

SLAVES IN THE CELLAR - TWICE



By
SYLVESTER HORNE

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Chapter One

Sunbeams were streaming in through the south-facing windows, making the study pleasantly warm but possibly bathing it with too much of the wrong sort of light for Rex' liking, he was putting the finishing touches to his latest painting. He had to admit, the vision he had created was causing his cock to swell and feel uncomfortable, sort of constricted and screwed up. Popping the waistband buttons, he pulled down the zipper and put his hand inside his trousers. Coiling his fingers around the hardening shaft, he eased his length to lie along his left thigh, relieving the discomfort. Rolling back his foreskin and touching his depilated skin, he hated pubic hair and underwear, delighted him, his penis reacting by going stiffer. He knew now he was going to have to descend to the cellars to get some proper relief – but not until he had finished this rush commission.

The American woman had sent him the order over the internet only a week ago and asked for it to be ready for when she had an overnight stay in London, in four days time, on her way to the Berlin Sex Fest. She had been precise in her requirements, sending photographs of various items she wanted included. The picture was of her, she appearing to be about fifty, dressed up as a dominatrix, a bloodstained, heavy-leather, quirt in her hand. Her cowboy boots sported spurs with silver, sharp-toothed, rowels that were also dripping blood. "I bet she's a real bitch," he muttered, as he completed the detail of the tooling on the brown boots.

His hard-on was not so much the result of what she personally looked like, but due to his imagination speculating what barbaric act she had supposedly performed. After all, he was a real sadist and revelled in inflicting pain, he having already been lucky enough to torture a dozen or so humans to death.

Standing up, stepping away from his easel, he took a careful look in case anything more was needed. Concluding it was as good as he could get it,

he moved to his knee-hole desk, the leather top having faded to an olive-green colour after years of being bathed by sunlight. Picking up his fountain pen, and a business card, he scrawled a message on the back: "Hope your husband likes his present."

He used acrylic paints, they drying quicker, even so he would have to wait an hour or two. Later, so that he retained a record, he would scan the image into his computer using his new forty-two inch scanner. Only then would he package it flat before arranging for *DHL* to collect and take it to the woman's London hotel. The scanner, costing nearly £10,000, was a bit of a luxury, previously he had simply taken a photograph, but he had the money so had decided to treat himself. Fortunately he had plenty of money for his needs, having won the jackpot on the football pools years back, his painting and illustration work really only providing sufficient to cover his daily expenses.

It was no use, he concluded, he was going to have to go and make use of one of his slaves. Leaving the study, he walked through the sitting room, the kitchen and into the scullery. Using the keys that hung around his neck, he unlocked the door at the top of the cellar steps, securing it behind him before descending to the depths. There were two more doors that he had to open and relock before he arrived in the barrel-vaulted antechamber, it measuring forty-eight feet long by twelve wide. Halfway along, on the right-hand side, was a short passageway, the entrance barred by an iron-bar grille. Punching in the number on the electronic lock's keypad, he swung open the gate and entered his favourite part of his property, Lychlee Grange. There were four cells, two either side, with another door facing him that gave access into the torture chamber.

Unlocking the first door on the left, he stepped into the large cell, it still unoccupied. Stripping off his clothing, he locked them in the metal cupboard before walking to the next doorway, banging on it three times and entering.

The slave, Claudia, was down on her knees, forehead pressed to the floor. His cock was not currently as stiff as it could get but thoughts about the painting had certainly fired up his baser cravings.

“Crawl into the torture chamber!” he snapped.

“Yes, Master,” she responded, sounding almost cheerful.

She’s in for a shock in a few minute, he thought, pondering his intended actions. Holding open both door in turn, he allowed her to make her way into the chamber on all fours. “Get up onto your knees and splay, Slave. Rub that cunt of yours on the floor,” he said in a calm voice. He always tried to speak in that way, he reckoning it was more menacing than constantly yelling.

“Yes, Master,” she replied, quickly complying. He watched as she pushed her kneecaps wide and lowered her pussy, rubbing her labia against the concrete. She kept up a rhythm, a streak of her slime soon appearing on the floor, he watching appreciatively as her gorgeously firm, natural, coconut-sized breasts bounced back and forth. “Oooh,” she cooed, he noticing the perspiration starting to form on her upper lip.

Coiling his hand into her lustrous raven-black hair, he jerked her head towards his crotch, cutting short her masturbatory motion. “Suck!” he deliberately snarled, his penis jerking towards an upright position.

She needed no further instructions. Pouting her lips, she pressed them against his hard muscle, using the very tip of her tongue to tickle along his length. He would never admit it to her, but she was probably the most compliant slave he had had, and the best looking too. There was something about her that almost fascinated him, but what it was he was not certain. She was a classy piece of cunt, he reckoned, but then her mother was the offspring of an earl and a maharaja’s daughter, the mixture giving Claudia’s skin something of a hint of a permanent light tan.

Her soft delicate fingers eased back his foreskin, her tongue setting to work licking his purple crown, her teeth nibbling the edge of the corona. His lust was fired up. The image of that fifty-something-year-old American’s bloodied spurs causing his cruel streak to smoulder. If his slave failed to slake him, he was minded to beat her black and blue for the sheer enjoyment it would give him. “Get your head back. I’m going to fuck your throat.”

She swallowed a couple of his inches before easing her mouth off him, dragging her teeth lightly against his taut skin, the sensation enflaming him more. His penis popped out of her mouth, she kissing the crown before saying, “Yes, Master. Please fuck me. Use your slave Claudia as you please.” She pushed her head right back, opening her mouth to its widest.

“*Splat!*” The back of his left hand struck the side of her face, she only stopped from going sprawling by his other hand yanking her upright by the hank of hair it held. “Don’t get uppity with me, Slut. You fucking exist to be used by me in any way I want! So I don’t need your permission to do with you as I like!” he shouted, pleased at seeing her brown eyes open wide with apparent fright.

“S-Sorry—”

She got no further word out, he using his free hand to guide his cock between her parted lips. Fortunately for her, she had been used enough times to know she needed to make certain her mouth was moist. It was, her tongue also coated with saliva. His big bulbous end filled her orifice, it sliding remorselessly in until it reached the opening into her gullet. He heard her breathe deeply. Felt it when she relaxed her throat muscles. Gripping both sides of her skull, he forced his manhood down towards her larynx, quite indifferent to whether or not he did her an injury. “Oh yeah, Slut, this is why you fucking exist.”

When his ten-inch length could get no further, he eased part way out of her before ramming back in. He repeated the action six times, never extracting far enough to let air get to her lungs. Her eyes seemed to bulge with terror, her face flushing for want of oxygen, but she made no move to push him away. She knew better than to do that. His hands squeezed her skull, hard. He flexed his hips, pumping his cock back and forth in her throat. “Oh yeah! Oh yeah!” he yelled, sneering evilly, elation beginning to build, thrusting more and more. “Think I might just fuck you to death! It would be fun! See how long it’d take my cock to choke you!”

Contented though he might be at how horror-struck she looked, he nevertheless had no intention of killing her, just yet. He had to admit, the idea excited him but there again she was the most beautifully proportioned woman

he had ever fucked, let alone owned, so it might be too premature sending her to the graveyard in the orchard. Her soft, warm, hands slithered up the backs of his thighs and cupped his buttocks, applying very little pressure. “Yeah! That’s right, Slut, gobble it! Swallow the lot!” She looked like she was on the verge of passing out.

His lumber region, the backs of his knees, the nape of his neck and face were sweating. Arching his back, his balls tightening, he pumped a large wad of cum towards her vocal cords. “Owwwrrrhhh!” he groaned, contentedly.

Slowly, he pulled his softening penis out of her mouth. As soon as she could, she snorted in air through her nostrils, gulped in more through her still-plugged mouth. He had trained her well, she having the presence of mind to suck his glans clean, squeezing the final drops of semen out of his tube. Extracting completely, he said, “Good, Slave. That was so fucking enjoyable.”

“Thank ... you ... Master,” she said, panting.

“Now get over the caning post,” he instructed, pointing.

“Y-Yes, M-Master,” she responded, sounding apprehensive. Scrabbling across the floor, arriving at the contraption, a three-foot high post with a padded crosspiece, she got to her feet and bent over it.

Walking to the right-hand end of the chamber, he selected a three-tongued tawse and returned to stand behind her. He did not bother to secure her in position. Normally he would have done so with any other slave for he never knew how they would react, but he decided to take the chance. “Count, Slut!” He raised the tawse high, bringing it down with all his force against her right buttock. “*Thwack!*”

“Aarrgghh!” she howled. “One!”

“*Thwack!*”

“Aarrgghh! Two!”

“*Thwack!*” It pleased him to see her bum-cheeks wobble with the impact of each blow, both already starting to glow.

“Aarrgghh! Three!”

He delivered twelve strokes, she not missing her count. “Right, get back in your cell, Slave. Slither on your belly.”

“Yes, Master. Thank you, Master,” she replied.

By the time he had returned the tawse to its hook she was approaching the doorway. He undid the deadlock, opening the door, letting her crawl past and on into her cell. “That was very pleasurable, Slave, but I truly want to inflict some real pain. I think I’m simply going to have to break in your mother tonight.”

“But, Master, I have no mother. I did not exist before you made me your slave,” she trilled.

“Good. So you won’t mind what I do to break that uppity slut,” he said, smirking, pulling the cell door closed behind him. His cock was already going stiff at the thought of finally beating Veronica into submission.

* * *

Somewhat restrainedly, Claudia massaged her bum. The skin felt hot, the flesh ached. The pain however was nowhere near as bad as on those occasions when he used the crop or whip on her. She would do anything she possibly could to avoid giving her master an excuse to use them and wondered why he had been brutal towards her today. Had she transgressed somehow, she wondered?

She did indeed look on him as her master, having been his slave for something like six weeks, although she was not truly sure precisely how long it had been. Every day seemed very much like another, she having no calendar so had lost track of the days. She did have a wind-up twelve hour

clock but no paper or writing instrument, and scratching notches on her furniture was bound to get her punished.

Putting her mouth to the optic-device of the wall-mounted water bottle, she used her nose to pump the lever sending six shots into her opening, letting the liquid trickle down her throat, flushing it. She had sucked him off plenty of times, his brother too, but in this session he had been particularly aggressive. Her throat felt quite bruised, she concluding that something had fired up his wanton streak. She had nearly passed out but somehow, she did not know why, it intensified her satisfaction when he had come.

Thinking about him simply made her horny. She could not explain it, but she loved being used by him. His ten-inch prick is fucking gorgeous, she thought, slipping a couple of fingers down to her pussy. Using them to part her labia, she stroked up to her clitoris, a digit passing each side of the hood. “Oooh,” she moaned as she pinched the swelling bud.

Pushing her fingers between the flaps, she felt the warm moisture, it already starting to seep out between the lips. He was an animal, a murderer too, if what he said was true. She had no reason to doubt him when he claimed to have disposed of previous slaves who no longer pleased him. But God, how she craved his touch, how she prayed she could please him for decades to come. Forcing her fingers right up inside, rubbing her thumb hard against her throbbing clit, she felt waves of pleasure starting to fill her womb. “Oooh! Oooh! Yeah!”

Repeatedly thrusting her pelvis, she also kept pumping her fingers in and out of her pussy. “Eerrhh! Eerrhh!” she started to snort.

She came from a good background, but it had not taken him long to turn her into a real craven slut. He had snatched her mother too, it must have been some twelve or fourteen days ago, she reckoned. Her mother was rather stubborn, haughty too, and apparently not yet fully broken. But, by the sound of his parting words, he was going to deal with that sometime today.

“Eerrhh! Eerrhh!” She felt her vagina contract sending a tingling sensation rippling through her lower body. Falling backwards onto her small

bed, she jerked her hips furiously, forcing her fingers as deep as she could. “Ooowwwhhheee!” she hollered as she climaxed.

That was another thing her master had taught her, to make a lot of noise when she came. And she had to admit, it added a touch of the primeval to the sex.

Chapter Two

Rex had reversed his Toyota van into the garage, about to close the big double doors, when he heard the sound of an approaching vehicle. He had moments before returned from The General Store at Upper Dribble where he had left his package for the *DHL* man to collect, and where he had purchased a few items. “Who the hell is coming at this hour?” he muttered to himself. It was three in the afternoon.

He heard the tyres crunching the gravel before Abby’s little Peugeot came into view. She parked close to the front door, got out and walked over. He was standing inside the garage, holding one of the doors ajar with one hand, his other clutching the carrier bag. “Hi, how are you, Lover,” she said, grinning, ducking under his raised arm and stepping in, starting to rub her crotch against his hip.

“What the hell are you doing here at this time?” he enquired, using his free hand to squeeze one of her buttocks.

Opening wide, she clamped her mouth onto his, forcing her tongue between his lips. He pressed his hip harder against her crotch, she responding with forceful pelvic thrusts. Her tongue pushed deeper, he doing his utmost to suck it like it were a smallish, saliva-covered, penis. Abby was a horny creature much of the time, she his brother’s wife, but he concluded something must have sparked her libido.

Jerking her head away from his, she noisily broke the seal. “Hmm, yeah, I could do this all night,” she said, rubbing her hand against his flies, causing his already responding cock to swell quicker.

“So, what’s brought this on? Not that I’m complaining. It is rather nice having a sex-obsessed woman molesting me in my outbuildings.”

“Two things. I feel fucking horny, and, someone at work gave Dick

tickets for a weekend break in the Cotswolds. The bloke's wife has gone into labour or something, so can't use them."

"Oh, so you want me to pack my bag and take you away, do you?" he said impishly, guessing that was probably not her intention.

His hand was still clutching her buttock. Leaning away from him, she shook her head, causing her long strawberry-blonde hair to flit from her face. Her azure-blue eyes looked at him questioningly, she replying, sounding apprehensive, "You know I'd love that, Rex, but I really think I should go with Dick. He is my husband, and, well, you know. Finished work early so we can be on our way and only popped in to tell you."

