sent a chill to her bones, the artwork depicting a girl nailed to some wooden framework and being buggered by a slavering brute of a mutant-man who possessed an enormous penis.

“Oh my god, I hope that’s not my fate,” she muttered out loud. “Now, Claudia my girl, pull yourself together. You’ve got a lot to do today, so don’t mess up otherwise that bastard is going to make your life even more of a living hell. You’re a slave now and exist to please him, so do it, after all the sex is great.” She could not believe she had just said what she had, accepting slavery and looking forward to being screwed.

Chapter Nine

Rex, Abby and Dick finished their evening meal and went down to the cellars. In the first room on the left, they stripped naked, he keeping the bunch of keys around his neck. Abby carried a tube of lube, a pair of strap-ons and a thirteen-inch dildo, she and Dick going straight into the torture chamber to wait.

Not bothering knocking, he simply inserted the key and pushed open the cell door. It caught the slave in obvious disarray, she in the course of rising from the stool, magazine still in her hand. “Sorry, Master. I beg your forgiveness. I did not hear you knock—”

“Stay standing!” he commanded, knowing full well his put-on demeanour would fill her with trepidation, it enjoyable making her sweat. At first he ran his hands over her well-rounded breasts before slithering them down to her pussy. He gently drew a finger along the length of her cleft, thinking it would soon be filled with thicker items. Bending his knees, he stroked her silky-smooth calves, impressed at the obvious effort she had made. Rising to his full height, he glared at her face simply to see the trepidation it brought to her face. Coiling his hands in her lustrous raven hair, he said, “You’re quite a gorgeous looking slut when you put a mind to it, aren’t you?”

“Thank you, Master.”

“I didn’t knock, didn’t want you getting dirty. Mind you, I never gave you permission to speak when I came in so I think you deserve a good thrashing for that.”

“Y-yes, Master ... thank you, Master,” she said, gulping, sounding resigned.

Taking the periodical from her hands, chucking it onto the dressing-

table top, he said, “I see you enjoy the magazines.”

Swallowing, she replied, “They are interesting, Master, b-but ... b-but —”

“But I bet you would not like me to treat you like the practices displayed within the pages, would you?”

“N—” She stopped abruptly, correcting herself. “I am yours to do with as you please.”

“Well said, Slave. Let’s go and fuck.” He coiled a finger in her nose ring and pulled. “Walk, no slithering. Don’t want to screw a dirty slut. By the way, call my brother sir.”

“Yes, Master.”

She followed at his heels, from her room to the centre of the torture chamber. “This is my brother, and you know your mistress.” He released her nose.

“Yes, Master. Good evening, Sir. Good evening, Mistress.”

Abby stepped close, rubbing her hands over the slave’s bum, clutching each cheek. “She scrubs up well for a slut. I can see why you wanted this cunt as a plaything.”

Dick meantime was caressing her breasts, tweaking the nipple-rings, bending down to flick his tongue against the skin.

Rex rubbed three fingers between her labia before squeezing her clit. He pushed the digits into the slit, feeling inside, jabbing them back and to. Abby broke off her action, reaching down for the tube of KY jelly, squirting some on the end of his hard prick and more at the slave’s brown starfish. Dick stopped his fondling and lay down on a mat, his wife getting down and blowing him to hardness.

“Screw him,” Rex said to the slave, she responding by straddling his brother and impaling. He knelt down and eased his shaft into the puckered

opening of her back passage.

Abby went round and sat on her husband's face, his tongue probing her anus. She pulled the slave's face down to her groin, commanding, "Lick me out, Slut."

He was now fully encased in the slave's rectum, his ball sac bouncing gently against her flesh, his pubic area rubbing against her buttocks. Dick was taking his time, thrusting upwards rhythmically, the slave doing her best to rock. Starting to pant, Abby pushed her pelvis forward, her hands pulling the slave's head closer.

His own pleasure kept mounting, he feeling his brother's prick in the other passage. Being part of a foursome was always stimulating, but there was no rush to be fulfilled, they having hours to use their plaything.

"Ooohhh!" The slave's groan was muffled. She managed to raise her head for a second. "Yes, Master, fuck me harder. Sir, screw me. Mistress, let me lick you to orgasm. Make me come, please make me come. Oooooohhhh!"

"Come on, you slut, that's it! Lick deeper!" Abby shouted, her face flushed, body glowing with personal dew.

"Ooww, yeah! Yeah!" Dick grunted, now thrusting with increasing vigour.

"Yeah, you fucking slut! How d'ya like servicing three at a time!" Rex snarled as his piston pumped in the drainage pipe. Sweat seeping from his pores mingled with the slave's own moisture, enabling him to glide back and forth over the rear of her body. His hand reached under her, grasping her breasts, using them to give him purchase for his efforts.

He felt Dick buck and let out a satisfied sounding groan. Seconds later, Abby shrieked in ecstasy and flopped backwards, her hand instantly going to her vulva to masturbate to another climax.

"Y-yeah! YEOOW! YEEEEOOOWWEEEE!" the slave screeched,

body trembling. She certainly was not faking her orgasm, her anal muscles were constricting around his manhood.

“Errrhhh! Yes, you fucking slut! YES! YES!” he yelled, a satisfying jet of cum ejaculating from his pride and joy.

Wasting no time, he extracted his tool from her rear and crawled round to her front, pushing it into her open mouth, she sucking without instruction.

Abby, breaking off her fingering, lifted a big strap-on with a twelve-inch plastic dong and fastened it tight to her body. Stepping behind the slave, she shoved it into the gaping anus and set to work with vim. The slave could only splutter the odd sound, her mouth full of his stiff member. Easing it deeper into her throat, it felt divine making proper use of his sexual slave, her warm tongue lapping against the underside of his hot throbbing dong.

It appeared Dick had re-hardened and had reinserted his cock. He was grunting and loudly urging, “Come on, Slut, ride my cock! Come on, drain me again!”

The slave looked red in the face, wheezing for breath, body wet with sweat, her wide eyes conveying signs of abandon. Abby seemed oblivious to everything, she rutting without a care, repeatedly slamming into the anus with her plastic toy. Dick snorted as he evidently fired. Rex’ cock tensed and he relished the sensation as his sperm sprayed out and coated her uvula.

