

SLAVES IN THE CELLAR - THRICE



By
SYLVESTER HORNE

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Chapter 1

Using his squirrel-hair brush, Rex Greenstreet was completing the detailed flesh tones on his latest painting, one of a series of six he had been commissioned to produce. By the time he was satisfied it was as realistic as possible the vision he had created had caused his ten-inch penis to stiffen, the aching hard-on trapped along the side of his left thigh.

The picture depicted a woman, red-eyed and terrified, on her knees, arms pinioned to her sides, she strapped down to some wooden contraption. Her lower legs were secured to the floor by means of leather straps over her ankles and below her knee joints. Her open mouth was encasing the upper portion of a thick wooden phallus. A short chain, attached to her nose ring, was nailed to the base to this phallus, clearly intended to keep her head secured in its fellatio position. Standing over her, ready to penetrate her anus, was a sniggering, over-endowed man with a sixteen inch penis, the shaft encased in a leather sleeve, the outer surface of which sported scores of tiny metal barbs. The implication was clear – once the man penetrated her rectum it would be shredded.

“Very, very good. I’m certain *Brutal Rome* will love it,” Rex said out loud, he the only person in his study.

He did a lot of illustration work for *Brutal Rome*, a monthly publication. However, over the years much of his more lucrative work had come from private commissions. Some of the requests were quite bizarre but the majority merely wanted plain old fashioned barbarity. He had no objections to barbarity, he being a sadist, having killed and tortured more than a dozen people himself. Their remains were buried in his orchard, a nice fruit tree planted over each.

Hearing a shuffling noise behind him, he turned his swivel chair around, seeing his slave Claudia standing in the doorway. He had owned her for two

years now, she still as ravishing as the first day he saw her. She was five feet seven inches of shapely female flesh, with brown eyes, inherited from her Indian maternal grandmother, it also accounting for that very delicate brownish hue of her skin. Besides the stainless steel rings in her nose, nipples, navel and clitoris she wore a high leather posture collar, forcing her to keep her head held high. There were steel bands on her wrists and a two-foot bar-stretcher on her ankles. Her only piece of clothing was a tiny white lacy apron, part of a “French maids” uniform that he reckoned made her look even more desirable.

“Is it all right, Master, if I clean in here?” she asked, flourishing the feather duster clasped in her right hand.

“Yes, slave, just as long as you avoid my drying paintings.”

He watched her as she proceeded to run the feathery head over the framed pictures on the wall, they some landscapes he had painted years ago. She had to shuffle as the bar-stretcher restrained her gait but she was very privileged, she the only one of his four slaves allowed up out of the cellar. Almost from the first moment he had snatched her from the car park she had shown a willingness to submit. And he had to admit, at the time of capturing her, she was the most desirable female he had ever seem – an almost perfect body combined with an apparent wish to please. Needless to say, he realised her servile demeanour might be some sort of pretence to enable her to effect an escape one day, but that was why he took few chances, the outer doors always locked and the bar-spreader fitted. On the occasions he allowed her to sleep in his bed one or other of her ankles were always shackled to the heavy wooden bedstead.

“Master, that looks like the slave Ann,” she said, inclining her head towards his most-recently completed work. “Is that how you are going to kill her?”

Snorting a laugh first, he replied, “Such things do not concern you. Anyway, I do not have a sixteen inch cock so could not act out the scenario. So, get on with your dusting.”

The slave Ann had also come into his possession some two years before, not long after he had taken her daughter Becky into bondage. As for Claudia’s

mother, Veronica, she was the fourth of the creatures that existed in servitude down in his cellars. Therefore, he had two mother and daughter pairs to amuse him. Of course, he was now getting bored with all of them and wanted something to spice up his libidinous palate. He expected that very soon a few replacements would be needed.

That however meant that one or two of his current slaves would have to go, it his intention that Ann Freeman was to be the first that he would torture and butcher – in her case as depicted in the picture. Somehow he had managed to contain himself for the last two years but he was now increasingly desperate to experience again that ultimate of perverted pleasures – killing.

Those very thoughts swirling in his brain were firing his need for some instant sexual gratification. Pulling his tracksuit bottoms down, exposing his throbbing ten-inch manhood, he ordered, “Come here, slave, and suck my cock!”

Waddling, she came to stand before his chair, bending forward. His hands reached up to cup her gorgeous, coconut-sized breasts. She remained in this position whilst he fondled and squeezed them. “Oooh, that’s so good, Master,” she purred.

A wave of sadistic glee swept him, he looping his index fingers into her nipple rings, jerking her forward, causing her to stagger down to her knees. Removing his hands, he sprawled back in his chair. Her soft delicate fingers rolled his foreskin all the way off his big bulbous end before she coiled them around his shaft. Her moist pink tongue and warm mouth started to lavish attention on his yearning, iron-hard, organ.

As she worked, he thought about Ann. More than twenty years ago now he had asked her for a date. Even then he had something of the reputation of a roving Lothario and she had turned him down, saying she wanted a man not a boy. He had vowed to be revenged for no mere woman could ever be allowed to thwart his demands. But, he had bided his time. Eventually, she and her husband and family had moved into Lychlee Cottage, it at the bottom of the driveway that led to his property, Lychlee Grange. Fortune had, years later, favoured him, he able to secretly snatch her son John, keep him a prisoner for

a year and use him for his pleasure before consigning him to a grave that was now under the Blenheim Orange apple tree. Then two years ago, he took possession of her eldest daughter, Becky. Still only twenty years old, she was downstairs in one of the cells, he using her regularly, something he expected to do for a few more years. As for Ann, luck had again shone on him, for within days of Becky's mysterious disappearance lo and behold the opportunity arose for him to enslave her too. How he had made her suffer, ensuring she contributed greatly to the last two years of his blissfully sadistic life. But she was looking decidedly haggard, and past her prime, so if things worked out as he hoped, she would soon be butchered, body burnt and remains buried beneath a new fruit tree.

"That's enough, slave," he said, using a handful of her hair to violently jerk Claudia's head upwards. "Impale your cunt!"

"Yes, Master," she replied, smiling, rising to her feet. Spreading her thighs as wide as she could, hooking her index fingers between her labia, she prised them apart and guided her slit over the spit-covered throbbing purple head of his penis. Lowering herself slowly, her pussy encased his cock. Unzipping his tracksuit top, pulling it open, she squashed her breasts against his hairy chest, and commenced to ride up and down. "Aaah, aaah, aaah," she panted. "Oooh, yes, Master, that feels so good."

She certainly gave the impression of being a horny slut. That pleased him. It did not matter if she truly was one however for even though he "adored" her, she was merely his slave, and he kept slaves simply to pander to his every wanton whim. "Ergh! Ergh!" he snorted, feeling his ball-sac tightening, sensing some of his sperm starting to move.

"Aaah! Aaah! Ye-ye-yes! Master, fuck me! Fuck me!" she yelped, bucking up and down.

Jerking his hips, he thrust ferociously. "Ergh! Ergh! Eeerrrggghhh!" he groaned, pulsing out his cum deep inside her womb.

Body still writhing and shuddering, she gave full vent as she climaxed, "Aaah! Aaah! Aaaaaaaahhh!"

Left hand coiling in her long raven-black hair, he pulled her head to his. They kissed passionately, their slippery tongues wrestling with each other. Disconnecting, he grasped her breasts, bringing them in turn to his mouth, kissing them, gnawing at the nipples, biting the warm succulent flesh, leaving several love bites on each.

“Oooh, yeees, Master,” she moaned, her tongue licking her lips seductively.

Placing his hands each side of her waist, he assisted her to her feet. Leaning forward, he brought his mouth to her pussy, rasping his tongue against her labia.

“Aaah! Aaah! Yeees, Master, yeees!” she moaned, urgently.

Determined to make her come again, he nibbled her flaps, ground his teeth against her clitoris and ran his tongue the length of her opening.

Body trembling, gushing cum as her orgasm erupted, she yelled, “Aaaaaaaaahhh!”

Rising to his feet, he pulled her head down towards his crotch. “Suck my cock clean,” he instructed. Her mouth swiftly went to work, tongue lapping off the strings of cum that bedecked the underside of his instrument.

By the time he was satisfied she had finished, he had a raging hard-on again. His sadistic nature was also fired up. “Kneel on the chair and hang your tits over the back.”

Despite the captain’s chair rocking on its spring, she managed to do as instructed, using her hands to clasp the arms to stop from going right over the back. She might well have imagined he was going to fuck her again, but he had other ideas. Carrying out random and unexpected acts of punishment was one of the joys of being a master. Picking up the feather buster, from where she had dropped it onto the carpet, he raised it high.

It consisted of a three-foot whippy plastic handle with eighteen inches of nylon filaments making up the head. He rained down six vicious blows onto her buttocks. “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” –

“Thwack!” – “Thwack!”

“Aaargh!” she shrieked, after each and every delivery.

Six rosy-red stripes glowed across each buttock. Moving the duster to his left hand, he used it to deliver six more. *“Thwack!” – “Thwack!” – “Thwack!” – “Thwack!” – “Thwack!” – “Thwack!”*

“Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” she wailed. “P-please, Master, what h-have I d-done?”

“You’re merely a worthless slave. You live so that I can amuse myself,” he sniggered. Dropping the feather duster, he used his left hand to caress his cock, his other hand employed in slapping her arse. *“Splat!” – “Splat!” – “Splat!” – “Splat!”*

“Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” – “P-please, Master, forgive me for being a worthless slave.”

She was a clever little slut, he reckoned, begging forgiveness in case she had displeased him. But of course, beating her just for his own amusement pleased him very much indeed. “Right, get up. Let’s go into the kitchen and prepare the midday feed,” he said, pulling her off the chair.

He watched her prepare the four bottles of pink liquid sustenance before fastening her wrists behind her back, slipping the black hood over her head, and removing the bar-stretcher. Holding the bottles to his stomach with one arm, he used his free hand to guide her as he led the way. Unlocking the doors, re-locking them behind them, he took her down to the cellars that had been the cheese and butter stores when Lychlee Grange had been an outpost of Stagland Abbey back in mediaeval times.

They arrived in the barrel-vaulted chamber that now formed the lobby of his underworld. Ahead was a door into an area he had partitioned off two years ago to form a storeroom for a few pieces of clothing, equipment and cleaning tackle. Halfway along the right-hand wall was an opening with a grille made from inch-thick iron bars. Beyond this was a short corridor, two cells on each side, and at the far end was the door that led into his torture chamber.

Now there was a new, similar, grille arrangement on the left-hand side of the lobby, giving access to four new cells. He and his brother, Dick, had spent the last eighteen months carefully digging out and constructing the new accommodation. Dick had of course questioned why it was needed, but then Rex' older brother was always foolishly questioning his instructions. Rex had explained that two of the current slaves were occupying what were the two smaller training cells so it would be a kindness to upgrade them to something a little larger. And, he told him, he was minded to get himself at least two more slaves.

The last coat of paint was now dry so the current slaves would be moved within a day or so.

Keying the number into the electronic lock, he opened the right-hand grille and steered Claudia inside and on into her cell. He put one feed bottle down on the floor, near the end of her bed, before removing her hood and unshackling her wrists. "Eat. I'll return later," he said, not having made up his mind yet as to whether to take her to his bed tonight.

"Thank you, Master," she replied, sinking down onto her knees as a well trained slave should.

Going to the next cell, he handed slave Veronica her bottle, leaving her to suck out the contents. Moving to slave Becky's smaller cell, he left her a bottle too. Only slave Ann remained, he thumping on the door before entering. She was down on her knees, head pressed to the concrete floor. "Up on your haunches, slave," he said, putting her bottle down on the hospital trolley she had to use as her bed.

Even after two years she still displayed that resigned sort of look of hers, no hint of a smile. What a miserable cunt, he thought, you'd think she had learnt to smile at her master by now. Walking slowly around her, he trailed two fingers over the skin of her face and her neck, seeing her gently shivering with apparent trepidation. Good, he liked that. He loved to know she was terrified of him. She was forty-seven years old and, in his view, definitely passed her prime. That fixed his mind. She would definitely be the first to suffer days of sadistic cruelty before dying. His cock reared up at the thoughts, stretching its skin taut, it aching for relief.

Cupping her breasts, he weighed them in his hands. They were big but not as voluptuous as those that Veronica possessed. “*Splat!*” – “*Splat!*” – “*Splat!*” – “*Splat!*” He smacked his right palm hard against her left breast, causing it to bounce violently.

“Yeeeeouch!” she yelped after each strike. “Please, Master, what have I done?”

“Do I need an excuse to inflict pain on you?” he sneered. “I have a right to do what I like with you.” His left hand slapped her right breast. “*Splat!*” – “*Splat!*” – “*Splat!*”

“Yeeeeouch!” she wailed, four times, teardrops dripping from her eyes.

“Get up and bend over the trolley! Pull your arse-cheeks wide!” he snapped.

Leaving her to do his bidding, he walked to where a small metal cabinet was set into the wall adjacent to the door. He opened it with a key from the bunch he always wore on a chain that hung around his neck. Taking out a tube of water-based lubricant, he put a large splodge onto his plum-coloured crown. Using his fingers, he worked the gel around the whole of the head. Moving behind her, he pushed his coated fingers into her anus, forcefully rubbing the lubrication around her anal ring, twisting his fingers, stretching her open. Butting his cockhead against the starfish, clamping his hands on her hips, he forced his weapon into her anal sheath, not stopping until his balls buffeted against her perineum.

Rhythmically, he pumped back and to. “Ergh! Ergh! Ergh!” he soon uttered, pleasure building, his cock straining for release.

“Argh! Argh! Argh!” the slave Ann groaned.

She always resisted showing any signs of anal pleasure but it mattered not, it was only his fulfilment that mattered. Reaching under her, he gripped her breasts and used them as anchors to assist him in his thrusting. All too soon, he was clenching his buttocks, bowing his back, tensing his muscles and firing his copious shot. At the same moment he roared with contentment, “Eeerrrggghhh!”

Her body was not wracked by any sign of an orgasm. She had however learnt her lessons on how to behave. Once he extracted his manhood, she turned around and sank to her knees, sucking him, cleaning away the coating of her own excreta.

His pleasure was not yet over, he gripping the sides of her head, holding her fast. Sniggering with the contempt he felt for most people, let alone slaves, he proceeded to piss the contents of his bladder down her throat.

* * *

Unable to sit down, her arsehole sore from his merciless pounding, Ann lay on her side crying unrestrainedly. That evil bastard, Rex Greenstreet, had abused her yet again, but thankfully he had now left her alone in her cell. She hated him with a vengeance but what could she do. He was well built, strong and cruel, simply loving to inflict pain on her. And why, because when he was a seventeen-year-old youth she had turned him down for a date. If she had known then what she knew now, she might have agreed to go out with him, but back then she had just started dating Tom, whom of course she married.

Melancholy swept through her. She was trapped in the hands of a sadistic fiend. But it was not simply one fiend, there were two others that aided him – that wicked bitch of a sister-in-law of his and, to a lesser extent, Rex' brother. What she found even more inexcusable was that the slave called Claudia seemed to relish carrying out Rex' vile instruction to inflict pain and suffering on the other slaves. Perhaps however she was being a bit harsh, the poor girl was probably only doing such things out of fear.

She wondered how her beloved Tom was. As to whether he and her youngest daughter, Clare, were coping. In her heart, she knew, he would still be searching for her even though she guessed that the police had given up long ago. Sometimes, she doubted that she would ever be rescued but there was still that little spark of hope. And when she was rescued, she intended to see to it that all three Greenstreets got their just desserts. Rex had crowed to her how he had abused her precious son and butchered him. Her eldest daughter,

Becky, was in the cell next door and was constantly used as if she were a mere plaything.

Silently, she again said a little prayer – that that bastard never got any sick ideas about her youngest daughter, Clare, hoping that his perverted sense of revenge was now sated by the evil things he had already inflicted on her wonderful family.

* * *

Having drunk her liquid feed, Claudia laid down on her bed. The throbbing in her buttocks protested at the contact with the mattress, but she forced herself to endure it. Slipping her left hand down to her pussy, she poked three fingers into the crevice, enjoying the sensation they quickly produced. She resented the beating her master had given her, for she considered herself to be a good slave. But sadly, she was a horny slut that simply adored being on his ten inches so was prepared to endure almost anything to ensure she received his attentions.

She always tried her utmost to ingratiate herself. Following her abduction, it had not taken her long to realise that a slave who was pliant did not suffer like one who resisted. Anyway, there was no point in fighting against her predicament. She was held captive by a man who evidently had done similar things before. When her mother was brought to join her, Claudia had decided escape was not possible so having come to accept the situation she endeavoured to obtain as much sexual satisfaction as she could. And, inflicting small amounts of pain on the other slaves was enjoyable, it better they suffer than she.

Her master certainly knew how to please himself, but at the same time he also gave a woman he was using several orgasms. In any other circumstance her master's performances in bed would be relished. She had come to adore sex. And, she reckoned as a consequence, he treated her better than the other three. Giving her more treats of chocolate, and occasionally letting her upstairs to clean, eat meals and sleep in his bed.

It was what she had secretly schemed for in the hope that either she could affect an escape or that he might let her live above ground permanently. After some two years however her hopes had so far been thwarted. He always took precautions to ensure she was unable to get away, and he still kept her locked up in the cellars for much of the time. She had concluded some time ago that unfortunately he merely looked upon her as a slave and nothing else. Today's unexpected beating had been a reminder to her of her position.

The barbarity portrayed in the pictures she had glimpsed had turned her on. Now, recalling them, she writhed on her bed, the perverse side of her nature inflamed. She speculated whether her master was actually going to do such a thing. If he did, would he make her watch, make her assist? Those thoughts, rather than frighten her, seemed to stoke her libido, she ramming her fingers back and forth, churning her vagina. Knowing he could be watching via the tiny video camera up there in the corner of her room by the door caused her to redouble her efforts, trying to give him a truly uninhibited show.

“Aaah! Aaah! Aaah!” she wailed, loudly, before feeling her juice squirt out over her wrist, her body convulsing in a rapturous orgasm. “Aaaaaaaaahhh!”

Chapter 2

Back in his study, Rex used his forty-two inch scanner to load images of his latest pictures into his computer, it helping him to keep a record of his work. Satisfied with the results, he laid the originals down onto a sheet of hardboard, placing sheets of acid-free paper between them. Another sheet of hardboard went on top. He used Manila paper to wrap the parcel, securing it with sticky tape and string. After labelling it, he carried it out to the garage and put it into the back of his *Toyota* van, driving to The General Store at Upper Dribble, making arrangements for it to be collected by *DHL*.

Back at the Grange in a little over half an hour he wondered what to do next. Bored, he really wanted to pass his time in continuous depraved activity but knew that even he could not carry out sexual activity every minute of every waking hour. Deciding to watch a porn film, he inserted a disc into the DVD player. Turning on the television, he sprawled on the chesterfield. Time passed, his left hand gently fondling his balls and cock much of the time, adding to the thrill of what he was seeing.

The warning bell over the front door sounded. Flicking channels, the picture from the driveway security camera gave him a glimpse of an approaching car. Changing to a second camera, he noted that it was his sister-in-law's vehicle. Swinging his legs to the floor, he rose, and ambled to the front door, not bothering to pull his tracksuit bottoms fully up.

"My, is that how you greet all your visitors?" Abby impishly said, wrapping her left hand around his shaft, squeezing it hard.

"Only if I know they've got a horny cunt," he replied, stepping backwards to let her close the door behind her. "Anyway, I thought you were going away on holiday today, taking the family somewhere in France?"

"You know perfectly well we're off to Normandy tonight. So, I thought I'd

best pop round and let you give me a good hard fuck seeing as I'll be gone for two weeks."

"Oh, I see," he said, trying to be deadpan. Then, attempting to appear petulant, he went on, "It's all you, you, you, isn't it? You make use of me and then go off and leave me abandoned. Huh!"

"That's so right," she responded, a wicked grin on her lips, a twinkle in her azure-coloured eyes. "So stop complaining and get ready to fuck me. I can't hang around too long as Dick wants to be on the way at six." She started peeling off her clothes.

"Ah, a rush job is it? And when do you intend to do your packing?" He pulled his tracksuit top off, and shed the bottoms.

"Hah! You know full well I, as a bitch mother, don't do packing, that's what Dick and the children are for. Now, shut up and get on your knees and unfasten my shoelaces. That's the trouble with wearing sensible shoes to work; I can't simply slip them off."

Slowly lowering himself, he feasted his eyes over the front of her curvy five-foot six-inch body. She was not in bad shape for a thirty-eight-year-old mother of three. Isobel was fifteen, Harry, thirteen. Little Kate was only fifteen months, being a late addition to the family. As had always been expected, DNA had proven that he had fathered Isobel, the other two being his brother's offspring. Isobel was turning out to be stunning looking. And, she had a similar nature and vicious streak akin to her father's, she having a bit of a reputation for being a school bully.

Pulling the bows undone, Rex eased the black shoes from Abby's feet, she flexing her toes at the relief. She worked as a senior technician in a *National Health Service* laboratory doing blood tests and suchlike things. Taking the opportunity, he pressed his lips to her tightly cropped pubic area. It was her little act of defiance, keeping a runway strip of short hair. He would have preferred it bald, his slaves not getting any choice.

Snaking out his tongue, he dragged it up her inner left labia, using the tip to tickle her clitoris. He lapped along the right flap before probing into the

interior. She was wet already, her juice quickly soaking his taste buds.

“Oooh, yeees,” she moaned, momentarily gripping his head and pressing her crotch harder to his face. “But for God’s sake, Rex, fuck me. I’ve been thinking about having that poker of yours in my cunt all day.”

Dragging his tongue up her body, he rose slowly. When his lips were adjacent to her breasts his hands took hold of a grapefruit-sized orb apiece. Going to work on them, in turn, he proceeded to suck and grind the nipples between his teeth until he doubted they could get any harder. He continued lapping his tongue over first one then the other mammary, ending his treatment by inflicting a love bite to each.

“Ouch!” she yelped, each time.

“Just like to mark my territory,” he advised, pulling an evil grin.

“Bastard, you know I’m yours. Now, fuck me!” Lifting her left leg, she laid it along the top of the back of the chesterfield.

“If you insist,” he teased. Sliding his right arm under her other thigh, hand gripping her buttock, he pressed closer, her hands guiding his penis to her waiting slit. With one forceful thrust, he drove into her until his cock-head pressed against entrance to her cervical canal.

“Oh yeah, fuck me!” she yelled, shaking her strawberry-blond hair away from her face. Her left leg locked behind his back. Looping her arms around his neck, she pulled his face to hers, they proceeding to passionately kiss.

To his mind, she was still as horny as she had ever been. In no rush however, he simply intended to give her something to remember. And, to maximise his pleasure, he commenced to languorously push his penis back and forth. Not letting up on this action for some time ensured he was sweating like a fat man running a marathon. Realising that his culmination was approaching, he decided it was time to build to his crescendo. Snorting air through his nostrils, he thrust his pelvis to and fro with increasing speed.

Abby glinted with perspiration, droplets forming and coursing down her face,

drips falling from the end of her nose. She certainly knew how to control her vaginal muscles, flexing them, massaging his cock. Prising her jaw from his, she rasped air into her lungs, yelling guttural words, “Yeah! Yeah! Fuck me! Fuck me, you bastard! Fuck me harder! Harder!”