He let out a snorting laugh. "And I thought you loved me. Tut, tut, how easily you women switch allegiance. You go, leave me to try and amuse myself. Or have you come here to ask me to baby-sit your kids?" He doubted she had.

"Huh, you must be joking. Isobel might be your daughter but I'd not trust you where's she concerned. The last few months she's started to fill out, her breast are already starting to swell."

"Mmm," he responded, starting to muse. It must have been eight or more weeks since he had seen Abby's children, Isobel was thirteen, little Harry, eleven. The daughter was likely his, the boy probably Dick's. Whatever her stated opinion was about his libido, he knew Abby appreciated he had no interest in fucking an underage child for a start. That could wait until they were old enough. "Thank god. I thought for one moment you were going to lumber me, completely ruin my now-already partially ruined weekend."

Her hand pulled his zipper and started to fondle his hard penis. "Oh, I'm certain you'll find a way to amuse yourself," she said, quite fiercely jerking his foreskin back, exposing his purple head.

Dropping the carrier bag to the floor, he lifted the front of her skirt. Slipping both hands into her panties, he eased them over her hips and down her thighs. He ran his fingertips through her heavily cropped bush. She

insisted in keeping some pubic hair simply to show she was not his slave, adoring adherent perhaps, but certainly not slave. His digits detected moisture even before he slipped a pair of them into her slit. Using both hands, he yanked her labia apart, sneering as he pressed his weapon into her moist sheath. “Well, you go and enjoy yourself and don’t you give a thought to poor old me tonight. As it is, I’ve decided that I’m going to work at breaking that slut Veronica, going to give her a real good whipping.”

“You bastard!” Abby stated forcefully, looping her arms around his neck. “You bastard. You’ve done that deliberately. You know I’d have loved to be present when you make her crack so you wait until I’m going away and decide to do it.” She grinned, before lapping at the side of his face, like a preening cat.

He knew that in part she was playacting. Thrusting hard, forcing her back against the door, he vigorously fucked, taking his pleasure. “I decided earlier today actually. Didn’t know you were going to turn up saying you’re going on holiday. Nothing I can do about it now, I’m so worked up there’s very little possibility of me not doing it.”

“You bastard. You know I like watching you break them. But then, it is two nights in a luxury hotel with a super health spa and bottles of champagne thrown in. Oowwhh! Yeah, fuck me! Fuck me.” Her eyes were sparkling, face flushed, beads of moisture forming on her top lip. “Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!” She rammed her crotch harder and harder against his pubic bone and his hot, hard, cock.

It was always a pleasure to fuck Abby. She loved sex, and joining in his sadistic pleasures. He would have liked her to assist him tonight but it did not thwart his plans, in fact the more he thought about them the greater his yearning to carry them out. “You go and enjoy yourself, you need to spend some time with your husband,” he said, rather insincerely. He had always expected people to fit in with his plans and desires but this once he was prepared to forego her presence.

“Fuck me! Fuck me!” Abby urged, every part of her body seemingly in motion, her throat starting to emit rasping sounds.

“Like it, do you?” he snorted, knowing she did.

“Yeah! Yeeaahh! Yeeaaaahhh! Yeeaaaahhhhhh!” she hollered. As she climaxed her cunt muscles clamped around his cock, milking it of every possible drop.

“Thought you might,” he said whilst trying to project a self-satisfied smirk.

“Mmm, mmm, mmm, you know it was good, but I’d better get going, dinner’s booked for eight o’clock.”

“Not so fast.” Putting his hands on her shoulders, he pushed downwards. “Suck it clean.” After all, he needed to show her who was boss.

She slithered down to her knees and started mouthing all over his semi-rigid cock feverishly. By the time she finished it was jutting out from his body. Using his hand, he scooped his equipment back into his trousers, carefully drawing up his zipper. “You never said what you’re going to do with the kids.”

“Oh, don’t worry about them. They’re going for an unexpected sleepover at their friends’ house, so their Uncle Rex needn’t fret. Got to dash. Give us a hand up.” She grabbed his lower arms and heaved herself off the concrete floor. “What’s in the carrier?”

Wrinkling his face, he tried to convey an impression of disinterest. “Oh, not very much. Only a few bits and pieces, and a large *Toblerone*.”

“You spoil that prize slut of yours. If you’re not careful you’ll make her fat and then what will you do. Bye, Lover.” She plonked a couple of wet kisses on his face and chin before prancing over to her car.

He watched her drive away, returning her wave, then pulled the doors to, locking them from the inside. Heading towards the connecting door, he pushed thoughts of Abby from his mind, he now more intent on getting total pleasure from Veronica’s body.

* * *

He's one hell of a sexy bastard, Abby thought, as she steered down his driveway. I bet he's decided to break that uppity slut tonight just to spite me. She knew however that it was unlikely to be true, for if there was one thing about Rex, it was that he did not hesitate to say what he thought.

At the junction with the road, she turned right, heading towards her house in the village of Stagland. Changing up into fourth gear, she moved her left hand to her vulva. Massaging two fingers along the cleft caused tiny tremors to flow. The lips were quite tender, but what did she expect, they had had a pummelling due to the hard fuck. God, what a cock he's got, she thought. Despite the fact they were brothers, he was bigger than her husband by a couple of inches, and he seemed to always be ready to use it. "Oowwhh!" she growled, the pleasure derived from pinching her clit was nearly enough to bring her off.

It was a pity that she was not going to be there when he broke that haughty slut, Veronica, but it could not be helped, she decided. Her wifely duties were rarely allowed to get in the way of fulfilling her sadistic cravings, but all the arrangements had been made this afternoon and, well, she did not want to disappoint Dick.

Shrugging her shoulders, she pinched her clit again. The resulting flash of pleasure nearly made her miss the bend in the road. "Good job nothing was coming," she said to herself.

She had no doubt, Veronica was going to get a whipping tonight. But what was really starting to niggle in her mind was that he had suddenly taking to buying chocolate and giving that slave Claudia pieces of it. That was not like him, almost treating a slave as if she was human. Mind, when she thought about it, there was certainly something different about Claudia. The lucky slut had a near-perfect body, and she sure did seem keen to please too.

"Ooops!" she uttered out loud, nearly missing yet another bend. Better put both hands on the wheel and concentrate, she thought. She did, but

could not resist squeezing her thighs together a couple of time, giving herself a pleasurable thrill. Dick was simply going to have to pull out all the stops tonight and give her another really good seeing-to.

Chapter Three

Rex had expected Abby would be there with him when he finally broke Veronica, but not his sibling. Abby was near as much a sadist as he. His brother Dick was however a different story, being far meeker, not liking to be involved in inflicting pain. Once a slave was broken-in, it was a different story, he seemingly quite happy to indulge in using them for sex.

After eating his evening meal, Rex headed down to the cellar, his penis bulging, causing a lump in his trousers. In the changing cell, he stripped off, placing everything in the steel cupboard. He removed the cattle-prod from its charger and carried it to the next cell on the left-hand side of the short corridor. “Up, Slave. Take this,” he said to Claudia. “Carry it into the torture chamber and then kneel in the centre of the room and await my pleasure.”

“Yes, Master,” she replied, hesitatingly taking hold of his prized tormentor.

He admitted her into the chamber before proceeding to the second cell on the right-hand side. Thumping against the door three times, he watched through the spy-hole as the trainee, Veronica, slithered off the hospital trolley and lowered herself to her knees in what he considered was a rather languorous manner. She’ll fucking learn, he thought. He expected his slaves to “jump to it”, and be totally obedient.

Pushing open the door, he stepped in, his rigid cock pointing the way. Her brow was still not pressed to the floor when he reached her – another sign of her defiance, he reckoned. “Get your fucking head to the concrete, Slut!” he roared, pressing the sole of his foot to the back of her head, pushing down violently.

“It was! M-Master, It was!” she answered.

That was it. That was all the excuse he needed. He was going to show her the meaning of pain and compliance. Leaning down, coiling his right

hand about her leather collar, he wrenched her to her feet. “Don’t you fucking answer me back, Slut! I’m going to teach you respect once and for all!” His cock seemed to swell more, starting to ache from its hardness.

Gleefully, he manhandled her to the torture chamber. The large room, with an Early English vaulted ceiling, had originally been the cheese and butter store when Lychlee Grange had belonged to the now-long-defunct Stagland Monastery. He was pleased to see a dutiful Claudia kneeling in the centre of the floor, both hands held before her, the cattle-prod cradled in her cupped palms. “See! That’s how a good slave should be! Not, uppity like you, Slut!” he yelled, before shoving Veronica so that she sprawled onto the flagstones.

“Yow!” she yelped.

Veronica was blessed with bigger breasts than Claudia, though they were floppier, after all she was sixteen years older than her twenty-two-year-old daughter. Hmm, he thought, for all her snooty airs and graces she must’ve been a real slut to get knocked-up at fifteen. Momentarily, he wondered why he had not thought about that before.

“Let me go! This has been a sick joke! It’s gone on long enough! Let me and Claudia go! Please!” the slut whined.

Looking at Claudia, he said, “Slave, do you want to leave your master?”

“Master, I’m yours to do with as you please,” Claudia replied in deadpan voice.

“You see, Slut, the slave Claudia knows why she exists. So it’s time you did too.” He turned and walked over to the wall, pressing a couple of rocker-switches that operated the end two of a set of six electric motors. A pair of chains rattled through the grommets screwed into the ceiling, lowering their hooked ends until they were some six feet off the floor.

“Let me and my daughter go! Please, please!” The slut had staggered to her feet.

“You have no daughter. As I’ve told you before, you did not exist before I took you to be a slave. You have only me, your master.” He spoke in his more usual restrained tone, thumping her in the stomach, winding her. It was the best way he knew of immobilising her. Grasping an arm, he secured the ring attached to her one-inch steel wristband over the hook on the end of one of the chains, swiftly doing the same to the other hand. He pressed the switches and the motors rewound the chains a little, lifting her about a foot clear of the floor.

“Yow! Please! P-Please, M-M-Master, the bands are cutting into my skin,” Veronica said, there a pained expression on her face and a clear hint of tears in her eyes.

“I’m certain they are. That’s the idea of hanging you from them, to cause pain and prepare you for the agony to come.” Going to the end wall, he selected a three-foot bar-spreader and returned, fitting the cuffs to her ankles, spreading her legs wide, saying as he worked, “But just think how lucky you are not to be at that other end of the room.” He pointed to the tiled area on the left-hand side of the chamber. “That’s where I mutilate and butcher.”

“Please, let me go, please ... Master.”

Delicately stroking his hand along his iron-hard penis, he stepped close to Claudia, saying, “So, Slave, do you think I should let the slut go?”

“Oh no, Master. Turn her into an obedient slave,” Claudia replied, sounding slightly smarmy, she having a little impish grin when she finished speaking. He reckoned she was either trying to ingratiate or knew it did not matter what she said, possibly both.

Taking hold of the cattle-prod, he turned to face his victim. Holding it at arm’s length, placing the tip against the steel ring hanging from her left nipple, he pressed the trigger. “*Beeezz!*” it went.

“Yow!” the slut yelped.

“*Beeezz!*” He shot a jolt of electricity into her right nipple.

“Yow! Please!”

Touching the ring in her nose, he squeezed again. “*Beeezz!*”

“God help me!” she shouted, her head shooting backwards.

Placing the tip against her clit-ring, he pulled the trigger. “*Beeezz!*”

Both of her legs jerked upwards, she almost doubling in two. “Yeowwe! Please!”

“You see, Slut, what happens to those that defy me. And do remember, I’ve only just started. You had better learn that I’m your master, you my slave. You’d better show me proper respect at all times and rush to obey my every command. Now, let’s get started properly.” He moved his hand away from his penis. If he kept on touching himself he simply knew he would ejaculate and he did not want sexual fulfilment until later. “*Beeezz!*” he put another burst into her clit.

“Yeowwe! Jesus, p-please!” Her legs jerked upwards again, her arms straining against their restraining chains.

“*Beeezz! – Beeezz! – Beeezz! – Beeezz! – Beeezz! – Beeezz!*” He smirked contentedly as he put six shots to various parts of her labia.

“Yeowwe! – Yeowwe! – Yeowwe! – Yeowwe!” – Yeowwe!” – Yeowwe!” she howled, her body twitching and contorting after every burst of electricity. He put four jolts to her navel, six to each breast and two to her nose. The sight of her sweat-covered body dancing around fuelled his lustful inferno, his cock simply feeling ready to burst out of its skin, like a magnificent butterfly from a chrysalis.

“P-P-P-P-Please ... Master,” she whimpered, he sniggering with delight when he saw urine dribbling out of her clearly visible urethra.

Moving the tip of the prod down over her body, he stopped when it was nestling against her clitoris, firing six shocks into the little nub itself.

“Yeeeeooowwweee!” she screeched, her whole body seeming to tremor and

shake.

Without further warning, she discharged a torrent of piss, it splattering against his chest. Far from being disgusted, the feel of warm pee trickling down his body excited him, he reckoning it brought his cock to the verge of exploding. “You dirty slut, I’ll make you lick that lot off the floor when I’ve finished chastising you.”

“P-P-Please, Master, please. I’m your slave, your slave. Please, no more!”

“You are indeed my slave, Slut, you exist for my pleasure. It’s for me however to decide when you’ve had enough punishment,” he said, using an oily tone. “So, if it pleases me to keep inflicting pain – I FUCKING WELL WILL!”

Walking around to her rear, he pressed the prod to each buttock in turn, giving a blast. She responded with an agonised groan, but nothing as loud as he expected her to emit very soon. He zapped each cheek four times, each responsive groans increasingly louder than the one before. He used his left hand to part the wobbling portions and put the point of his wonderful toy against her anal ring.

“No!” she yelled – too late.

“Beeezz!”

Her body twisted around frenziedly. “YEEEEOOOWWWEEE!” The sound reverberated about the chamber, bouncing back off the stone walls.