He eased out, she gasped in air. Standing, he put his hands under her arms, raising her torso upwards from his brother’s chest. His actions forced Abby to recline onto her back, the slave’s arse still skewered in place. Lowering his head, he started licking the slave’s face. Locking a kiss, his tongue explored the moist oral cavity. The slave responded with gusto, coiling her tongue about his, her saliva and his cum being passed back and forth between them.

Dick wriggled free, getting to his knees and commencing tongue action against her right breast. Stopping, he scrambled to collect the big dildo, prising open her pussy and inserting it. As he worked it in and out, she

collapsed backwards using Abby's body as a mattress.

Rex, retaining his mouth-lock, moved down with her to ensure their heads remained joined, he enjoying the passion in their kissing. His right hand fondled her breasts, his left fingers coiled into her hair. He was starting to believe that perhaps this slut genuinely enjoyed the carnal action.

Somehow, Abby managed to keep thrusting, forcing her instrument up and down the shit-chute. "Yeah! Come on, Slut!" she shouted, looking frenzied.

Reaching with his hand, Rex massaged the slave's clit and the dildo-filled cleft, he moving his mouth down to her vaginal area, tweaking the clitoris with his tongue, tasting the seeping juice.

"Oooowwww! Oooowwww!" the slave panted. "Ooohhh yyyeeesss! Fuck me! Fffuuuccckkk me!"

The three responded by sucking, shoving or pounding harder.

Her body convulsed, her back arched, her head went back. "Yyyyyeeeeeeaaaahhhh! More! MORE! Ooohhh YYYEEESSS!"

He did not let them bask in their glory. "Get her onto her back. Dick, get that dildo up her arse then stuff your cock in her mouth. Abby, get up her cunt, then I can bugger you."

"Oooh, yes please," Abby said, sounding throaty.

Self-absorbed with his own pleasure, he pushed into Abby's anus, it swallowing his manhood with commendable ease. The sheath that was her anal tube was warm and well lubricated. He pounded, she, in her turn, pounded into the slave. Dick was now displaying every sign of near climactic pleasure, sliding back and forth between the slave's near-perfect teeth whilst grunting loudly.

Rex managed to get a hand to the dildo, giving it a little push to embed it further into the slave's rear tube. He flexed his legs, humping

harder.

“Oooooooooooooowwwwwwww!” Abby howled. “Harder! Harder!”

“Sure thing,” he replied. He felt her sphincter muscle tighten about his pole, she bowing her back, head writhing.

“Oooooohhhhh yyyyyeeeeaaaahhhhh!” she sighed, spasms accompanying her orgasm.

Dick snarled contentedly, he obviously squirting his seed into the slave’s mouth. Withdrawing, he wiped his coated cock all over her face.

“Ooohhh yes! More! Give me more!” she yelled. She was not putting on an act, Rex concluded.

He kept rutting for some minutes before he wantonly snorted, ejecting sperm into the depths of Abby’s colon.

“YEEESSSSSS!” she howled.

“OOOAAARRRGGGHHH!” the slave wailed.

All four sprawled into an entangled heap, he saying, “That was good. We’ll rest a few minutes then we can have another go.”

* * *

Claudia crawled back to her room, not at her master’s insistence but because she simply could not have managed to walk. When he locked her up for the night, he told her she had done well and as a reward he would reset the regulator so she could have a well-earned long hot shower. Although she realised some might find it a little perverse, knowing that he felt she had performed well puffed her pride a bit.

Clambering into the cubicle, she sat on the floor and reached up to turn the tap on, letting the water cascade down over her body. Sitting there,

she recalled how she had been well and truly screwed in every orifice by all three. On top of it all, she and her mistress had performed several lesbian acts, something she had fantasised about in the past but never dared undertake before. “The mistress is a real whore,” she thought. “Mind, what am I saying, I’m getting like her.”

Taking the already damp towel, she rubbed herself vigorously. There was a real sense of relief when she sat on the toilet and managed to evacuate her bowels of some compacted solids and injected jism. It was matched by the pleasure of draining her bladder, she suddenly realising she had not had to drink anyone’s urine tonight.

Sitting at the dressing-table, she used the hairdryer, admiring her rosy cheeks in the mirror. She could not believe the things she had done. “Yes, I might be a slave and had no option but I’d gladly do it again,” she thought. “God, what have I become? I’m turning into nothing but a real dirty slut.”

The main light was already switch off, from outside her room. She pulled the cord for the light over the mirror, it leaving only that above the toilet which had to stay on so the CCTV camera could keep watch but tonight she did not care, she was tired.

Spreading the blanket on the bed, she eased her body under it. As soon as her head touched the pillow, she drifted into what she considered to be a well-deserved sexually-surfeited sleep.

Chapter Ten

Rex was the first to rise that Saturday morning, Abby and Dick were still sprawled in his big double-bed. They had stayed the night, their two kids, Isobel and Harry having gone to a sleep-over party at a school friend's house.

Scratching his balls, he went into the shower, using the warm water to revitalise himself and to ensure his prick was thoroughly cleansed. Stepping out, he took hold of a bath-sheet and was towelling himself when a yawning Abby wandered in. "Hi. How is my wanton whore?" he enquired.

"Shagged out. What about my favourite sexy beast, how's he hanging?" she replied, flashing a saucy grin.

"Hmmm, well give me a few minutes and I'm certain I can produce a stiffy that will give you a good seeing to."

"Sorry, no can do. Dick and I have got to scoot. We're picking the kids up at their friends in half an hour, taking all four of them to Chester Zoo. We promised them, so you'll just have to use that sausage of yours on the slut downstairs."

Dick padded in, shaking his head and wriggling a finger in his right ear. "She was a good find. A really good fuck, I have to say."

"Glad you approve, Dickie boy. I thought she had lots of potential the minute I clapped eyes on her. So, you and the brats are off to the zoo, leaving me to a lonely day all by myself," he whimsically said. Actually, he was far from feeling sorry for himself.

"You know full well you won't be lonely. Just go down and use the slave," Abby said, giving his prick a quick friendly jerk.

"I've got some work to finish so I won't have time." He handed her his towel,

heading for the door. “Do you want some breakfast?”

“No, we’ve got to dash. Promised the kids waffles at the Little Chef,” Dick advised.

The giant frying-pan was on the stove, loaded with bacon, eggs, sausages, mushrooms and tomatoes, when Dick and Abby came into the kitchen to say goodbye, swiftly taking their leave.

He served breakfast onto two plates, putting one under a metal cover to keep warm before scoffing his in his usual double-quick time. Pouring a mug of tea, he put it and the other meal on a tray and went down to see his living-toy.