Of course, no one ever dictated to him, he doing as he pleased but her vocals always excited him, this no exception. He was content to continue what he was doing, building to his climax, knowing he was also driving her to an explosive orgasm. “Ergh! Ergh! Ergh!” he snarled, shaking his head to flit away sweat so that it did not get into his eyes.

“Ye-ye-ye-yeeeeah! Come on! Come on! Fucking shaft my cunt raw, you bastard! Harder! Harder! HARDER!” Her nails were racking up and down his back. “A-a-a-ah! A-a-a-ah! Aaaaaaaaahhh!”

He felt her body tremble with a powerful climax, her womb clearly going into violent spasm.

“Ergh! Ergh! Ergh!” he thrust with all his force, hammering his cock into her before a wave of wanton bliss careered through him. He jetted a stream of cum into her womb, and gave full vent to his achievement, “Eeerrrggghhh!”

“Aaaaaaaaahhh! AAAAAAAAAAHHH!” she screeched, as a second orgasm convulsed her body, her cunt’s contractions milking him of every drop of cream that it could.

Panting, still coupled, they hugged each other tightly, staying in this blissful position for many minutes. Stretching out his tongue, he lapped perspiration from her right cheek and the side of her neck, she lowering her head to press delicate kisses to his left shoulder.

Deciding to go down on her, he went onto his knees, his semi-flaccid penis slithering out of her vagina, there something of a plopping sound as it finally extracted. Pressing his mouth to her slit, he commenced licking and sucking, retrieving some of the seed he had so recently planted.

Her fingers ruffled his hair, she crushing her crotch against his face, moaning, “Oooh yeeeeah, Rex, that’s iiiit, eat meee out.”

He expected women to voice their appreciation of his efforts. Abby always did, so too Claudia, that one of the reasons why that slave got better treatment than the others.

“A-a-a-ah, a-a-a-ah,” Abby mewled, her hands clasping his head tightly, her pubic bone grinding ever harder against his face. Her tone changed, he certain another climax was soon to erupt inside her. “A-a-a-ah! A-a-a-ah! Aaaaaaaahhh!”

Her personal secretion oozed between her inner labia, coating his tongue and partially filling his mouth. He sucked up every drop before slithering his way up her body until he was able to lock lips with her, French kissing as if there was no tomorrow.

Eventually, he felt her hand thumping his back, her mouth managing to break free of his. “I don’t like doing this as I’d rather spend my holiday here fucking with you but I’ve got to go,” she said, breathlessly, showing him the small gold wristwatch on her left arm.

“Aren’t you going to shower first?” he asked, wondering if he was going to get another fuck before she went.

“No way!” she forcefully said before smirking. “If I did, you’d have me up against the tiles for another half-hour or more. Sorry, honey, but it’ll be far quicker for me to go home, have a shower and change.”

“Abandoned and left all on my own by the woman I love. Hmm, typical,” he said, trying to put on a self-pitying display.

“Prrr!” She blew a raspberry. “You don’t love any woman, including me. The only thing you love is that bloody ten-inch cock of yours.”

She was correct, of course. He had strong feelings for her, obviously. He admired her more than any other woman. But as to whether he loved her, he had to confess that was probably too strong a description of how he felt. Women after all existed merely to provide him with primeval pleasure. Her principal asset, and her good fortune, was that she willingly assisted him in acquiring, keeping and disposing of his slaves.

“Well, if that’s your attitude, you’d best run along and go off with your family and enjoy yourself,” he said, before being unable to restrain himself from chortling.

“There, there, my love,” she replied, teasingly brushing her lips against his left cheek. “Get out of my way and I’ll get dressed.”

Plonking his bum onto the top of the chesterfield’s back, he watched as she slipped into her clothes. “Hmm, you know you’re in pretty good shape for a woman of your age,” he said, appreciatively.

“Have to be. Its three days of the week at the gym for me otherwise you’d bloody well look at replacing me.”

“Finding a replacement for you would be impossible.”

“Good. I’m glad to hear that,” she said, buttoning up her blouse. “But, we both know that if your little dream comes true I’m going to have a junior rival. So, honey, don’t do anything whilst I’m gone.” She plonked a quick kiss to his lips. Looking at her watch, she continued, “Got to go, otherwise we’ll miss the ferry. See you in two weeks.”

She spun on her heels and walked towards the door, his eyes appreciating the sway of her hips. “I’ll try to behave, but you know me, I have these little urges.”

Reaching the front door, she swivelled her head. “Little urges? Hah! Pigs might fly! More like gigantic cravings!” She winked and blew him a kiss before turning the handle and going on her way.

* * *

There was a fire in her crotch area, a delicious warm glow percolating from her vagina, as Abby steered her car down the driveway, the view of Lychlee Grange receding in the rear-view mirror.

She speculated as to whether everything would be the same when she returned. It might only be fourteen days but knowing Rex anything could happen. Having known him for more than sixteen years she reckoned she could tell the signs. He was getting restless, getting bored with the slaves he had. She just hoped he did not dispose of any of them whilst she was in France. It may not be most people's cup of tea but she revelled in being cruel, somewhat indifferent to a slave's suffering.

The gravel drive merged onto the farm track, she proceeding along it until reaching the road. Stopping, she looked both ways before turning right, heading towards her home in Stagland village.

Rex had selected her to be his brother's wife. To be fair, at the time, she had preferred Dick, he more romantic but after Rex had fucked her several times she had developed an attraction for him. For a start, Rex was two inches longer where it mattered most, she having become a sex-hungry bitch. In truth, there was nothing wrong with Dick, he was a good father to all three of her children, and he was not bad in bed by a long way. In fact, he was getting better with the increasing practice, but he was a follower, not a leader. Perverse though it may be, she adored Rex because he was such an absolute bastard, even to some considerable degree to her.

He had wanted someone who had access to medical facilities so that new slaves could be tested for AIDS, HIV and other such diseases. With Rex' lifestyle, he was keen to stay healthy. It had been a bonus to him, and to her, that she had discovered a latent desire to inflict pain. And because of that, she reckoned the last sixteen years had been enormously gratifying.

She knew what his hopes for the future were. Part of her wanted them to fail so as to ensure her role did not suffer but part of her knew that if that proved the case he would be unbearable, he might even turn on her.

"Please, God, make certain I'm always part of Rex' perverted world as his chosen helper," she heard herself say out loud. Strange that, praying to a God I don't believe in, she thought.

Shrugging her shoulders, she pulled into her drive beside the *Espace*. The up-and-over door was already open, enabling her to put the car away. That

would be Dick for you, she realised, always thoughtful.

Stepping over her threshold, hoping Dick heard her, she yelled, “Hi, honey, I’m home! I hope you lot have got everything packed!” When all said and done she was the bitch mistress of the house. “Oh, and I’ve just had the most fantastic fuck so I’m glowing inside! I’ll just take a shower and then I’ll be ready to go!”

“Glad to hear it! At least that means we won’t have you griping for an hour or two! But I do hope you intend to put some clothes back on after the shower as well ’cos it’d be so sort of embarrassing otherwise!” the cheeky imp of an eldest daughter called back, she standing at the top of the stairs leaning over the banister, smirking.

Isobel is getting a little too smart for her own good, Abby reckoned. If the girl wasn’t careful she would have to feel the cane again.

Chapter 3

Rex went to bed by himself that night and, as always, slept soundly dreaming about the pleasures that sex and cruelty brought him.

Next morning he woke before eight, feeling refreshed and raring to face the new day although, of course, he rather resented the fact that his chief collaborator had gone away. He did not like being inconvenienced, did not like the thoughts of being without Abby’s body to enjoy. The only consolations were: that he would take out his frustration on his slaves; and, if all went as he hoped something good would happen shortly.

He breakfasted first before taking the four slaves some porridge plus bacon and scrambled eggs. It was essential to feed them well and give them assorted vitamin pills, in order to keep them in good health. A healthy slave was so much better fun than one that was sickly and ill.

Routine was to him boring but he realised it was a necessary evil needed to

maintain the good order of his slaves and the running of his household. Therefore there was no real alternative. Once they had finished, he took the dirty crockery back to the kitchen before returning to the cellar. Saturday being cleaning day, he fitted ball gags to each slave to stop them conversing with each other. He set the two older slaves to cleaning out the four occupied cells whilst Claudia and Becky were detailed to clean the torture chamber and its equipment.

Leaving them to their labours, he went to his study. Switching on the TV screen, he tuned in to the video camera channel so that he could keep an eye on them. He did not anticipate any problems, that something he had beaten out of them nearly two years back.

Having received a rush order from a client, he was keen to start the commission. He checked the email again, making certain he understood the requirements. Going to the shelving where he stored his selection of paper he took a 2AO size sheet of art paper and spread it onto his architect's drafting table. Once satisfied it was smooth and secure he picked up his pencil and started sketching out the design.

By mid-morning coffee time he noted that the four slaves had finished their labours, they obediently on their knees in the corridor outside their cells, backs facing the grille. Going down into the cellar, carrying a long riding crop this time, he instructed, "Lie flat on your stomachs, slaves, and put your hands behind you backs!"

Opening the grille and stepping in, he went to each slave in turn and linked the rings on their steel cuffs together so their hands were secured. Then he felt inside their vaginas and anuses before removing their gags and looking into their mouths. They might be obedient slaves but he was never lax, they may well have hidden something inside their bodies.

After checking that everything was as it should be he opened the grille and the storeroom door. Unclipping Claudia's hands, he said, "Right, slave, you put all the cleaning stuff away."

"Yes, Master," she replied, gathering up all the mops and brushes.

“Thwack!” As a pure piece of devilment, he lashed the crop hard against her backside. “Move your fucking self, you lazy slut!” he shouted, his cock going hard, it poking the front of his tracksuit bottoms outwards.

“Yeouch! Y-yes, Master! Sorry!” Claudia skittered on her way, quickly returning to make another trip, taking the buckets and the dusters.

Bed linen was normally changed on Mondays, he not liking washing being done on a weekend but that would not be the case today. “Go and strip all four beds.”

He noted a questioning look flash onto her face. Not giving her a chance to comply, he slashed the crop against her left breast, causing it to bounce, creating a pleasing thin red streak. *“Thwack!”*

“Yeouch! Y-yes, M-Master,” she yelped, scampering away, soon stacking the dirty bedding outside the grille on the spot he indicated with the tip of his riding crop.

“Up you three and bend over,” he said to the other slaves. “It’s only fair you all get the same treatment.”

“Thwack!” – “Thwack!” – “Thwack!” He put a stripe onto each posterior, all three of the recipients wailing a reply.

“Turn round!” he commanded, waiting until they had obeyed before whacking the crop against the three left breasts. *“Thwack!” – “Thwack!” – “Thwack!”*

“Ouch!” each yelped, after their respective blow was delivered.

“Your mistress is away for a few weeks so you can expect some harsh treatment as I’ll have to compensate for missing her,” he advised, in solemn tones.

“Yes, Master, I live to serve you,” all four called out in unison.

Undoing the three still-fastened sets of wrists, he said, “Right, all of you go and get your personal things and then follow me over to the new cells.”

Clutching their scant items, consisting of brush and comb, makeup, and a few sexy pieces of clothing, they were soon standing in the new short corridor, he allocating them a cell. "These will be your new homes. Make your beds. Tidy your things away and take a shower. I shall bring your lunches down in one hour."

* * *

Claudia had known something had been going on for months and months, aware that the master and Sir Dick, as his brother was addressed, had been undertaking building work. She had seen the new security grille but as the corridor had never been lit she had never been able to take a really good look. Her thoughts were always that it was going to be extra cells but until today that suspicion had not been confirmed.

What amazed her was that firstly she and, she presumed, her fellow captives had not been involved in cleaning them, and secondly, that her new cell was better than her previous one. The room was slightly larger, she pacing it out. The new bed was bigger than her old one, so was the shower cubicle although, as she was to find out, the regulator still only allowed the water to flow for the same short length of time. The fitted, six-drawer, dressing table had plenty of space for her few things and the entire wall it abutted to was covered in mirror tiles made of some sort of soft plastic.

"Thank you, Master," she said, prior to the door closing, she attempting to ingratiate herself further. Her left breast throbbed a little where he had struck it but that seemed a small price to pay for her improved circumstances.

Anyway, she knew that sadly his vicious little action might only be the start. Experience had taught her what to expect when the mistress was away, the master would soon be in a foul mood.

* * *

Veronica busied herself making her bed, resentful at having throbbing streaks on her flesh. The room however provided some compensation, it better than her previous cell. But it could not hide the fact that it was still a prison.

Hope had faded somewhat but she still prayed that somehow she would escape. She never confided her plans to anyone for fear her words would be picked up on the surveillance cameras or that she would be betrayed to the master. Not even her daughter could be trusted; Veronica convinced Claudia would do anything to ingratiate herself with that fiend.

* * *

Standing admiring her reflection in the wall of mirrors, Becky was absolutely delighted at her new room. Compared to the training cell she had had to occupy since her incarceration it was positively spacious. She now had a proper bed and a dressing table too. As for having a shower, that was going to be bliss. Previously, she had had to wait until the master allowed her to use the one in Claudia's cell.

Spinning around, she said out loud so the CCTV could hear, "This is great. I'm so pleased to be in here."

* * *

Ann was glad at the prospects of having a proper bed and her own shower, she previously having to make use of the one in Veronica's cell whenever that bastard Rex had allowed her. Although pleased at the improvements she was obviously not grateful, she should not be a prisoner in the first place.

She simply knew that one day soon she would be free of this torment, and that the fiend would pay the price for his perversions. After all, good always triumphed over evil in the end.

Gently rubbing her hands over her left breast and her pained buttock, she felt

the little fiery ridges that his riding crop had created. Given a chance, she would like to give him some of his own medicine.

“You wait, you bastard, you’ll get your comeuppance!” she snarled, glaring up at the little video camera that was located close to the ceiling above the door into her cell. She hoped he heard her, hoped he understood how she detested him.

Chapter 4

Rex was back at his drafting table after lunch, pencilling in some of the detail, he impatiently glancing at the clock every few minutes. Clare Freeman was late, she normally here just after one o'clock to mow the grass and it was now nearly 2.00 p.m. She had taken over that paid Saturday job two years ago when her sister had gone off to university but she had neither been particularly punctual nor as fastidious about the end result. He however kept her on for the compensation of being able to flirt with her and because of what he hoped would happen today.

When she had been sixteen she had been quite gorgeous, two years later, she had blossomed into a stunning example of womankind, more desirable than her sister and even his slave Claudia.

The warming bell over the front door rang out, he guessing it must be her taking the short cut across the field from her home. "At last," he muttered, getting to his feet.

Cautiously, trying not to be too obvious, he watched through the window as she sauntered into view and across the gravel apron that occupied the area in front of the house. The house, the garages and the old stable block formed three sides of a square, the gravelled yard therefore being nearly enclosed.

It was August and the weather had been hot and sunny for thirteen unbroken days. Today was no exception. He could hear the sound of tractors and combines lazily drifting through the near-still air, farmers in the locality patently busy harvesting their ripened crops. And he expected to reap his own particular ripe peach very soon.

Her long mane of auburn hair, it a golden-brown with a hint of russet-red, bounced up and down, it tied back in a ponytail. He thought she was appropriately dressed for hot weather. She was wearing an old checked shirt,

the top two buttons unfastened, the sleeves having been ripped off. Her breasts clearly jiggled up and down with her every step, he assuming she was braless, as she frequently was – another reason he liked employing her. The flaps were tucked inside the waistband of what he took to be a pair of tight red jeans that had the legs chopped off to form tiny cropped shorts. There was a pair of old trainers on her feet and her wide-strap wristwatch was on her lower right arm, its two-inch dial flashing in the sunlight.

His cock went as stiff as a poker inside his tracksuit bottoms. He savoured the sight of her long shapely legs sashaying up to the front doorstep. No doubt she did that deliberately, he reckoned, probably having seen him near to the window. She was never reticent to flaunt her sexuality. Her reputation in the locality was already that of an immoral Lolita – the village bike, ridden by just about anyone she took a fancy to.

Collecting the key from the drawer of the small table situated in the vestibule, he opened the front door and smiled, taking in the desirable sight. “You’re rather late,” he commented, in jocular fashion, looking down at her wraparound-sunglasses that protected eyes.

“Sure am, Mister G. I was out till the early hours so simply couldn’t get up this morning,” Clare responded, giving an unconcerned type of shrug.

Wednesday had been her eighteenth birthday, so he could well imagine the week had been one long series of parties – she certainly into enjoying herself. “Celebrating coming of age no doubt,” he commented, rather than queried.

“What do you think,” she replied, her normally pouting lips pulling a grin. “Do you want me to cut the grass?”

She gave him a questioning look, as if expecting him to say not to bother. But he would play her like a salmon on a fishing line, and reel her in when it suited him. “Sure do,” he said, dropping the keys into an outstretched, driving-glove-covered, hand. “It’s a hot day so I’ll bring you a cool drink in about half an hour.”

“Oh ... right. Sure.” Frowning, she turned on her heels, heading towards the stable where the garden tractor was stored. Her gorgeously rounded buttocks

moved exaggeratedly, he simply knowing she was doing that deliberately.

Watching as the little red tractor made its way across the gravel to the front lawns, he said to himself, "Making her work should've riled her sufficiently to get her a little hot and bothered."

Smiling to himself, he closed the door and returned to his study. He spent thirty minutes pencilling in more detail on his picture. When he heard the tractor cutting grass at the other side of the house he decided it was time to take her refreshments.

Going into the kitchen, he emptied a tray of ice cubes into the large clear-plastic pitcher, poured in a good measure of lime cordial and half a bottle of vodka, before topping it up with some water. Picking up a couple of plastic highball glasses, he went out through the back door. He strolled through the rear garden and through the archway of the high beech hedge into the orchard.

Clare was driving as if on some grass racetrack, zipping around and in between the fruit trees. She had adjusted her attire. The shirt was no longer tucked into her hot pants, it tied in a bow across her breasts, the lower portion of her domes oozing below the material. Her midriff looked flat and smooth, sunlight seeming to glint on something in her navel.

Once finished cutting, she backed the machine up to one of the compost heaps and pulled the lever on the collector, emptying yet another load of clippings. Driving the tractor forward, bringing it to within three feet of where he was standing, she killed the engine. In one fluid motion, she lifted her right leg high into the air and swung it above the steering wheel, swivelling in the seat and stepping down to stand with her bum pressed against the machine. Smiling, she pulled the poppers on her thin-leather gloves and eased them from her hands, revealing that her fingers sported fancy false nails painted in a black and red striped effect. Placing the gloves over the steering wheel, she pushed her sunglasses up onto the top of her head, revealing her blue eyes. Much to his amazement they seemed to twinkle remarkably for one who had been doing a lot of partying.

"You don't seem too worse for wear," he commented, handing her the

drinking glasses to hold, he proceeding to fill them nearly to the brim with the green-tinged liquid.

“Well, I’m fit and young,” she said, breathing deeply, proudly swelling her impressive chest. She carried on speaking in a breezy fashion. “But to be fair, I never got to party as hard as I wanted. You know my fucking dad is paranoid about letting me out at night.” – Rex did know. Tom Freeman had been reluctant about allowing Clare out of his sight after both his eldest daughter and wife had gone missing two years back. – “Me and eleven friends did have a party on the big night and we had a bit of a group session, ya know, a bonk-fest. Thursday, we girls went to Silvio’s Nightclub in town on our own. Got rat-arsed and I shagged the DJ whilst he played the four songs I asked him to. Then last night I went out with Gary Greville. You know who I mean. I’ve been out with him off and on for the last two years. He’s always begging to make us an item. But hell, there are so many men out there and so little time for me to get to shag ’em as it is. Anyway, I gave in to his pleading on condition he spoilt me. Well, his father’s fucking rich so can afford it. He took me to that French restaurant, Noir Noir, it town. It was good. The stupid jerk gave me all of these.” – She indicated a ring on her right third finger, earrings and the navel jewel, all in the same design of a round pink gemstone of some sort surrounded by tiny seed pearls. – “Obviously, he wanted to knob me. Have you ever tried to shag in one of them Beemer Z4s. In the end, I had to spread on the bonnet and let him have his wicked way. He’s not bad actually, but not that good that he’ll ever get exclusive rights.”

Rex felt slightly jealous, there seeming to be no end of casual sexual encounters for teenagers today. He took a swig of his drink before saying, “Well, it sounds as if you had a good time. Drink up.”

Taking a deep slurp from her glass, smacking her lips, Clare proceeded to say, “Hmm, this is stronger than usual. Are you trying to get me drunk, Mister G?” She gulped more down.

He always gave her alcohol-laced beverages, it a way of building the bond between them. “Do I have to?” He swallowed most of his drink.

“Nah! You’ve known I’ve been waiting for you to fuck me for two years

now. Ever since I saw the outline of your todger in your wet trousers that day we were looking for my mother in the pouring rain. I'm just hoping it's as big as I imagine it to be." She appeared to take an overly large slug of her drink, too much for her mouth to hold. A quantity of the liquid oozed out, dribbling down her chin, dripping into the chasm of her cleavage. Swallowing, she said, "Oh fuck, that's too good to waste. It needs someone to lick it up."

Placing the pitcher onto the tractor's bonnet, putting his glass beside it, he used his now-free hands to part her shirt. Easing it right off her shoulders, he let it fall onto the grass collector, he hearing a thump, her mobile phone obviously in the breast pocket. Bobbing his head, he drew his tongue up the gap between her luscious breasts, tasting the vodka and lime. Fingers outstretched, his hands each spanned a succulent, grapefruit-sized, mammary, he gently massaging them. Moving his head, he sucked each of her large nipples in turn, causing them both to harden into rubbery nubs.

"Aaah," she moaned softly. Putting her glass to her lips, she proceeded to gulp down the rest of her drink, before placing it next to his on the tractor's bonnet.

Working his palms down her smooth belly, he used one set of fingers to unfasten her shorts. His other hand eased under the red denim, he slithering it over her bald pubic mound. "Hmm, very nice," he whispered, liking the feel of the firm, plump, depilated young flesh.

"Oooh yeeeah, you dirty old man," she cooed, thrusting her crotch forward, evidently keen on receiving further attention. She wiggled her hips, helping him as he used the one hand to prise her shorts to a position where gravity took them to her feet.

Pulling the scrunchie from her hair, she shook her head, freeing her long tresses to cascade around her head. Opened mouth, she came onto his, kissing passionately, forcing her wet tongue deep into his interior. Her fingers pulled the zipper of his tracksuit top right down before pushing it from his shoulders. He wriggled his upper torso, moving his hands from her body until the garment slipped off his arms. She meantime yanked down the bottoms, her warm fingers instantly feeling his genitals, firmly squeezing his already-hard penis.

Pulling her face away from his, she leaned back and looked down. “Fuck me, it’s certainly as big as I hoped. In fact, it’s bigger,” she sexily oozed, sounding appreciative.

Placing his left hand against her labia, he pushed two fingers between them, discovering that she was already seeping juice. “You’re a horny cunt, aren’t you,” he stated.

“Yeah. So what’re you waiting for?”

Her deft fingers had already rolled his foreskin back and they guided his prick up to her opening, he doing the necessary thrusting to push the head between her flaps. He flexed his hips, partially withdrawing the purple crown before ramming it back in, his length sliding deep up her lubricated tube.