“That’s it, Slut, do a chain dance for your master.” He blasted three more shots to the anal opening, her shrieking growing ever louder.

“Please, M-Master, p-please, spare me! Master, I beg you! Please, Master, I’ll do anything, anything! I’ll-I’ll b-be a g-good slave! I promise I will, Master!” Veronica begged, her body contorted, face wracked with pain, tears cascading.

Sauntering, he went to stand in front of Claudia. She had splayed her

knees, her cunt lips seemed to be close to the floor. Her face looked flushed, her skin glistened. Looking down into her gleaming eyes, he wondered whether he was mistaken, but he reckoned she was being turned on by his treatment of her one-time mother. “Lick!” he ordered.

Her wet pink tongue stretched from her mouth, half of it rasping against his little opening. He doubted there was any pre-cum yet, he was a long way off a culmination. Her touch was like an electric shock, the rock-hard muscle jerking violently. “Enough! I haven’t finished beating the slut!”

“Yes, Master,” Claudia responded, sounding disappointed.

Placing the prod into her hands, he turned and went to the end wall and selected a five-foot whip made of plaited brown-leather strips. He cracked it in the air several times, practising, taking up a stance to the side of the slut’s rear. “*Thwack!*” He striped the back of her upper thighs.

“Yeeeeooowwweee! Please, Master, please!” Veronica hollered.

“*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” He raised red streaks on her buttocks, lower and upper back.

“Oooooooooowwhhh!” She groaned, seeming to almost orgasm as she discharged a measure of sloppy excreta onto the floor.

“Dirty slut!” he snarled, for effect, he elated to see he had literally beaten the shit out of her. He lashed twelve more deliveries before tossing the whip towards Claudia. “Slave, go and prop the cattle-prod against the door then take the whip back and hang it on its hook.”

“Yes, Master,” Claudia replied, swiftly getting to her feet.

He pressed the switches, letting the motors lower Veronica until she was in a sort of sagging standing position merely saved from crumpling to the floor by virtue of still being hooked to the chains. He unclipped one wrist then the other, letting her drop to form a heap. “Lick your fucking piss up!”

Although she moved somewhat sluggishly, he put that down to the

beating, she did not baulk at her duty, her tongue lapping a large portion of the golden liquid off the flagstones.

Once the chains were fully retracted to the ceiling, he said, “Right, Slut, slither on your belly over to the fucking stool.”

“Yes, Master,” Veronica muttered, sounding pained.

“And, you slave,” – he wafted a finger at Claudia – “get a couple of medical wipes and clear up the rest of that piss and that shit.”

“Yes, Master,” Claudia said, sounding happy to comply.

Once at the stool, Veronica did not wait for instructions, she slumping herself over the padded top. “*Splat!*” His hand slapped her buttock, and then squeezed it cruelly.

“Ooowwhh! Master, what have I done?” Veronica wailed, her whole body quivering. Out of fear, he concluded.

“You’re getting presumptuous, Slut. I didn’t tell you to mount the stool, did I? But never mind, stay as you are.” He reached over her body, lifting the broad strap that was attached to the side of the top of the contraption, pulling it tightly over her lower back and securing it. Jerking her arms in turn, he fastened each wrist to two of the stool’s sturdy legs. Moving behind her, he removed the spreader. Using belts attached to the stool’s other legs; he fettered her thighs wide apart. “Now, Slut, let me remind you what your asshole’s for.”

“P-Please, Master,” she said, sounding noncommittal. He was not certain whether she was in favour or protesting against his intention, but assumed it was the latter. It did not matter; he was going to sodomise her anyway.

Yanking her welted arse-cheeks apart, he was able to see her partially-dilated, inflamed, anal ring. Pressing his bulging glans to its target, he leaned over the length of her back. Reaching under her, he grasped her breasts. Thrusting his manhood forward, driving it in hard, it met some resistance at

first. Once the corona passed through the sphincter the whole length of his pile-driver rapidly embedded deep in her rectum.

“O-o-o-w-w-w, Master ... f-fuck me,” the slut groaned.

It felt heavenly, his aching cock buried up to his balls in her hot, shit-lubricated, tube. Her colon was already in spasm, it seeming to ripple with contractions. Pulling back, nearly all the way out, he shoved in again until his balls patted against her arse. Repeatedly, he went back and forth slowly, trying to prolong the fucking. He was dripping sweat, she perspiring, his chest slithering easily against her arching back.

“Ooohhh, ooohhh,” she moaned, starting to pant. “Ooohhh, yeeesss, Master, yeeesss, fuck me. FUCK ME!”

Totally indifferent to her feelings, aflame with his own wanton cravings, he gripped and twisted her tits cruelly, pumping his cock furiously. “Yeah!” he roared. “This is how sluts get treated!”

“Ooohhh! Ooohhh! Y-y-y-y-YEEESSS!” she responded, body quaking with orgasm, her anal tube compressing about his cock.

Bowing his back, snarling, muscles tensing, he jetted jism deep into her colon. Animalistic euphoria swept through him, he continuing his action until particle of his copious wad was injected. “Errrggghhh!” he snorted, elated.

Withdrawing his penis, it covered with a light-brown glaze, he moved to Veronica’s head, wrenching it up by means of her long tresses. “You, Slave,” – he pointed to Claudia – “get over here and lick my arsehole. And, as for you, Slut, suck my cock clean.”

Both females responded to his commands, it gratifying to witness the speed with which they complied. It was no use however, he needed to piss. Gripping the slut’s head, he forced his pipe to the back of the throat and proceeded to discharge his waste water. Once his bladder was drained, he withdrew his firming manhood, leaving her coughing and spluttering.

“Get your arse in the air, slave Claudia,” he ordered. Walking around to her rear, he leaned down and seized her thighs. Lifting them into the air, causing her to brace her hands to the floor, he rubbed his tongue along her labia. He was thrilled to taste her pussy-juice, it profusely oozing out of her opening. His lust fired up again, he lowering her body slightly, pushing his phallus into the saturated snatch, her fluid gushing out and trickling all over his balls. “You’re truly one hell of a horny slut, Slave. You do seem to understand what I expect from an obedient slave,” he said, grimacing as he furiously fucked.

When it came, his ejaculation was not as great or as powerful as the previous one, but then that did not matter, it still felt really divine. Releasing his grip, dropping Claudia’s legs to the floor, he said, “Slave, untie that slut Veronica’s thighs. I’ll unfasten the other straps.”

“Yes, Master,” the slave replied, her fingers starting to work the buckles, he undoing the others.

“Right, Slut, now put your belly onto the floor and slither back to your cell. You, Slave Claudia, can walk back to yours. Pick up the fouled wipes and flush them in your toilet. I’ll take charge of the prod.”

Having secured Claudia in her cell, he held open the door for Veronica to wriggle her way into hers. Unlocking the steel cupboard that was inset into the wall just inside the door, he extracted a couple of medicated wipes from the little box he kept there. Laying them on top of the hospital trolley, he advised, “These are for you to wipe your arse and to clean up your face as you look a fucking mess.” He finished with a sniggering laugh.

“Yes, Master,” Veronica responded, her tear-filled eyes looking up at him, she still prostrate on the floor.

Deliberately tormenting her, he drew the tip of the cattle-prod across her shoulder blades and down her spine. Pleasingly, her whole body seemed to shiver from fear. “So, my slut, now you know what awaits you if you fail to please me. Defy me again and tonight will be but a mild version of the pain I will inflict. Do you understand?”

“Y-Yes, M-Master. I promise I’ll do my best to serve you.”

“Oh you’ll do more than your best, trust me.” He manoeuvred the instrument’s tip through the parting of her arse, her whole body tensing as he did so. Then he passed it over her perineum, and inserted it between her labia. Easing it along the length of the slit, he stopped when it touched her clit. Savouring the sadism of it, he pulled the trigger. “*Beeezz!*”

“Aaaarrggghhh!” she shrieked.

“That’s just to remind you of the sort of pain I love inflicting. Now, have a goodnight’s sleep. I’ll see you in the morning when we’ll see if you’ve genuinely learnt your lesson.” Understanding his own nature, he knew he had to go otherwise he would have her writhing around the cell for hours, probably cut her life short. He did not want to do that just yet, he wanting to play with her for some time to come.

Chortling, he left, going and putting the cattle-prod away in its place, reconnecting it to the charger. Taking hold of a tiny plastic box from off the shelf, he went to see his other slave. Unlocking the door, he marched in. It gave her no time to get properly to her knees. As she was sinking, he put his left hand behind her neck, dragging her head to his crotch, grinding his semi-rigid manhood against her face. “Suck your cum off my cock.”

“Yes, Master,” she mumbled as best she could, her warm mouth and tongue soon at work.

“You’re a gorgeous slut. You really seemed to get turned on by the punishment I gave your mother. If she’s half as good as you I think I’ll be very pleased.” He was well satisfied with Claudia, he intending to keep her for a couple of years at least. As for Veronica, he reckoned he would get a minimum of a year of pleasure from her body before he disposed of her.

Claudia tried to reply but her words were incoherent, he filling her orifice with his rapidly swelling equipment.

Merely so she appreciated she was nothing but a slave, he deliberately squirted a gill or more of his golden water, she responding by pressing her

lips harder, squeezing out a few more drops.

Rasping her tongue over the end, she kissed his cock-head before looking up at him with her big brown eyes, grinning impishly. “Thank you for using me, Master.”

Patting the top of her head, he said, “Good, Slave. Now, get some sleep, its cleaning day tomorrow.” He chuckled the little box onto her bed and spun on his heels, leaving as fast as he could.

* * *

Getting to her feet, Claudia reached into the shower cubicle and took out the damp face-flannel and rubbed it all over her obviously grimy parts, particularly her pussy and face.

Taking hold of the plastic container, she prised off the lid, a warm glow sweeping through her. It contained one giant triangle of *Toblerone*. “Oh, wow, Master, you’ve remembered my favourite chocolate,” she whispered. Almost spontaneously a sensation of contentment swept through her. Sitting down on the edge of her bed, she held the luxury delicately between her thumb and forefinger, and nibbled a corner.

One small piece of chocolate seemed to make everything all right and buy her subservience. Had she really sunk to the gutter, she wondered. She had just seen her mother viciously punished and brutalised, and all she had thought at the time was – it served the slut right, she should be grateful she was his slave. Her conscience no longer seemed to prick. She now regarded her mother as nothing better than a cheap whore. But, surely her mother realised that by being a slut eased the severity of the punishments? As for herself, watching her master’s sadism simply inflamed her cravings for his attention. Perhaps, she wondered, she really was a natural masochist.

She had formulated a plan, days after being taken, to try and ingratiate herself with him, in the hope he would take her upstairs into what she hoped was his house so she could make a break for it. Now, she doubted he ever let

any of his slaves out of the cellars.

Popping the last bite into her mouth, daintily licking the tips of her thumb and forefinger, she lay back, resting her head on the pillow, allowing the chocolate to slowly dissolve. Putting her hand down to her clitoris, she pinched it. Setting about vigorously masturbating, she daydreamed about him being on top of her, his soulless pale-blue eyes gleaming evilly down, his superb manhood fucking her wonderfully.

* * *

Staring at the walls, they pale-green like the concrete floor, Veronica was in agonise shock. Everywhere the whip had landed – throbbed. Every spot where the prod had discharged a jolt – smarted. Her pussy felt like it had been beaten by a tenderising-hammer. Her anus was still twitching from its trauma.

He had beaten her before, used the cattle-prod too, but what had just happened was indescribable. How any bastard could happily inflict such pain was beyond her comprehension. She never wanted to experience such treatment again, but, she concluded, that was probably precisely what he had wanted her to decide.

How her daughter could merely remain placid and do nothing to assist her, she had no idea. But there again, perhaps Claudia had experienced the same treatment and, having suffered accordingly, had been similarly broken. “Oh, my poor child,” she managed to mutter, weeping afresh.

Stretching an arm, clamping a hand onto the toilet bowl, she used it to assist in getting to her knees. “Owww, God!” she yelped, pains buzzing around every part of her body. More tears welled as she staggered to her feet.

Gingerly, she made it to the wall, leaning against it for support. She pumped water from the wall-mounted bottle, swilling her mouth, trying to flush away the taste of his urine and her own urine. What an evil bastard, she thought, only an animal would make someone do such perverted things. She had

suspected it before, but now she was convinced – he was the spawn of the Devil, nothing human could do what he did.

She made it to the trolley, the thin, plastic-covered, mattress her only bed. Using one of the wipes, she cleansed her pussy and posterior, using the second one on her face and as much of her body that she could reach without having to bend or stretch. Screwing them into a ball, she lobbed them into the toilet pan, relieved at having achieved her target. Sitting on the mattress was too painful to bear, it causing her whole body to tremble. She soon discovered lying on her side was the least excruciating, she curling into a ball, shivering from the chill and the terror that washed around inside her.

“Oh, God, help me and Claudia,” she mumbled a prayer. “Assist me and my beautiful daughter to escape from this vile place and give us fortitude to survive until we’re delivered. And, if I’m to be here a little while, please, please help us to do whatever is necessary to survive.”

Chapter Four

Feeling very cheerful, he was up early, leaving the house before breakfast. Driving the Toyota, he proceeded along his gravelled driveway that eventually joined the farm track. That took him to the road where he stopped, waiting as a milk tanker passed. Glancing to the left, he noted that all the curtains at Lychlee Cottage were still closed. Those Freemans don’t get up early on a Saturday, he thought.

Turning left, he proceeded the five miles to Wilks Wood, a one-man timber business which he used from time to time. The proprietor assisted him in loading the van with the various parts that made up his pre-ordered requirements. Back at Lychlee Grange within an hour, he immediately carried the pieces down to the cellars, stacking them close to the grille. It took nine trips to get everything there, by the end of which he was sweating profusely and panting a little bit.