Rapping three times on the door, he wasted no time entering, finding the slave still in the process of sprawling onto her belly. “Good morning, Slave.”

“Good morning, Master. Sorry, Master, I-I-I was not quick enough to get down.”

“Get up. Sit at the dressing-table. I have some proper food for you this morning as a reward for last night. You did very well. There is a mug of tea too. I didn’t put any sugar in it as I don’t want you getting fat.”

“Thank you, Master. I did try my best to please you ... you all, last night.”

“Glad to hear it. Now eat. I shall return in thirty minutes so everything must be tidy.” With that he turned and went back to the kitchen to drink his tea and put his pots in the dishwasher. Stepping outside the house, he went for a walk around the property, checking everything was as it should be, deciding he needed to weed a few flowerbeds pretty soon.

Returning to the cell, the slave was prostrate as he checked she had not retained the knife or fork, and that everything was truly tidy. “Up!” he commanded. “Was the food satisfactory?” It did not matter to him if it was; he simply wanted to hear her fawn.

“Oh yes, Master, it was delicious.”

He ran his hand over her breasts, they truly were gorgeous fun-bags, he really enjoying touching them. “My usual practice is to provide two proper meals per day plus a liquid feed at lunchtimes, assuming of course the slave has pleased me. Those that don’t, starve.”

“I’ll do my utmost to please you, Master.”

“I know you will. Is there any type of food you are allergic too?”

“I don’t like hot and spicy food, chillies in particular make me sick ... Master.”

“We don’t want that, do we? Fortunately, I’m not keen on that sort of muck either.”

“Master, can I ask what happens if I get ill?”

“Don’t get ill, Slave,” he said coldly. Minor ailments he and Abby could treat, serious health problems meant a one-way trip to the orchard.

He noticed she swallowed and went paler, obviously understanding the purport of his words. “I’ll try my very best not to inconvenience you, Master.”

“Oh, you won’t inconvenience me. Trust me. Slaves don’t inconvenience me at all; they die when they start doing that.”

She gulped audibly.

He moved his hand down to her slit and stroked. “I have things to do today and you have chores to undertake. I will unlock the doors of all four cells and the torture chamber so you can clean them. Next door, you will find brooms and a squeegee-mop, dusters and polish, everything you will need. Brush and mop all the floors, dust everything. I repeat, everything. Things you should not touch are locked in steel cupboards. You’ll find a bra there to wear if you want, stop your tits flopping about as you work, but it’s up to you. Don’t shower after as I might have other things for you to do. You’ll

find a clipboard with a pencil, put down any cleaning items that I need to replenish. Oh, and if there are any items that you need to maintain your health, the pill, tampons, that sort of thing, put them down too. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

“When I return, I’ll clatter against the iron-grill. I want you to come running and prostrate yourself on the corridor floor, spread your legs and arm so I can see you are not carrying anything you should not. If you think of hiding any type of weapon I’ll inflict excruciating pain on you. Do you understand?”

“Yes, of course, Master.”

“There are written instructions next door. Any questions?”

“Erm ... no ... no I don’t think so, Master.”

“Good. I’ll be back in three hours, so work hard.”

* * *

Claudia had a quick look inside the other four rooms to see the scale of her task. The room next to hers was slightly bigger but it contained a double steel-cupboard that was locked, the cell opposite looked pretty much the same as the one she had first occupied.

Finding the instructions, she read them carefully having no desire to fall foul of her master’s requirement. Not only did she want to avoid being beaten, she now had no desire to fall ill, it clear to her what the consequences would be. She put on the protective clothing provided, the dowdy white bra, rubber gloves, galoshes and apron, although as far as she could ascertain only the bleach seemed to be toxic.

Although it was not her forte, she set about her cleaning duties

diligently, the incentive now so much stronger than what had been the case in her previous life. In the torture chamber, she lifted every whip, cane, rod and quirt from the wall and wiped them over with a disinfectant-soaked cloth, putting them all back in their places. There was no point in thinking about using any as a weapon, she decided, they not much use for that, merely being designed for inflicting pain on the helpless.

She quite enjoyed working, it taking her mind of her predicament. However, she could not resist recalling last night's action. She could not believe how she had felt, having enjoyed being used. Her skin tingled at the thoughts of the abandoned sex; surely she was now truly no better than a compliant slut.

Chapter Eleven

It had actually gone 1.00 p.m. when Rex went down to the cellars carrying a lidded plastic storage box which he banged against the grill, yelling for his slave to appear.

She dutifully appeared, lying prostrate on the floor, showing she was not armed. Telling her to kneel, he chuckled a short chain through the bars telling her to loop it through her nose-ring and attach each end to a nipple-ring. Stepping inside, he produced another short chain that he used to lock her wristbands together behind her back, telling her to follow him into the torture chamber.

Experience had taught him never to relax his guard; the most unlikely of slaves was apt to do something unexpected. Making her lie on the mounting-box, he secured her clitoris and nose to each end before going to inspect her work. He returned impressed, she having done a good job. Releasing her head and tail, he said, "On your knees. You've done well. I'm very pleased with your progress."

"Thank you, Master."

"I think I should reward you. Open your mouth." It might not be her idea of a reward but what did that matter, he needed a piss and she existed to be used. Pulling down his zipper, he eased his semi-erect phallus out of his trousers, feeding it into her open mouth. He drained a pint from his bladder, relief growing with every satisfying spurt. "Suck it clean," he instructed, she responding without any apparent qualms, licking all around his glans.

"T-thank y-you, M-master," she spluttered, after he withdrew.

"Splay, get your cunt onto the floor. Show me you're still a slut." She gave a pleasing display, he stroking his foreskin back and forth as she brought herself off against the concrete surface. Deciding to save his sperm, intending

to eject some of it into her that evening, he pushed his equipment back inside his clothing.

“Come, slither on your belly to your room,” he instructed, picking up the box. Like an obedient snake, she followed.

Putting the box down on her bed, he unclipped her wrists and nose restraints. Grasping her hair, he pulled her up onto her knees. “In the box you will find a few things and some items of clothing. It is up to you to decide if you wish to use them.”

“Thank you, Master.”

“Don’t think I’m getting fond of you, I’ll still beat you when I want to. But for now, I can’t stop to chit-chat, I’ve much to do. I’ll see you at tea time.”