Placing his hands on her arse, he gripped each cheek tightly. She responded by wrapping her arms about him, digging her artificial talons into his shoulder blades. Mutually, both pressed their mouths together, each fervently kissing the other. He felt her left thigh rub against his right leg, before she locked the calf against his lumber region. Slowly, deliberately, he pumped up and down in her, the effort starting to increase the sweat on his sun-heated body. Her vaginal muscles tightened. Stifled grunts rumbled in her throat. Perspiration oozed from the pores of her already, work-induced, clammy skin.

Clare broke off kissing. Panting, she said, “Aaah ... ooow ... I love ... your fucking big cock. Aaah ... by the way ... there’s a middle-aged couple ... up on the hill ... I reckon ... they’re watching us with binoculars.”

“Do you know them?” he asked, unperturbed.

“Nah!” she responded.

The eastern hawthorn hedge of the orchard abutted the base of Lychlee Hill that then rose some six hundred feet at a seventy degree angle. A few sheep tracks criss-crossed the precipitous western grass and bracken-covered flank but few people used them, most sticking to the ridge path or those on the less-steep other side. “Is it a problem to you at being watched?” he asked, vaguely

wondering if she wanted to be more discrete.

“Fuck no! I quite like an audience.” She waved two sets of V-fingers at them in a sign of saying “fuck off” before puckishly planting a kiss onto the palm of her right hand and blowing it towards them. “That’s embarrassed ’em. They’re scurrying off.”

Yelling at the top of her voices, she went on, “Fucking perverts! That’s it, piss off!” She broke into a raucous, dirty-sounding, peel of laughter.

Returning her attention to the action, she scraped her nails over his back and bum whilst encouraging, “Aaah yeeeah, fuck me, fuck me! Ooow, yeeeah, yeeeah! That’s it! Fuck me!”

Happy to oblige, he thrust harder and faster soon sensing he was rapidly approaching the point of no return. “Ergh! Ergh! Ergh!” he grunted, contorting his face.

“Aaah! Aaah! Aaah! AAAH! AAAH! AAAAAAAAAAHHH!” she screeched, her body rocked with spasms.

He felt a hot spray of her sexual fluid in her vagina, a considerable quantity venting out through her opening and soaking the base of his cock and wetting his balls. “Ergh! Ergh! Ergh! EEERRRGGGHHH!” he snorted, elated to be ejaculating a huge wad of his cum into yet another new pussy.

* * *

Clare relaxed a little, leaning backward, recalling how she had been waiting impatiently for the past two years for Mister Greenstreet to shag her, he making endless excuses as to why he would wait until her eighteenth birthday.

Why he had waited, she had no idea. After all, she lost her virginity five years before.

But she had to admit it – it had certainly been well worth the delay. He was most definitely a man, the rest of her fucks merely boys by comparison. She had missed out on shagging with him for a couple of years, so it was now time for him to make it up to her.

His penis was as big as she had imagined and she simply adored the way it filled her vagina – size certainly did matter. Her insides were still rippling from the sensations it had given her. When he had ejaculated it had felt as if he was squirting out a full half-pint of hot lava. Now, quantities of her copious juice and his plentiful cum were dripping from between her pussy lips and seeping down the inside of her right thigh. It felt wickedly delicious.

“That was so fucking good. You certainly know how to use that giant todger of yours,” she said, enthusiastically, delighted to have experienced such a truly powerful orgasm. “I wouldn’t mind more sessions like that.”

“I’m certain it can be arranged,” Mister Greenstreet replied, in what she took for a rather self-satisfied smarmy manner.

“I bet.” She reckoned she knew a little bit more about him than he might realise.

“Do you want to have another fuck here or go inside and try out my bed? Or, of course, would you prefer to go home?”

He was obviously jesting about the latter, she certain of that. The pair of them had regularly discussed her sex life and she knew he was well aware of her near-unquenchable urges. Both of them understood her reputation was that of being the village slut, a so-called nympho-whore, and she simply revelled in it. “Need you ask?”

Bending, she picked up her shorts and plonked them on the tractor’s seat. Taking the plastic pitcher and the two glasses from the bonnet, she handed them to him. Stepping up, she sat down on top of her cut-offs and started the motor. Reaching behind, she retrieved her top and placed it in her lap, saying, “Race you back to the house.”

Chapter 5

Picking up his clothes, Rex strode towards the kitchen, Clare racing the garden tractor to the stable. He plonked the pitcher and glasses onto the draining board and walked to the front door, tossing his clothes onto the bottom of the staircase as he passed. By the time he opened the door she had put the machine away and was standing on the doorstep, flaunting her shapely, five-foot nine-inch, naked body.

He let her close the door behind her, and led the way to his study, allowing her to see his latest draft. "What do you think?" he asked.

"Mmm, looks like it's going to be real nasty. It's starting to make me horny anyway," Clare replied, pressing her vulva up against the upright edge of one of the drafting table legs and blatantly rubbing it up and down.

She certainly is a wonderfully wanton creature, he thought, admiringly, certain she would indeed fulfil his fantasy. "Come on, let's go upstairs and fuck," he said, turning to lead the way.

Arriving in his bedroom, he watched her chuck her items of clothing onto the far side of his large bed whilst levering her trainers from her feet. And, without a word, she sank to her knees and greedily sucked on his penis, making it truly iron-hard.

"Mmm, that looks great," she said, slithering her breasts against his body as she rose to her feet. "You goin' ta fuck me standing up or am I to test the springs out at last?"

"Get comfy, Clare, and lie on your side so I can fuck you in the arse." He pulled open the bedside table drawer and lifted out a tube of water-based lubrication.

Instantly, she bounced her bum onto the bed and complied with his instructions by sprawling onto her side. “Yippee! But remember, Mister G, I just loves it long and slow in my bum as it takes an age for me to orgasm with anything in there.”

Clambering onto the bed, he planted his knees each side of her right thigh, she having lifted her other leg almost vertically. Squeezing a glob of lube onto his swollen purple head, he used a thumb and forefinger to smear it all over. Putting a generous line onto two of his crooked left fingers, he forced them into her anal opening and worked them around the sphincter.

“That feels good, Mister G,” she crooned. “Hell, I can’t keep calling you Mister G, can I? So please, lover, get that big cock of yours in my arse.”

Chuckling the tube to one side, he wrapped his right arm tightly around her upward-pointing thigh. Using his lube-covered fingers, he positioned the head of his eager plunger against her slightly-gaping muscular ring. Pressing hard, he eased the bulb into her anus.

“Oooh yeeeeah, that’s it. Get it right up my arse,” she encouraged.

Reaching out with his left hand, he grabbed her uppermost breast. Levering his hips forward, he was thrilled at the feel of his hard muscle forcing its way deep into her rear passage. “That’s good,” he said, commencing to slowly move his hips back and forth.

Their skins were soon taking on a moistened glow, it then that a tinny tune came from her discarded top. “Who the fuck?” she snapped, casually reaching behind herself to pulled the garment close and retrieve her pink mobile. “Yeah, what da ya want, Gary?” she asked, an annoyed edge to her voice.

There was a short pause as the caller evidently said something.

“Nah, not tonight as I’m busy.” She bit on her lower lip clearly trying to stifle a cry of pleasure before screwing her face, showing a sign of annoyance. “If you must know, Gary, I’m currently having my arse pumped by a hunky bloke with a huge todger that’s so much bigger than yours. It’s literally

fucking gorgeous. And, I've a feeling we'll be at it for the rest of the day."

Rex could not make out the words but he could hear the noise yelling out of the phone, Clare holding it away from her ear as she pulled a snigger. "Oh yes, that's it, lover, pump that giant cock of yours up and down my arse just like that," she brazenly said, in his direction, pulling an impish grin before returning the mouthpiece to her lips. In a hard authoritative tone, she went on, "Piss off, Gary. I shag who I like ... more fool you if you thought a couple of grand's worth of cheap jewellery was going to give you any fuck rights with me. So, sod off, let me get back to enjoying my anal-shag."

Contemptuously, she flicked the instrument closed and tossed it back onto the bed. "A little lovers' tiff," Rex sarcastically stated, deciding that he had been right all along. She really was a bitch. In the past he had wondered if what she told him was all actually genuine. But now, he had heard her in action and was convinced she was all he had hoped she would turn out to be.

Throughout the conversation he had not stopped, slowly pumping his piston.

"Oooh, God, this is getting so nice. You really do know how to pace yourself. Most blokes would have emptied their load by now." She reached a hand to her clitoris and started rubbing and pinching it. "Yeah, a bit of a tiff but who gives a fuck, I simply want fuck-buddies not some asshole who thinks he owns me."

"Very commendable," he said. Whatever happened, one way or another she was going to be part of his life now, he was certain of that.

"You don't mind if I stay all night do you as I want lots of hard shagging?" She reached for her mobile as he voiced his agreement. Flicking it open, she pressed a couple of keys and, after a short pause, began speaking. "Hi, Daddy. I'm ringing to tell you that I'm going on a date with Gary Greville straight from Mister Greenstreet's. I'll be sleeping at his parents' place ... nah, it's all right, they've heaps of rooms. Don't fuss, I'll be okay. See you in the morning." Pulling a contemptuous look, she closed the phone and dropped it onto the bed behind her. "Jesus, he fucking gets on my tits! He's always trying to stop me enjoying myself!"

Clare had confided to Rex many times about how her father irritated her, he always clingy, wanting to keep her close and wrapped in cotton wool. "How's he ever going to cope when you go away to uni?" he asked, not truly interested.

"Who gives a shit?"

"You're all heart, Clare Freeman," he responded, putting plenty of irony in his tone.

"Aaah, aaah, that's it ... my arse is tingling ... don't stop," Clare softly moaned, she proceeding to insert a couple of her fingers between her inner labia.

"Ergh! Ergh!" he grunted, keeping up a rhythm.

A look of exquisite pain swept her face. Panting, she uttered "Aaah ... Aaah ... Aaah! That's ... so ... so good! But ... please ... take ... your time!"

He slowed, gripping the base of his shaft to retard his excitement.

"I'm so grateful you've encouraged me to be as evil as you."

Feigning hurt, he replied, "Me, evil? I don't know what you mean. Clare, you always was a self-centred bitch. All I merely did was to assist you to realise that fact and to give you the encouragement to be yourself."

"Mister G ... lover, I'm certain you're a truly evil person. I don't mind, of course. It's what I want but before you deny it let me explain why I believe it. About four years ago I was playing truant from some boring lessons at school and just happened to see you drive up here to the Grange in that new van with my brother John beside you. The pair of you went inside. My brother was not heard from again and you never said a word although you must have been one of the last to see him. And, a year or so later I was coming home in the early hours around dawn when I'd been out partying. Saw a wisp of smoke coming from the orchard. So, being nosey, I took a sneak look and found a deep pit where one of the apple trees now is and there were smouldering remains at the bottom. Looked like half a skull and a foot. I reckon it was my

brother John. Then two years back my sister gets all smiley so I figures someone in the locality must be humping her real good and that couldn't possibly be that long string of piss, Pete, who she was dating at the time. She then goes missing, quickly followed by my mother. Of course I saw the size of your cock by the impression it made in your wet trousers when we were looking for Mum and so I figured it must've been you humping Becky. And, I figure my mum couldn't have simply wandered off too far, whatever the fucking coppers thought. So, I reckon that your pictures aren't just created using your imagination but that you've got some real sadistic experience. But, I'm not certain whether you've killed Becky and Mum yet as there'd been no new holes in the orchard."

"Erm," he softly uttered, brain swiftly pondering this turn of events. However, in order to mask his concerns, he resumed his slow pumping action having fleetingly paused.

"I've put my suspicions down on paper to be opened if something happens to me. So, even the shithead cops might then be able to put two and two together."

Clever slut, he thought. She did not appear to be threatening him but in any case it was not in his nature to panic. Anyway, he reckoned he could handle even the most smart-arsed of women if he had to. After all, he had been making use and abusing a good number of them for more than twenty-five years. "Huh!" he snorted, wiping a palm over his sweating brow, it dripping due to his exertions, not fear.

The whole of her luscious body glinted with perspiration. Her face gleamed with evident delight. "Aaah, aaah, aaah. Oh, don't worry, lover, I'm not going to tell anyone. It's certainly not to my advantage to drop you in it."

The proof of the pudding, he thought, but she certainly talked the talk he had wanted to hear. "Ergh!" He thrust in as deep as he could. He was not going to be able to hold back much longer. He started to grunt and pump furiously. "Ergh!"

"A-a-a-ah! AH! AH! Y-y-yeah! YEAH! YEAH! Oh yes! YES! YES! Fuck Me! FUCK ME! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!"

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!” Her whole body convulsed, head thrashing about. Her anus clenched about his penis, milking it.

“EEERRRRGGGHHH!” he roared, a wonderful feeling of release sweeping him as he spurted what felt like the most copious amount of cum he had delivered in a long time.

Both breathed deeply, they remaining locked together for some minutes before he eased his semi-rigid length from her passageway. Getting to his feet, he stood on the bed and hauled her hips into the air, causing her weight to rest on her right shoulder and neck. Lowering his face, he pushed his tongue to the large round O that was formed by the sphincter muscle. Forcing his tongue deep into the gaping hole, he lapped and wriggled it around. A tang of shit, anal ooze and his own cum hit his taste buds. As he had expected, he soon felt her body quivering again.

“O-o-oh, o-o-oh, y-y-yeah! Ow! Ow! Y-y-yeah! A-a-aaah! A-a-aaah! Y-y-yeah! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!” she squealed, climaxing, her anus spouting more fluid against his tongue, he also feeling a jet of her warm vaginal juice spraying onto his chin and neck.

Casually, he let go of her, her hips and legs dropping back to the surface of the bed. “So, what does it feel like having a man for a lover?” he asked, puffing out his chest, finishing his words by pulling a contemptuous sneer.

“Hell, it was fucking awesome. I wish you’d been banging me for the last few years,” she replied. Scrambling to her knees, she wrapped her arms around his hips, pressing her fingernails into the flesh of his bum, eagerly pressing her open mouth to his manhood.

Good, he thought, she not flinching from cleaning his soiled cock, he increasingly satisfied that she would prove to be all he hoped. After several minutes of lavishing attention, she stopped and looked up at him from under her fluttering false eyelashes, a smirk written over her face. There surely was a bond forming between them, he concluded.

Stepping from the bed and going over to the bedside table, he picked up the remote control for the television and pressed the on button. The flat screen on

the wall burst into life. Changing to the video channel, he flicked from one camera to another, saying, “You might recognise my sex slave Becky, and that of course is her mother Ann. The gorgeous raven-haired beauty is Claudia and this last one is Veronica who happens to be her mother.” Turning towards his clearly-fascinated companion, he pulled a broad grin.

* * *

“I fucking knew it!” Clare yelled, excitedly springing from the bed. Instantly, she realised she felt quite lightheaded and that her legs were slightly weak, she sagging a little and bumping up against Rex’ hard body. Obviously, she was suffering some post-coital effect, she reckoned. It was no problem though, she merely wrapping both of her arms about the back of his neck, steadying herself. Unable to resist, she rubbed her wanting pussy against his left thigh, sending tingling into her reproductive area. She slobbered several kisses to his lips and left cheek before saying, “Oh yummy, I just knew it. I’ve had this feeling for ages now that you really were an evil bastard. Are you going to help me to become a dominatrix and a truly rich bitch?”

“If you’re as good as your words then I’m certain we can come to some mutually beneficial arrangements,” he advised, reaching behind her and using his hands to knead what she knew were the very firm cheeks of her arse.

The very touch of him stirred her lust. She certain, Rex was all that she had dreamed he would be, and more beside. His beautiful big cock was already on the rise again too. “As I say, I want you to help me be a nasty vicious dominatrix and to become rich. I don’t care what I’ve got to do to achieve that. I really don’t,” she earnestly advised.

Pulling away from her, he stepped into the en-suite and returned with a big white towel that he was using to wipe his sweaty body. Thrusting it at her, he said, “Here you are, rub yourself down and then open the top drawer of the tallboy. You’ll find a packet with a string of five extra-large love balls. Shove them in your cunt as they’ll keep you on heat.”

“Ha, I don’t need toys to keep me horny,” she playfully retorted, watching

him as he headed toward the big pine wardrobe that was against the opposite wall, she using the towel to mop away her perspiration.

As he did not respond, she went over to the tallboy, removing the blister package and managing to rip it open with the assistance provided by her teeth. The five conjoined black balls felt surprisingly heavy, each of them containing a weight that rolled around inside. She fed the spheres easily into her saturated pussy, her muscles tightening to hold them in. They made her Mound of Venus bulge noticeably, the feeling caused inside pushing her libido up a couple of extra notches.

“Now, trainee mistress, let me help you get into this lot. I had to guesstimate your measurements so I hope everything fits perfectly,” he announced, approaching, carrying several items of red PVC.

“Thirty-six, twenty-five, thirty-five,” she responded, proudly. Puffing out her chest, she continued, “D edging towards double Ds.”

“Very nice,” he said, stooping to plant a soft kiss onto her left breast. “The gear might be slightly small but that’s no bad thing. The tighter the fit makes PVC look and feel like its sprayed on.”

She slipped on the bustier. It was fastened at the front by means of four buckled straps. The quarter cups fitted snugly under her breasts, forcing them upwards. The G-string was a little tight but the triangle pressed firmly against her labia putting additional pressure on the balls inside, giving her yet another little thrill. She loved the feel of the thigh-high boots as she pulled up the zippers, tightening them about her limbs. Coping with the three-inch heels was something she knew she could handle, they making her height even more impressive. The broad collar now around her neck possessed a set of vicious-looking two-inch steel spikes. Elbow-length, fingerless gloves completed her attire, her thumbs hooked through the loops. Rex pulled her hair tight back, fastening it in a ponytail using a thin strap of studded PVC.

Producing a lip-gloss from the tallboy’s top drawer, he volunteered to apply it, he soon coating her lips with a thick coat of the bright-red contents.

Taking the matching riding crop that he handed her, she took it in both hands,

bowing it several times. She admired her image in the full-length mirror, exclaiming, “Fuck me! I’m even more fucking gorgeous-looking than normal!”

There was no point in being modest, she knowing it was indeed true – she was stunning and looked the part of a dominatrix.

“Yes indeed, you are fucking sexy,” he responded. “And, you certainly look like a professional dominatrix. But now, trainee mistress, let me take you downstairs and introduce you to my little collection of slaves.”

Chapter 6

Rex, who was still naked, pushed open the door of the first cell. Stepping inside ahead of Clare, he stood before the kneeling inmate, reaching down and groping both of her breasts. “This is the slave Claudia,” he happily informed.

“Mmm, I have to admit she is good looking,” Clare responded, stepping to a place beside him.

“This, slave, is Lady Clare, another mistress for you to serve.”

He noted the flash on Claudia’s face, as if she was cogitating the information, although she had the presence of mind to rapidly reply, “Yes, Master. I shall do my best to serve her.”

“*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*” Clare lashed her crop against one then the other of the slave’s breasts. “You’ll do fucking more than your best if you want to please me, you stupid useless cunt!”

“Argh!” – “Argh!” the slave squealed. “Yes! Yes, Mistress! I’ll do my utmost!”

Leaning forward, snarling, Clare spat out her words, “Make fucking certain you do! Piss me off and you’ll know what Hell on Earth is truly like!” With that, she spun on her heels and left the cell.

A little surprised at the sudden departure, Rex said, “Mark your new mistress’s words well, slave.” He followed after Clare, pulling the door close behind him.

He found Clare, looking flushed, back pressed to the wall, her left hand rubbing against her crotch. “Is there something wrong?” he asked.

“Hell, I can’t believe I just did that. Hit a girl’s tits with a riding crop,” Clare replied. “I couldn’t stop myself from creaming when I yelled at her so I thought I’d best leave the room.”

“Oh, Clare, Clare, Clare,” he said, in a jovial but condescending manner. Grasping her breasts, he pressed his body against hers and hoarsely whispered close to her left ear, “You’ve got a lot to learn. She’s simply a fucking slave. You can do anything you like in front of her. Fuck, piss, shit, orgasm, literally whatever you want. It’s her duty to put up with you taking your pleasure. Trust me; she’s nothing. She’s a slave who exists to pander to the wanton lusts of her master and his chosen companions. The only thing you must never do in front of a slave is show any sign of weakness.”

“Let me get this straight, I can do whatever I like and they simply put up with it,” she said whilst using her left hand to playfully stroke his rampant cock and fondled his balls.

“Precisely. Remember, unlike your future dominatrix clients, that you’ll have to protect from serious injury, slaves are simply disposable. I ... we ... can kill one anytime we like. Obviously slaves are not that readily replaceable in England these days so we must be frugal in how frequently we torture them to death but given opportunity and guile I’m certain two or three a year can be had. And, what’s more, I’m certain you’ll prove a great help—”

“Erh?” she grunted, interrupting, looking puzzled.

“You’re young and attractive. It’s not only men who fall over themselves to be with a pretty girl. From my observations even young woman like to be pals with a beautiful friend. Therefore, I’m going to put your good looks to use to help me ensnare some more slaves.”

Pulling an impish grin, she replied, “Ah, I get it. That’s the real reason you want me. To be bait so you can grab young sexy girls for your perverted pastime.”

“Yep. You’ve got it. Plus, of course, the fact that you also stir my lustful juices,” he happily confessed. “So, remember what I said, a slave is not a client so they are effectively nothing. They’re expendable. There’s no

retirement home for a slave. Now, let's get on. The next slave is actually Claudia's mother but of course I force them to deny that."

"Mmm, I see you seem to like fucking mothers and daughters."

Nodding in agreement, he said, "It adds spice to my vice." Unlocking the next door, he entered the second cell, the inmate still in the process of getting to her knees. "Slave Veronica, this is Lady Clare, an extra mistress for you to serve."

Instantly, Clare lashed four blows to the slave's breasts. "*Swish!*" – "*Swish!*" – "*Swish!*" – "*Swish!*"

"Argh!" – "Argh!" – "Argh!" – "Argh!" Veronica yelped before whining, "P-please, mistress, what have I done."

"You'll learn to fucking move faster when I'm around and to fear displeasing me, slut!"

"Y-y-yes, mistress!"

Rex looked on, thrilled at seeing the four red streaks rising rapidly to form welts. Without a doubt, he had found a true she-devil, the thought causing his cock to inflate to a near-uncomfortable hardness. "Come, my sweet little bitch, let's go and visit the slave Becky."

"Oh yeah, I can't wait to see that slut again." Clare slobbered her tongue lasciviously against his cheek, her empty fingers curling around his stiffness.

Leaving the second cell, he momentarily used his right hand to maul at her left breast.

They all but fell through the doorway into the third cell, still lewdly groping each other.

"Clare! Don't say that the fiend has taken you prisoner too!" Becky exclaimed, eyes saucer-sized, they patently filled with shock.

"Don't be so fucking stupid! I'm Lady Clare now! Your new mistress! So get

on your fucking knees!” Clare roared, lashing out with the riding crop, kicking her right boot into the slave’s stomach. “*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*” – “*Thud!*”

“Yeouch! Ouch! Urgh!” Becky yelped, sinking to her knees.

“*Splat!*” Rex flailed the back of his right hand against the side of Becky’s face, sending her sprawling. “You impudent slut! How dare you talk about me, your master, in such disrespectful manner!”