It was time for breakfast so he prepared a bottle of green nutritionally-

balanced feed for the slut, fried bacon, eggs, mushrooms and tomatoes for him and the obedient slave. He ate his before descending to the cells with the other meals. Stripping naked first, he entered the slave's quarters, saying, "How is my slave Claudia?"

"Well, Master. Thank you for my chocolate last night. It was delicious," she replied, shuffling to him on her knees, lifting her smiling face, starting to kiss his cock as she had been trained to do.

"Good slave," he said, stroking her hair as if she were his pet dog. "Here, take your breakfast. Eat, and when you're finished fit the ball-gag you'll find on the tray. Don't want you talking to the slut when you're doing the cleaning."

"Yes, Master. Thank you, Master," she trilled, sounding happy.

When he walked into the other cell Veronica had managed to stiffly get into the required supplication position, her head clearly pressed to the floor. "Good morning, Slut. Have you learnt your lesson?" he said, part hoping she had not, he yearning to repeat last night's performance.

"Good morning, Master. Yes, master, I-I-I want to be a g-g-good s-slave," she stuttered, raising her head, nuzzling against his now-rigid penis, kissing and licking the shaft.

He had to admit, it was gratifying, she having submitted, though there was some disappointment too, he not having an excuse to beat her just yet. "Good slave." He patted her head. "When you've finished your feed put on the ball-gag I'll leave on the trolley. You will assist the slave Claudia doing the cleaning and I don't want you communicating with her in anyway. Just follow what she does."

"Yes, Master. Thank you, Master," she said, sounding disconsolate. Unlocking all five doors before stepping out through the grille, pulling it closed, it automatically locking, he went up to the kitchen taking the dirty breakfast plate. On his return, he noted happily that the two slaves had set about their duties. Staying in the antechamber, he laid out all the pieces of what was really only a prefabricated kit. If he had measured things correctly,

and Wilks had done his job accurately, he should have everything he needed to build a wall and doorway.

Having only ever had a maximum of two slaves at any one time, he had always kept all the cleaning stuff, some of his equipment and much of Abby's sexy attire in the first cell on the left-hand side. But as he was planning to get himself a third inmate, he had decided to free up space by building a storeroom, partitioning off the end of the antechamber to create it. It was not meant to be a robustly strong affair. After all, the inmates would not get near it, unless by some mishap they managed to get through the iron-bar grille. There were ten lengths of timber that fitted together to form the framework, five sections of seven-ply board for the walls and a wooden door. The lock was operated by the same key that worked the two outer cellar doors.

It all fitted together perfectly, he finished by the time the two slaves had completed the cleaning. "Lie on the floor!" he commanded, they quickly prostrating themselves on the corridor floor, arms and legs outstretched.

Collecting a pair of two-foot bar-spreaders, he fitted one to each set of ankles. He felt inside their mouths, pussies and anuses before setting off on his inspection, checking everything was clean and in its place before returning to his charges. Unlocking the grille door, he propped it open. "Right, Slaves, you're going to assist me in moving the steel cupboards and cleaning materials from there to there," he said wafting a finger. "You'll keep the spreaders on until we've finished in case you get a daft idea about running. And, the gags stay of course. Once we've finished I'll go and get your lunchtime bottles whilst you move Slave Claudia's few things into cell one. Then you, Slave Veronica, will move into her old place. Now, let's get cracking."

* * *

Claudia could not believe her luck; the new cell was marginally bigger than her old one. She appreciated that many may not think a few extra square feet was that important a deal, but when nearly your whole world was confined

between four walls, it was. And, as it was the biggest cell, it must mean she had greater status.

It was the same shape as the other one, with similar shower, toilet and wash basin in stainless steel, a wooden bed with a mattress, plus a dressing table with a flexi-plastic mirror covering much of the wall by the door. Everything appeared to be more pristine than those she had left behind, she reckoning they had never been used. The thought that she might be the first inmate in the cell gave her a sense of pride. There must be a reason why he had moved her mother from what she always assumed was the training cell. She simply hoped it was not so he could bring in another girl who would prove a rival, she certain he had some feelings towards her. Her thoughts might be perverse, she realised that, but hell, it was not her fault that the law of the jungle was turning her into a self-preserving cat.

At one time during the morning cleaning session her mother had foolishly tried to cuddle her and had taken out her gag, starting to speak. Claudia had growled disapprovingly, pointing to the mini video camera, there being at least one in every room. She had made it as clear as she could, by gesture and dirty looks, that caution was needed. I can't believe how fucking stupid she was, Claudia thought, that slut still doesn't seem to realise the master's word is law. No speaking means just that.

She finished slurping her pink liquid feed and contentedly sat down to read the copy of last month's *Cosmopolitan* that he had given her.

* * *

Veronica could not believe how cold Claudia had been towards her when she had endeavoured to show support. She had tried to give her a motherly cuddle, but had been brushed off as if she were a pesky fly. When she had tried to speak, all she had gotten in return was a few grunts and a finger placed to the lips. She had been a bit foolish, she appreciated that now, for the bastard could well have been watching and listening on those camera things. But at the time, she had felt terribly hurt.

It appeared he had not been watching, for he had moved her into this nicer, double-sized, cell with showering, washing and toilet facilities. He had advised it was because she had learnt to submit and that rewards came to slaves who were obedient. But that only made her more convinced she had somehow let herself down by giving in so quickly. Surely she could have resisted longer, she asked herself?

He had allowed her to take a long hot shower, and it had been bliss. She was on her bed, that a treat too, it having a proper mattress, pillow and thin woollen blanket. However, despite these things, she was plotting her escape. From what she had seen, there were only three barriers to freedom, her cell door, that iron-bar grille, and another door that looked to be made of steel. It might prove difficult, but she was determined to find a way out of this hellhole.

Chapter Five

He was sat at his easel, drafting sketches for his regular contribution to his favourite magazine, *Brutal Rome*, when the door chimes played their tune. That must be Becky or Clare, he thought, Saturday afternoon being grass mowing time. He had all sorts of detectors secreted about the grounds, but anyone cutting across the field from the Freemans' residence avoided the ones on the driveway. There was also the slight possibility that a rambler roaming this side of Lychlee Hill would scramble over his fencing. Putting in a couple more detectors was on his lists of things to do.

It was Clare Freeman, stood on the doorstep, hardly dressed for working. There could barely be more than eight inches of green, tartan-pattern, material in her skirt, he reckoned, lusting. Her otherwise well-developed legs were slightly knock-kneed but did seem to stretch a long way down to her Harris-tweed-trainer-shod feet. She was already five-foot eight-inches tall, and still growing. Her polo shirt was green too, it tight about her swelling bust. Looking down her unbuttoned neck afforded him a pleasant view of her cleavage and the tops of the rounded domes. His cock instantly started to throb.

"Hi, Mister Greenstreet," she said, pulling her sunglasses to the end of her nose, exposing her pale-green eyes. "Can you give me a hand getting the tractor out?"

"Sure," he replied, lifting the necessary keys off the hook by the door.

He followed her across to the old stables, watching her arse sway, certain she was doing it deliberately. His cock was simply unable to resist getting firm. Only sixteen, she already had a local reputation as a promiscuous lay, he having every intention of becoming one of her lover at some stage in the future. No doubt deliberately, she leaned right over the garden tractor's seat to release the handbrake, exposing her bum-cheeks and

her little pink panties.

“You need to be careful, Clare, you’ll catch your death of cold if you go exposing much more of your body,” he half-joked, finishing with a little chuckle.

“Oooh, Mister Greenstreet, you’re not looking up my skirt are you?” she responded, sounding playful. Turning to look at him, she grinned mischievously. “Don’t fret about me getting cold. I’m sure someone will stoke my furnace tonight.”

“I’m sure they will,” he said, trying his hardest to resist his natural inclinations. He pushed the tractor out through the doorway. “No Becky? Can you manage on your own?” he queried.

“Becky’s packing ready for uni, so it’s only me from now on. She’s shown me everything, said you’d be checking up on what I do, so no doubt you’ll put me right if I miss something,” she said. Leaping onto the seat, pressing the starter, she chugged off to start her mowing, he wandering back into the house, easing his manhood down against his inner thigh.

He had hardly drawn four lines when the door chimes sounded again. “She’s probably forgotten something,” he was saying to himself as he pulled opened the door.

“Hi, Mister G,” Becky said, squeezing past him to get into the house. “Come on, get the door shut quickly, we don’t want Clare catching us.”

“Hello, good to see you too,” he sarcastically said. “But I thought we had agreed to meet up tonight for a farewell fuck?”

“Change of plan. Mum and Dad are taking me up to Nottingham tomorrow morning, get me settled in. Want to show me some of the sights too. Means there’s still lots to do today, and I’ve got to have an early night. So, I’ve come for a quick shagging session now as I won’t be here later ... sorry.”

This was not what he had anticipated. He had expected a whole

evening in bed with her so that she appreciated what she would be missing when at university. But he was never one to pass up an opportunity for sex. “Come on then, let’s get upstairs.”

She scampered up the staircase, he following right behind her. They were both out of their clothes by the time they reached the bed. Sprawling backwards, legs akimbo, she beckoned him with her waiting arms. “We’ll have to be quick. Don’t want Clare to catch me here,” she said, grinning. “Save awkward questions.”

“I’ll do my best,” he said in response. Cheeky bitch, he thought. He never minded a fast and furious fuck when it suited him, but he did not like his sex sessions to be put under time restrictions, certainly not by some slut. As far as he was concerned, she should have made certain she was free for the whole of the evening so as to be able to cater to his wants. Mind, since their first session, a few months back, she had become more assertive, trying to lay down the law to him. He only pandered to her whims as he did not want to scare her off;

Sliding on top of her warm, soft, body, he inserted his hardness even though her pussy had yet to juice. Flexing his hips, he slowly worked his cock back and forth. She was not as tall or as obviously stunning as her younger sister, he also reckoning she was slightly overweight. Usually, like today, she dressed in baggy clothes, mainly to hide her generous breasts. One good thing about her, she started to produce lubricating fluid pretty quickly. After sucking hard on her nipples, he moved his head up, locking lips onto her mouth. She opened wide and his tongue went in to explore the cavity. Rhythmically, he pumped his piston into her ever-wetter cylinder. Her legs crossed behind his lumber region, her arms gripped his upper back and her fingernails raked his now sweat-covered shoulder blades. He licked at her jaw, kissed her face, neck and ears.

“Aah! Aah! Aah!” she puffed, levering her hips up as he pounded down. “Yes! Yes! Fuck me!”

He was happy to oblige, pummelling back and forth more strongly. “You want a hard fuck, don’t you?” he snarled contemptuously, knowing full well that she usually claimed to prefer a more gentle lovemaking.

“Aah! Aah! Na-na-no. Aah! Aah! Romantic will be fine! Aah!”

Stupid slut, he thought, hasn't she learnt by now, I don't do romantic?
I FUCK!

Her vaginal muscles started to grip his penis, her legs tightened about his back, her nails dug deeper into his skin. “Aah! Aaah! Aaaah! Aaaaahhhh!” she shrieked, climaxing. “O-oh ... I-I ... h-hope ... Clare ... d-didn't ... hear that,” Becky puffed.

Nowhere near ready to ejaculate, he used his arms to prise himself up off her torso, forcing her to release her holds. Extracting his penis, he unceremoniously bundled her onto her side, squatting over the inner surface of her left thigh. Pushing her right leg into the air, gripping the thigh, he forced his rod back into her gaping crack.

“Aaaah!” she sighed, looking at him with wide eyes. “Have we got time?”

The silly slut should have made time, he reckoned. “Of course!” he snapped, whilst thinking, his pleasure was what really mattered and he would not be denied gratifying it. “Ergh! Ergh!” He pumped hard and fast.

“Aaaah! Aaaah! Aaaah! AAAAHHHH!” she howled, the sound near deafening him. He simply hoped that Clare heard nothing over the tractor's engine noise.

“Ergh! Ergh! Ergh!” he snorted, slithering back and forth over the skin of Becky's slippery-wet leg. “Ergh! Ergh!” With nearly every portion of his body stiffening, closing his eyes to keep his sweat from stinging, he felt elation as he squirted sperm deep inside her womb. “Errrggghhh!”

He kept going, her cunt milking his seed, he not stopping until he was deflated. Slipping out, he rose to his feet, standing on the bed, rubbing his cum-covered cock against her upright leg.

“Oh, Mister G, that was ... so good. I'll miss our sessions.”

“So will I, Becky. I’ve no idea how I’m going to cope without you,” he lied. Using her leg, he pulled her lower regions upwards from the mattress, locking his hands onto her hips to hold her in that position, her weight supported on her neck and shoulders. “Are you going to let me fuck you in the arse?”

“Oh, Mister G, you know I’m not keen on it in there. It makes me walk funny and – well – what with going to uni tomorrow, I don’t think it’s a good idea.”

He did.

“Anyway, I’ve got to go – you know – things to do,” she advised.

Lowering his head, he ploughed his tongue through her bush to rasp it against her pouting labia, licking deep into her opening, lapping up some of their combined juices. Using the tip, he tickled at her inflamed clit and carried on until she shuddered and groaned another orgasm. The odd auburn hair came adrift, fouling his mouth, something he hated. “You know, Becky, I keep telling you, you really should shave your cunt. Bald pussy is so much nicer to lick and chew.”

“I know you do, but, well, it’s so slutty. I don’t think it would be a nice thing to do.”

He did, and simply knew that one day she would learn. Letting go of her hips, he allowed her buttocks to drop back down to the mattress. “Up to you,” he said rather petulantly, shrugging his shoulders as he stepped off the bed.

She swung her legs to the floor and, taking his proffered hand, pulled herself upright. As she bent down, picking up her clothes, he went to the bedside table, sliding open the top drawer. Reaching in, he took hold of the brand new mobile telephone, facia coloured in a shade of pale-blue. “Here you are, Becky,” he said, handing it over. “I’ve bought you this pre-paid mobile so that you and I can keep in touch. Make certain you keep it solely for communicating between you and me. Don’t go giving the number to anyone else.”