* * *

Claudia had been used as a urinal again, but what troubled her was that this time she did not mind. She was getting used to the abuse, and to the taste. Her plan was to be as subservient as possible in the hope that her actual beatings reduced, she merely had this feeling that given a chance she could use her womanly wiles to get him to look on her as a willing plaything. As it was, she actually quite liked all the sexual attention she was getting and wanted it to continue.

“God, what have I become,” she thought, “and after only a few days too.”

Opening the box, she found a bottle of pink liquid feed for her lunch. There were also: a cotton sheet for the bed, a couple of women’s magazines, packets of tampons and birth-control pills, a pair of thin leather slippers, a silk housecoat, and a set of pink gossamer harem trousers and matching sequined bra.

These items were pleasing and unexpected but what set her heart

fluttering was the sight of two small squares of milk chocolate. “Oooh, Master, thank you,” she moaned out loud, licking her lips with unrestrained contentment, realising she would happily sell her soul for a couple of bits of confectionary.

Chapter Twelve

Sitting in his study, he was hoping for some inspiration. He had been commissioned by an internet client to produce four strong pictures involving girls being used as ponies, but struggled to imagine a different way to portray the subject. Thinking about Claudia and her mother, he suddenly had an idea and set about drawing rough drafts, soon having something on four sheets of an A3 sketch pad. In fact he kept having all sorts of thoughts about his slave's mother. The afternoon seemed to pass rapidly as he pencilled in details and started to colour some of the pictures.

Breaking off from his labours, he went into the kitchen, grilling a couple of lamb chops and boiling some potatoes and broccoli. Putting both meals on a tray, with dishes of fruit salad obtained from a tin, plus two mugs of tea, he went to eat with his slave.

His decision was not made out of pity, but out of need. He wanted to ensure she ate up the food and also had someone to talk to for fifteen minutes. Past events had taught him some slaves tried to starve themselves and one had gone mad from lack of interaction with another human. He had had great difficulty in subduing her before getting rid of the problem completely. There was also another motive. The more he knew about her, the easier it would be to control her. But he had to confess, she was turning out to be quite a find, willing, obedient and, most importantly, pleasing on the eye and an absolute delight to fuck. "Perhaps I am going soft," he pondered.

He gave her no warning, finding her seated in front of the dresser in her new clothes, she apologising for not being prostrate.

"These are the new rules, Slave," he advised. "In the mornings you will remain naked and prostrate yourself on my entrance, in the afternoons you may dress and when I come in you will merely kneel and bow your head. We don't want you ruining your clothes, do we?"

“No, Master ... I mean, no I don’t want to ruin my clothes, but yes I will do your bidding. Erm, Master, can I thank you for the chocolate.”

“Don’t worry; you’re going to thank me when we’ve eaten. Now, you take the seat at the dresser and eat, I’ll sit on the edge of the bed. And, in between mouthfuls, tell me the sort of foods you like.”

They were both nearly finished their repasts when he heard the front door chimes repeated on the console near the iron-bar grill. “Who the devil is that?” he muttered, getting up to investigate. It could not be someone in a car as the warning alarm would surely have sounded. Flicking the switch, the screen showed the security camera was looking at Becky Freeman. “Hmmm, interesting,” he thought before pressing the intercom and saying, “Hi there, Becky, hang on a few minutes I won’t be long, I’m down in the cellars.”

After securing his slave for the night, he went upstairs taking the dirty dishes. Opening the front door, he pulled a shark-like grin and said, “I thought you were in Nottingham today.”

Looking slightly sheepish, she blushed and replied, “Good evening, Mister Greenstreet. I-I’m s-sorry to disturb you but—”

“Oh, you’re not disturbing me. Come in,” he interrupted, waving her in the direction of his sitting room, convinced she was here due to his sexual magnetism and no doubt her own yearnings. “I was just going to finish off some of my paintings, but they can wait. He closed the door behind her, watching her arse waggle under the thin cover of her summer skirt, unable to recall seeing her in a dress before, except for the odd occasion when she had been in school uniform. “So, what are you doing here?”

“W-we went to N-Nottingham, it was good. I-I j-just ...” She was stuttering apprehensively, looking flustered.

He was going to have her. Grasping her jacket collar, he pulled her close, thrusting his groin against her hip, shifting his hands to her lush bottom. “You simply couldn’t get me out of your mind, that’s it, isn’t it? You’re gagging for a really long hard fuck.”

“Erm, erm, Mister Greenstreet you sh-shouldn’t talk like that—”

He stopped her words by putting his open mouth over her lips, pushing his tongue against her teeth until she opened wide. He used his hands to maul her bum-cheeks, used his left knee and thigh to rub hard against her crotch.

She responded willingly, wriggling her tongue, putting her arms about his neck like she was with a schoolboy. In his view, she was an innocent that was looking for romance, what she was going to get was raw hard sex.

Easing her backwards, he guided her towards the staircase. His right hand raised her skirt and slithered between her knickers and the skin of her bum. Using his left fingers, he undid four of her blouse’s buttons, slipping inside to manoeuvre her bra from off her right breast. Panting, kissing, they stumbled up the stairs and into his bedroom. Disentangling, he pushed her onto the bed, pulling his shirt off, unbuckling his trousers.

“M-Mister Greenstreet ... should we be doing this. W-w-what-t-t a-a-about Pete?”

“Sod Pete. You didn’t come here to worry about him. You came as you wanted my cock up your cunt. So let’s get to it.”

“But—”

He was naked, his cock straining its skin to its limit. Flopping on top of her, he pinned her to the bed, his hand unfastening her blouse and skirt. His right digits were inside her knickers, two fingers, then three, burrowing into her juicing crack. Pushing deeper, he strummed her love-bud with his thumb.

“Oooh ... Mister Greenstreet,” she cooed, assisting to remove her upper clothes. “I told my mum I was meeting Pete and told Pete I was staying in as I was tired,” she gabbled.

“Good girl. Shows you’re not really interested in him. Once I’ve finished with you this summer you’re goin’ to be able to screw the brains out

of every fucking lad at that university you're planning to go to."

"But-but-but I-I-I don't want to g-get a r-reputation ..."

"They'll be queuing for your favours. Trust me." Lifting his knees in turn, he crossed over her left thigh, moving between her legs. Leaning forward, he commenced sucking her hardening nipples. Pulling her knickers to one side, steering his purple head to her flaps, he pushed in hard, the long length of his shaft easily boring deep into her baby channel, stopping only when his balls slapped against her perineum.