Grabbing hold of her hair, he yanked her across the room and shoved her chest down onto the bed, planting his left foot into the middle of her back to hold her down. Snatching the riding crop from Clare’s grip, he proceeded to lash it against the upturned bum and the backs of the thighs with as much force as he could muster. “*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*”

“Yeouch!” – “Yeouch!” – “Yeouch!” – “Ouch!” – “Ouch!” – “Please!” – “Pleeease!” – “Argh!” – “ARGH!” – “PLEEEASE!” – “Yeeeeouch!” – “AAARRRGGGHHH!” Becky squealed.

Elated at the sight of the marks he was creating, he made a mental note to do this sort of thing more often, deciding he had become rather lax at indulging in such satisfying behaviour. “Perhaps you’ll now remember to show me respect!”

“*Splat!*” – “*Splat!*” – “*Splat!*” Clare used the flat of her hand to spank the already reddened bottom.

“Argh!” – “Argh!” – “Argh!” Becky yelped. “Please—”

“Shut it! You’re gonna have to get used to me inflicting loads of pain on you ... slave! I’m going to make you cry every fucking day!” Clare yelled, glowing with a hate-filled flush.

Contented, he concluded Clare was certainly showing the right attitude. “Come on, let’s go and meet the last of my slave quartet. I’m certain you’ll

recognise her too.”

Striding into the fourth cell, the slave, Ann, was on her knees. “Oh my God! Clare, are you all right?” she blurted out.

“*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*” – “*Swish!*” Clare laid two strokes to each of her mother’s breast.

“Argh!” – “Argh!” – “Argh!” – “Argh!” Ann wailed, twisting about in an apparent unsuccessful attempt to avoid the blows.

“Of course I’m all right, you stupid useless slut! And in future address me as Lady Clare or mistress! I’m your master’s new helper! I’m gonna make your life fucking miserable.”

“But—”

“*Splat!*” Rex gave the slave a backhander across the face sending her sprawling. “I’m going to enjoy seeing Lady Clare make you howl and beg. But for now, spread your arse-cheeks!”

He did not wait for her to comply, merely reaching down and manhandling her. His hands held her by the thighs as he pushed his stiffness into the valley of her bum, the tip pressing against her anal ring. “Ergh!” he snorted, as he applied the necessary force to prise it open. “Ergh!”

“A-a-a-a-a yeouch!” Ann squawked as his bulbous end penetrated and was shoved deep into her rear passage.

There was no finesse about this fuck, he simply hammering back and forth as fast as he could. “Ergh! Ergh!”

It was merely a matter of minutes before he felt the joy of coming, squirting a large dollop of sperm into her colon. “Eeerrrggghhh!”

Extracting his length, not bothered whether he snapped her neck or not, he grabbed hold of Ann’s hair and wrenched her head around, bringing her face to his loins. “Suck me clean!” he ordered.

Her wet mouth was soon swallowing his cum-covered cock, he pushing in as hard as he could. “You see, Clare, slaves are meant to be used and abused and there is absolutely nothing they can do about it. I’ll show you more another time but for now, let’s go upstairs and fuck.”

* * *

Ann could not believe what had happened. Somehow that evil fiend, Rex Greenstreet, had gotten his claws into her youngest daughter. It was almost too much to bear.

He had clearly polluted her mind somehow, turning her into an evil bitch. But then she remembered back, Clare had always been a wilful child, disrespecting her mother whenever she liked. Perhaps therefore Rex had not had to try very hard to get her to behave like him. Clare had certainly not even raised an eyebrow when he had just buggered her.

Things did not bode well for the future, Ann decided.

She then, of course, started to feel guilty. Perhaps Clare was actually terrified of Rex? Perhaps he had some evil plan to turn her youngest daughter into one of his slaves?

* * *

Becky was astounded. Her younger sister was assisting Rex with his wicked ways.

Her bum was currently humming from the effect of the applied riding crop, she gently rubbing it to ease some of the pain.

She mulled over the turn of events.

Clare had certainly blossomed into a gorgeous-looking young woman

but she had always been self-centred and ambivalent to other people's feelings so perhaps it should have been expected that she and Rex would apparently end up as soul-mates.

* * *

Veronica was wracked with foreboding, that new creature calling herself Lady Clare seemed to be a real bitch, worse in fact than that other so-called mistress, Lady Abby.

* * *

Claudia felt resentful. She had done everything she could to ingratiate herself with the master and now he had brought in another female assistant. As if it was not bad enough that he allowed Lady Abby to abuse her, he now had a teenage girl that was permitted to beat her too.

Surely, she asked herself, why had he not chosen her to be his assistant, she would have gladly been his helper and done anything he had asked?

* * *

"Oh yes! Yes! Harder! Harder! Fuck me raw!" Clare contentedly yelled, Rex pumping into her demanding cunt.

Spread on her back upon his bed, he on top, her mind pondered things from earlier in the day. One thing was certain, he was the real lover she had craved for years for he seemed to be able to satisfy her wants. The lifestyle he was offering was exciting, she knowing now that she really did like inflicting pain, instilling fear. As to the prospect of killing someone, well, that would be an ultimate experience. Logically, it was the only end for a modern slave. As he had said, there were no retirement homes for them.

She happily knew now that she had to learn all there was about her chosen career if she was to become the most infamous dominatrix London would ever see.

Chapter 7

Rex woke at 7.30 a.m. yawning and stretching. His right hand went to scratch at his balls, causing an instant erection. Turning his head to the left, he saw Clare snuggled onto the pillow adjacent to his, she looking like butter would not melt in her lascivious mouth.

They had spent a good six hours yesterday evening and during the night having sex. She sure was one hell of a horny girl, he happily recalled.

Rolling onto his side, he slipped his right hand between her thighs and started to caress her labia. Although not appearing to be awake, she sort of automatically moved her legs apart and emitted a contented-sounding, “Hmm.”

His fingers found that her vagina was sticky with cum, the interior moistening at his very touch. Slithering close, he inserted his cock between her labia and pushed in.

Her eyes popped open, as if surprised, she pulling a smile before saying, “That’s a nice way to be woken up, you randy lover. Now, fuck me hard.”

Happy to oblige, he rolled her onto her back and slid on top of her. Aggressively, he started to hump.

“Oh yeah! That’s it! Fuck me! Fuck me! Make me squeal!” Clare eagerly yelled, locking her thighs about him.

“Ergh! Ergh!” he started snorting, breathing deeply. Driving hard, he rhythmically pumped, building up her obvious pleasure before happily planting his seed, emitting a snarl. “Eeerrrggghhh!”

“A-a-a-h! A-a-a-h! Aaaaaaaahhh!” she moaned, having her orgasm.

Kissing her first, he rolled off her body and clambered out of bed, saying as he headed towards the shower, “Sadly, I must get up as the slaves will want feeding.”

“Sod them. Come back to bed and fuck me some more,” she responded.

“You truly are a nymphomaniac,” he said, having something of an admiration for her wantonness, it appearing to be even greater than Abby’s. “Sadly, being a man I need to take the occasional rest to allow my balls to refill.”

As he turned on the water, he heard her reply, “I hope you’re not going to disappoint me. I’m expecting lots of hard cock up me whenever I want it.”

Cheeky little bitch, he thought, the water cascading down his body. No woman was going to give him demands. It was he who did the demanding. She had best learn that pretty quickly otherwise he might have to rethink her future.

She was still sprawled on the bed when he returned. The covers were thrown back, her left hand idly stroking her pussy and playing with her clitoris. He approved so beamed a smile before setting about getting dressed.

Going downstairs, he prepared breakfast for both of them, and for the slaves. He was about to call up the stairs that the food was ready when Clare forestalled the necessity, she strutting into the kitchen wearing only her red thigh boots.

“I love these,” she declared. Turning one of the chairs around, so its back was to the table, she straddled the seat and sat down. Hooking her breasts over the top of the back, she proceeded to scoff her breakfast in a very unladylike manner.

“Are you going to dress or are you intending going home like that?” he impishly asked.

“I’m home already. This is where I intend to live in the future. But, if you mean back to the Cottage, well, that can wait. I want to spend as much time as possible with the slaves. Inflict pain on them. Teach them to fear me.”

The little viper, he thought. She was either desperately keen to learn or was simply getting ahead of herself, demanding to chastise the slaves before she was trained. It was he, Rex Greenstreet, who decided these matters.

Having finished her food, she picked up her plate and licked it clean, like a dog, like a sexy slut. Getting up, she sidled around the table and sat upon his knee, lasciviously lapping his face, reaching a hand down to his crotch and massaging his responding cock.

Very quickly, he was as stiff as a rod. There was nothing for it, he either had to give her a good poking or go and feed the slaves. “Come on, let’s go feed the slaves.”

With difficulty, he levered himself up onto his feet, causing her to have to stand otherwise she would have ended up on the floor. Handing Clare the tray with the four meals, he led the way down into the cellars. It was no good, his ardour was roused. The only way to quench it would be to inflict some pain.

Going into the storeroom, he selected the electric cattle-prod, telling her what it was. “Who do you think we should use it on?” he asked.

“Becky! I want to see her squirm,” Clare answered, without a hint of compassion.

“So be it.” The idea excited him too.

Keying the code into the electronic lock that controlled the grille, he pushed it open, ushering Clare into the short corridor. Opening the three cell doors in turn, he allowed Clare to deliver their food, she swearing at each inmate, trying to instil fear.

Stepping into the four cell, he found Becky already down on her

knees, he already abuzz, he knowing he was about to inflict pain.

“Good morning, Master,” the slave said, she continuing in a faltering delivery, “G-good m-morning, L-l-lady C-Clare.

“Cheeky slut!” Clare roared, lashing out with her booted foot, the tip of the toe making contact with Becky’s stomach, causing her to double over. “You’d better be more respectful than that! You’d better be a lot snappier when you address me otherwise I’ll beat you black and blue!”

“Quite right, my lovely,” Rex said, although his brain was thinking that his assistant seemed to be becoming far too strident for someone under training.

Clare slammed the tray down on the dressing table. “You’re fucking lucky I allow you to eat after that disrespect! Now, Rex, use the cattle-prod on her.”

“N-no p-please,” Becky wailed, eyes showing fear.

Smirking, he pressed the tip of the instrument against her left nipple and pulled the trigger. “*Beeezzz!*”

“Argh! P-please!” Becky yelped.

His penis went uncomfortably hard, trapped down the left leg of his trousers.

“*Beeezzz!*” He put a jolt into her other breast.

“Argh!”

Pressing the tip to her clitoris, he squeezed the trigger again. “*Beeezzz!*”

“Argh!” Becky jerked, falling over onto her side.

“Let me have a go!” Clare demanded.

What happened to please and thank-you, Rex wondered. But why stand in the way of a fellow sadist learning her trade? Handing the prod over, he cautioned, “Take care. Slaves can only take so much.”

“Who cares!” Clare excitedly said.

With relish, she pressed the tip to her sister’s clit and pulled the trigger repeatedly. “*Beezzzz!*” – “*Beezzzz!*” – “*Beezzzz!*” – “*Beezzzz!*” – “*Beezzzz!*”

“Argh!” – “Argh!” – “Argh!” – “A-argh!” – “ARGH!” Becky squealed, squirming about on the floor, she pissing herself.

“That’ll do!” Rex stated, grasping the instrument from his assistant’s hands. “Do too much and there’s no pleasure as they simply become a whimpering wreck.”

“Oh, I was just getting to enjoy it,” Clare advised, pulling a face.

“Remember, Clare, the art of domination is to do the minimum to get the desired effect. It’s the anticipation of what you are doing, what you’re going to do, that is the real turn on. It’s about tormenting them, not causing them to take their own life. Too much and they become gibbering idiots who flake out as soon as you enter the room. So, let us leave this slave to eat and we’ll go into the torture chamber so I can show you my many whips and so you can practice using them on a dummy.”

“I want to use them on a slave!” Clare demanded, looking annoyed.

“Not until you know how to handle them properly otherwise you’ll run out of slaves to practice on. If you want to be a dominatrix you’ll have to master the art of using them all, otherwise you’ll have few clients and will probably end up in jail for injuring or killing one of them.

“If you say so.” Clare frowned, looking disappointed.

* * *

Becky had never hated anyone as much as she now hated her sister. Being a slave to Rex was bad enough but that little evil bitch had no excuse for

inflicting such awful pain. If the master had not stopped her, she was convinced Clare would have carried on until she was either crippled or dead.

How could any woman treat a member of her own family in such away, she wondered?

Her clitoris was still throbbing after several hours had elapsed. She had felt sick but nevertheless had forced herself to eat her breakfast. She needed her strength to endure, and to enable her to escape when the opportunity arose. And anyway, if she had not eaten it she knew she would have received a beating.

* * *

Clare was strolling down the driveway, heading home in the early afternoon sunshine. She was feeling smug but a bit grumpy, and she was decidedly tired.

Smug because she was learning what she had dreamed and read about. Grumpy because Rex had stopped her making her sister truly squirm by use of that wonderful cattle-prod. But, she knew she had to be careful not to piss Rex off in case he turned on her, though for the moment she reckoned she was gaining the upper hand, using her obvious charms to get what she wanted. She felt tired because she had just spent four hours learning how to yield an assortment of canes, crops and whips. It was a lot more difficult than she had previously thought as well as far more taxing than she had ever imagined.

Some of Rex' recently deposited cum oozed out between her labia and slithered down onto her right thigh, giving her a delicious feeling of bestial pleasure. Opening the wicket gate, she stepped into the back garden and walked along the path towards the kitchen door of the Cottage.

“Where have you been, Clare? I’ve been worried sick. That boyfriend of yours, Gary, rang here last night wanting to talk to you. You lied to—” her father was saying, the minute she stepped into the kitchen.

“What the fuck’s it got to do with you!” she yelled in interruption. “I’m not a baby! I can fucking do what I like! Gary’s an asshole! I was knobbing a real man so stop fussing!”

“You’re my little girl. You’re all I’ve got left,” her father wailed, tears welling in his eyes. “I just—”

“Huh!” she snorted, not letting him finish. “Jesus! Leave me be! I’m shagged so I’m off to bed as I’m going out again later so gotta have some beauty sleep!” She flounced out of the room, heading for the stairs, thinking it was about time she was an orphan.

Chapter 8

There was certainly something about Clare that excited Rex' jaded libidinous taste-buds. He was currently finding it difficult to concentrate on his drawing, he merely idly applying a blue wash to the sky.

Clare was his kind of assistant, a truly callous bitch, seemingly happy with the idea of assisting him in butchering her mother, and in inflicting pain on her sister.

She was proving to be more exciting than Abby, which was probably to do with the fact that she was some twenty years younger and was therefore more malleable. He would get great pleasure from training her into the sort of dominatrix he could be proud of.

The detector let him know that someone was walking on the drive, he switching the television to the CCTV channel, he able to make out in the late dusk light that it was Clare heading towards the Grange.

“Phew, she looks hot,” he said out loud, approving of her choice of clothes – a cropped tank-top and a micro skirt.

Going to the front door, he opened it in anticipation of her arrival.

“Hi,” she said, stepping into the vestibule, the pair of them going into a passionate French kiss.

Pushing the front and inner doors shut in turn with his right foot, he eased her to the foot of the stairs, his penis starting to swell in anticipation.

Breaking free, Clare planted her hands upon her hips and said, “That fucking dad of mine is a pain in the arse. All he's done is whinge about me being out last night and he tried to stop me going out again tonight. I had to shove him

out of the way to get out. I want him dead. I want you to help me kill him!”

That stopped Rex in his tracks. Retaining his composure, intent on destroying most of Ann Freeman’s family simply out of spite, he felt amenable to her suggestion, but he simply raised a eyebrow, querying.

“You heard me right. Since Mum and Becky went missing he’s been like a whipped puppy. Always moping around and bursting into tears. Only retains his job as he’s one of the partners. It’d be a kindness to put him out of his misery. I had thought that when I went off to uni in a few weeks that I’d go missing for a few days and that’d drive him over the top. That you and I could then ensure he sucks the end of his old twelve bore and blows his brains out—”

“Oh, I see,” he said in interruption. She had clearly given the matter some thought and her idea did appeal to him but before he could say more she carried on speaking.

“Sure, I know, I’m a heartless bitch. It’s funny, I cried and was sad for about a week when Mum disappeared but then I realised I didn’t really miss her except to clean up after me and cook food. And, for the last eighteen months or so you’ve been filling my head with sights of your vicious drawings and lending me hardcore. I’m certain some of it was real snuff. So, you’ve turned me into even more of a heartless cow.”

“You’re my sort of girl. But why should I take the risk for if he’s as bad as you say he might well just top himself when you do go to university.”

“I can’t fucking wait. I’ve had it up to here” – she held her right hand against her brow – “so he’s got to go soonest. And, as I said, I want you to assist me to kill him, not kill him for me. Then we’ll be in it together. And, I don’t want Becky or Mum found ... ever either. You see, Dad is insured for a million pounds so if they, and for that matter John, don’t turn up then in five years I can have them all legally declared dead. That means Lychlee Cottage and all the money will be mine. I’m a greedy bitch, aren’t I?” She looked at him questioningly.

“Yeah, I reckon you are—” he was saying.

She interrupted by snorting a laugh. “I know you can help me to achieve my ambition of being a full-on bitch dominatrix but I also want loads of dosh to set myself up in business properly. And, I’ll need a cottage in the country anyway, for long weekends and holidays when I come back to fuck with my mentor.”

The hall and the sitting room were actually one open plan space, the front door and the staircase leading off it, as did the door into his study and the short corridor that led to the dining room and kitchen. Forcing her to walk backwards, he pushed her into the sitting area and up against the back of the chesterfield. Without being asked, she raised her left leg and plonked it along the top of the back. Pulling up her skirt, she revealed her naked pussy.

Levering his tracksuit bottoms down, he guided his penis into her vagina. “Well, it’ll take some careful planning but it’s certainly possible. It’s the getting away with it that’ll be the harder part.”

* * *

“Oh yes! That’s it, fuck me! Stick that big dick of yours right up me!” Clare pleaded, waves of wanton pleasure already building in her vagina as Rex pumped into her.

“Ergh! Ergh!” Rex snorted, his face contorted by animalistic lust.

She was feeling smug, having planted the seed in his brain about wanting her father dead. From his response, she simply knew he was going to help. The sooner it happened the better, she reckoned, for then she would be rich so much more quickly than having to work for it.

“Aaah! A-a-a-h! Yes! Yes!” she happily wailed, grasping his hair and pulling his head towards hers, she waiting opened mouthed. She was intent on spending the night in carnal pleasure – and what she wanted was all that mattered to her.

Chapter 9

For three days now Rex had been mulling over Clare's murder proposal. Killing Tom Freeman held no qualms for him, it was merely a matter of formulating a plan that would ensure that they succeeded and more importantly got away with it.

The trouble was that these days Tom rarely left his cottage, only going out to work once or twice a week. But, from what Clare told him, her father was becoming increasingly intolerable to live with, becoming ever more paranoid.

During the last three days Clare had spent much of each day with Rex at the Grange, they down in the torture chamber, he requiring her to practice the use of cane, crop and whip. She was like a duck to water, seeming to quickly master each instrument. It was just that she kept pressing to try them out on the slaves. He kept refusing, he wanting her to be truly skilful with them before he let her loose on his possessions.

"So, have you thought of how we actually do it?" Clare asked, they lying next to each other in his big double bed, her fingers toying with his hair.

"I've thought of lots of possibilities. But, as I keep saying, the trouble will be getting away with it," he replied. "So, let's sleep on it, and hopefully something will come to us in a blinding flash."

"I fucking doubt it. We're simply going to have to do it, so stop prevaricating," Clare said, stridently.

"Perhaps you're right," he replied, thinking she was getting too bossy for her boots. Turning on his side, he closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep.

Next morning, he followed his usual routine – having sex with Clare, getting up and preparing breakfast, feeding the slaves, beating one or two for

amusement, and training his assistant with instruments of punishment.

Today, he made her practice for four hours learning the skills of wielding a short bullwhip. (Sadly even the torture chamber was too small for him to wield a full-blown bullwhip.) Even so, it was still hard work, it not an easy thing to handle. By the time he called a halt she had worked up quite a sweat. Leaving the cellars, they headed up to the shower.

Hardly had he gotten under the water when he heard the warning bell over the front door, letting him know that someone was approaching. Cussing, he stepped out and ran the bath sheet quickly over his body before slipping on his towelling bathrobe, he padding off downstairs to investigate.

Recognising the car that was pulling to a stop in the courtyard, he opened the front door. It was Nicki Flowers, she a policewoman that he got to fuck about once a week. Their affair had started some two years before, when she had called to do house-to-house enquiries after Ann Freeman had disappeared.

What the fuck does she want, he asked himself, it not her usual day to visit.

“Hi, honey,” she said, walking into the vestibule. “I’m leaving him.”

“Leaving who?” Rex asked.

“I’m leaving Stan. Stanley my husband. This morning I just thought sod it. I’m moving in with you so we can be together all the time and I can brag about how fucking horny you make me.”

Rex’ brain went into a whirl. This was not what he expected, it not what he wanted. He did not mind regularly giving her a fuck but for obvious reasons he had no desire to have a policewoman living with him. “You what?” he queried, desperately trying to give himself time to think.

“Stan’s gone off to the Algarve with his three mates for four days to play golf. And I thought, bugger it, he thinks more of golf than he does of me and as I’ve told you plenty of times he does nothing for me in bed. So, I’ve

packed a couple of suitcases that are in the car and I've come to be with you, so we can be together. Won't that be so good?"

"Erm, yes, it will," he lied. His brain was racing. "Does he know? Have you told anyone? Have you discussed this plan with your relatives, or your friends?"

"No, silly. No one knows you're shagging me, not even my best friend." She slipped her left hand through the front of his robe, her fingernails soon scratching at his balls. "As for Stan, he knows nothing. You could do me on our front room carpet and he'd probably not even notice."

Phew, that was a weight off his mind. Pulling the cord, he let his robe open wide. His cock was responding to her fingers, it soon jutting before him.

Gently pushing her, he manoeuvred her into the sitting room area, forcing her over the back of the chesterfield. Lifting the front of her skirt, he ripped away the crotch of her lacy panties, exposing her vagina with its heavily-trimmed hair. Peeling back his foreskin, he guided it to her slit and pushed in his cock.

"Oooh, yes, honey, that's what I've been dreaming about," she cooed.

He had to admit, he enjoyed fucking her, even if it was mainly because she was another man's wife. She was good-looking enough with decent tits but she was not in the same league as Abby, Claudia or Clare. But, a fuck was a fuck, as far as he was concerned. "Ergh! Ergh!" he snarled, working up a sweat. "You-you are c-certain you've never-never told ... told anyone a-about ... us?" He wanted to be certain.

"Uuur! Uuur!" she responded. "Of course I've not told anyone. We agreed it was our secret. Didn't we?"

Thank the Lord for that, he thought.

"I can't stop too long as I've got to go back and pack more stuff and bring it here this afternoon as sadly I'm on the nightshift tonight. But, I'll

make it up to you tomorrow when I get back.”

Well, she wasn't going to be making the nightshift, he told himself. Thrusting deep, spreading himself on top of her, he grasped the front of her blouse and ripped it open.

“Oh, honey, you shouldn't have done that it was my new blouse. You don't need to be so aggressive.”

He had every intention of being aggressive. His libido was rocketing, he knowing what he was going to do. “I want you naked!” Rex yelled, he now pulling her bra cups from off her breasts, his hands squeezing and pinching her nipples. Thrusting ever harder, more assertively, he growled, “Ergh! Ergh!”

“Uuur! U-u-u-r! P-please, honey, not so-so r-rough,” she was moaning.