“Oh thanks, Mister G but you really should not have gone to so much trouble. I didn’t think you would want to bother keeping in touch with me once I was in uni.” She slipped it into the big patch pocket of her skirt.

Bending, he gathered up his clothes, starting to get dressed. “Of course I want to keep in touch with you, Becky. The sex has been really great for a start, but you’re more than just a casual fuck to me. I do know you’re so much younger than me so nothing is going to come of our relationship, and one day you’ll find some nice lad closer to your age, but I don’t want us to merely drift apart and lose contact with one another. That would be such a shame.”

“That’s nice of you to say so, Mister G, I’d like that.”

“I thought I’d give you a week or two to settle in at university then I’d arrange to come up and treat you to a weekend in a posh hotel,” he said, trying to sound sincere, he actually having a few other ideas.

“Oh, Mister G that would be ... be so nice ... sort of romantic,” she replied, breaking into a cheesy grin.

“Well, it’s what you deserve for making a middle-aged man so happy.”

“I look forward to it. And, I’ll keep this mobile a secret, just between us two.” She headed to the bedroom door, he opening it, letting her go first.

“Good. I’ll give you a call in a few days; see how you’re settling in,” he said, giving her bum a few playful pats.

At the same moment she stepped out of the front door onto the gravelled forecourt her sister and the clattering garden tractor appeared. Hell, he thought, that’s a bloody nuisance. Thinking fast, he took Becky’s hand and shook it warmly. Even though he doubted Clare could hear them, he said loudly, “Thanks, Becky, for all your efforts cutting my grass for the last few years. Have a nice time at university and do come and see me when you’re home at your parents.” He finished by giving a saucy wink.

She winked back. “Thanks, Mister G, I will.” With that she set off walking, heading toward the five-barred gate and the short cut across the field.

Clare drove up to the stable doorway, he joining her. Killing the engine, she asked, “What’s she doing here?”

“Oh, nothing much,” he replied, trying to sound blasé. “She just came to say goodbye. Evidently your parents are taking her to Nottingham early tomorrow morning to see the sights.”

“Haaa haaa!” Clare let out a contemptuous-sounding laugh. “The only bloody sight she’s interested in seeing is Pete. That long streak of piss is rowing at that Holme Pierrepont place tomorrow. What’s worse, I’ve got to bloody go and stand around watching the bloke too, Mum insists.”

Sparks of rage swept his brain, he had told Becky to dump her boyfriend weeks ago. He thought she had. Now it appeared she had defied him. Speaking with restrained calm, he commented, “I thought she’d broken-up with Pete some time ago?”

“She had. But she was like a moody cow. She’s one of those fucking stupid girls who believe in being a one-man-type of woman. Not like me. Use ’em and lose ’em: that’s my motto,” she advised, sounding decidedly self-assured, giving him a hand to shove the tractor indoors.

“Oh,” he muttered, shrugging, trying to appear unconcerned. “She never said she was seeing him again.”

“It only happened on ... erm, Thursday, I think. Turns out he managed to get a place at Loughborough. It’s evidently only a few miles from where she’s going, so they’ll be able to see each other pretty regularly.”

“That’ll be nice for them,” he said, with little feeling. Inside, he was fuming. Who did the slut think she was, creating potential problems that might upset his plans? If he had his way, and he was now more determined he should, she would soon learn that his orders were not to be trifled with. “I’ll leave you to clean off the tractor. Let me know when you’ve finished

and I'll give you your money."

* * *

As she strolled back home, using the farm lane rather than cutting across the field, Clare felt a little pissed-off. Mister Greenstreet had made her thoroughly clean the garden tractor before giving her the money. She hated having to do hard work. Driving the machine was fun, it no problem. Having to scrub with a hand brush however was a real pain. Her fingers were dirty, currently stained green from having to get the grass out of various parts of the mower.

She thought her skimpy clothes would have meant she could wrap him around her little finger like all the boys she knew. Surely he too should have succumbed to her charms? After all, she knew she had a great body, and boys usually fell over themselves to oblige her, but not him. Mind, she had noticed a bulge in his trousers a couple of times even though he had not made a play for her.

One of these days, she reckoned, even though he was nearly as old as her father, she might just do him a favour, give him a real thrill.

* * *

Standing in her underwear, having intended to change, Becky was sidetracked, folding the last of her dresses she was putting into the big suitcase. Tomorrow, her parents were taking her to Nottingham, and to what she confidently expected would be the greatest change in her life. It was going to be a milestone, she stepping out into the big world as an adult. She had a few qualms, she had to admit, but on balance reckoned it would be good to get away from her family for a bit, give her more space. Mum can be a little smothering, she thought, but then it's understandable I suppose, what with brother John disappearing.

Drifting into a bit of a trancelike state, wondering what had happened to him, she speculated about his fate. She was convinced he was still alive, she certain he must have suffered some accident that had given him amnesia for the last two years. "One day he'll come out of it and return home. It's only a matter of time," she said out loud.

Still in her stupor, almost absentmindedly, she slithered her hand over her stomach and into her panties. "Oooh," she sighed, when her fingers made contact with her pussy, it inflamed and tender. She thought Mister Greenstreet had been particularly rough today, certainly when he had fucked her side-on. But she appreciated he had given her the most amazing orgasms.

Feeling a tinge of guilt, she knew she should have told him that she and Pete were getting back together. It was he who had insisted she ditch Pete in the first place, and she had done so for a while. But it had been a mistake, she reckoned, for though the sex with Mister G was really good there was no future in their relationship, he nearly as old as her father. Anyway, she put their secret tryst down to being her mad post-school fling. She would always be grateful for what he had taught her about her body and pleasing a man, but he did have these perversions. He was always suggesting she shave her pussy and that she should like doing anal sex, but, well, it was so slutty, she had repeatedly told him that. She gave a little shudder, recalling the pain on those occasions she had actually allowed him to insert his penis in her arse.

That was another thing, his todger was so big. It did give her pleasure, but sometimes it felt like he was using a baseball bat in her intimate parts. She knew it now, she and Pete were simply meant to be together even though he had a lot to learn about being a lover. So, she would give it a few days, wait until she had settled in at university, pluck up her courage and tell Mister Greenstreet that it was over between them, let him down gently. After all, he was the sort of man who would understand and happily accept her decision.

Chapter Six

He prepared roast leg of pork for Sunday lunch with all the trimmings. Plating three meals, he went down to the cellars, stripping off in the new room.

Entering Veronica's cell, he said, "Here, Slave, this is another special treat so you continue to appreciate that being a good slave brings reward. I'll be back later for the plate."

"Oh thank you, Master," she replied, sounding surprise, taking the proffered plate and plastic cutlery.

Stepping into the other cell, he found Claudia on her knees. "Up, Slave, it's time for Sunday lunch. You sit on the bed with the tray; I'll make use of the dressing table and stool."

"Thank you, Master," she replied

Between mouthfuls, they chatted to each other, the interaction necessary in his view to keep his slaves sane. Once finished, Claudia rose to her feet holding the tray ready for him to put his dirty plate onto it.

He was certain she was deliberately fluttering her eyes at him, trying to flirt. It would make no difference even if she was, experience having taught him such creatures nearly always did such things. He could understand why they did it, but they must be fucking stupid if they thought they could influence the things he did to them. They were merely his playthings. He did, and would do, with them as he liked, he adoring being sadistic. Surely she appreciated that by now?

Mind, he knew, there was certainly something different about this Claudia. For a start, he was more obsessed than normal with this creature. He constantly wanted to fondle her near-perfect body, the feel of it being

extremely pleasing. Happy to feed his urges, he rubbed his palms over her smooth skin, squeezing her breasts, pussy and posterior. His penis responded by going rigid, throbbing with wanting. “Hmm, Slave, you truly have got a great body. With a figure like yours it’s a wonder you didn’t take up glamour modelling when you left school.”

“Oh thank you, Master, it’s kind of you to say so. But when I was younger I never dreamed of exposing my body to all and sundry.”

She had slipped up, the anticipation of chastising her causing his cock to pulse. Grabbing her hair, he jerked her head back. Using his other hand, he gripped her face harshly, she doing well not to drop the tray. “You stupid slut, I’ve told you before, you never existed until I made you my slave. So how the hell could you have ever had any thoughts before then? I’m going to have to punish you later.” The sight of the quivering that rippled through her turned him on more than he already was.

“Sorry, Master,” she said, when he released his holds. “Please forgive me. Please, Master, spare me.”

“You should know me better than that by now,” he sniggered. Taking the tray, he left the room determined to make her wait, let her stew for a few hours.

By late afternoon he had managed to sketch out three drawings, but they still needed more detail, he reckoned. Nevertheless, the barbarity of the images he had created made his cock throb. He decided that one day in the future he would inflict similar punishments on a slave he had tired of, there no possibility anyone surviving the depicted depravity.

The buzzer over the front door let him know there was a car using the driveway. “About bloody time,” he muttered under his breath, assuming it was Abby, coming to report about her weekend.

“What the fuck?” he uttered, seeing Dick’s car pull up. He was relieved when both of them got out and walked to the front door. “Why are you both here? What’s the matter? Where’ve you been till now?”

“Nice to see you too,” Abby replied, mockingly, squeezing his crotch as she stepped over the threshold. “Mmm, I can feel you are pleased to see me though.”

“My fault,” Dick said. “We didn’t need to be out of the room until noon so I insisted we make full use of the facilities again this morning. Then it seemed the right thing to do to have lunch there. After that we pottered back.”

“Don’t worry about him, Honey, he’s probably just frustrated,” Abby said, trailing her fingers over Rex’ face coquettishly. “Probably not had a decent fuck for days, have you, Lover?”

Pushing her backwards, he manoeuvred her into the sitting room. Pressing her buttocks up against the back of the red-leather chesterfield, he rubbed up against her hip as if trying to mark her with his scent. Wrapping his arms about her back, he hugged her tight whilst licking at her face. “Well, my prize bitch, that’s where you’re wrong, I had a great time on Friday breaking in that slave Veronica. And yesterday, I had a real hard farewell fuck with Becky Freeman as she’s gone off to university today.”

“Did you? So what are you going to do to amuse yourself now she’s left?” Abby let out a peal of giggles.

“Well, I’m going to have her as a slave pretty soon.”

“Rex, you’re not?” Dick said, in a questioning way. “I didn’t think you were really serious. Surely it’s too dangerous ... being so near to home, as it were.”

Putting his arm about his older brother’s neck, he pulled him close. “Oh, Dickie boy, I’ve told you before, stop thinking. Leave that to me. Simply do what I tell you and all will be fine.”

“You know I’m happy to leave you to make the decisions, Rex,” Dick said resignedly.

“Good boy. Now, if you two don’t mind, I’m off downstairs to

chastise that slave Claudia.”

Suddenly looking very interested, grinning like a cat, Abby said, “So the uppity slut has been playing up, has she? I want to see you punish her.”

“You know I don’t want to take part in the ... the ... erm, training—” Dick was saying.

“I know, so you can go if you like,” Rex said, interrupting, well aware of his brother’s lack of his own virulent sadistic streak.

“No, that’s not what I was trying to say before you interrupted. What I was going to add was that the kids are still at their friends tonight, so Abby and I are free to stop over. You and she can do the beating bits, I’ll just watch. But ... but ... the pair of us were talking whilst driving back and I ... we ... want a bit of an orgy session tonight. Is that all right with you?”

It was. “Sure, let’s go get stuck in.”

Dick and he were soon naked, the keys however still jingling, hanging around his neck. Abby looked her usual stunning self, she dressed in PVC high-heeled thigh-boots and a waspie that pushed her grapefruit-sized orbs up nicely. She held a riding crop in her right hand which she repeatedly whacked against the side of her leg menacingly as the two slaves wriggled across the floor to the centre of the torture chamber.

“Slaves, you are here as it is necessary for the slave Claudia to be punished. Despite my best efforts to point out to her that she had no existence until I made her a slave she keeps failing, keeps defying me and making out there was life before me. This will not do,” he said, casually rolling back his foreskin, exposing his bulging purple head. “Get over the caning post, Slave. Dick, go and get me the long crop from the wall and bring it here with a set of chains.”

Claudia bent over the padded crosspiece without hesitation although he did see a shiver run through her body. The sight turned his cock into something akin to a steel rod. He took one of the chains Dick had brought and used it to clip together the rings on her ankle bands before he secured it

in turn to the fitment on the floor. Meantime, Abby took the other chain and secured Claudia's wrists, stretching her taut when she anchored it to the base of the fitment.

"This is for your own good," he said sneeringly.

"Yes, Master— Aaargh!" Her reply was cut short when he lashed down the first stroke.

A vivid red line appeared on the back of each thigh. "*Thwack!*" A second line appeared.

"Aaargh!"

He stopped mid-stroke, manipulating his arm as if it was tired and sore. "Mmm, this constant need to chastise slaves must be taking its toll. I can hardly bear to move my arm." He lied, he merely playing a game.

"Let me do it, Honey," Abby said, exuding enthusiasm.

"Slave Veronica, get up," he said, waggling a forefinger at her. She responded, rising to her feet. Hooking a finger into her left nipple-ring, he pulled, saying, "Come here."

"Yes, Master," she replied, having little option but to step close.

He rubbed his manhood against her thigh whilst pinching her nipple. "Now, there's no point in having slaves and doing all the work oneself, is there?" He spoke smarmily. "So, take the crop and beat the slut. Give her six."

"Errh? What? Surly you can't be serious ... Master. I mean ... she's my daughter. You can't expect me to beat her," Veronica replied, her eyes widening with apparent apprehension.

Viciously, he twisted a handful of her breast, causing her to yelp, shouting, "I expect you to do my bidding without hesitation! Take the crop and beat her!" He thrust the black instrument into her hand and pushed her to a position close to the upturned rear of the other creature.