"Oh, God!" she muttered, her nails raking at his back, her legs spreading wider.

Rhythmically flexing his hips up and down, his piston kept reciprocating in her cylinder, the increasing juices lubricating the action, it growing faster and faster. "Oerrr yeeeah!" he grunted, sweat now wetting his brow.

"O-o-o-o-oooowww yes-yes-yes, Mister Green— yes! YES! Fuck me! FUCK ME! Haaarrder! Haaarrder!" She was panting, thrusting her hips upwards, arching her back and forcing her head into the mattress.

Responding, he redoubled his efforts. Sweat was oozing from his face, chest and back. Grinding down harder, he did his utmost to drive her to orgasm.

"Yyyeeaaaahhh! YYEEEERRRRRRRR!" she wailed, thrashing about with her arms and head.

Her vagina tightened. His muscles tensed as he felt the gratifying sensation of hot cream being forced down his inseminator into her uterus. It was so good to plant his seed. He kept pumping, forcing out every drop, taking her to another climax.

"OOOHHH YYEEEAAHHH!" she hollered, before going limp and gasping air.

"Good, was it?" he queried, betting he knew the answer.

“Oh ... Mister ... Greenstreet,” she panted. “My ... my ... mum probably ... probably heard that.”

“She’d only be jealous, if she did. Bet she could do with a good hard fuck.”

“Mister Greenstreet ... you shouldn’t talk like that.”

“Like what?”

“You know ... rude ... crude.”

“Becky, I am crude. I fuck, I don’t make love. I screw girls, not sleep with them. I copulate for the sheer fucking pleasure it gives me,” he sneered. Moving, he pulled her skirt and knickers down her legs, throwing them to the floor. Straddling her waist, he squeezed her tits about his flaccid member, rubbing the coating of male and female cum onto her skin.

“My Pete is ... isn’t like you. He’s ... he’s g-gentle ... but-but he doesn’t make me come like you do.”

Grasping her chin, he sniggered and coldly said, “Forget Pete. Get rid of the prat. A girl with your body needs a man. A man who really knows how to make fucking use it, and boy do I intend to use it.”

“I can’t just ... drop him—” She was saying as he got up and stepped off the bed, his prick now firm again. “What are you doing?”

Pulling open the drawer of the bedside cabinet, he lifted out the tube of KY Jelly. “I’m going to fuck you in the arse.”

“No, Mister Greenstreet. I don’t do anal.”

A wave of callous indifference washed through his brain. “You might not with that fucking boyfriend of yours, but real men expect it.”

Giving her no time to say anything further, he slipped his hands under her thighs and upper back, rolling her onto her stomach. Spanning her, he pulled two pillows closer, shoving them under her hips. She tried to protest.

In response, he clamped his right hand on her neck and forced her head into the bedclothes, muffling her noise. With the aid of his teeth, he removed the cap then squeezed a glob of jelly onto his cock and a dollop on her rear opening, using his thumb to vigorously massage it in.

Clasping his manhood, he placed the shining purple helmet against the brown eye and pushed. As if in slow-motion, the initial resistance was overcome, the pierced entrance widening. He felt the head ease in, the corona pass through the muscle ring. Locking his left hand under her armpit to give leverage, he remorselessly drove deeper. There was the sensation of the warm sludge parting as inch after inch was forced in. She howled in patent pain, it spurring on his pitiless pleasure taking.

Pulling back, he shoved in harder, any resistance being compacted higher and higher up the rectum. He repeated the action several times until he had no more length to get inside. The bliss of buggering a new arse was indescribable, it firing pulses of blatant lust racing through every nerve.

Becky's groans turned to whimpering. Releasing her nape and putting the hand under her, he grasped a breast. Having ejaculated so recently, he knew this effort would take a lot longer to reach culmination, plenty of time for her to get used to the sensation. Back and forth his plunger shunted. Thrust after thrust, harder and harder.

“O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o yea-yea-yea-yea oh-yea oh-yea oh-yea!”

He had her now, he knew that. Once she experienced an anal orgasm, she, like the slut he reckoned she was, would want to experience it many times more.

“YYYYOOOOOOOOWWWWWEEEEEE!” she shrieked at the top of her voice, her body going into a riot of trembling.

“Oh yeah, OH YEAH! How does it FEEL, you horny CUNT?”

“YYYYOOOOOOOOWWWWWEEEEEE! FUCKING HEEELL!”

His hands squeezed her flesh, his rod stiffened, his buttocks went taut,

his back arched, a snigger swept his perspiring face and his liquid seed spurted deep into her pummelled chocolate waste. He let out a sexually satiated groan. “ERRRRRRRRRRR!”

He lay against her back for a while waiting until their breathing returned to something like normal. “So, how was your first arse fuck?” he asked, as he started to ease his one-eyed snake out of her hole.

“Oh, Mister Greenstreet ... I-I-I can’t believe ... believe you did that.”

“By the time I’m finished training you, you’ll be putting a smile on some lucky feller’s face most nights of the week.”

Looking down at his member, he could see it was coated in brown sauce. If he had his way he would now be making her lick it clean, he reckoned however that would have to wait. Doing that sort of action was something he was planning for her future.

Going into the bathroom, he used the flannel to clean it before returning to the bedroom. He found her with a broad smile on her now radiant-looking face. “I think we have enough time for another screw before I have to go.” she cooed, sounding hopeful.

* * *

Becky was walking with difficulty, bandy-legged in fact. She was keeping close to the hedge going down the farm lane as she didn’t want her parents to see she had been at the Grange. It would be better if they thought she had been out with “that nice boy Peter” as they usually called him. They would have a fit if they knew she had just been poked front and rear by a man nearly as old as her father. And, if they knew the size of his cock, they would have another fit. Sister Clare often confided about the pricks she had ridden but had never mentioned anything as huge as Mister Greenstreet’s. She would surely be jealous if she knew, Becky mused.

“He’s such a stallion,” she thought. She was going to have to ditch Pete somehow, Mister Greenstreet was insistent. Shrugging her shoulders, she thought, “Well, I’m off to uni soon so we’ll break up anyway. May as well be sooner if I’m going to get a regular seeing-to like tonight.”

She had hated the idea of anal, it so slutty. But now she had experienced it, it was unbelievable. It was like someone had inserted a Bunsen burner and lit it and turned on full pressure, it was truly “fucking awesome.”