Ignoring her pleas, Rex was taking her like he had always wanted to – unrestrainedly. Hearing a creaking tread, he looked over his shoulder, seeing a naked Clare tiptoeing down the stairs. Placing an index finger to his lips, he motioned for her to be quiet, and to wait upon the bottom step.

Returning to the matter in hand, his excitement was building at the prospect of acquiring a new slave, his humping becoming more urgent. “Ergh! Ergh!”

“U-u-u-r! U-u-u-r! P-please, h-honey, not-not so-so r-r-roooough,” Nicki pleaded.

Taking a deep breath first, he spat out his words, “Do you really think I give a shit what you want! You're going to be one of my-my fucking slaves!” With that, he pumped his semen into her, elation racing through him. “Eeerrrggghhh!”

Not bothering to ensure she climaxed, he pulled out of her and unceremoniously grasped her by the thighs, shoving her backwards over the chesterfield so she ended up face down on the leather cushions. Swiftly, he

dashed around the piece of furniture and pressed a knee into the small of her back, pinioning her. Pulling the towelling belt free from his robe, he used it to tie her wrists behind her back, his penis hardening again at the thoughts of things to come. “Clare, assist me in trussing up my new slave.”

“Hey! What’s going on? Who’s this girl?” Nicki yelled.

“Shut the fuck up! You’re going to be a slave!” Clare raged.

Lifting his knee, Rex rolled Nicki onto her back, her wild, panic-filled eyes glaring up at him. He clamped his left hand over her mouth to stop her from saying anything. Meanwhile, Clare unbuckled the belt of the new slave’s skirt and violently yanked it free, using it to fasten the flailing ankles together.

“Who’s this woman? Don’t I recognise her from somewhere?” Clare asked, frowning, as if trying to recall.

“This is WPC Nicki Flowers. She was one of the police investigating your mother’s disappearance—” Rex was saying.

“Oh yeah, I remember her,” Clare interrupted. “But—”

“I’ve been fucking her ever since then. The silly slut thought she’d leave her husband and move in with me” – he sniggered derisively – “and she sure is, but not how she ever imagined.” He snorted another guffaw.

“I’ll enjoy training her,” Clare advised.

Cheeky madam, what did she really know about training a slave, he asked himself? Slipping his robe from his shoulders, he allowed it to fall to the floor before retrieving it and using it to wrap about Nicki’s head so she could not see where he was going to take her. “Run upstairs and put some of your dom gear on and meet me down in the training cell. We’ve an hour or two to spare so we might as well start her lessons. After dark, we’ll have to go and dispose of her car. All being well, we’ll dump it in the lake at the old quarry over at Petton Strange.”

* * *

Nicki's brain was whirling. What was happening, she was trying to yell but Rex' bathrobe was wrapped about her head. He was clearly carrying her over his shoulder, they appearing to be descending a flight of steps.

What was Rex talking about – making her a slave? Why was a naked girl running about his home? Surely he was not being unfaithful to her?

She recalled from two years back, the girl was called Clare. If she recollected correctly she had been the usual sort of teenager who had that surly contempt for her parents and authority.

It now appeared that Rex was mixed up in that – those – mysterious disappearances? Why hadn't she twigged? Perhaps she had been swept up in the excitement of her illicit affair with him.

Had she been a fool? Surely not, for he had repeatedly told her that he loved her on many an occasion. Perhaps this was merely some sort of game he was playing?

* * *

Clare slithered her feet into her thigh boots, pulling up the zippers. Picking up the bustier from off the floor where she had discarded it, she put it on, fastening it, ensuring her breasts were comfortable on the half-cups.

Wasting no more time to fit additional items, she snatched up her riding crop and set off to join Rex down in the cellars, wicked anticipatory excitement racing through her body.

Strutting down into the basements, she made certain she locked all the doors behind her. Breaking in her first slave was going to be fun, she told herself.

Chapter 10

Pushing open the door, Rex carried Nicki into the training cell and dumped her down onto the concrete floor. Retracing his steps, he went through the grille, locking it behind him, and turned right, into the storeroom. There he loaded a plastic crate with the things that experience told him he would need. Lifting the cattle-prod from the charger, he placed it in the crate too.

Clare arrived as he was tapping in the combination of the electric lock, he swinging open the grille to let her enter the short corridor. His penis reared up at the sight of her. She sure was as sexy as hell, he reckoned.

“Close the door,” he said to her as they stepped into the cell, he putting his box down on the floor.

“Sure,” she replied, using a heel to shove it to.

“Now, slut, let’s get your training started,” he said to Nicki. Reaching down, he picked her up and plonked her on her back upon the plastic-covered mattress of the hospital trolley.

Fully unfastening her skirt, he shoved it to her feet and removed it, depositing it on the floor. Selecting a pair of dressmakers’ shears from his box, he snipped the sides of her panties and wrenched off the remnants, discarding them. He momentarily stroked his fingers against her labia, anticipating pleasures to come, his cock now rock-hard. She emitted a groaning sound, and wriggled about.

“Back to work,” he muttered, to no one in particular. Removing her slip-on shoes, she wearing no tights or socks, he undid the belt about her ankles. Reaching into the box, he produced a two-foot bar-stretcher and secured her ankles into the cuffs. He 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. Looping the hook to the bar-stretcher, he returned and set the motor, located through the wall in the torture chamber, into motion, it cranking up three feet of links before he stopped it.

Returning to the trolley, he set to cutting lengthways up both of her sleeves and pulled her blouse away from her body before snipping her bra straps and yanking it off, tossing both items to the floor.

From out of his crate came the extra wide belt with attached restraining cuffs. Causing her to roll one way then the other, he slipped it under her back, fastening the three buckles at the front.

Pushing her onto her left side, he untied her hands before securing the right wrist to the waist belt. Rolling her onto the opposite side, he swiftly repeated the procedure. Removing his bathrobe from around her head, he grinned down into her blinking eyes, which were getting use to the light. He put a leather collar about her neck, he able to get his hand under it.

“What the hell is going on?” Nicki roared.

“Slut, you’re going to be turned into a slave for me to enjoy anyway I want!” he snapped back.

“And me too!” Clare shouted, glaring down at the prostrate figure.

“Rubbish! Don’t be so stupid! You-you can’t be-be serious!” Nicki responded, fear sweeping her face.

Because he knew it was more menacing, he talked in restrained tone. “Shut up and listen. From this second, you’re a slave and 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’ll refer to me as master, at all times. You will answer, yes master, no master, as appropriate. The Lady Clare and Lady Abby, when she returns from holiday, are your mistresses and will be accordingly addressed and obeyed. You’ll 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."

"Don't be so fucking stupid! My colleagues in the police will come and find me! You'll get life!" Nicki ranted.

"*Splat! – Splat!*" His right hand slapped both sides of her face.

"Yeeoww!"

Bending down, he lifted the cattle-prod out of the box. "This is one of the best investments ever." Stroking the tip of the instrument's shaft against her hip, he knew how painful it could be, she about to find out.

"Let me go now!"

"How dare you speak without my permission, slave," he said, pressing the trigger. "*Beeezzz.*" The prod went as he gave her a jolt.

"Yeeoww! Shit!" she shrieked.

"How dare you speak without calling me master, slave."

"*Beeezzz.*"

"Ooowww! Fuck you!"

"How dare you call be stupid, slave."

"*Beeezzz.*"

"Ooowww nooo!"

"This is your home now, slave. This is your life. You have no other."

"*Beeezzz.*"

“Oooh pleeease, no more!”

“You have no family, slut. You’re a slave and nothing more.”

“Beezzzz.”

“Nooo, pleeease, nooo!”

“I’m your master, slut, so I don’t make mistakes!” he yelled. “And let’s be honest, do you think your colleagues in the Plod will even bother to look for you, let alone find you? They’ve fucking failed to find the others so far.”

“Beezzzz.”

“No, no, nooo mooore, pleeease!”

“You’re still speaking without permission, slut. And, unless you’ve been lying to me, no one knows where you are or that we’ve been having a fling. Of course, if you’ve been fibbing to me then I’ll simply have to punish you.” He put the point against her left nipple.

“Beezzzz.”

“Yyyeeeeeeeeooowww! Pleeeeeeease!”

“Call me master, show me proper respect, slut.” He moved the tip to her clit, his erection now agonisingly-hard at the prospect at what was about to occur.

“Beezzzz.”

“Aaaaaaaarrrrggghhh!” she hollered, trembling, tears flowing, urine dribbling. “P-p-p-p-please, pleeeeeeease, nooo more ... M-M-M-Master!”

“You need to be quicker in responding, slut.”

“Beezzzz.”

Patently shaking with terror, peeing herself some more, Nicki whimpered, “P-p-please, p-please, M-Master, no-no more, please, Master, please.”

Gripping her face with his left hand, he sniggered. “That was just for starters. And trust me; it won’t always be something as pleasant as the prod. You’re going to feel the whip and the crop. Get it into your head, slut, show me proper respect at all times. And, don’t think I care a shit if you die. I’ll just dig a hole in the garden and bury you.” He released his grip. “Do you understand?”

“Y-y-y-yes, y-yes, y-yes, M-M-Master!” she shrieked.

Reaching into the crate, he brought out a tin of shaving foam, a *J-cloth* and a disposable razor. Spraying a dollop of foam onto her tightly-trimmed bush, he spread it about. He proceeded to use the razor, occasionally wiping it on the cloth. Once finished, he ran his hand over the flesh, checking that it was smooth and hairless. “I do so like a bald pussy,” he happily advised.

He lifted her legs a little, unhooking the bar-stretcher from the chain. “Oh, remember this, piss on the furniture or the floor as much as you like, but I’ll make you lick it all up.”

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

“Y-y-yes, I-I will,” she murmured.

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

“P-p-please,” Nicki wailed, having difficulty getting down.

“Move it! Down on your knees, slut!”

“P-please, this bar-stretcher thing is hindering—”

“That’s not my problem!” He shoved her downward violently. “Now, slut, there’s more for you 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 see. Use it, but don’t flush as I want to see what comes out of you. And, if I’m feeling kind, I’ll wipe your arse next time I see you. Whenever I enter the room you assume the supplication position which is 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 to give you a friendly warning when I’m about to enter.” There was, of course, nothing friendly about it, he simply liking to see his slaves scramble to comply.

“P-please, Rex, why are you doing this? I thought you loved—”

“*Splat!*” His right hand slapped her face. He put on an air of rage. “You stupid slut, how dare you speak! How dare you fail to call me master! How dare you talk about love! I love no one! You’re going to get four jolts from the cattle-prod that!”

“N-no!”

“*Splat!*” His hand lashed out again. Leaning close, he glared into her tear-dribbling eyes. “Speak again and I’ll shove it up your arse then you’ll know what pain really is.”

Visibly trembling, she burst into floods of tears, it only thrilling him more.

“*Beeezzz.*” – “*Beeezzz.*” – “*Beeezzz.*” – “*Beeezzz.*” He sent a discharge of electricity into each of her nipples, her navel and her clitoris.

“Aaaaaaarrggghhh!” she howled after every delivery.

Inflicting pain was his turn-on.

“When am I going to have a go?” Clare asked, looking eager.

He had almost forgotten she was in the room. “When I say so!” he

snapped. Fired with lust, he spun around and shoved her backwards up against the door. Using his left hand he guided his throbbing cock to her labia and shoved it into her already-juicy vagina. “Ergh! Yeah!”

“Oooh, nice. Fuck me! Fuck me!” Clare responded, before slobbering a kiss.

Keen to get some immediate gratification, he furiously pumped his penis back and to. “Ergh! Ergh!”

“Ooowww! Ooowww! Yeah! Harder! Harder!” she responded, raking her nails over his back.

“Eeerrrggghhh!” he snorted, exhilaration filling him as he spurted out his seed.

“Oooooowwwwww yeeeahhh!” Clare shrieked, climaxing, squirting her juice out all over his genitals.

Swiftly pulling out, he spun around and moved towards Nicki. Dropping the prod to the ground, he coiled his right hand into her brown hair and jerked her head backwards. “Open your fucking mouth, slut!”

“Err?” she responded, looking bemused.

Taking the fleeting opportunity, he fed his cock into the open gap. “Suck it clean, slut!”

Gripping both sides of her head, he forced himself down her throat, starting to fuck his cock up and down. Perspiring with mounting excitement, he grinned evilly and groaned from pleasure before saying, “Slut, I’m going to piss and if any goes on the floor you know what to expect.”

What a glorious feeling it was, he spraying pints of golden water into her windpipe.

She spluttered as he extracted.

“Now, slave, get your fucking forehead to the floor. Your master is

leaving you now. That's another rule for you to remember."

Gasping, looking like she was about to retch, Nicki plonked her head forward onto the concrete.

Picking up the bits of clothing and the prod, he shoved them into the plastic crate and lifted it up, saying to Clare, "Open the door."

* * *

Nicki was still down on the cold concrete floor where Rex had left her, she shivering with fear, shivering with cold. Her body ached, her nipples and clitoris in particular still throbbing for that fiendish cattle-prod he had used on her.

How could Rex be so cruel, she was wondering? They had been having an affair for two years and she thought he loved her. From what she could recall of his words today he was clearly some form of lowlife animal.

Only too well aware that no one knew of her involvement with him, and that no one was aware that she was at Lychlee Grange, she realised that she could not rely on her colleagues in the police force tracing her – after all, they had failed to find Becky and Ann Freeman. There was nothing for it, she had to escape – the sooner the better.

* * *

Clare was in a foul mood as she drove that new slave's car along the country lanes, heading the twelve miles to Petton Strange quarry. Rex should have let her have a go at inflicting pain on the latest acquisition. He was currently leading the way, he driving his *Toyota* van a hundred yards ahead of her.

It was not fair, she repeatedly told herself. How was she meant to learn how to be a dominatrix if he did not let her punish the slaves and help break in

new acquisitions? She was starting to wonder if Rex really did intend to allow her to do what she craved. Or, did he have some other, less desirable, plan for her, she speculated?

Chapter 11

Bringing the van to a stop, he killed the lights, not wanting to draw anyone's attention to the fact that they were there. Fortunately the moonlight was sufficiently bright for them to see what they were about. He got out.

It was obvious to Rex that Clare was not in the best of moods when they had set off, she now getting out of Nicki's car. But she would have to learn, the world did not rotate around her.

Reaching into the door pocket, he pulled out his heavy gardening gloves and slipped them on. Clare was already wearing her driving gloves, he having insisted on that before she got into the car so as to avoid leaving any fingerprints. She pulled off the big black plastic waste sack that was over the driver's seat, he having insisted on that too, she screwing it into a loose ball and chucking it into the van.

They had used the bumpy track to reach the southern end of the disused Petton Strange quarry, there a two hundred foot drop into the deep lake that had formed in half of its area.

Lowering the driver's window, he steered as he pushed. "Right, give me a hand to get it over the top," he said.

She made no verbal reply, merely putting her hands on the boot lid and giving what he thought was a half-hearted shove. It was enough assistance however, the car teetering on the edge for a moment or so until it dropped, both of them standing peering over, watching it hit the water nose first, it soon disappearing under the surface.

"Okay, let's go," he said, climbing back into his van.

"Sure," Clare responded, in what he took to be a petulant manner.

The journey back was in near silence, she only giving the occasional grunt for a reply whenever he said anything. Suit yourself, he thought, she would soon learn who was in charge. If she persisted, she could be in for a real surprise.

They reached the farm track beside Lychlee Cottage, he turning in, she saying, “Drop me here. I’d best go home otherwise Dad will be moaning again.”

Stopping, he let her alight, she not bothering to even give him a kiss. He watched her flounce on her way before moving off, soon turning onto his gravelled driveway. Reaching the courtyard, he left the engine running whilst he got out and opened the big wooden doors that gave access into what had originally been a horse-drawn carriage garage. After reversing in, he secured everywhere and went into the Grange. No sooner had he bolted the front door, and made his way to the top of the stairs, than his mobile made its noise.

“Who the fuck’s that?” he snarled, glancing at his wristwatch, it showing it was six minutes past midnight.

Pulling it from his pocket, he saw it was Clare. Pressing the green button, he said, “Hello, missing me already.”

“Can you come to the Cottage right now? I really need you! There’s been a terrible accident! Dad’s dead!” she said in a snappy manner. “Use the back door!”

“Sure, I’m on my way,” he replied, intrigued, she terminating the call without further ado.

I wonder what has happened, he pondered whilst going down the stairs. Taking the torch from the small table in the vestibule, he let himself out and made his way back down the drive until he reached the wicket gate that gave access to Lychlee Cottage’s back garden. Following the flagstone path, he reached the kitchen door, turning the knob and stepping inside. He pressed the light switch, a fluorescent tube buzzing into life.

Moving into the hall, he called out, “Clare, I’m here! Where are you?”

“Upstairs in the front bedroom!” Her voice yelled back from somewhere on the first floor.

He found her standing inside the doorway, the opposite wall and some of the ceiling splattered with blood.

What remained of Tom Freeman was mainly sprawled on the double bed, his twelve-bore on the floor. It was obvious, he must have been sat on the end of the bed, shotgun trapped between his feet, and he had blown his brains out.

“Bloody hell, that’s a turn up for the book,” Rex said, in a hushed tone. “But it saves us the bother of doing anything.”

“What do you mean,” Clare said, swivelling her trunk, her face gleaming with a truly evil smile. “I fucking made him do it. I made the asshole blow his brains out!”

* * *

Once Rex had dropped her off, Clare stomped back into the Cottage, deciding she had had enough of pussyfooting about. It was time she moved matters forward, and took greater control of her future, she concluded. She was going to take her frustration out on someone helpless, for a start.

Still wearing her gloves, she went into her father’s study and opened the steel cupboard with the key he kept in the top drawer of his nearby desk. Lifting out the shotgun, snapping it open, she pushed two cartridges into the barrels before carrying it upstairs.

She found him sat on the end of his bed, looking forlorn, he clearly having taken some of his sleeping pills and a good measure of Scotch.

“Oh, Clare!” he gasped. “I’ve been worried sick. Where have you been?”

“Out and about,” she chirped back.

“But it’s gone midnight.” He pointed vaguely in the direction of the radio alarm. “You’re always out late these days. I worry so. You’re my precious little girl.”

“Oh for fuck’s sake, don’t be such a Jessie! I’ve had it up to my neck with you always whining and treating me like a kid.”

“B-but y-you are my little angel. I d-don’t know w-what I’d do if I l-lost you. I just want to know you’re safe.” He burst into tears.

“Shut it! You’re pathetic.” She was buzzing inside, aflame with wicked intent. “If you must know, Rex Greenstreet is knobbing me. We’re lovers and we’ve been plotting to kill you. He’s even more evil than me. He killed my brother John for a bit of fun. He’s been holding Mum and Becky prisoner these last two years and using them as his sex slaves—”

“W-what? W-what do you mean?” Her father looked incredulous.

“You heard. He’s teaching me to be a bitch dominatrix and I’m going to help him torture and butcher my mother in the next few days. Hell, I can’t wait.” Clare’s pussy was palpitating with excitement, a deliciously wicked feeling percolating through her.

“Y-you ... y-you can’t be ser—”

“Of course I’m fucking serious. I’m going to be beating Becky every day too. But enough about that, its time you inadequate excuse for a man blew your brains out. Relieve us all from having to put up with you moping about all the fucking time.”

He looked even more like a whipped puppy, his pallor going ever paler. It would be a kindness to end his miserable existence, she concluded. And, it turned out to be far easier than she had ever imagined.

Moving closer, she placed the butt of the gun against the floor. Using her feet to push his to either side of the walnut stock, she coldly said, “Suck

it.”

Meekly he opened his mouth, possibly to say something, but she placed her right hand on the top of his head and forced it downwards.

“Weak asshole,” she scoffed. Stepping back a few paces, she went on, “Now, use your thumb to press the trigger or do you expect me to fucking do everything.”

As if he had given up the will to live, he meekly did as she had instructed.

“*Bang!*” The twelve-bore went off, she seeing his head explode, the trunk of his body jerking backwards onto the bed.

“Wow! Yeah!” she crowed, enraptured by the sight, a delicious quivering wracking her body. “Fuck me! If I’d have known how easy it was going to be, I’d have done it years ago.”

Pulling her mobile from her blouse pocket, she rang Rex and told him to come.

He arrived and came up to the bedroom, he expressing surprise at what he saw. She happily advised him what she had done.

“You really do have a wonderful viscous streak,” he responded, in approving manner.

“Yeah, I know. But never mind that for the moment as I’m feeling so fucking horny I want you to give me a hard shagging right now.”

Chapter 12

“The thing is, detective, Clare has had to spend a lot of time staying at my house as her father was causing her so much distress. He was depressed and would not snap out of it. And, he was very clingy. She could not step out of the Cottage without facing an inquisition. You know teenagers don’t like confiding in their parents much as it is, but poor Clare evidently had to give him a minute by minute account of everything she did,” Rex advised the young detective constable who was sitting in the armchair opposite him, he and Clare sat on the chesterfield.

“That’s right officer ... *sniff* ...” Clare said, suitably sniffing, giving the impression of being distraught. “Rex has been more of a father ... *sniff* ... these last few months ... *sniff* ... than my dad has. He ... *sniff* ... he just couldn’t get over my mother’s disappearance. This family is ... *sniff* ... is cursed, I’m sure of that.”

“You do seem to have had more than your fair share of tragedy,” the detective said. “But, I take it that your father’s apparent suicide was not unexpected.”

“It was bloody unexpected when I went home this morning ... *sniff* ... and found him like that. But ... *sniff* ... but now I suppose it had been on the cards ... *sniff* ... for ages,” Clare informed, acting her part brilliantly.

“I rang Clutter & Peach this morning, that’s where Tom worked when he could manage to go in, and told one of the other partners. He was shocked, naturally, but I gained the impression he was not surprised,” Rex said, trying to move things along quickly. “I blame myself. I should have been more of a friend, more of a good neighbour. Kept a closer eye on him. You know; that sort of thing.”

“I’m certain you did what you could, Mister Greenstreet,” the detective

reassured. “I won’t take up anymore of your time for the moment. I’ll go and talk to Mister Freeman’s partners and I’ll have to await the outcome of the autopsy but it looks to me to be pretty obvious what happened.”

“Oooh ... *sniff* ...” Clare groaned, appearing to be blubbing. “I-I should have been ... *sniff* ... there. I’ll never forgive myself.”

“Let me show you out, detective,” Rex said, rising to his feet, keen that the visitor should be quickly on his way.

“Will Miss Freeman be all right?” the police officer asked, he following Rex towards the front door.

“I think so. I hope so. I’ve telephoned her GP and she’s going to look in after morning surgery. So, I’ll send Clare off to bed now to take a rest,” Rex advised, opening the front door.

He waved as the detective’s car headed for the driveway, he breathing a sigh of relief, praying that that would be an end to the matter.

* * *

Detective O’Connor drove down the driveway and the farm track before coming to a stop at the junction with the road. There, a uniformed policeman was about to get into his panda car but he closed his open door and came over, poking his head in through the open window.

“The body has been removed and SOCO have just gone. I’ve locked the place up and was just going to go up to the Grange to hand over the keys. Pretty awful business. Nasty shock for the girl.”

“Yes it was. I’m just off to speak to the deceased’s work colleagues but it looks a pretty open and shut suicide to me,” he replied.

Moving off, he had to confess to himself, the sight that had greeted him in the bedroom had shaken him, he never having seen a corpse with such a

destroyed head before.