Rather timorously, she brought the crop down on the waiting posterior. “*Smack.*” There was hardly any force in the delivery. “I’m sorry, Claudia,” she whimpered.

“Ouch,” Claudia responded, hardly seeming to flinch.

From behind, he grabbed Veronica by her hair, jerking her head back, right hand clutching a breast, he pressing his manhood up against her arse. “Fucking thrash her!” he yelled, libido building.

“But ... but, Master,” she whined, half-heartedly delivering another blow. “*Smack.*”

“Useless, Slut!” he roared, violently shoving her out of the way, causing her to crash to the floor. “Abby, you thrash that slave!” He pointed at Claudia.

“Sure thing, Lover,” Abby replied. Prancing into position, she happily set about the work with her lightweight crop. “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*”

“Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” Claudia responded to every stroke, red welts appearing on her curvaceous bum.

Watching intently, he saw perspiration starting to slick each body, one due to her efforts, the other from fear. Seeing her glinting in the light, simply made him want to fuck Claudia in her arse, but he knew there was more fun to have first. “Now, Abby my dear, give her four more as a punishment for that slut Veronica’s failure to chastise her.”

“Yeah!” Abby responded, sounding pleased. “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*” – “*Thwack!*”

“Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” – “Aaargh!” Claudia groaned. “Please, Master, spare me. I’ll try to be good.”

“Leave her be, you b—!” Veronica pleaded, breaking off in mid-word

before going on, “Please, Master, don’t punish her for my failings, punish me!”

Clutching her neck and left breast, he pulled her up off the floor, saying, “Have no fear, Slut, you’re going to get a beating for failing to do my bidding, and for thinking you had a daughter!” The signs of terror that swept her face merely made his cock twitch from the expectations of things to come. “Abby, kindly get that slave off the caning post!”

Somewhat roughly, Abby unshackled the slave, bundling her to the flagstones as if she was a sack of rotten potatoes. She then assisted as he manhandled a reluctant Veronica onto the vacated place. Taking up his discarded crop, he aimed six violent blows to the back of her thighs.

Each delivery brought forth a piercing shriek. “Yeaargh!”

Knowing his sister-in-law never turned down an opportunity to inflict pain, he handed her the heavier crop, saying, “Abby, it’s your turn.” Half a dozen blows rapidly cracked down onto the buttocks, they still clearly marked from the other day. The pleasing sound of further shrieking assailed his ears after every whack.

Abby was puffing when she finished, clearly fired up, glowing lust. His cock was yearning to fuck, even Dick’s was at attention, ready for action, though he had noted, his sibling had half-closed his eyes throughout much of the beating and seemed to wince at each cut of the chastiser. “Hand that crop to the slave Claudia,” he instructed. “And now, Slave, thrash your mother’s arse.”

“But, Master, I have no mother,” she replied, impish grin on her face.

“Very good, just shows what a little training can do,” he said, tenderly caressing her face. “So, Slave, in which case you’d better land six real hard blows to the arse of that slut Veronica. Do it!”

Somewhat reluctantly, so it appeared, Abby handed over the crop. Claudia swished it in the air a couple of times, practicing. Raising her arm towards the ceiling, she brought it down with great force. “*Thwack!*”

“Yeeeeaaarrggghhh!” Veronica squealed.

Claudia repeated her action five further times, each one eliciting a howling response. No sooner had she finished than he stepped up, pushing her aside, inserting his hard-on into Veronica’s moist front opening, proceeding to rut with abandon, he desperate for some relief.

“Lick me out,” Abby said, pushing her crotch against the shackled slave’s face.

Dick was clearly aflame with desire, he pushing Claudia backwards to the wall, commencing to screw her frenziedly up against the precisely-cut ashlar.

“Ergh!” Rex was uttering, he pumping furiously.

“Owh!” Abby was moaning.

“Aaah! Aaah!” Veronica was gasping.

“Ooergh!” Dick was grunting.

“O yeah! O yeah! Fuck me! Fuck me harder, Sir! Please, please! Harder, harder!” Claudia pleaded.

“Errrrggghhh!” Rex snorted as he ejaculated deep into the slut’s womb.

“Ooowwwhhh!” Abby whined as she had her orgasm.

“Aaaaaaahhh!” Veronica climaxed.

“Oooeeerrrggghhh!” Dick obviously reached his culmination, his body tensing as his penis kept up its perpetrating motion.

“Oooh yeeeeaahhh! That’s it, Sir, fuuuccckkk meeee!” Claudia hollered, she patently coming.

“That was fun,” Rex said. Pointing to Abby and Dick, he continued,

“You two clear up everything. I’ll return the slaves to their cells. Then I think we should go upstairs and have a private screwing session.”

“I’ve got a better idea. You can put the slave Veronica away whilst I tuck up the other. Dick can manage to tidy everything away by himself and then he can go and turn the bed down ready for us to join him.” Abby replied, she slobbering like an excited hound.

“Sure,” he said. Her suggestion actually gave him a little thrill, he reckoning that she was starting to get jealous of the slave Claudia. That was fine by him, it ensuring it would keep her on her toes, make certain she did her utmost to pander to him. And he believed he was not mistaken, the slave appeared to be doing her utmost to ingratiate with him. Probably thinking he would go easier on her, he decided, but then she would learn. He cared nothing for any other human being, except of course he had some feelings for those who unrestrainedly assisted him.

He frogmarched Veronica to her secure room. Once there, he pushed her to her knees. “Suck me clean, Slut. Show you’ve learnt your lesson.”

“Yes, Master,” she said, sounding depressed, but nonetheless set her tongue to lap against his meat.

Coiling his fingers in her hair, he cheerfully informed, “Slave, you must learn your lessons well otherwise you’ll have a very pained existence. You must be totally obedient, I thought you knew that. Now, open wide, I want to piss down your throat.”

“Yes, Master,” she said in flat tone.

* * *

Veronica was glad when her master had finished his disgusting action and left her on her own, shivering with revulsion. The beatings were bad enough, but being used as a toilet was far, far, worse. It was degrading and inhuman in the extreme but she was determined to do her best to continue to resist, try

her utmost to retain some dignitary. No evil bastard was going to make her a compliant slave, on that point she was resolved.

She wondered what had come over her daughter. Claudia had been merciless when she had laid that riding crop against her buttocks. Surely she could have restrained herself a little? She did not know how much more abuse she could actually take so prayed that the police would soon come knocking on his front door. Otherwise, she really did fear what awful fate might befall her.

* * *

The mistress gripped Claudia's collar and the ring of her left breast, yanking them tightly, causing her to choke and feel pain in her nipple. Shoving, she propelled her through the doorway and into her cell. Giving an extra push, using a foot to trip her, she sent her sprawling to the floor, Claudia instinctively curling into the foetal position.

"Splat!" The mistress lashed her ridding crop against Claudia's thigh.

"Yeeouch!" Claudia shouted, due in part to the pain but also because of the surprise. Next instant, she got a kick to her genital region before the sole of a booted-foot pressed down on her face, the steel tip of the heel pushing against her cheek. Her mind raced, she convinced she was on the point of being disfigured. "Please, please, Mistress, what have I done?" she frantically asked.

"Don't you come the fucking innocent with me, Slut! I know what your game is!"

"Game, Mistress? What game? Please, Mistress?" Claudia did her best to sound genuinely in the dark. She had never given it a thought, that the mistress would resent her efforts to mitigate her treatment. Her aims were only to ease the beatings, not to come between the master and mistress, surely she understood that. But then it dawned on her, perhaps the mistress had a cause to be jealous; perhaps the master was developing an affection for her.

“I’ll put my heel through your fucking face in a minute, you conniving cunt!” The mistress pressed her foot down harder, before easing the pressure, carrying on speaking in a more restrained tone. “I’ve seen you, Slut. I’ve watched you trying to worm your way into Rex’ affections, trying to get him wrapped around your little finger. Think you’ll make him all lovey-dovey, don’t you? Well, you’ll find out, he cares nothing for you. And, Slut, what’s all this with my husband, howling like a cheap whore as if he’s fucking you all the way to heaven? You scheming cunt, are you after his affections too?”

No, she had never given that idea a thought. After all, Sir Dick did not appear to have any influence over the master or, for that matter, the mistress either. “No, no, Mistress, you have it all wrong! I merely try to please the master ... and you too, Mistress!” Claudia frantically replied. Puffing a couple of times to calm herself, she continued, “And, as for when the sir fucked me, I was just trying to do as instructed, Mistress. You and the master taught me to show my appreciation of being used by making lots of noise. Do you remember?”

“Huh! You’d better not be lying!” the mistress retorted. “Now, Slut, get up on your knees! Push your mouth to my cunt!”

Inwardly, Claudia breathed a sigh of relief as she scrabbled to her knees, proceeding to press her mouth to the waiting vulva. The mistress’s hands gripped her skull and hair, the crotch being rubbed hard against her face.

“Open wide! I’m going to piss, Slut!” the mistress yelled.

Almost instantaneously, hot, tangy, liquid jetted into her open mouth, she gulping frantically, fearful of the consequences of letting any dribble to the floor.

“Oooh, that was good,” the mistress moaned, contentedly.

“I’m pleased, Mistress, that you used me,” Claudia replied.

“So you should be.” With that the mistress’s crop blurred through the

air, lashing down onto Claudia's left breast.

"Yeeeeooowwweee!" Claudia squealed, the pain searing, making her tremble, it forcing tears to her eyes.

"Now, remember, I'm watching you, Slut, so be careful." With that the mistress turned, leaving, slamming the door closed behind her.

Thank God she's gone, Claudia thought, if I'm not more careful that bitch will disfigure me or worse. She knelt there rocking on haunches, knowing that her life was going to be one long misery. The only little joy she had had of late was just now, when the master had gotten her to whip her mother – it had given her a perverse thrill.

* * *

Dick was lying on the bed waiting, fondling his equipment, anticipating pleasures to come, well aware that both Rex and Abby would be hungry for more sex when they came up. They always were after mutually tormenting a slave. Mind, he had to admit, he increasingly liked the humping side of having slaves.

He was still uncomfortable with being involved, or even there, when the beatings were taking place, but doubted that he could now put up with missing out on the fornicating. And, getting to fuck someone that looked like that slave Claudia was a fantasy come true. So, everything considered, he could put up with this life, play second fiddle to Rex and Abby, and be content that they were lovers.

* * *

Abby had two fingers buried in her pussy, her thumb strumming her clit, as she followed her lover up the various sets of stairs. She was horny as hell and knew that Rex and Dick were going to have to work hard tonight to satisfy

her carnal cravings.

As for that cocky cunt, Claudia, she was determined to keep a close watch on her. For all the slut's protestations of innocence, she knew what her game was, she was certain the slut was trying to wheedle her way into Rex' affections. She could not blame her, she supposed, she would probably do the same in her shoes but no one was going to take him away from her. Mind, she mused, if he did not need her for her laboratory access, she would probably have ended her days down in his dungeon complex.

A shiver ran through her at that thought. Best to keep him happy, she was thinking as they entered the bedroom. Remember to do his bidding and all will be well.

Chapter Seven

Over the days, Rex was becoming ever more vexed. He had rung Becky several times during her first week, only to be fobbed off that she was on her way to some important tutorial or other scholastic matter. The second week, he had tried three times, only to discover the mobile was switched off. On Friday he did manage to speak to her but she claimed she could not see him over the weekend as she had important studying to do. When did students ever study, he asked himself? Certainly not on a weekend, he concluded, deciding the only thing she was going to be studying was that thing called Pete.

Therefore on Sunday morning he was in a foul mood, lashing the two slaves with a tawse simply to take out his frustrations on someone. Standing there, glaring down at the two terrified-looking creatures, he was sizing up what to do next. At the precise moment he decided he was going to hang Veronica by her heels, and brand every inch of her body with a red-hot iron, he heard the warning buzzer make its noise. Briskly, he walked to the grille, the buzzer and a flat-screen located on the adjacent wall. The camera monitoring the front of the house revealed Abby's car as it drew up outside. "Could be your lucky day, slaves!" he yelled. "Get back in your cells, now!"

Having locked them in, he collected his clothes and carried them under his arm as he strode up the cellar steps. Abby was already standing in the kitchen when he arrived. "I see you're pleased to see me," she said, putting one arm about his neck, using her spare hand to fondle his erection. She let out a ripple of giggling.

"Huh!" he snorted, trying to sound exasperated. "I was on the verge of butchering a slave when you interrupted me!"

"Claudia, I hope. Can I watch?"

"The other one actually," he responded, putting his hands to her arse

and drawing her closer, well aware of the petty jealousy, it amusing him. It had happened before, and it had not been justified then nor was it now. As far as he was concerned, a slave was merely a slave. They would have to be exceptional for him to think of one in any other light. Although, if she had pressed him there and then, he would have had to concede Claudia certainly was something special.

“Oh dear, never mind. Better luck next time,” she said, sounding disappointed.

“You are a cat,” he said.

“Meow, meow,” she purred, rubbing her crotch against his thigh. “What’s the slut Veronica done?”

“Nothing in particular. Just thought it would help ease my frustrations with that cunt Becky. That’s all.”

“Well, I don’t see why you don’t simply drive up there and see her. It’ll only take you a couple of hours to get there, and I can’t see how she can refuse to speak to you if you’re stood on her doorstep.”

“And pray tell me, how am I meant to acquire her in broad daylight?” he said sarcastically.

“Ah, well, you didn’t say that, did you?” Abby said, sounding oily, teasingly stoking his face. “But what’s the problem, Lover? You acquired those two downstairs in broad daylight. I’m certain you’ll think of something, if you put your mind to it.”

He thought about it for a few seconds, letting various scenarios percolate through his brain. “You’re right. I’ll go now, come up with a plan whilst I’m on the journey.”

“Hey! I didn’t mean this minute. What about me? I’ve just packed Dick and the kids off to the amusement park so I could be here with you.”