Chapter Thirteen

Five weeks later, the people-carrier edged its way onto the horseshoe-shaped paved driveway and pulled up outside the neat five-bedroom executive home on the quiet suburban housing estate.

Rex got out of the passenger seat, Abby from behind the steering-wheel. She pushed the button for the doorbell a couple of times and he heard the chimes making their noise.

The wooden door swung inwards revealing an elegantly-dressed dusky-skinned woman with shinning black hair. “Mrs Vickers, Mrs Veronica Vickers?” Abby asked, flashing her false ID card.

“Yes?” the woman replied, questioningly.

“Sorry to trouble you. I’m Detective Sergeant Abby Jones and this is my colleague DC Rex Smith. We’re from South Wales Police. We’re meeting a couple of colleagues from Nottingham CID here, with regard to your daughter. Have they arrived yet?”

“No. What’s this about Claudia?”

“That’s odd. We telephoned them before we left Cardiff. Told ’em we were on our way and to meet us here. They said they would phone you. We can’t hang around as we’re on our way to Leeds to pick up a suspect.”

“No one has telephoned. What is this about a suspect? What suspect?” Mrs Vickers said, concern entering her voice.

“Sorry,” Rex responded. “My boss here is confusing you. We’re on our way to Leeds to pick up a suspect in another case. But we have some photographs to show you, so we thought we would kill two birds with one stone, as it were, as we had to come this way.”

“What pictures?” Mrs Vickers seemed to be getting slightly agitated.

“Mind if we come in Mrs Vickers,” Abby said, “don’t want to be discussing business in view of all the neighbours do we.”

“No, no – I mean – yes, do come in, and no we don’t want to be talking on the doorstep.” Mrs Vickers stepped aside and ushered them in to a sitting room. “What was this about photographs?”

She certainly had a shapely figure, Rex was thinking as he was saying, “One of our colleagues was going through CCTV footage from Swansea and spotted someone that matches your daughter’s description. We’ve pulled some stills off the tape and we just want you to look at them to see if it is Claudia.”

“Please, please sit down. Let me look at them. What’s Claudia doing in Swansea? She doesn’t know anyone there. Is she all right? Is she safe? Please, please.” Her colour seemed to have intensified, her eyes seem to sparkle.

Abby flopped into the nearest armchair; Mrs Vickers sat on the settee, Rex next to her. He placed his attaché case down on the coffee table and popped the catches, lifting the lid so it obscured her view. Taking out eight photos, he said, “The quality is not very good, pretty grainy, so you may have difficulty recognising anyone. Do take your time and look at them carefully.”

Handing her the pile, he stretched his right arm, almost lazily, along the back of the settee, reaching behind her. Unbuttoning his jacket with his left hand, he clasped his fingers around the handle of the knife, his heart loudly pumping, adrenaline flowing.

The top two pictures could have been of anyone, the third was obviously Claudia with a big penis embedded in her rectum.

“W-what’s t-this? It’s my Claudia. B-but, b-but I-I d-don’t understand,” Mrs Vickers mumbled her words, obviously shocked.

“Oh, that’s me with my prick buried up your daughter’s tight arse,” Rex said

in a matter of fact way. Pulling the eight-inch blade into view, his right arm coiled about her neck. His cock swelled to a solid hard-on.

Her mouth dropped open. “W-what, w-what d-do y-you m-m-mean?”

“Shut up!” he hissed. “Don’t say another fucking word, just listen. Make a fuss, shout or scream and I’ll slit your throat from ear to ear.”

“Errhh?”

He put his hand over her mouth. “You’re as pig ignorant as your daughter, but rest assured I cured her of that problem and I’ll do the same for you. So, let’s go see her. Abby, take the photos and bring the case. Now, Mrs Vickers, we’re going to walk out of here as if nothing is amiss. Do anything stupid and you’ll be dead before you hit the ground.” He felt elated as he slipped the knife into its sheath, although the veins in his temple throbbed and his hard-on was so fierce it almost interfered with his walking.

Abby looked flushed and about to pee in her pants as she pulled the front door closed behind them. Stepping to the car, she opened the rear passenger door, Rex pushing Mrs Vickers into the seat, saying, “Buckle up, we don’t want any nasty accidents.”

Slamming the door, taking the case, he went round to the other side and go in, Abby climbing behind the steering-wheel. “God, I can’t believe we’ve just done this,” she said with tremulous voice.

“You’re mad. You can’t get away with this—” Mrs Vickers was saying, he cutting her off by taking hold of her lower jaw.

“Shut the fuck up, I said, and meant it,” he snarled threateningly. “Now, Abby, when you’ve finished creaming in your pants, let’s drive. And drive carefully, please. We don’t want any cops stopping us.”

“How did you know I’ve come?” Abby inquired.

“I know what a horny whore you are. Now, drive,” he replied, buckling his seatbelt, pushing the front passenger seatback forward to form a

table on which to rest the attaché case.

“Where are you taking me?” Mrs Vickers demanded.

They were now driving along a duel-carriageway. Lifting the lid of his capture-kit, he turned holding the ball gag. Unbuckling both seatbelts, he pulled the lever on the side of her seat, reclining the back.

“What are you—”

He forced the ball into her mouth, twisting her head to secure it. Pushing her onto her side, he pulled her arms behind her and fastened them with a tree-tie. He secured her ankles and legs before putting the black hood over her head, covering the body with a car rug. “When we get to the airport car park pull up behind the van so I can switch the load.”

“Obviously. I’m not stupid, you know,” Abby replied, impishly grinning at him via the rear-view. “Then I’ll dump the car as close to where we took it. Don’t want to spoil someone’s holiday when they get back and find it missing. Do we, Lover?”

“You can take the blood sample whilst we are on the move then I can drop you at the lab as I want the results today. I can’t wait to get up this cunt.”

* * *

Veronica’s head was spinning, she kept trying to speak but all she could do was groan. She could scarce credit what was occurring. What had happened to her daughter, she wondered, after all that picture was definitely of Claudia but it could not be a genuine penis up her posterior – it was far too big to be real.

One thing was clear in her mind, these were not police officers as she had first supposed. She had been duped by evil people who seemed intent on despicable actions and certainly had something to do with her precious

Claudia's disappearance. How a woman, like the one apparently called Abby, could be a party to such perversions was beyond her comprehension.

She prayed she did indeed get to see Claudia again, happy and well.