The girl was holding up quite well, he reckoned. And, phew, what a girl she was, she really great looking. She had been sat on that sofa before him with her legs under her, she wearing a short skirt and a tight T-shirt and he had spent most of the interview trying his best not to get a hard-on.

He wondered just how much of a father figure Rex Greenstreet was to the girl, or whether he was giving her one. Given half a chance, he certainly wouldn't mind knobbing her himself, she was gorgeous.

* * *

Clare was pleased with her performance, she had almost convinced herself. She had given just the right amount of information, and cried appropriately.

Last night, Rex had taken her up against the door jamb of her father's bedroom. It had been a fantastic, hard, fuck. Then when they had gotten back to the Grange, they had spent another hour screwing before she had turned on her side and fallen into an untroubled sleep.

Rex had awoken her with breakfast in bed at 8.23 before she had gotten dressed and he had sent her down to the Cottage to "discover" the body. As instructed, she had telephoned him at the Grange using the landline and he had come at a jog. He had phoned the police from there, her GP and also rang Clutter & Peach. They had waited for a police officer to arrive before Rex had suggested he needed to get her away from there and had taken her to his home. She had to admit, the scene had looked far more gruesome this morning than when she had witnessed its creation.

The idea of going up to bed did not appeal, unless Rex was going to come with her. When she suggest that, he replied, "No. You go to the spare room on your own and get into bed. Don't get fully undressed as it'll look better. More like you've simply gone to bed emotionally exhausted. We'll have to wait for your doctor to come and go. Only after that can we afford to relax a little."

“Oh! I wanted a shag right now!” she said, disappointed. Well, he was the best guy who had ever fucked her.

“If you want to get away with murder you have to be discrete until the dust has settled. After the doc has gone we can go downstairs and I’ll let you practice domination on my new slave.”

Now he was talking her language. “Yippee! That sounds great,” she responded, feeling her pussy purring with expectations.

Chapter 13

“Argh!” – “Argh!” – “Argh!” – “Argh!” Nicki howled, Clare applying the cattle-prod to various bits of the new slave’s anatomy.

Rex watched, his cock rapidly swelling. He had to confess, Clare was a quick learner. If only she could control her over-enthusiasm she would turn out to be a truly great dominatrix, he reckoned. “Okay, that’s enough for now,” he advised. “We’ve got to fit her rings now.”

With Clare’s assistance, he lifted Nicki from off the floor where she was cowering and put her onto the trolley, her arms still secured to the waist belt, her ankles fastened to the bar-stretcher.

Reaching down into the plastic crate, he took a cotton ball, soaking it in alcohol and used it to wipe her clitoris and the needle of the piercing gun. Squeezing just below the bud, he fired the needle through both folds of skin.

“Yyyooowwweee! P-please, M-Master!” Nicki yelped.

“Shut up, you stupid slut. You’re going to be ringed, through the navel, nipples and nose as well.” He applied antiseptic cream before slipping a small steel ring through the holes.

“Can I have a go?” Clare asked.

“Sure,” he replied, handing her the cotton bud and the gun. “Do her navel and nipples. Pinch and stretch the flesh before using the gun.”

The three piercings brought forth more yelping, the sound making his cock ache with excitement.

“Hold fucking still or you’ll lose a chunk of your nose,” he advised. “Okay, Clare, put the gun over the septum and pull it taut before pressing the

trigger.”

“Yyyooowwweee!” Panting, Nicki showed distress.

Seeing her suffering thrilled him. “Stop fussing.”

“Y-y-yes, M-Master,” Nicki stuttered.

Wiping more alcohol over the piercing gun, he put it away. “When I’m satisfied that you’re properly broken in, I’ll be unshackling you and fitting steel bands to wrists, ankles and neck. Probably tomorrow or the day after, I reckon.”

“Y-y-yes, Master.”

“We’ll leave you now to prepare yourself for the beating you’ll be getting later when we take you into the torture chamber. You’ll really love it in there,” he ironically said, sniggering, relishing the prospect.

“But—” Clare was saying, he stopping her by pressing his open mouth over hers.

Still kissing her, he gently propelled her backwards out of the cell, locking the door behind him. Pulling his face from hers, he said, “You must learn, it is fear of what is to come that works wonders on breaking a slave’s will. Playing with their minds is nearly as much fun as beating them. Remember, I’ve been doing this for twenty years.”

“I suppose you’re right,” Clare said, pulling a sulky face.

“I am. Now, we’d best go upstairs and get dressed. I’m going to the village shop at Stagland to put a card in their window advertising the Saturday job cutting my grass.”

“Oh, you’re sacking me are you?” she said, impishly grinning.

“Well, as far as everyone is concerned you’re too distraught to work due to your father’s death. And anyway, you’ll be going to university in a few weeks so I’ll need someone to replace you seeing as I’ve run out of

Freemans.”

“You sure have. But I’m not certain I want to go to uni now. It’s so much more fun in your underground playground.”

It had passed through his mind that she might not go. After all, she had never shown any real enthusiasm for that form of further education although she was bright enough to get a degree if she put her mind to it. What was taxing his brain as they plodded up the cellar steps was: how they might be able to explain away her permanent residence at the Grange. Putting about that she had stayed of late simply because of her father, and that currently she was there because she could not face going back to the cottage, was one thing, but in the longer term tongues would wag. Wagging tongues did not bother him, but they were usually accompanied by snooping busybodies, and they were people to avoid.

* * *

Nicki felt wretched, dirty and abused. She had not had a wash since before leaving home yesterday. She had urinated on herself and her bottom had not been wiped even though she had reluctantly had to make use of the stainless steel toilet bowl.

The prod-created marks ached, as did the five piercings. To her mind, she had been treated worse than some animal.

It was clear, if she did not escape soon she would become nothing more than a wretched creature, worse than those women who stuck by their wife-beating husbands. And she had met enough of them professionally to know how pathetic they were, and how far too many such women ended up dead.

* * *

Clare was still naked when a clothed Rex said he would not be long and left

the bedroom. Looking out of the window, she watched as he drove off in his van.

Snatching up her riding crop, she ran from the bedroom and raced downstairs, going through the kitchen and on down to the cellars. In the lobby, she unlocked the iron-bar grille on the left-hand side and went to her mother's cell.

She had clearly caught her mother unawares, she not even in a position of bending her knees. That did not matter to her, she here to torment her remaining parent.

"Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" Clare wildly lashed out with the crop, hitting her mother's breasts and the tops of her shoulders.

"Argh!" her mother yelped as each delivery made contact.

"Down on your fucking knees, slut!" Clare roared, lambasting another dozen furious blows. *"Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!"*

Her mother squealed and landed on her knees, toppling over onto her side and forming a tight ball. *"P-p-please! P-please! Clare!"* her mother pleaded.

"You might well beg but it'll do you no good!" Clare shouted, stopping her actions. *"I just came down to tell you that I made Dad kill himself. He's been moping about since you went missing so it was a kindness to get him to blow his brains out. You should have seen it, it was fucking awesome. I had a fantastic orgasm afterward."*

"N-no! Y-you can't have d-done such a thing. Not even you c-could do t-that ___"

"True as I'm stood here!" Clare proudly crowed, passion flaring, slashing a few more blows. *"Thwack!" – "Thwack!"*

"Argh! Argh! You're sick! You're evil! You're no daughter of mine! You

disgust me!” her mother yelled, clearly trying to look defiant, although tears were starting to roll from her eyes.

Thrusting her head forwards, glaring down, Clare said, “That’s right, a truly wicked bitch. And you know what; I’m going to persuade Rex that it’s time to get rid of you. We’re going to torture you for days before putting you out of your misery and cutting you up.”

Spinning on her heels, she dashed from the cell, leaving her mother sobbing, Clare on the verge of having to masturbate to bring her venal pleasure to a culmination. But first, she must boast to Becky about their father.

In her giddy, inflamed excitement however she went into the wrong cell, it containing the slave Claudia.

Gosh, Clare thought, this slave is truly a gorgeous raven-haired beauty, she in the process of scrambling off her bed. “Forgive me, mistress, but I did not hear your knock,” the slave breathlessly said, instantly sinking to her knees, looking somewhat alarmed.

“That ’cos I didn’t fucking knock,” Clare snarled, raising the crop, making to strike. But lust swirled through her, she thinking of something better. “Eat me out! Make me come! I need an orgasm!”

“Gladly, mistress,” the slave replied, burying her face between Clare’s thighs.

“Ooow. Ooow,” Clare purred, the slave’s tongue deftly bringing magical feelings to her vagina.

It was unbelievably good, the mouth working wonders. In no time at all, Clare was perspiring, having to lean against the pleasuring face and grip Claudia’s head for support. “Ooow! Ooow!” she gasped before having a mighty orgasm. “Oooooooooowww!”

“Oh my god! That was ... *phew!* ... so unbelievable,” Clare advised, unable to recall ever having a Sapphic experience to come anywhere equalling it.

“I try to please, mistress,” Claudia said, grinning, her chin gleaming with some of Claudia’s cum.

“*Phew!* Slave, if you serve me like that things can only look up for you.”

* * *

Ann Freeman hated her youngest daughter. The tale about killing her husband sickened her. It might be a rouse but she doubted it, Clare was probably telling the truth, she convinced she was capable of such a despicable thing.

Her whole purpose of struggling to survive in this hellhole had been so that one day she could be reunited with her beloved Tom. Now, that hope was shattered. There was nothing to live for. The sooner she died, the sooner the couple would be reunited in Heaven.

* * *

Claudia felt smug. She had used every little technique she had learnt over the last two years to make the new mistress have an orgasm. And boy, how that girl had ejaculated, there a real stream of juice.

Cleary, Lady Clare had appreciated her talents. If the master was only now interested in her as a common slave then she realised she must ingratiate herself with the new woman.

There was certainly something about the stunning-looking girl. She reckoned that if she could play her cards carefully, then that might well prove beneficial to her in the future.

Chapter 14

It was three days since Detective O'Connor had visited the Grange and as yet Rex and Clare had heard nothing. Not surprising, he thought, it probably going to take the police a week or two to decide if further enquiries were to be made.

Rex was using the small mechanical digger in the orchard, preparing a couple of holes. Having hired the machine by the day he was keen to get the task completed and it returned to the tool hire company.

Clare was racing about nearby on the red garden tractor, cutting the grass.

He had forgiven her antics in giving her mother a beating the other day, having quickly warmed to her enthusiasm that it was time to torture and butcher the slave. The second hole was being prepared to save him money, he certain that the slave Veronica would soon be using it as her final resting place. He was eagerly looking forward to both killings. After all, it was more than two years since he had indulged this particular sadistic desire.

Bringing up the last scoopful, he alighted from the digger, leaving the engine ticking over. Taking a look at his handiwork, he was satisfied it was both deep enough and big enough to dispose of the human remains and to give the selected fruit trees a good start. Having been to the garden nursery, he had purchased the latest specimens that he would be planting, they in their black plastic containers beside the backdoor – a pair of pears – a Conference and a Doyenné du Comice.

Clambering back onto the machine, he set it in motion, it chugging on its way, out of the orchard and around the back of the stable block to the courtyard. There he drove it straight up the ramp onto the low trailer that was hitched to his van.

Killing the engine, he got off the digger and jumped the eighteen inches from the trailer to the gravel. Stowing the aluminium ramp, he lifted the tailgate before setting about securing the load with the straps.

Clare drove the tractor around the house and into the stable where it was stored.

A youth on a bicycle came from the direction of the driveway. He needed to pump on the peddles hard in order to make his way through the loose chippings, he coming to a stop some ten feet from Rex.

“Hi,” Rex said, in greeting, guessing why the lad was there.

“Mister Greenstreet?” the youth said, in questioning style.

“Yes, that’s right. Have you come about the Saturday job?”

“The grass cutting, yes. I’m-I’m, William Rackstraw.”

“Where are you from?” Clare asked, she having strolled over to join Rex. “I’ve never seen you before and I thought I knew all the cute guys in these parts.”

The boy blushed. “Erm ... err ... we’ve just moved from Sussex as my dad’s got a job up here. We’ve moved ... moved to Stagland. Yew Tree Cottage. By the church. I’m starting sixth form college in September but I need some money and Mum sent me.”

“Pity you’re not a few years older as I wouldn’t mind getting personal with a handsome guy like you,” Clare said, deliberately licking her lips, wicked twinkle in her eyes.

William changed to a shade of puce, he clearly shy and embarrassed.

“Stop tormenting the poor boy,” Rex said, feeling amused.

Rex could however understand why Clare might fancy him, he tall, dark-haired, and handsome in a youthful sort of way. As to why the boy was blushing that too was obvious, besides the fact she was extremely good-

looking – a man’s wet-dream fantasy – she was sexily dressed in a pair of distressed denim hot-pants and a cropped tank-top that sweat had caused to stick to her curves.

“I-I ... erm—” William was trying to say something.

“She’s a bit of a tease but fortunately she’s off to university pretty soon so you won’t have to put up with her—”

“Prrrr!” Clare interrupted by blowing a raspberry.

“So, if you want the job, it’s yours.”

“Y-yes please,” William replied, breaking into a smile.

“Good. Start next Saturday. I’ve got to go and get this digger back before the tool hire place shuts. Clare here will explain what’s involved.” With that Rex shook the boy’s hand and walked around the trailer to the driver’s side of the van. Getting in, he said before slamming the door, “Clare, show William his duties but be gentle with the boy, don’t be mischievous.”

* * *

William had not wanted to get a Saturday job but his mother had insisted, saying he needed to meet people. His father had advised that it would help instil him with the work ethic.

Now, he could hardly believe his luck. Yes, he knew he was painfully shy. Yes, he knew a girl like Mister Greenstreet’s daughter would never go out with him, but shucks, a lad could dream, couldn’t he? And tonight, he was going to be in danger of making a mess in his bed, his hand was going to be working overtime. She was the most stunning girl he had ever seen in real life.

As Mister Greenstreet drove away he could not stop himself from blushing again, he quivering uncontrollably too, he extremely embarrassed for the

crotch of his jeans was bulging noticeably.

“Right, this way, I’ll show you where we keep the garden tractor,” Clare said.

“Oh ... err ... right ... Miss Greenstreet,” he responded, trying to be as polite as his mother had told him. He found his erection made it a little uncomfortable to walk.

* * *

“Fuck me, I ain’t Rex’ daughter. He’s not my father. It’s complicated but I suppose you could say ... could say he’s sort of my guardian. Call me Clare,” she advised, glancing in his direction and pulling a saucy smile.

She reckoned he was a couple of years younger than she was. He was clearly bashful, she delighting in the effect she was obviously having on him, judging by the bulging crotch and his near-constant blushing. She bet he was a virgin.

One of these days, she was going to have him, give him the thrill of his life. Make a man of him. “Yum. Yum,” she said out loud, not thinking.

“Pardon?” he uttered, sounding mystified.

“Nothing. Just thinking.” For now, she had to contain herself, although when they entered the stable she momentarily pondered pushing him over to the bales of hay and having her wicked way with him. But she had other things on her mind, she and Rex were going to start torturing her mother tonight, she destined for the orchard in a few days time.

Chapter 15

Rex kept looking at his wristwatch, not that he had any real reason to do so. It was Saturday and Abby and his brother were due back from holiday today, he wondering if she was likely to call in. If she did not turn up then it did not really matter for it had been arranged that the pair would come tonight anyway.

The last week had been pretty eventful. The coroner had released Tom Freeman's body although the inquest was to be held next Wednesday. Apparently, the police were satisfied there was no foul play. The cremation had taken place on Thursday, he and Clare attending, there fourteen of her assorted uncles, aunts and cousins there.

On Friday, the pair of them had put the slave Ann out of her misery, they having spent the previous three days torturing her. It had re-fired his libido, so last night he had given Clare a real good seeing to after he had dismembered the body and dropped the parts into one of the prepared holes onto a bed of sticks. An amount of bio-diesel had been poured on top and ignited. It had been left to burn overnight.

This morning there was nothing but ash and a few bone fragments. Utilising the garden tractor with the dozer blade attached, he had proceeded to fill the hole, planting the Doyenné du Comice. He expected the other hole to contain the remains of the slave Veronica by the end of next week.

Pleasingly, Clare had revelled in the barbarity, happily taking part in the death of her mother. Currently, she was down in the cellars, giving the slaves their midday food, and no doubt several strokes of her riding crop.

Hearing the garden tractor chugging across the courtyard, he got up from his drafting table and wandered to the vestibule. Picking up the collection of five pound notes from the small table, he opened the front door

and walked over to the stables.

It was a good job he had done the planting early that morning for William Rackstraw had arrived at ten, keen to carry out his duties. Evidently, he had been selected to join the local cricket team for their match this afternoon.

“Everything okay?” Rex asked. “No problems?”

“No, Mister Greenstreet, everything was fine,” William replied, using the stiff brush to remove the dirt and errant clippings from the machine, probably disappointed that it was not Clare that was asking. “Do you want to check up that I’ve done it properly before I go?”

“I’ll do that later and if there’s a problem I’ll tell you next time. You get off now. Good luck with the cricket match,” Rex said, handing over the money.

“Thanks, Mister Greenstreet. I’ll see you next week.”

Rex watched William mount his bicycle and get on his way before he pushed the stable door shut, snapping the padlock closed.

His mobile telephone warbled, he answering, “Hi, Abby, where are you?”

“Hi, lover, we’re just getting off the ferry now. It’s been delayed a bit, but Dick and I will see you later tonight,” Abby said, sounding cheery.

“I look forward to it,” he replied, his cock stiffening at the thought of getting into her cunt again.

* * *

William peddled hard, heading home for he only had an hour to have some lunch and get ready for the cricket match.

Whilst his mother had been in the village store the other day she had mentioned that he could bowl. It turned out that the proprietor was the Captain of Stagland Cricket Club and invited William to make up the numbers for the team. He just hoped he proved good enough to get a permanent place.

He had to confess to himself, the grass cutting duties seemed a doddle. All he had to do was remember to empty the grass collection hopper a bit more often.

Of course, what had been occupying his mind this morning, and every night since he first saw her, were dirty thoughts about Clare Freeman. Today, she had been squeezed into skin-tight denim jeans, but sadly her green sweatshirt was rather baggy so had not hugged the outline of her big breasts.

* * *

“Oh yes! Yes! Yes! Mistress, that’s so good!” Claudia shouted, she and Clare on the floor of her cell rutting like a pair of animals. They were in a sixty-nine, licking and fingering each other.

“Stop yapping! Fuck me! Eat me out!” Lady Clare ordered, Claudia more than happy to oblige.

The pair of them had been having surreptitious sessions for days now and the passion had not dimmed. Somehow, they seemed to have clicked. She was eager to ingratiate herself with the new mistress for obvious reasons, Lady Clare appearing to be equally keen upon experiencing everything Sapphic lovemaking could satiate.

Claudia’s hope was that as a consequence she might not feel the sadistic wrath of the younger girl.

* * *

“Aaa-aaa-aaa,” Clare moaned, her loins wracked by feelings of mounting pleasure.

She was no lesbian, she too enthusiastic for a stiff cock but she had to confess there was something deliciously wanton about fucking with another woman. Claudia was certainly putting in a splendid effort, giving her real pleasure as the slave’s fingers toyed with her clitoris, the slave’s hot tongue probing deep into her gash. Somewhat grudgingly, she had to confess, she was increasingly impressed with the slave, she reckoning that the pair of them were in many ways becoming kindred spirits.

If anything, she was keener for a cock up her cunt, last night proving it, when Rex had shafted her for hours. Of course, they had both been turned on by what they had done to her mother. The only thing that had fazed her for a short while had been the sight of all the blood, but that had soon passed.

This morning, she had deliberately pressed up against William as they went into the stable, he blushing profusely. One of these days she was determined to have him, but tonight Rex had promised an orgy with his brother and sister-in-law and she wondered what that would be like.

In one way she was glad the week was over. Her father was now well and truly gone and she was free to do whatever she liked. Of course, she had had to put up with those arsehole aunts, uncles and cousins at the cremation service but thank god she never had to see them again – despite their promises to keep an eye on her.

“Aaa-aaa-aaa! Yeeeah! Yeeeah!” she yelled, finding it increasingly difficult to keep her face pressed against the lovely Claudia’s cunt.

Sadly, she knew that the session should soon end for Rex was taking her into town to have her hair done. She had not told him, but she intended to have it cut short and straightened, into a more severe, masculine, style to go with her bitch dominatrix persona – and she intended to have it died crimson.

“Aaaaaaaaahhh!” she yelled, her orgasm flowing.

Pumping her fingers furiously into the slave’s vagina, Clare brought Claudia

to a juddering, shrieking, climax. “Oooooooooohhh yees, missssstress!”

Chapter 16

Rex had not at first approved of Clare having most of her long lustrous hair cut off and dyed that unnatural red colour. But he was coming around, it certainly making her look the part of a bitch dominatrix.

Slipping on his cotton trousers, and nothing else, he left her dressing when the warning buzzer sounded, he going downstairs to open the front door. The two cars were still parking when he got there so he left it ajar and went and placed his bum upon the top of the chesterfield's back to wait.

"Corrr!" he growled appreciatively, a suntanned Abby walking in, her hair bleached a lighter shade of blonde. "Looks like you found the sun."

"Yes, it was lovely and warm. But how've you been without me, lover? Not too bored I hope," Abby replied, walking up to him and using her open mouth to kiss him.

She slipped her slithery tongue into his oral cavity, he responding keenly. His hands went down to her arse, he kneading her buttocks through the silk of her cocktail dress. Instantly, his cock started to harden, the speed of its swelling increasing when she rubbed a knee against the crotch of his trousers.

"Hi, I'll put these in the kitchen," Dick said, he holding a box of brie in one hand, a bottle of calvados in the other. He knew better than interrupt his younger brother when he was playing with his wife, Rex having been the dominant one since they were in their early teens.

Abby's fingers deftly eased down Rex' zip and pulled out his already-hard penis. He, meanwhile, rucked up her dress, his left hand going to her vaginal area, she knowing better than to wear underwear when visiting him. By the time Dick returned from depositing his gifts, Rex was imbedded in Abby, he having draped her along the back of the chesterfield.

“Ergh! Ergh!” Rex grunted, pleased to be up his sister-in-law again.

“Aaah, yes, Rex, that’s it. Do me hard,” Abby purred.

“That’s what I intend,” he smugly replied, stroking his cock in and out of her slot in a slow rhythmical motion.

“That’s a fine sight to greet a young impressionable girl,” Clare said, she having strutted down the stairs and coming to stand a yard away, smirking as she intently watched the action.

“My, my, you look hot,” Dick commented, she dressed in her red PVC gear, she tapping the tip of her riding crop against her left palm.

“Aaah. Aaah,” Abby moaned. “I see ... see that you brought her ... her onboard ... then.”

“Ergh! Of course. You’d not expect ... anything less. Surely?” Rex responded, thrusting harder. “Ergh! Ergh!”

“Aaah! Aaah! Oooh yeeeah! Aaaaaaaahhh!” Abby yelled, pounding her fists against his back, her vagina contracting about his cock.

“Ergh! Eeerrrggghhh!” he snorted, happily spurting his seed.

“So, how is the new assistant?” Abby asked.

“She’s taken to it like a duck to water just as I thought she would,” Rex advised, smirking, easing out his length from its moist sheath.

“Yes. He certainly had his wicked way and corrupted me,” Clare chirped, happily.