“Sorry. No time like the present. You better stay here. Don’t want to

be risking you being picked up by the cops if anything goes wrong. Anyway, someone needs to cook Sunday lunch for the slaves. And they'll probably want rubbing down with some *Deep Heat* to ease their bruises. Be gentle with them ... or else." He gave her a peck on the forehead and one on each cheek. "Gotta dash."

Some two hours later, he was steering the van towards the city centre, still without a precise plan. He had concluded that turning up on her front door was a last resort for he really needed to get her alone. Cruising around, he took a look at the campus and the local area, viewed several hotels and public houses. At last, he found what he thought was a good location.

It was one of those pubs with all day eating facilities and a children's playroom, and he pulled up at the farthest end of the car park. If this did not work he reckoned he would certainly have to think up Plan B. He took his mobile out of his pocket and punched in her number.

"Hi, Mister G," Becky's voice said at the other end.

"Becky. How did you know it was me?" he responded, relieved he had got hold of her.

She laughed. "You're the only one with this number, remember."

"Oh, it's still secret then?"

"Yes, of course." There was a pause, her breath audible, before she carried on. "I've been meaning to phone you. I'm sorry we've never been able to talk properly before but ... but ... well, you know, I've been ever so busy."

"Really?" He bet himself, she had been busy all right, with Pete. "Can we talk now?"

"Well, it's kinda awkward there's—"

"We could have a drink or something," he interrupted. "Nothing heavy, then I can explain why I think it best we stop being intimate friends."

Simply stay as amicable neighbours, so to speak.”

“Oh, right. You think it best we ... we stop ... stop doing it. You don’t mind?” She sounded slightly relieved.

“You’ve got your life to lead, and I know you don’t really want me to be too involved.”

“That’s great,” she said cheerily. “But when can we meet? Do we actually need to?”

He was determined they were going to get together. “I do think this is something we need to talk about face to face. I’m at the car park of the Sheldrake Pub, not far from the campus. So you could pop out and meet me now.”

“You’re here in Nottingham?” Becky said, sounding surprised.

“Yes. Or if you prefer, I could come to your place.”

“No, no ... it’s a mess. I’ll come to you. Give me ten minutes.”

“Bring the mobile. Then if you have difficulty finding me, give me a call.”

Fifteen minutes later, he spotted her as she entered the car park, she on her own. Telephoning the mobile, he told her his precise location. He hoped he had picked his spot well. He had parked with the side of the van facing the direction of her approach, six feet from a high wooden fence that he confidently expected would protect his back. Having scanned the area several times he was confident there were no CCTV cameras covering that spot. The only worry was if someone decided to come and park beside him.

She sauntered up to him, he standing on the blind side of the van. “Hello, Becky, nice to see you,” he said as he noted her clothes, blue denim jeans and a baggy blue sweatshirt.

“Hi, Mister G, why have you parked way over here, surely it would be better nearer the pub?”

“I was thinking about your reputation, trying to be discreet.”

“Oh, that’s sweet of you. Not that I’m ashamed—”

Interrupting, he said, “Didn’t want any of your mates catching us, asking awkward questions and then word getting back to Pete.”

“You know?” she gasped, turning bright-pink. “That’s why I didn’t want you coming to the room. I’ve left him sleeping. He’s been rowing all morning and he’s knackered.”

“Clare told me. Have you told him ... about us?”

“No. No, I’ve told absolutely no one.”

“Have you put it all down in your diary? I know what you girls are like.”

“God, no! Clare’s too bloody nosy. Anyway, you told me not to.”

“Then it’s our little secret?” He wanted to be sure.

“Yes. Honestly. I’ve told no one.”

“Good. I just wanted to make certain. Don’t want any irate parents knocking on my door, or a burly Pete when he’s bulked up.”

Becky let out a chortle. “No chance.” She pulled the mobile from her pocket, handing it over. “Here, you’d best have this back.”

“Thanks. I’ve got a little present for you in the back of the van.” He slide open the side door, saying, “Close your eyes, it’s a surprise.”

As she complied, he glanced all about, his penis stiffening with anticipation. Satisfied, he gave her a thump to the belly and, as she bent double, a rabbit-punch, she slumping into his arms. Shoving her backwards into the van, he climbed in after her. Swiftly, he fitted a ball-gag, securing her wrists, elbows, ankles and knees by means of one-inch-wide rubberised tree-

ties. He pulled a black bag over her head before covering her with a dustsheet. Stepping outside, he secured the door and walked with difficulty around to the other side of the vehicle, his hard-on hindering him. Once in the driver's seat, he unzipped and proceeded to reposition his penis. He would have jerked off, but decided he should save his jism for later.

Starting the motor, he eased it into gear, driving carefully out of the car park and heading for home.

* * *

When Becky came round she felt giddy and sick. She deduced she was in the van, hearing the engine noise and feeling the motion. Where was he taking her, she wondered?

Try as she might, she could not see a thing, everything was pitch-black, and in addition she was gagged and trussed up. Why on earth was he doing this to her?

All she could remember was Mister Greenstreet asking her to close her eyes; then he had evidently struck her. Why, she pondered, surely they were friends?

Chapter Eight

Wasting no time, he reversed the van into the garage, getting out, locking the doors behind him. Abby was standing in the connecting doorway that led into the scullery, beaming with obvious anticipation. “Well? How did you get on?” she inquired.

Picking up the screwdriver in order to change the number plates, swelling his chest deliberately, he replied, “I’ve got her in the back.”

“Oh boy, that’s wonderful. Can I help you?”

“Did you carry out my orders with regard to the other two? Feed them? Rub them down with embrocation?”

“Huh!” she huffed, putting her hands on her hips, looking like an overgrown petulant child. “Would I disobey you? I fed them macaroni cheese, followed by strawberries and cream. But I got them to rub themselves down with *Deep Heat*, didn’t want the stink all over my body. Oh, and yes, I made them lick me out too, merely to pass the time on whilst I waited for you, Lover.”

“Good. Now kindly get the doors open whilst I carry the parcel.” He pulled Becky from her covering, slinging her groaning body over his shoulder. The knowledge that she was awake excited him, it meaning she would be terrified, her brain trying to work out what was happening, unable to see because of the hood. And, it also meant he did not have to wait for her to come round.

Abby pranced ahead, unlocking the doors, she the only other person with a full set of keys and the combination. She pushed open the grille for him, saying, “I’ll leave you to dump the body whilst I go and get changed.”

Plonking his load onto the trolley in the second cell on the right caused the creature to emit a restricted agonised sound. “You’ll have plenty

more to moan about soon,” he coldly said, turning and heading off to the changing room.

“How do I look, Lover,” Abby asked, she pulling up the zippers of her brand new thigh-boots, her basque and G-string already in place. They were all made of red PVC.

“Very sexy,” he replied, slobbering a kiss to her lips, firming his phallus by rubbing his crotch area against the bare portion of her thigh. “Get the boxes out whilst I strip.”

On entering the cell, Abby set to work removing Becky’s trainers and socks, securing a two-foot bar-spreader to her ankles. He meantime opened the small steel cupboard, set into the wall beside the door, pressing a pair of rocker-switches, lowering two chains from the ceiling. Once the spreader was secured onto the hooks, he raised her ankles something like two feet into the air. Using a pair of dressmaking shears, Abby carefully cut along the full length of one leg of Becky’s jeans continuing up and through the waist belt. Then she did the same to the other side before pulling the material away from the body and tossing it to the floor. Snipping the sides of her plain-white panties, she chucked them too.

Easing Abby out of the way, she moving to stand at the other side of the trolley, he rubbed his hand through the new plaything’s bush. Slipping a couple of fingers into her sex, he stirred her insides, making them wet. “I see you haven’t lost your ability to juice, Slut. You’re goin’ to juice a hell of a lot now, my cock will see to that. And, as for your arse, you’ll never refuse me anal again.”

Becky let out some stifled noise. “Eeeeeeee!”

“Don’t worry, Slut, you’ll have plenty to howl about soon. But when I’ve finished with you, you’ll do everything I tell you,” he happily informed, licking his lips in anticipation, his hand giving his cock a couple of jerks. “And, all this fucking hair is going to go.” He tugged at her pubic growth.

Half rolling her onto her side, he cut the tree-ties, he and Abby pulling the sweatshirt and the blouse that was underneath over Becky’s head, each

then gripping a wrist. Cutting the bra away, he fondled both breasts in turn, squeezing and twisting the nipple cruelly.

“Eeeeeee!” Becky moaned, wriggling about.

Abby pulled off the black hood. Both of them sneered down into the terrified girl’s eyes, he thrilled at what he could see. The veins on his cock were standing out as he slapped his prize prodder against her face. “Oh, Becky my slut, this is going to have one hell of a fun-time making use of you.” Running his hand over her belly, he pinched the flesh. “You still need to lose about half a stone but don’t worry, I’m certain me and your mistress will beat the fat out of you.” He let out a sniggering chortle.

Leaning, he reached into the big plastic box, extracting two wrist-to-thigh cuffs. “Hold both her arms,” he said to Abby before waving the objects in front of the trainee slave’s face. “These are new. I’m going to try them out on you, see if they work as well as a body belt.” Taking the first one, he fastened the broad strapping about her right thigh, grasping her arm and securing the wrist in the attachment. He repeated the process with the other one. “Now listen very carefully and I’ll tell you how it’s going to be. Your mistress here is going to extract some blood for tests to see if you’ve got any of those nasty slut diseases you students pick up from sleeping around. You’ve probably had several different cocks up you in the last fortnight—”

“Eeeeeee!” Becky interrupted, going red in the face. No doubt from rage and frustration, he decided.

Abby wasted no more time. She picked up the little yellow box, taking out the hypodermic and filling it from Becky’s arm.

“Eeeeeee!”

“*Splat! – Splat!*” slapping both of her breasts, he yelled, “Shut up! I, your mistress and my brother will of course be fucking you on a regular basis, after all that’s why a slut like you exists. But plenty of that later, for now it’s back to the briefing.” He ran his hands over her body whilst speaking his well-rehearsed words. “From this second on, you are a slave, I’m your master. As far as you’re concerned nothing prior to this moment

existed. You had no name, no life, no family, no friends, nothing. From now on, you'll be referred to as slave or slut. When I tell you to do something, you do it without hesitation. You will refer to me as master, at all times. You will answer, yes master, no master, as appropriate. You will never speak unless spoken to. If for any reason you wish to get my attention, you'll merely say master and then wait for my permission to speak. Remember, Slut, you exist to be fucked and nothing more. Fail to heed my instructions in any way and you'll be PUNISHED! And let me tell you, you'll soon learn how I simply love being sadistic."

"Let's give her a taste now," Abby said, smirking wickedly. "Make her squeal."

"Not so fast, my little vicious bitch, there's a lot to do yet. In fact, might not get round to beating her until tomorrow."

"Oh, you bastard, I wanted to hear her wail! See her writhe in agony!" Abby snarled. "It's so unfair!"

"Ah, never mind. Remember, Bitch, I make the rules," he said half-playfully, knowing she clearly understood she was allowed to assist only when it suited. It kept her in a subordinate position, stopped her thinking she was indispensable and made her keener to please him. "Let's get rid of the pubes. You use the clippers, I'll wax strip and then you can finish off with the tweezers."

Once depilated, he caressed his hand over the freshly smooth and soft area, it feeling like he believed all crotches should. "You see, Slut, how much better that is. Bald genitals are sexier. That's why I keep this hairless." He wafted his penis and scrotum close to her face, to remind her how they looked. "Now, Abby, let's ring her. You can use the piercing gun. I'll fit the rings."

The suggestion brought a smile to Abby's face. She wiped the gadget with a cotton ball soaked in alcohol before putting it close to the clitoris, the needle punching a hole through both labia.

"Eeeeeee!" Becky grunted, her buttocks rearing up from off the trolley.

“Painful, isn’t it,” Abby cooed, sounding unsympathetic.

He fitted a steel ring through the holes before taking hold of the slut’s right breast, squeezing, making the teat bulge. Abby swiftly pierced the nipple, which he adorned with a ring. The operation was repeated on the other breast. Moving to the head end of the trolley, he gripped her skull, holding it tight. The septum was punctured and he then fitted the adornment.

“Eeeeeee!” the slut groaned, he noting with contentment the tears dribbling out of her eyes.

“There, that’s so much better, Slut, you’re already starting to look like a slave,” he advised, his cock now aching for the want of use. “It’s time to take off the gag.”

“Aaaaaaaaarrrrrrrgggggghhhhhh!” Becky screamed. “Aaaaa—”

“*Splat!*” He slapped her face, stopping her noise. Gripping her cheeks between his thumb and middle finger, he pressed hard. “Noisy fucker, aren’t you? Wait until you have something to squeal about before making that noise again. So, let’s have a little more decorum, Slut.” Grinning evilly, he released his grip.

“I’m not a slut! You know that, Mister G! What are you doing? Why? We’re friends! Please, please, what on Earth are you doing? Let me go! Please, Mister G, I was ... I was ... your lover!” she babbled, spewing out her words in a torrent.

“No, we were never lovers nor friends. You were merely a fuck, a slut to gratify some of my needs. Your mistress here is a lover. She never refuses me anything, knows how to gratify my cravings. You’ll learn, I’ll see to that, but the big difference is that you’ll be a slave.”

“Please, Mrs Greenstreet, please! This is wrong, this isn’t happening! Help me! Mister Greenstreet’s gone mad! Please!”

“Shut the fuck up, Slut!” Abby snapped, slapping each breast in turn. “Don’t know if your master is mad, but he sure is bad ... evil and wicked. He and I’ll

break you in, turn you into a totally obedient sex slave ... or kill you in the process.” She let out a diabolical sounding cackle.