Chapter Fourteen

He dropped Abby off at the laboratories and headed to the Grange, soon having his new toy down in the cellars and laid on the trolley.

Having first stripped off, he started about his work. Removing her shoes, tights, knickers and skirt, he then set about shackling her ankles to the spreader. He caressed one of the objects of his lust, her furry pussy, working three fingers into the opening, enjoying the feel as she moistened up.

Pulling off her upper clothing, he secured her wrists to the waist belt. Her breasts were larger than Claudia's, more floppy too, but nevertheless he enjoyed mauling them and sucking on the nipples. He strapped a leather collar around her neck before lifting off the hood, delighting in seeing the terror in her eyes.

Giving his pleasure-stick a couple of jerks so it was truly stiff, he twisted her head to look at it. "My slave Claudia lives to feel this in her orifices and you, my new slut, will soon be begging for its attention too," he snickered.

She made a few grunting sound, eyes frantically darting about. He removed the gag, she instantly saying, "You animal, let me go! What have you done with my daughter, you beast? What have you done to my Claudia?"

Slapping her tits four or five times, he snarled, "For a start, she ain't your Claudia, she's mine. She's my slave. I own her. And, I fucking use her any way I want, just as I'm going to do with you, Slut."

"How dare you—"

Squeezing her nipples cruelly cut her words. "Trust me; you're going to be one fine fucking slave just like that Claudia slut." Yanking at her collar, he hoisted her off the trolley and onto her knees on the floor. Taking hold of

the cattle-prod, he pressed it against her thigh. “*Beeezzz.*”

“Yeeeeooowww! Sweet God, help me!”

Putting the tip against her clit, he squeezed the trigger. “*Beeezzz.*”

Her body writhed. “YEEEEOOOWWWEEE!” She flopped over onto her side, whimpering.

“Shut the fuck up and listen to me very carefully. From this second on you are a slave, I’m your master. As far as you are concerned, nothing prior to this moment ever, ever, existed. You had no name, no life, no family, no friends, nothing. From now on you will be referred to as slave or slut. When I tell you to do something, you do it without hesitation. You will refer to me as master, at all times. You will answer, yes master, no master, as appropriate. You will never speak unless spoken to. If for any reason you wish to get my attention, you will merely say master and wait for my permission to speak. Remember, Slut, you exist to be fucked and nothing more. Fail to heed my instruction in any way and you’ll be punished. And, I simply love being sadistic.” With that he put the prod to her clit again and fired a shock. “*Beeezzz.*”

“YEEEEOOOWWWEEE!” P-please, p-please, don’t – no more!”

With immense satisfaction, he watched as she urinated onto the floor. “I’m going now to wait for your mistress, Abby, to come and join me. Whilst I’m gone, think on my words. And, before I return, lick that piss off the floor.” He said menacingly, before picking up her clothes and his equipment and leaving.

He prowled around the sitting room whilst waiting for Abby to appear, checking the clock constantly. She was delaying his pleasure taking. His one fear was that Becky would turn up unexpectedly. Although he wouldn’t object to screwing her, he had a new plaything that needed immediate attention. He knew Becky was supposed to be out with her parents and some of her friends having a pre-departure to university dinner, but it would be just his luck that it finished early and she came calling thinking she was doing him a favour. She was getting to be demanding of his time,

thinking she was the centre of his attention. It would not however be long before he brought her to heel.

The warning buzzer went, Abby's car soon pulling to a stop outside the front door. Stepping inside, she slobbered a kiss, pushing her soft hand inside his dressing-gown to rub his shaft a few times.

"So?" he demanded.

"Well, lover boy, it's nice to see you too," she oozed.

"Stop jerking me around. What's the situation?"

"Ha, ha, very drool," she said, withdrawing her hand, grinning. "Well, bearing in mind the limited time I have had, I think I can say she appears to be clean."

"YES!" he snapped, libido going up a notch. "Good girl. Let's go fuck."

He found the slut cowering in the far corner of the cell, urine still in a pool on the concrete. Grasping her collar, he dragged her to her feet, "So, Slut, you've left the piss on the floor, and I also recall you failed to be properly respectful for you did not call me master. You'll learn you cannot defy me and get away with it. You're going to be punished!"

"But – but—" She was foolishly trying to protest as he manhandled her to the torture chamber, a PVC clad Abby standing holding open both doors.

Forcing the new slut down onto her knees, he wrapped his right hand in her hair, pulling the head back. Reaching down, he took great pleasure in fondling her breasts with his other hand whilst rubbing his cock against her upper arm and shoulder. "Right, Abby let the slave in to join us."

She disappeared for a few seconds before returning and holding the door open again, allowing the slave to slither along the floor.

He moved his stance, planting his legs apart, holding the new slut

against his right thigh. “Come here, Slave. Kiss your master’s feet. Suck my cock.”

“Yes, Master,” she replied, wriggling over to comply.

The trainee seemed to stare, open-mouthed, trying to speak. “C ... C ...”

The slave kissed each foot before raising herself to her knees. He saw a flicker of recognition in her eyes, saw her lips part as if to speak, but she knew better. Opening her mouth wide, she lapped her tongue hard against his straining shaft before swallowing in the head, gnawing it, sending his libido soaring.

“Claudia! Claudia!” the slut said, foolishly. He knew she would soon learn. “W-what’s happened to you? W-what have – have – they done to you? I’m your mother, don’t you recognise me?”

Pulling the slave’s hair, he eased her off his joystick. “Slave Claudia, this slut thinks she is your mother. Is she your mother?”

“Master, she is mistaken. I have no mother, no family, no friends. I only have you and my mistress, and your brother,” Claudia the slave said, emotionlessly.

“Claudia! How can you say—” The slut started to protest.

He wrenched her head back. “Shut the fuck up, you stupid slut!” His intentions stiffened his erection even more, his penis aching for some joyous release. “Slave Claudia, do you think this slut will ever make a good slave like you?”

“Master, I’m certain you will be able to train her.”

“So do I.” He had every confidence he could. “But I think I’m going to have to work hard as I shall be getting another slut to train in three or four weeks’ time too.”

“Hey, what do you mean?” Abby asked, looking puzzled. “I thought

you were going to keep these for some time anyway.”

“I’ve decided to keep three if not four slaves, it’ll be so pleasurable. Think of the cunt you can get to fuck too.”

Realisation seemed to dawn. “You’re planning to snatch Becky, aren’t you?”