“So, you weren’t bored then?” Abby said, in questioning manner.

“Hell no,” Clare cut in. “He was shagging me like there was no tomorrow. And, he encouraged me to kill my father and to torture my mother to death. And we took some policewoman called Nicki to be a new slave—”

“You what?” Abby exclaimed, interrupting. “I knew this would happen. I can’t leave you a week without you getting bored, never mind a fortnight. Rex, how could you?”

“You abandoned me for your own pleasures, so what do you expect?” Rex replied, making certain she understood that the world rotated around him.

“Bastard,” she muttered. “You’d best tell me every detail.”

“Okay. Let’s go upstairs and dress and I’ll tell you everything,” he said, ushering the other three towards the staircase.

The tale took longer to tell than the time that was taken by him and Dick changing into their leather pouch ensembles, and longer even than it took Abby to squeeze into her tight-fitting black PVC mistress gear. Occasionally, Clare insisted on interjecting, clarifying what she had done, particularly with regard to her father. After he was finished, Rex led the way down to the cellars, Abby showing signs of being peeved to have missed out, Dick however was looking unbothered, after all he was the wimp in the family.

His three assistants were standing in the torture chamber, a slave at each pair of feet, when Rex hauled Nicki in to join them, he forcing her down onto her knees before him. “These, slave, are your mistress, Lady Abby, and your other master, Sir Dick. Treat them with due respect.”

“Y-yes, Master,” Nicki replied.

“Go and suck Sir Dick’s cock.”

“Err ... y-yes, Master.” Nicki shuffled over on her knees.

Dick had to pull his zipper down and ease out his length seeing as the slave still had her hands cuffed to her body belt. Clearly recalling what would befall her if she did not obey, she opened wide and sucked him in.

“Where’s Ann?” a concerned-looking Veronica asked.

“They’ve killed her,” Becky advised, bursting into tears.

“How dare you speak without permission!” Rex roared, dashing over to Veronica, she kneeling before Abby, he slapping her face and both breasts. “*Splat!*” – “*Splat!*” – “*Splat!*”

“Yeouch!” – “Yeouch!” – “Yeouch!” Veronica responded.

“Insolent slut!” Clare yelled, lashing her crop against Becky’s front. “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*”

“Argh!” – “Argh!” – “Argh!” – “Argh!” – “Argh!” Becky squealed.

“Let’s give them all a beating!” Abby suggested.

“Excellent suggestion,” Rex replied. “Tie those two to the horse. Dick and I will secure Claudia and Nicki to the frame.”

Abby and Clare worked as a team, violently forcing Becky and Veronica over the opposite ends of the old gymnastic horse, their hands tied to the furthest pommel from them, their ankles secured by cords to the base of the legs at their end.

The frame consisted of four, six-foot long, three-inch beams screwed together to make a square, the corners braced by angle irons. At the base were two crosspieces that formed the feet. Nicki and Claudia were secured facing each other, their outstretched arms fastened by cords to the top, their feet to opposite corners at the bottom.

“I suggest we each give them ten lashes apiece. So, select your instruments,” Rex said, walking over to the racks and hooks affixed to the side wall. There he selected an eighteen inch leather quirt, that he swished through the air a couple of times.

Starting with Claudia, he lashed ten blows to her back and buttocks, her howling inducing a pleasing hard-on to form. His three acolytes meantime beat one or other of the remaining three slaves, their pained cries adding to the joyous sound of suffering. Once completed, each tormentor

moved to another slave, dolling out ten blows to them. By the finish, each slave had received a mixture of forty strokes from quirt, cane or crop.

Cock throbbing, it in need of relief, Rex said to his brother, “Let’s get Nicki down and use her.”

Untying her, he forced the slave to bend over and drove his cock into her arse before he lifted her feet off the floor. This allowed his brother to push his penis into her vagina. The two siblings were soon vigorously pumping.

“Ergh! Ergh!” Rex snorted, not the slightest interested as to if the slave enjoyed it.

“Urgh! Urgh!” Dick groaned, doing his utmost to pleasure himself.

“Argh! Argh!” Nicki wailed, no doubt due to discomfort from merely being used.

“I think we two girls should get Claudia to beat the shit out of the slave Veronica,” Clare announced, Rex too preoccupied to take much notice of what was being said. He was fired up, self-absorbed in making use of the newest addition to his collection of slaves.

“Urgh! Urgh! Uuurrngghhh!” Dick climaxed, he never able to hold back as long as Rex.

“Argh! Argh! Aaarrngghhh!” the slave Nicki squealed, unable to stop herself from having an orgasm.

“Ergh! Ergh! Eeerrngghhh!” Rex felt elated, he gushing cream up Nicki’s posterior.

“Yeeow! Yeeow!” Veronica was howling, Clare and Abby holding her by the arms as Claudia lashed a riding crop against the other slave’s bouncing breasts. “Yeeow! Yeeow!”

Pulling his deflating organ from Nicki’s rear, Rex dumped her unceremoniously onto the floor. Grabbing her by the hair, he forced his penis

into her mouth. "Suck it! Suck it clean, slut!" he ordered.

It felt good in her mouth, the muscle starting to react and swell, but he could not resist, he proceeded to piss the contents of his bladder down into her stomach.

* * *

As he climbed the steps up from the cellar Dick fully admitted to himself that he was too easily led by his younger brother. Rex was someone not to get the wrong side of, he having thrashed his older sibling whenever he wanted to reinforce his dominance.

But Dick was content, he enjoying having sex with the different slave girls. He drew the line at getting involved in them being tortured to death. However, he never complained, but the sight of all the barbarity and blood made him physically sick. How Abby could do such things he had no idea, but after all it was her dominant nature that kept him enthralled, he simply adoring being her husband.

Of course, there was the new bitch, Clare. She might only be eighteen but he knew he needed to be wary of her, he having come to the conclusion that she, like Rex, was very self-centred and decidedly dangerous.

* * *

Becky hated her sister. Clare had crowed to her how she had happily tortured their mother and assisted whilst Rex butchered her. She was also very afraid of Clare, realising that besides having always been petulant and self-centred she was clearly also spiteful and sadistic.

Back in her cell, Becky cried. She cried because of her mother and her father, she wept due to the pains she was suffering from all the assorted beatings she had received tonight.

* * *

Veronica despised all of them. In a state of shock, her body was trembling as she lay on her side upon her bed. Her breasts were on fire, that evil daughter of hers having whipped them with a riding crop dozens of times. Yes, on the face of it, Claudia had had little choice but to carry out the instructions of the female fiend Abby and the even worse little bitch called Clare but she suspected that Claudia really enjoyed doing it. She had seen the wicked gleam in her daughter's eyes, the way she salivated, and the enthusiasm she had displayed whilst inflicting the pain.

She was certain; her daughter had become a fiend too. That was not the only worry. Having learned that the slave Ann had been killed was a very big concern. She was only some six years younger than Ann had been which now made her the oldest of the slaves. Rex had a penchant for young female flesh, so, how long before it was her turn to die. And, she simply knew, it was going to be a horrible death.

* * *

Nicki thought she was in hell. She had been fucked and buggered by two equally evil men. She had been used as a toilet by one of them to empty his urine. Practically every part of her body ached from being whipped or thrashed by some sort of fiendish instrument.

She was still where she had been dumped, on the floor of her cell. At least she was no longer wearing that body belt, her wrist free at last. But, she simply did not have the strength to get to her feet and clamber onto the trolley that was supposedly her bed.

How much longer, she wondered, was she going to have to wait for her colleagues from the police to come crashing through the door, rescuing her and the other wretched creatures?

* * *

“Oh yes, yes, yes, mistress, that’s so good,” Claudia whispered into Lady Clare’s ear as the two of them rubbed against each other, each with three fingers buried in the other’s vagina, aggressively twisting and thrusting them about.

“Did you enjoy beating that other slave?” Lady Clare asked.

“You know I did,” Claudia responded, an immoral warmth permeating through her body.

“Pity you had to get such a beating first as it marks your gorgeous body. But never mind.” The mistress gave a non-committal, indifferent-type of shrug.

“Aaah. Aaah. Aaah,” Claudia groaned, she approaching an orgasm.
“Aaaaaaaaahhh!”

“Oooh! Yeeeah, that’s it. Yeeeaahhh!” Clare snarled, squirting her juice out all over Claudia’s hand.

“Was that good, mistress?” Claudia asked, confident it was.

“Lick it up.”

Putting her hand to her mouth, Claudia made a show of sucking the juice from her fingers and palm, whilst slowly sinking to her knees. Pushing her face in between the warm thighs, she rasped her tongue over the mistress’s labia, lapping up all the surplus fluid.

“Oooh yeeeah,” the mistress cooed. “Fuck it, I’ve gotta go but I’ll be back in the morning.”

With that, Lady Clare stepped backwards a couple of paces, blew her a kiss and then exited the cell, locking the door behind her.

Slowly getting to her feet, Claudia looked into the mirror above the dressing table. Of course, it only showed a portion of her body, but hell, it was a fabulous body, so why shouldn't the new mistress want to play with it? Yes, it ached where it had been beaten. But, so what, she in her turn had loved lashing her mother. She really could develop a sadistic streak given a chance, she reckoned.

* * *

Abby felt quite contented, she having been fucked by Rex a couple of times tonight already and now she was in his bedroom, stripping off her PVC. No doubt they would be sleeping in his big bed, along with Dick and Clare.

Dick was a good husband, obedient and compliant, but he lacked the raw lust of his younger brother, and that's what she liked about Rex – he was an animal.

“So, my lover, are you planning to find this Nicki's mother and ensnare her, bring her here to be trained alongside her daughter?” she asked, when Clare arrived, she seeming to have taken her time putting her charge away.

“That was always part of my plan,” Rex replied. “I saw a picture of her in some holiday snaps that Nicki showed me some time back, as if I fucking cared about her family having fun. But, she didn't look too bad so I think I'll snatch her and make use of her. It'll be fun anyway, killing her.”

“And, when pray are we going to be torturing and disposing of that haughty slut, Veronica? Soon, I hope.” Abby knew she needed to display keenness, there simply something in Clare Freeman's demeanour that warned that she might have a really troublesome rival.

“Oh, we're going to do it next week, aren't we, Rex baby?” Clare advised, in a matter-of-fact manner. “The hole is already dug and the pear tree bought.”

Cheeky madam, Abby thought, who the hell did the whippersnapper think she was? “Well, I'd have thought that was a matter for Rex and me to decide

seeing as you are merely a trainee dominatrix.”

“Huh!” Clare snorted derisively. “I’m top bitch round here now so that’s what I and Rex have decided.”

“Rex! Tell the little madam I’m your number one!”

“Well, babe, she’s right. Clare’s the new number one around here. After all, she’s my live in lover and she doesn’t go deserting me in the pursuit of her own pleasures,” Rex said coldly. “So, I suggest you get down on your knees and kiss her cunt to show you understand you’re going to be playing second fiddle to the new bitch on the block.”

She felt like she had been struck across the face with a giant hand. “B-b-but ... b-but ... Rex ... honey—”

“Do it! Or else you know what will happen to you!” Rex snapped, his face wearing a cold, callous, expression.

It was sickeningly clear to Abby, that trollop had wheedle her way into Rex’ affections and managed to turn his head. She had done everything he had ever asked of her, been his willing soul mate, his partner. Now, he was expecting her to supplicate herself before some teenage girl who was wet behind the ears. Mind, she quickly rationalised, if all the local gossip was true she was more likely to be constantly wet between her legs. And that was the problem, she knew. Rex was motivated by lust so a new young willing whore as a partner was likely to control his balls – control his brain.

By the sound of his threat she knew he would not hesitate to confine her downstairs and turn her into a slave. Swallowing her pride, she meekly slipped down to her knees and shuffled forward, pressing her lips to the other creature’s pussy, giving it a kiss.

* * *

Smirking with satisfaction, Clare placed both of her hands on the back of

Abby's head and forced it forward, pressing it to her crotch, she flexing her hips to cause her labia to rub against the pinioned face. "Oh yeah," she crowed, elated at being seen as the top bitch around these parts.

In her own mind, she knew she was rolling upon the crest of a wave. She had Rex as her lover, he practically eating out of her hand. Now, she had his long time assistant paying homage to her cunt, submitting to her. Soon, she would have that husband of hers, Dick servicing her as if she were his mistress. And, of course, things were going well with that slave Claudia. Wow, that girl certainly had a great body and the pair of them could certainly inflame each other.

"That'll do," Rex said. "I think it's time we had a fuck."

Reluctantly, Clare let Abby pull her face away and even offered a hand to assist her up. It was declined. Instead, Abby threw her a most scathing look. But she would learn, it better to have Clare as a friend than an enemy.

"If you don't mind, Rex, me and Dick will be going home as it's been a long day. We've been travelling since five this morning. And, the kids are on their own," Abby said.

"Please yourselves," Rex replied, waspishly, he pulling a sulky pout.

"I'll make it up to you tomorrow once I've had a good sleep," Abby said, slipping on her cocktail dress.

"Don't worry, I'll give you a good seeing to right now, honey," Clare advised, she knowing that would reemphasise why she was now the favourite.

She made no effort to hide her smirk when Abby flounced out of the bedroom. Following her, Dick apologised about leaving, he still doing up his flies, his shirt hanging over his arm.

"Come here, lover, let me drain those big fat balls of yours," Clare said, flopping onto the bed. Unclipping her crotch-cover, she chucked it towards the floor and spread her legs wide.

They fucked for what must have been an hour before he tired and rolled onto his side, going off to sleep. Peeling off the rest of her PVC, she chucked it from the bed before laying her head on the pillow and drifting off into a wonderful, dream-laden sleep.

She woke a few hours after Rex, it nearly lunchtime when she came downstairs and found him in his study, drawing another barbaric killing, the woman nailed by her breasts to a large wooden cross. “Have you fed the slaves lunch yet?” she asked.

“No. You can do it. I’ve just had this inspirational flash so I want to get it down on paper,” he replied, giving her a kiss.

She distributed the bottles of liquid feed to the four slaves, spending a few extra minutes with Claudia, they groping each other to a state of arousal. “Sorry, I can’t stop. I’ve something I must do,” Clare advised, although she was in half a mind about staying. But she had a plan and it needed implementing.

Going up to the spare bedroom, that which she was supposedly occupying, she took the package she had secretly bought on Saturday and placed it into her little rucksack before putting that onto her back.

Downstairs, she leaned through the study doorway, and said, “I’m going for a bit of a cycle ride as I’ve gotta keep myself fit if I’m going to be a dominatrix, and constantly balling you.”

“Have fun,” he said, not even lifting his pencil from the large sheet of paper.

She peddled to Stagland, and straight up the drive of the Greenstreet house. Propping the bike against the garage, she went to the front door and pressed the doorbell.

Dick answered, she simply giving him a kiss on the lips and barging into the hall before saying, “I’ve come to see Abby.”

“What do you want?” Abby snarled, walking out of the sitting room.

“You and I need to talk. We’ve things to sort out. We need somewhere private. You’re bedroom will do. Up the stairs, is it?” Without further ado, Clare started mounting the staircase.

“Hey!” Abby called out, following. “You can’t just barge in ...”

“Left or right?” Clare was at the top of the stairs.

“Right. Then it’s at the front.”

Clare opened the door and stepped into a large bedroom, it decorated in white, the carpet pink, the curtains and bedcover also white with pink piping and fringes.

“Look, you just can’t turn up here and start dictating in my own home,” Abby said, Clare turning around to watch her push the door closed.

“Of course I can, and you know it. Your shit scared of Rex and you’re not stupid enough to think that I can’t get him to do whatever I like,” Clare said, confidently.

“Don’t flatter yourself,” Abby responded, she clenching her fists, looking like she was going to start a fight.

“I don’t need to flatter myself. I know. Look at me. I’m fucking gorgeous. I know it. You know it. Rex knows it. And like all fellers his brains are in his balls. He’s only got to get a sniff of my cunt and he’s as hard as a rock and will do anything to empty his cum into it. From what she says, that slave Claudia was his favourite piece of pussy but once I came along she’s nothing to him. Now, no disrespect to you, but you’re old and it won’t be long before he doesn’t gives you a second look—”

“You cheeky little tramp!” Abby flushed, looking angry.

“For fuck’s sake, Mrs Greenstreet, you know what I’m saying is true. So, you can’t afford to be my enemy. And” – she put her hand up to stop the other woman interrupting – “there’s going to come a time that some other bimbo comes his way that excites him more than me. So, we need to be

friends. You and I need to be on the same wavelength, on the same side.”

“What are you suggesting?” Abby cocked her head, giving a questioning look.

“I love knobbing with blokes. I loves having that big cock of Rex’ up me. But, until the other week I’d never done it properly with a girl. Yeah, I fooled around with a couple of others back in school but nothing heavy. Well, let me tell you, me and Claudia have been at it this last week or so and it’s fantastic. It’ll never replace knobbing but there’s something really sensual and of course we girls can go at it for hours and hours. So, I reckon you and I need to get familiar with each other too, build a girl-bond.” With that, Clare pulled the rucksack from her back and opened it.

“Are you serious?” Abby looked confused.

“Sure. I know there’s a lot you can teach me about all sorts of things. Training slaves for a start. And I bet you’re as horny as I am.” With that she pulled the package from the bag, and started opening it. “It a massive double ended dildo and you and I are going to get really well acquainted with it. We’ve a lot to talk about too.”

Abby’s eyes lit up. Clare noticed how her little pink tongue-tip ran across her lower lip. “Well, we’ll see ... after we’ve been extremely intimate.”

Chapter 17

Rex, Abby and Clare stepped through the backdoor and into the kitchen that Thursday night. The three of them were naked, and his stiff penis jutted proudly before him. They had just been out into the late evening twilight to dump the remains of the slave Veronica into the waiting hole, the timber, the disposable overalls and the body parts having been left burning. By morning he was confident that there would be little but ash so he could then go about planting the Conference pear first thing.

Pushing Abby up to the edge of the table, he pressed her back forward so that her chest was squashed onto the top. He thrust his cock into her slit, he eager for some immediate sexual release.

“Ergh! Ergh!” he growled, his organ easily slipping back and to in her already-wet vagina.

“Aaah! Aaah!,” Abby responded, using her hands to grip two corners of the table, bracing herself to receive his powerful thrusts.

“Hey! What about me?” Clare declared, rubbing herself against his back.

“I’ll do you later,” he replied, he getting a little fed up with that girl’s constant dictatorial badgering. However, he was all fired up at the moment, pumping towards a culmination. “Ergh! Ergh!”

“Aaah! Aaah! Yes! Yes! Aaah! Aaah!” Abby wailed, her perspiring body slithering about on the *Formica* top. “Aaah! Aaah! Yes! Yeees! Yeeesss! Yyyeeeeeeeeesss!” she shrieked, squirting fluid from between her labia.

“Eeerrrggghhh!” Rex roared, his body taut, the pleasing sensation that came from spurting his sperm filling his head.

Pulling out, he turned ninety degrees. Using his left hand about the back of her neck, he pulled Clare towards his front and forced her head down towards his slowly-deflating penis. “Suck!” he ordered, determined she understood that he was the boss around here.

“Sure,” she said, calmly, before her wonderfully warm, moist mouth gobbled him in, it instantly making him hard again. Placing his hands about her head, he held it down in that position, determined she was going to get to understand that he was in charge.

Producing suction akin to a vacuum cleaner, she swiftly had his pleasure rising. “Ergh! Ergh!”

“She’s good with that mouth and tongue, isn’t she,” Abby stated, rather than asked, she slithering off the table and standing up.

“Yeah. Ergh! Ergh!” Rex had to admit she was. “When I’ve finished I’m going to go downstairs and find out where Nicki’s mother lives. I’ll beat the information out of her if needs be.” That idea appealed to him. “Then we can start making enquiries and doing the planning to get me another mother as a slave.”

“Sure thing, lover,” Abby responded, lewdly slobbering her tongue against the side of his face.

It was no good, he could not hold back, he jetting his sperm into Clare’s mouth. “Eeerrrggghhh!”

“So, are we going off to bed now?” Clare asked, standing upright, her tongue extending from her mouth to scrape in a large errant globule of his creamy cum.

“I must fly as I’ve gotta be up bright and early in the morning for work,” Abby advised. “And, I need sleep to recharge my batteries ready for tomorrow night.”

“Please yourself,” Rex shrugged, indifferent. If she wanted to miss him screwing her again, that was her look out. “I’ll talk to that slave Nicki in the

morning. For now, me and the horny Clare will go to bed and fuck some more.”

Friday morning came, he up rather late for him – nearly eight o’clock. It did not take long to ascertain the information he needed from Nicki, he giving her a beating just to amuse himself. The trouble was that the mother lived down near Brighton which meant he would have to go and do a reconnaissance at some stage. In preparation, he used his computer and did a search to locate the property.

Checking his emails, he discovered a message from the publishers of *Brutal Rome*, they urgently needing another illustration for the coming issue, they giving the details of the scenario. Work meant money, and money had its uses. There was nothing for it, his intended acquisition planning had to be put on hold, and he set to work, placing a large sheet of art paper onto his drafting table.

Fully absorbed, he worked through the rest of the morning and all of the afternoon, he surprised when Clare’s voice called from the kitchen, “Food’s up.”

“Is it that time already,” he said out loud to himself. Glancing at his wristwatch, it was nearly six o’clock.

Going to the dining room, he took his place at the table. She placed a plate before him. Clare was no great shakes as a cook – she not interested in undertaking any kind of work – but the lamb chop, new potatoes and peas were adequate, he shovelling it into his mouth. “Have you fed the slaves?” he asked.

“No. I’m going to do that before I go up and change to go out,” Clare replied, in a manner than conveyed he should have known.

“Going out? Going out where?” he asked, surprised at the revelation, somewhat annoyed that he had not been consulted.

“I told you last night just before we went to sleep. Surely you haven’t forgotten? Abby and I are going clubbing.”

He was wracking his brain. "I can't remember."

"You were probably shagged out. Anyway, we thought we'd go to Birmingham and check out a few nightclubs. See what the talents like. That's why Abby went early last night, to get enough sleep for staying out tonight. Surely she told you?"

"I don't recall." He shook his head. He did not appreciate the inference that he Rex Greenstreet could not easily cope with a night of sex – shagged out, indeed. Huh! "But I suppose a young thing like you does occasionally need such places. But, I'm surprised at Abby not saying—"

"It was her idea," Clare interrupted. "She ... we thought we'd check out whether it is going to be easy to pick up a tasty morsel or two to add to your collection."

That idea appealed, he certainly needing some new young slaves. His penis started to stiffen at the thought. "I think I'll come with you."

"No!" Clare blurted, looking shocked. "No, lover man, this is a girls' night out. We want to see if we can find you a nice surprise. Anyway, we might trawl the lesbian bars. From what I hear there can be some really pretty girls in those places. And, you'd love breaking in one of them, wouldn't you?" She pulled an evil-looking grin.

That suggestion caused his cock to practically burst its skin, it painfully constrained within the fabric of his trousers. "Yeah, that sounds good," he happily advised. "Come here and let me give you a good hard fuck."

"Sorry, lover. I've got to go feed the slaves then get all dolled up. Me and Abby thought we'd take your van ... if that's okay. It'll take us over an hour to get to Birmingham in that. But we thought it might come in handy just in case we pick up something tasty to bring back. Anyway, haven't you got to get that picture finished PDQ?"