“She’s off to uni in two weeks so I thought I would make a secret assignation after she’s been there a week or two. Meet up with her in a hotel for a humping session and bring her back here. It’ll be a really perverse wheeze knowing her parents will only be a few hundred yards away and going frantic again.”

“You’re a bastard,” Abby said, letting out a bit of a dirty sounding laugh. “You had her brother, now her.”

“Yep. Stupid slut’s never guessed she’s been mowing round his grave for the last couple of years.” He let out an evil chortle. “And I’ll tell you something else, I intend having that sister of hers too. I’m going to have both performing together to please me.”

“You really don’t like the Freemans, do you?”

“That snotty cow of a mother turned me down once, when I was a teenager. Said I was too young for her. I’m fucking going to destroy her and her family, just for the sheer wanton pleasure it will give me. I can’t stand snobby women. Talking of which, it’s time to start training this slut.”

“I’m not a slut and I wish you would stop calling me that,” Mrs Vickers said.

Hauling her up off the floor, he half-dragged her to his newest creation. It was a fucking-cum-whipping stool, the height of the sturdy splayed legs being easily adjustable. Working quickly, he removed her harness, forcing her to kneel in front of the stool, the flat padded top only providing support under her stomach. He passed the attached three-inch belt over the small of her back and fastened her down. Pulling each arm in turn,

he tied the wrists to separate stool legs by means of leather straps. Removing the spreader, he stretched her thighs wide and used the attached leather fastenings on the other two legs to secure them in place.

He stood back and admired his handiwork. He was pleased at what he saw, another slut ready for training. “Slave Claudia, walk to the end wall and fetch me the four-foot crop.”

Watching her, he enjoyed the sight of her hips swaying as she set off to do his bidding, she seeming to deliberately exaggerate her motion. She quickly returned and kneeled, offering up the crop to his hands. “Here, Master,” she cooed.

“Now, my new slut,” he uttered, trying to sound oily whilst trailing the crop over the prostrate slut’s back. “I told you before. You must call me master always. Yes master, no master, as appropriate, every time you speak to me. When I tell you to do something, you do it. Dissension is of course not an option. You’ll get the hang of it after a few good beatings and of course the cattle-prod concentrates the mind wonderfully. Shall we begin?”

“*Thwack!*” the crop striped her buttock.

“Oooowwww!” she squealed.

“*Thwack!*” – “Oooowwww!”

“*Thwack!*” – “Oooowwww!”

“*Thwack!*” – “Oooowwww!”

“So, Slut, call me master.”

“F-fuck y-you, you bastard!”

“Naughty, naughty. I can see I’m going to have fun breaking you.”

“*Thwack!*” – “Oooowwww!”

“*Thwack!*” – “Oooowwww!”

“Thwack!” – “Oooowwww!”

“Thwack!” – “Oooowwww!”

“Thwack!” – “Oooowwww!”

“Thwack!” – “Oooowwww!”

“Thwack!” – “Oooowwww!”

“Thwack!” – “Oooowwww! Please, p-please, m-m ...”

“Go on, say it. Call me master.”

“P-please, p-p-please no more ... m-m-master, p-please,” the slut mumbled through her tears.

“Good,” he oozed. “That’s a start. Now, whilst the slave Claudia licks out her mistress, I’m going to fuck you.”

The slave needed no further instruction, she shuffling around to lap between Abby’s waiting spread legs.

Kneeling, he pushed two fingers into the waiting quim, using other fingers to spread her dusky labia, revealing the pink within. Out and in, out and in, he churned repeatedly until her orifice was lubricated.

“P-please, no,” she wailed.

He took no notice. Holding the shaft, he pushed his cock-head into the gap, and thrust.”

“Oooowwww!”

It felt good, it being a new cunt to fuck. Back and forth he shafted, the sensations building, he determined however to hold back.

“O-o-o-o-o-o-o, oh-oh-oh-oh! Oh! Oh! OH! OHAAAARRRRR!” she howled as she climaxed.

He had still to come, but he was going to have all three orifices tonight so would save his culmination for later. Pulling out, he lent down and stroked his tongue against her puckered starfish, poking into the entrance, lubricating in readiness.

“N-no, n-not in t-there, please, no!”

Her pleading simply increased his callous carnal cravings. “Oh yeah! You’re going to get bugged. Sluts like you just live to be shafted in the arse.” His big plum-coloured bell glistened as he strained, forcing it into her rear chamber.

“Oh please, no! NO!”

Reaching round, he grasped her large swinging udders to give himself leverage to be able to push his cock remorselessly into her chocolate-tube. Forwards and backwards he went repeatedly, harder, deeper, faster. He was starting to sheen with moisture, her skin leaked salty dew, his stomach planning over her rounded, welted, buttocks.

“Oh-oh-oh no-no-no p-p-pleeeaaase! Oow! Oow! Oow!” She was gasping for breath.

He snorted with disdain, pleasure was all he craved. “Yeah! Yeah! Slut, how does it feel, having my dick up your arse?”

“Oow! Oow! Aaaahhh! Aaaahhh! OOWWEEAAAHHH!” She howled guttural sounds as she shuddered with a climax.

“Yeah! YEAH! YEEEAAAHHH!” he snorted as he squirted cum deep in her bum passage.

“Oh, fffuuuccckkking hell!” Abby hollered, he turning round to see her flopping to the floor, hands still firmly holding the slave’s head to her cunt.

Extracting his weapon, it was plain to see it was covered in a combination of brown sauce and man-cream. Scrabbling to his feet, he went round to the slut’s front end. He pulled her head up by means of her hair.

“No, p-pleeeaaase—”

He choked her words by swiftly pushing his prick into her open mouth. “You must be fucking stupid if you think I’m going to take any notice of your words, Slut. Now gobble my cock, suck off the shit!” he commanded, wriggling it further into her gullet. She was going to learn to do his bidding, just as all the other sluts had.

There was no chance of her closing her jaw; his thickness ensured her gob was as wide as it could be. Her teeth scraped along much of his length as he oscillated up and down her windpipe. She was starting to tinge blue when he felt the slaking joy as a great wad of cum burst from the end of his glorious wand. Retracting into her mouth, he allowed her to suck in air before pushing back in, and pissing a pint of golden water to flush her throat. “You see, Slut, what your future holds. Like mother, like daughter, you exist simply to give me unrestrained pleasure!”

The End.

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