"Huh!" he snorted. She was of course correct. "You win, Miss Bossyboots. It's back to the grindstone for me. But make certain you do bring

me back something special to make up for your heartless treatment of me.”

Returning to his study, he started painting in the fine detail.

The grandfather clock was chiming seven when Clare walked into the room, and said, “I’m going now—”

“Fuck me!” he exclaimed, interrupting her.

“You like it?” she said, doing a twirl.

What was there not to like? She was wearing a strapless, red-PVC, mini-dress, the deep V-front held closed by four buckled-straps, each side merely consisting of eight more such fasteners. “Wow! That’s real slutty. Stay here and I’ll show you how much I appreciate it,” he said, penis hardening.

“Now, now, down, lover man. You can have me tomorrow. I’ve gotta go. I promised Abby. The slaves are fed and tucked up. I doubt we’ll be back until the early hours. You know these clubs don’t shut until three so don’t wait up. And keep working; leave those slaves downstairs alone for one night.” She slobbered a kiss over his eager mouth, her tongue momentarily wagging inside his orifice.

Breaking free before he could enfold her properly in his arms, she skipped away, her black, strappy, high-heeled platform shoes tapping on the oak floorboards.

Getting up, going to the front door, he waved her off before leaving it on the *Yale* lock, not throwing the deadlock or the bolts.

He only got as far as the study door before his roused lust got the better of him. “Sod work. I want some pleasure,” he said out loud. “If those two women can go enjoying themselves so can I.”

Stripping off, he flung his clothes over the back of the chesterfield and headed for the cellars. Going into the torture chamber, he selected a long whippy riding crop.

Having decided that he was going to thrash all three slaves, he went through both grilles, ensuring they were locked behind him. He headed for Nicki's cell. She was going to be the first to suffer.

Entering, he simply walked up to her as she got to her feet and thumped her in the stomach. He shoved her over the end of her bed and rained down a dozen blows to her buttocks and back.

"Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!"

"Argh!" she howled after each stroke made contact.

His cock simply seemed to get ever stiffer, it aching for relief. But first he was intent on getting his full measure of sadistic pleasure.

Leaving her weeping, he exited her cell and moved to that containing Becky.

"Master, good evening—" she was saying, he merely punching her in the stomach too. "Urgh!"

"Shut up, slut," he snarled. Grasping a large hank of her hair, he dragged her over to the dressing table stool, and threw her down onto it.

"Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!"

She howled. "Yeeeow!" – "Yeeeow!" – "Yeeeow!" – "Yeeeow!" – "Yeeeow!" – "Yeeeow!" – "Yeeeow!" – "Yeeeow!" – "Yeeeow!" – "Yeeeow!"

"Think yourself lucky I don't just spend the night with you in the torture chamber making you squeal," he said, apathetic to the pain he had inflicted, indifferent to her blubbering.

His bestial desires were raging. There was however still one more of

the slaves to thrash before he could empty his balls, he having left the most desirable until last.

Slamming Becky's cell door shut, he strode to that of Claudia's, flinging it open, hoping to catch her out. She was a smartarse, he thought, she already standing beside her bed.

"Master, this is an unexpected pleasure," she said, in that husky voice she sometimes used to excite him.

Pushing her up against the wall, he mauled her breasts and pussy, locking his open mouth over hers, passionately kissing. She responded, several of her deft fingers tickling his cock and playing with his ball sac. Her tongue entwined with his.

Breaking away, he turned and went to the door, pushing it shut, saying as he went, "Grease your arsehole."

"Per Lady Clare's instructions, it is already prepared," she replied, looking smug.

"Good!" He fleetingly wondered how Clare had known he would be visiting. Coiling his left hand in her long raven-hair, he jerked Claudia towards her bed. She bumped into it and sank to kneel beside it, she bending over, pressing her big round tits to the blanket.

"Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!" – "Thwack!"

"Argh!" – "Argh!" – "Argh!" – "Argh!" – "Argh!" – "Argh!" – "ARGH!" – "ARGH!" – "ARGH!" – "AAARGH!" – "AAARGH!" – "AAARRRGGGHHH!" she screamed with increasing intensity.

Chuckling the crop to one side, he grasped her by the hips and butted his iron-hard cock to her anal opening. Without the slightest thought about her, he rammed it in with all the pressure he could muster. Oh the joy! Oh the pleasure! His red-hot rod was slithering up her warm, prepared, rectum.

Moving his hands, he gripped her breasts, squeezing and twisting them cruelly. “Ergh! Ergh!” he snorted.

“A-argh! A-argh!” she whimpered as he slammed back and to.

On and on he went. Each thrust causing his elation to soar. “Ergh! ERGH! ERGH!”

“A-a-argh! A-a-argh! A-a-argh! Y-y-yes! Y-y-yes, Master! H-harder! P-p-please!” Claudia begged.

Both were profusely sweating, his skin slipping easily against hers. “ERRRGH! ERRRGH!”

“Ooow! Ooow! A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-aaarrGGGHHH!” She shuddered with a climax.

“EEERRRGGGHHH!” he roared, his body feeling as if it had suddenly petrified, except he was having the most wonderful ejaculatory sensation, his cock spurting cum like a fountain.

It had been one hell of a stupendous fuck. It unbelievably enjoyable. Exceedingly draining, he unable to stop a yawn. He simply collapsed on top of her, his belly and chest squirming against her hot back and bum.

* * *

Nicki despised Rex like she had never hated anyone else that she could remember. She was in agony. She could not stop crying.

Fleetingly pulling herself together, she called out, “O, God, help me! Deliver me from this evil man!”

But, she soon relapsed, producing floods of tears.

* * *

Becky was blubbing. Her body was wracked with pains. That fiend, Rex Greenstreet, had thrashed her harder than he had for ages.

Her life had been bad enough but now it was miserable. Her mother and father, and her brother, were dead. Her bitch of a sister was the only one that could save her, but then she reckoned Clare had as mean a streak in her as the master and would happily torment her.

“O, God, give me strength so I can get out of here!”

* * *

Lady Clare had warned Claudia that she should expect a visit from the master. Clare had cautioned that he would undoubtedly be horny once he had seen what she was wearing to go clubbing and also due to the fact she was going to slip something into his food that would stimulate his libido before making him drowsy.

Hell, Claudia thought, Clare had clearly not warned her enough or had misjudged the amount of the drug she had put into his grub. He had beaten her viciously and buggered her fearsomely. Mind, perverse though it may be, she had to concede, it had been one fantastic fuck. Perhaps there was something wrong with her, but she simply adored hard sex.

However, her back and bum throbbed abominably. Gingerly, she eased forward, slithering from under him, his penis slowly being pulled from her used arse.

“Hey, what are you doing?” he asked in a dreamily-sounding voice, clearly yawning. The flat of one of his hands slapped her posterior, sending it quivering. “*Splat!*”

“Ooowch!” she yelped. She wondered whether she should simply get him hard again and indulge in more sex or whether she should carry out the plan

Clare had formulated. The options flitted through her brain one more time. No, she decided, she was never going to be his number one woman now so her best option was to throw her lot in with the new top bitch. "I'm going for a piss," she advised.

"Hurry back ... aaaaaah ... I want to fuck you again." He yawned several times.

Swiftly, she went to the bottom drawer of her dressing table and opened it, lifting out the items that Clare had sneaked to her earlier tonight. Taking the small syringe, she removed the plastic cap and insured there was no air trapped within. Sidling back to the bed, she jabbed the needle into his upturned right buttock and pressed the plunger.

"Ouch! What the fuck!" he yelled, levering his chest up from off the blanket.

"Sweet dreams, fucker," she triumphantly said, pulling the needle out, hoping that Clare had not lied and that the contents would make him sleep for eight hours.

His muscles tensed before she was relieved to see them relax, he slowly sinking down, back to the mattress. The lovely Clare had given her instructions which she would now carry out after which she was going to go and sleep upstairs in his bed, a free woman.

* * *

Abby was feeling nervously excited, rather like a schoolgirl awaiting her first date. She was standing under the porch waiting. The second Rex' van drew up, she skipped down the drive, calling back to Dick who was standing in the doorway, "See you tomorrow."

The van door was pushed open and Clare's long legs flashed in the illumination provided by the security light affixed to the front of the garage as she got out from behind the wheel.

“You drive. I nearly crashed on the way here. These make it too fucking difficult,” she said, lifting a foot, displaying her six-inch stiletto, platform shoes.

“Sure,” Abby happily replied, getting in. She quickly undid the single ankle straps of her relatively modest, four-inch heeled sandals and slipped them off, she happy to drive in bare feet.

“I like the outfit,” she said, smirking, as Clare got into the outer passenger seat.

“Yeah! They’re fucking awesome aren’t they,” Clare responded.

Both of them were dressed the same except Abby was in black, and her shoes were a little bit more “sensible”.

Setting off, she gave Dick a wave. Once through the village, she turned right onto the A-road and put her foot down.

“You are okay about all of this?” Clare asked, reaching across and slipping her right hand onto Abby’s nearest thigh, running her it up and down the bare flesh.

“Sure. I just hope we can get away with it, that’s all,” Abby replied, starting to feel flushed, her vagina beginning to tingle.

“Of course we will. We’re two fucking hot girls. They’ll be gagging for us.”

An hour later they were driving into the centre of Birmingham. It was pure luck, Abby spotting a car pulling out, she making for the empty space, she parking with her side to the pavement.

Slipping her shoes on, she stepped from the van, tugging the bottom of her dress down to barely cover her bum. Turning around, she lifted her feet in turn, placing them on the sill and fastening the ankle straps.

“Ready to strut?” Clare asked, coming around the front of the vehicle to join her on the pavement.

“Let’s go party,” Abby happily replied, tucking her tiny evening bag under her right arm. She was feeling increasingly excited.

There were several wolf-whistles and suggestive remarks as the pair of them strutted along, it making Abby feel good that at her age of thirty-eight she could still turn heads. Although she did wonder, was the appreciation merely being directed to the taller, younger, companion?

“Don’t worry, Abby, they’ll all think you are my older sister,” Clare suddenly announced, seemingly reading her thoughts, following her words with a dirty-sounding guffaw.

They trawled several bars, drinking large, pastel-shade, cocktails through fancy straws. Abby however reminded herself not to have too many, she having to drive them home.

It was near midnight when they decided it was time to go into a nightclub. The queue into “Templeton’s” was only about ten people when they joined it, more however were soon following them. The doormen gave them long looks, the big black guy wafting a metal detector and saying, “You got any weapons?”

“Only these,” Clare responded, pressing her arms against the sides of her breast, causing them to bulge. “My nips are so hard they could poke your eyes out. You’re welcome to pat me down if you want to.”

Smiling, the man just waved them to proceed.

“We shouldn’t draw attention to ourselves,” Abby counselled once they were in the foyer.

“Don’t fuss. There’s dozens more girls coming in with far less on than us to blot us out of those blokes’ minds. Those dickheads won’t remember us,” Clare advised.

“Perhaps you’re right.” Abby shrugged, she having seen several scantily clad girls following them in. “Let’s get hunting then.”

Their plan was audacious, Abby knew that, but they were not compelled to carry it out tonight, they could easily use this as a reconnaissance trip and return another day. Peering through the gloom, watching the clubbers, she was no longer feeling nervous. She had helped Rex when he snatched people so was confident that she and Clare could do the same. There certainly looked like there was a wide choice.

* * *

Licking her lips with relish, Clare scanned the throng, the place nicely packed with clubbers. She could tell, eyes were already on her and Abby. Hell, Mrs Greenstreet was one hot pussy, she happily conceded.

She was confident the pair of them would succeed in their audacious plan, her only concern was that she hoped Claudia was able to execute her element – and, of course, that relied on Rex playing his unwitting part. But, as his brains were in his balls, she was ninety-nine percent certain he would fall into the trap being unable to resist wanting sex tonight.

Prowling, the pair of them made their way around the club several times, they chatted up by girls as well as fellers. However, she had a good idea what she was after and that she would know when she saw it.

“Hi, darling, you wanna dance?” a tall, slim, guy asked, he looking reasonably sober. His stockier, slightly better-looking friend was chatting up Abby.

Leaning close, Clare whispered into his left ear, “Only if you’ve a big cock as I only knob guys with at least eight inches. Shall we see?”

“Err?” he responded, sounding confused.

Reaching down with her left hand, she rubbed his crotch, feeling for what he had to offer. “Sorry, I don’t do guys with such tiny equipment.”

He looked gobsmacked, she merely thrusting her nose into the air,

trying to emphasise her disdain, and moved on her way.

“That was blatant,” Abby said, catching her up.

“Always feel the merchandise before thinking of buying,” she advised. She had no qualms about feeling a feller up, after all, if he were lucky he’d get to fuck her.

After three more such encounters, she took Abby by the hand and led her onto the dance floor. They had been shimmying for more than half an hour when two men weaved their way through the throng to reach them. Her experienced eye reckoned that both of them were rather tasty.

“Good evening, ladies,” the black man said, pulling a wolf-like grin, flashing his perfect white teeth.

“You two are the hottest girls in here. You sisters or something?” the white guy said, lecherously looking at Abby’s cleavage.

“Yeah, we’re fuck-hungry sisters or something,” Abby responded.

“This could be your lucky night,” Clare advised, pressing up against the black man. “It just depends how well hung you are.”

Putting her hand down to his crotch, she squeezed his big bulge. Using a finger and thumb, she pulled his zipper down and felt inside – he was big and meaty.

“I’m hung like a donkey,” she heard the white guy crow.

Moments later, Abby responded, “Mmm. Mmm, you’re certainly not lying. I can’t wait for that to be up me.”

Lasciviously licking her lips first, Clare said, “It’s most definitely your lucky day. Do you want a quick shag here on the dance floor or would you prefer a long session out in our passion wagon that’s parked around the corner from this place?”

Smiling, she saw the two men exchange knowing-sort of glances. The answer

was as she had expected, only a fool would want the former, they both expressing their desire for the full shebang.

The four of them hurried from the club, the two women draped about their men, both nuzzling their respective wannabe lover's neck.

Arriving at the *Hiace* van, Clare announced, "This is our *Toyota* fuck-truck. Let's get in the back."

They had to step into the road and go around the other side to the sliding door. She unlocked it, and usher the other three inside. Stepping in, sliding the door closed behind her, she reached up to the ceiling and switched on the courtesy light. "Right, get your kit off and lie down," she said, pointing to the sponge-rubber mattress that was awaiting their pleasure.

As the two men pulled down their trousers and their underpants, and sprawled on their backs, she and Abby undid the bottom four sets of their side straps. Pulling up the front of their dresses, they revealed their pussies. They waited for the two men to get comfortable beside each other before straddling them and sinking slowly to sit on their well-developed six-packs.

These guys were powerfully built, in every sense of the word, Clare thought. If they turned violent, she doubted she and Abby could cope with even one of them.

"What are you waiting for?" the black man asked her.

"Just gotta get a condom," she replied huskily, waving her little evening bag before him.

Her excitement was building, her pussy already lubricating. Popping the catch, she put her hand in and pulled out the hypodermic. Using her thumb, she popped the plastic cap off the needle and stuck it into his neck, pumping in the contents that Abby had willingly procured from her place of employment. Her co-conspirator was doing the same to the white guy.

"As I told you, honey, men do have their brains in their balls! It was so fucking easy," Clare gleefully said, twisting her trunk and giving Abby a

slobbering, mouth open, kiss.

Chapter 18

Rex felt stiff. His head was sort of fuzzy. He was getting angrier by the minute, certain that he was laid on his stomach on that slave Claudia's bed. His wrists were clearly fastened behind his back, his ankles obviously secured to the ends of a bar-stretcher. He had a ball-gag in his mouth, and it was pitch black for patently he had a hood over his head.

That ungrateful slut was going to pay for this, of that he was certain. Once Clare returned to the Grange everything would return to normal. One thing was certain, once freed he was going to whip that stupid slave Claudia until her skin peeled away from her flesh then he would dump her in a pit and burn her alive.

He detected some noise close by. A moment or so later two pairs of soft-skinned hands gripped him by the upper arms and hauled him off the bed, and forced him to stand.

"Err! Err!" he tried to protest. He would have lashed out with his feet but they were too restrained.

Shoving him, dragging him, the two people manhandled him along a short corridor, he hearing first one then a second iron-bar grille being opened and closed. There followed the sound of the torture chamber door being slammed shut behind him.

What was happening, he asked himself? Someone was going to pay for this!

Roughly, he was shoved downwards, someone kicking the backs of his knees causing him to drop down onto his patellae.

"Take his hood off!" he heard Clare's voice order.

The black linen sack was pulled off, he seeing it in Abby's hand. "Err! Err!" he snarled, trying to tell her to untie him immediately.

It had clearly been her and Claudia who had manhandled him for they both now shimmied from his sides to go and take up positions next to Clare who was standing some six feet away.

Clare was decked out in her red PVC dominatrix outfit he had bought her, she also wearing the broad collar sporting the vicious-looking steel spikes plus now she had on a set of wrist cuff similarly spiked. She was flexing a long riding crop, each of her hands holding opposite ends of it.

As for Abby and that slut Claudia they were similarly attired but in black PVC, all three of the creatures wickedly grinning at him.

Darting his eyes about, swivelling his head, he frantically looked around, trying to assess the situation. Over to the left, the two slaves, Becky and Nicki, were each tied down to separate whipping boxes. On his right there were two naked men, one black, the other white, secured to opposite ends of the pommel horse. Who the hell are they, he wanted to shout?

"Welcome, slave, to the rest of your life," that little bitch Clare said, in a snide manner.

"Err! Err!" he growled. One of these days he would teach her not to mess with him.

"I and my two lovely associates have decided to make a few changes around here. Of course, we're still going to keep a couple of female slaves as its so much fun making them lick us out. But, you see, we three are really horny creatures that just crave lots of stiff cock. So, in order to satisfy that need, we've decided that the other six cells must be occupied with well-hung slave-studs that we can use, abuse, and fuck dry. I just knew you'd not go along with that idea so ... well, as you can see, it was necessary for me to become the boss around here."

"Oooh, I can hardly wait for all that hot cock," Abby cooed, rubbing her left hand over her crotch cover, smacking her lips salaciously.

“Yeah, me too,” Claudia oozed. “I’m so looking forward to picking and choosing which male slave is going to satisfy my wants.”

“Down girls. Let me just finish telling the slave Rex what it’s going to be like before we get started,” Clare said. “We’re going to whip you, beat you, ring you, break you in. We’re going to turn you and the other male slaves into playthings. As long as you’re able to service our needs whenever we want then you have some future. And, when you can’t ... well, that’ll be too bad.” Her face beamed with demonic delight as she exaggeratedly shrugged.

Evil bitch, you won’t get away with this, he wanted to yell, he desperately straining at his bonds. But all his words simply sounded the same. “Err! Err!”

“Oh, and don’t think anyone is going to wonder where you are. Mister Dick has agreed to help us.” – His brother stepped into view, carrying something. – “He’ll put it about that you’ve gone off on an extended tour of Italy and other Roman sites. He’ll tell everyone that Claudia is renting the Grange and, as she’s evidently a pretty good artist, she’ll be secretly taking over your commissions. Ostensibly, I’ll be living down in the Cottage but will of course be spending most of my time here training, and in bed with my two Sapphic lovers as I’m afraid to say I can’t see even half a dozen men being able to fully satisfy my cravings. And, all sorts of men will be visiting as clients; there evidently thousands of them out there in the world that want to pay for the attentions of three truly evil dominatrixes.”

* * *

Dick was more than happy to go along with whatever Abby wanted. He had no love for his younger brother, who had abused him for the last thirty years. Anyway, the three women now had the whip hand, so why fight them.

Abby had assured him, as long as he was pliant, she would never agree to him being turned into a slave. After all, she freely admitted that she needed him to raise the children, she not paternalistic. And, of course, he would be

able to take part in their orgies, getting to fuck the five women if he wanted to.

* * *

Nicki burst into tears. She had expected that the three women would release her now that they were apparently in charge. But it was only too clear; the three were as evil as Rex had proved to be. Her only consolation in all this was that that bastard was going to get a taste of his own perverted medicine.

* * *

Becky was terrified. Rex Greenstreet had been a fiend but he did like fucking pretty women so had never gone too over the top in beating her. But that evil scheming bitch of a sister of hers was another matter. She simply knew, under her sister's yoke it was going to be one long round of pain and humiliation, and being her sibling was no guarantee of life.

* * *

Claudia could scarce credit how her life had so suddenly changed. For the last two years she had been on her knees before a master, now she had him trussed up before her.

If he had treated her as she had hoped, let her be his assistant, she would never have agreed to assist Clare with her plan. Now, she was going to make him squirm. She and her two friends were going to make other men squirm too, train them to crawl on the floor, service their sexual demands, beg to be allowed to drink their piss.

And, when they got bored, or the men simply could not perform, then the three of them would wallow in hours of girl-on-girl action – not that they

were lesbians, merely very horny women.

* * *

It served Rex right, Abby reckoned, slipping her hand down inside her crotch cover, fingering her labia. If he had been as loyal to her as she had to him he would not now be trussed up down on his knees before her and her two new-found friends.

When Clare had come to her house that fateful day, bringing that double headed dildo that they had made used for more than two hours, she had had no thoughts of turning against him. But Clare was one really horny girl and her enthusiasm for lots of gratuitous sex was catching. It was Clare that planted the seed that they could never stand a chance of being sexually satisfied if there were not male slaves at their beck and call. After that, they had taken every opportunity to indulge with each other and with Claudia too. Abby was certain, the three of them would make a formidable team. And, in a year or two, perhaps her eldest daughter, Isobel, would be trained up to be a dominatrix too.

When Clare had tentatively set out her plan, Abby had had doubts. But then her dear Dick had told her to take the chance, and he had been disconcertingly honest, pointing out that she was getting older and that in Rex' eyes that was a sin for any woman in his life. Rex might need her, Dick had advised, but that was no guarantee he would not simply tire of her, turn her into a slave for a year or two and then bury her in the orchard.

Abby was so glad that she had, after all, married the right brother. Her husband was so much more thoughtful, so much more amenable to playing second fiddle to her.

* * *

Clare was tingling from the top of her head to the tips of her toes. She was

abuzz with lust, on fire with sadistic delight.

She could hardly credit how easily her plan had come to fruition. Being the top bitch was a dream come true. Yes, she had Abby and Claudia to thank for their assistance but it had been her idea. She was the leader, they her followers, and if they did not like that ... well, that was too bad.

No man was going to dictate to her, she was going to rule. Having always like sex, she knew she needed men on tap to slake her desires. Now, she was going to have a selection of them as obedient slaves. "Oooh," she moaned, a luscious sexual quivering coursing through her body at the idea of beating both men and women.

"Take the gag out of his mouth! I want to hear him scream!" she instructed.

"Yes, Clare," Claudia responded, stepping over to Rex and undoing the ball gag.

"You stupid little bitch, how dare you! Untie me immediately and I might forgive you! You'll regret this!" Rex ranted, clearly straining to break his hands free from their restraints.

"Hand me the cattle-prod," she said, Dick responding by handing it over to her.

"You wouldn't dare! You'll not get away with this!" Rex raged, breaking out in a sweat.

"Oh, I most certainly would dare. And yes, we will get away with it, slave," Clare answered, elation growing.

Putting the tip of the prod against his ball sac, she contentedly pulled the trigger. "*Beezzz.*"

"AAARRRGGGHHH!"

The End

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