“But, please—”

“Shut up, Slut!” He grabbed her hair, wrenching her off the trolley, punching her in the stomach, pushing her to her knees. “Abby, fit the fucking slut’s collar.” Holding her head, swivelling it so as to direct her gaze, he continued talking, “There’s the toilet, use it but don’t flush it otherwise I’ll punish you. Up there on the wall is your water bottle. Drink plenty. If and when I decide to feed you, I’ll put the bottle in that other frame. Piss or shit on the floor and I’ll make you lick it up. When either I or your mistress enters the room, we’ll knock on the door first. I want you down on your knees, head pressed, and I mean pressed, to the floor. Every misdemeanour will be published.” Coiling his hand about the now-fitted collar, he rubbed his manhood against her face, saying to Abby, “Hand me the prod. Time for this slut to find out the sort of pain she’s going to get.”

Placing the tip to her left tit, he unleashed a jolt. “*Beeezz!*”

“Aargh! Please! Why?”

Touching her other teat, navel, both thighs and immediately above her clitoris, he pulled the trigger five times.

“Aargh!” she yelped after each shock.

“That’s good, but tomorrow I’ll start in earnest. Get as much sleep as you can, Slut. You’ll need it,” he cheerfully said. “Come, Abby, time to leave her to ponder the future.”

Back in the changing room, Abby pulled down the long zippers of her thigh-boots, peeling them off her legs. “You are a bastard,” she said, in an unemotional way. “I so wanted to see you break in that slut.”

“You’ll see enough of it, and I’ll let you help. Anyway, you have to go out and earn a living so tomorrow will simply have to be my special on my own-some playtime. I want her to find out that slighting me can be ever so

painful.”

Abby had her basque in her hand, about to put it away, when he stepped closer. Putting his mitts under her armpits, lifting, making her stand on tiptoes, he propelled her backward to cold stones of the end wall. Gleefully sneering, shoving his erection into her snatch, he delighted in finding it already saturated.

“Oooh yeah, fuck me, fuck me!” she demanded before locking her lips onto his face, pushing her tongue into his mouth. Her legs came up and crossed about his buttocks, drawing him in tighter. She slipped her arms around his neck. Moving his hands to her shoulder blades, he hugged. Flexing his hips, he pumped his penis up and down, relishing the wonderful feeling that comes from fucking a cunt. Responding, she thrust her crotch back and forth, forcing her pussy harder onto his prick, her vaginal muscles gripping it tighter.

Elation flowing, bowing his back, squeezing his buttocks together, his body tensing, he spurted sperm deep up into her womb. “Errrggghhh!” he muttered contentedly.

“Aaaah! Aaaah! Aaaaawowwowweeee!” she screeched, body shuddering, her cunt muscles going into spasm, forcing his weapon to discharge every last glob. “Oh, Lover, you really do know how to fuck.”

“That’s because I practice a lot. Now, let’s skip upstairs and shower. Then you can run off home to your family whilst I feed my two slaves, and probably give them a fuck. And, don’t you forget to get the result of the blood test back to me as fast as you can.”

* * *

Abby was soon on her way, Rex having refused to screw her again, he wanting to be able to make use of Claudia or Veronica or both before he retired to his bed.

Disappointed though she maybe, she was not surprised he intended to give Becky her first beating without her present. She was well aware that sometimes he liked to take his pleasure alone. After all, it was his way of life, whereas it was only a passionate hobby to her. He had told her many times, it gave him a greater thrill having them to himself.

She did not feel sorry for Becky. The slut existed to be used, not only by Rex but also by her, there something to be said for being able to force a slave to lick out her cunt.

* * *

Becky felt like she was in purgatory, but she had given up her constant weeping, for the moment. She was miserable, frightened and mystified. Why had Mister Greenstreet done this to her, she wondered? Sex obviously, her brain told itself, but surely he had never expected their relationship to be more than a summer fling? When that black bag had been removed from her head she had nearly wet herself, he and Mrs Greenstreet had glared down, looking like the very embodiment of horrendous demons.

Where was she? Was she really only at his house, across the field from her parents place, or was she being held at some secret location?

“Heeeeeelp!” she yelled at the top of her voice. She was certain someone must hear her soon. The room was twelve foot square, she reckoned. Three walls appeared to be made out of concrete blocks, the back wall, stone. “Heeeeeelp!” Noting the little camera up in the corner, she decided she did not care, she certain, once he saw how distressed she was he would let her go. Putting her back to the door, she tried her hardest to push, but then she remembered it opened inwards. Slithering down to the floor, she spun around on her bottom and lay back on the concrete. She kicked the balls of her feet against the door, but it sounded pretty solid. “Heeeeeelp!”

Curling her back, she used it to facilitate a rocking motion, each rock ending by her thumping her feet against the unyielding woodwork and at the same time shouting for help. No one came, no one answered, the only other sounds

she heard was the faintest hum of a pump that forced air into her room through the ducting at the base of the rear wall. Accidentally stubbing her right big toe, she swore, “Fucking hell! Ow! Ow! Ow!” Wiggling it about, she made certain it did not appear broken, bursting into tears of frustration when she could not get her hand anywhere near to massage it.

Lying there weeping, she knew Mister Greenstreet was a little perverted, he always wanting to shag her in the arse with that huge todger of his. And, he had wanted her to be slutty, by shaving off her pubic hair. Now, the latter had been achieved without her consent and she bet the former was a certainty. She was well aware that evil men did all sorts of despicable things to girls like her. Suddenly she started quivering uncontrollably, wondering what fate might befall her.

Chapter Nine

He felt in a state of euphoria, having two slaves already and now a trainee, he had never had so much captive pussy at any one time before.

Last night, after Abby had gone, he had fed the two trained slaves, and fucked both in turn. Earlier this morning, he had given the two their cooked breakfasts. Now, having collected Veronica's dirty plate, he was standing in Claudia's cell, she having commenced to fellate him without needing instructions. "Oh yeah, you really do know how to use that mouth of yours," he said ecstatically.

She responded by rolling her jaws about his shaft, her fingers reaching up, delicately fondling his ball-sac. Much as he would have liked to stand there until coming he knew he did not want to lose his wanton craving just yet. "That's enough, Slave. I need my sperm for later." He carefully eased her head from his anatomy.

Impishly grinning, she replied, "Oh, Master, I hope I have not displeased you in any way."

"No. It's merely that I have things to do. I must go and attend to them."

Leaving, he went and stacked the dirty crockery in the changing room. Picking up the filled feed bottle, he put a rubber teat on the end, placing it and the cattle-prod into the big plastic equipment box that he took with him when he went through the iron-bar grille and on into the torture chamber. There he set up the equipment he expected he would need. Propping the chamber's door open, he followed his stiff prick into Becky's cell. Only one of her patella was anywhere near approaching the concrete.

"Get on your fucking knees, Slut!" he shouted.

“But, Mister G, I can’t get down with my hands tied like this and that shackle-thing on my ankles—”

“*Splat!*” He slapped her across the face, shutting her up. “Not my fucking problem, is it? When I tell you to do something, you fucking do it, even if it kills you! You’re a slut of a slave! You exist to be obedient and nothing more!”

“Please, Mister G, I can’t—”

He made to strike her face again.

Twisting to avoid the obviously anticipated blow, she lost her balance and sprawled onto the floor. Looping his hand under her collar, he yanked her up onto her feet, she coughing as the leather pressed into her throat restricting her air supply. Thoughts of the delights to come caused his cock to strain hardness, it feeling like a red-hot steel poker.

“Master! I’m your master, Slut. And you’re goin’ to find out precisely what that means right now.”

He manhandled her into the torture chamber, pushing her down onto her bottom close to the two dangling chains. Slipping the bar-spreader over the hooks, he went and set the motors in motion, they lifting her, feet first, until only her long hair brushed the floor. “Please ... please ... Mister G, what have I done to you? Why ... why are you treating me like this? Please let me go,” she begged.

“Well, Slut, let—”

“Please don’t call me a slut,” she interrupted.

She would learn manners soon, he thought, pressing the prod against her bellybutton and firing a jolt. “*Beeezz!*”

“Aargh!”

“Shut up! Don’t interrupt me, Slut. You’re a slut and will always be one in my eyes ... although if you learn well and quickly I might look on you

as a slave.” He ran his empty hand over her mons pubis, hooking a couple of fingers into her vagina, rubbing his thumb against her clit. “Now, what I intended to say when you ignorantly interrupted me was that your mother turned me down when I asked her for a date, when I was seventeen. She’s only five years older and had the effrontery to say she didn’t date mere small boys.” Letting out a snorting laugh, he wafted his cock about. “Fucking stupid slut obviously had never seen this, ‘mere small boys’, indeed! I vowed to myself that no slut was ever going to refuse me again. Decided I’d take revenge on her somehow one day when I got the opportunity. Good fortune gave me the money to buy this place and to convert it into my own personal pleasure paradise. Then, lucky for me, your parents and their pretty little kids moved into the cottage. So I decided the time was coming to destroy her—”

“But, Mister G—” she interjected.

“Shut it! – *Beeezz!*”

“Aargh!”

“I’m going to destroy her by taking her precious family from her. Two years ago I had your brother John, down here in the cellars. Using him, abusing him, fucking him in the arse—”

“Oh my god, you can’t be serious!”

“Oh yes I am. Turned him into a slave but I ended up torturing and killing him last year. Dug a pit in the orchard and burnt his body, planted a fruit tree over the spot. You know that Blenheim Orange you’ve been mowing around, well that’s where his remains are buried.”

“You’re really serious,” she whimpered.

“I am. But now, I’ve got you as a plaything to fuck and bugger until I tire of you when you too will join John. And, I’m going to have that fucking whore of a sister of yours one day. So, Slut, one piece of advice, the better slave you are, the longer you live.”

“Oh my god, you’re absolutely evil!” she yelled, her body trembling.

He did not need her to tell him that. “Now, Slut, it’s time to start your lessons. Remember what I told you yesterday? You’re a slave and I’m your master. I’m going to beat you now until you recall everything you need so that your conduct becomes acceptable.” Picking up a thin, three-foot, birch cane, he flashed it through the air five times, leaving pink lines on one of her inner thighs.

“Aargh!” she yelped after every delivery.

He delighted in seeing each causing her to writhe, her body swinging on its chain supports. He repeated the process on the other thigh. Then five red streaks soon appeared across her belly, her vocal reaction slightly longer and louder.

“*Thwack! – Thwack! – Thwack! – Thwack! – Thwack!*” He aimed the last three inches of the cane to strike the outside of her left breast.

“Aarrgghh! – Aarrgghh! – Aarrgghh! – Aarrgghh! – Aarrgghh! Please, Mister G, pleeease!” she howled, her agonised reaction simply stoking up his libido.

Her right breast received the same treatment.

“Aarrgghh! – Aarrgghh! – Aarrgghh! – Aarrgghh! – Aarrgghh!” she shrieked, tears trickling out of her eyes. “Pleeease, pleeease, M-M-Master, pleeease spare me!”

“That’s so much better, Slut. You’re getting the hang of it.” He stepped around her and rained down five strikes to the backs of each thigh, following it up with five across her bum, plus more sets to her lower back and her shoulder blades.

“Aaaaaarrggghhh! P-P-P-Please, M-Master!”

Putting the cane to one side, he picked up a three-tongued tawse. Slapping it against his hand, he said, “So, Slut, what have you got to say to me?”

“P-Please, M-Master, d-don’t b-beat m-me a-any m-more. I-I’m ... I-I’m y-y-your s-slave.”

“That’s much better. But you really mustn’t tell me what I can or cannot do to you. And, you’ll have to sound a lot more sincere.”

“*Thwack!*” He commenced laying the split-end leather to the upturned bottoms of her buttocks.

“Aaaaaarrggghhh! Please, for pity’s sake!”

“I have no pity. I simply get off by inflicting pain,” he said in a very unemotional voice. He delivered twelve to each cheek, leaving them glowing fiery-red. Moving to her front, he lashed down hitting both labia at once.

“AAAAAARRRGGGHHH! Pleeeeeeease, Master!”

Eleven more were delivered, the hysterical responses exhilarating him. By the end of his efforts the labia were swollen, causing her opening to gape invitingly. The flesh was nicked in numerous places, droplets of blood oozing over the inflamed-looking skin. “So, Slut, what do you want me to do to you, beat you some more or fuck you in the arse?”

“Pleeease, Master, f-fuck me ... in t-the arse,” she mumbled, sobbing, panting with distress.

“Thank you for asking,” he sneered, going to the motors, lowering her to the floor. Grabbing hold of her hair and collar, he forced her up onto her feet, and over the caning post. Using the anchor chains, he secured her by attaching one to her collar and the other to the bar-spreader. Fetching the tube of lubricant from his equipment box, he squirted a splodge on her anal opening, working it in with his middle finger. Applying a dollop to the end of his penis, he carefully stroked it all over the hot, taut, skin. Guiding it to the opening, he inserted the head into the O-ring. Pressing against her back, reaching under her body, he grasped her breasts, squeezing tightly. Thrusting his hips forward, he drove his spike deep into her anus. It felt warm and inviting.

“Aarrgghh!” she groaned, tensing as he went in.

“Good isn’t it, Slut?” It was nice to be up her arse again, he had to admit, it being at least six weeks since he had last penetrated it. He set up a rhythmic motion, pushing and pulling his prick back and forth.

“Aahh! Aahh! Aahh!” she moaned, her breath rasping in her throat. He felt her colon alternately constricting and relaxing about his cock. “Aahh! Aahh!” Raising her head until the neck shackling stopped it going higher, she bowed her back, her whole body seeming to convulse. “Aaaaaahhhhhh!” she shrieked, her orgasm flowing.

“Eerrgghh!” he grunted, spraying cum deep up her bum’s passageway. “Eerrgghh! Eerrgghh!” He discharged two more bursts.

Unclipping the restraining chains, he pulled her backwards, dragging her heels along the floor until he was able to reach into his box and lift out her feed bottle. Putting the teat to her mouth, he said, “Suck, Slut. Slurp down this mixture like an orphaned animal should. Have no fear; it’s very nutritious and perfectly balanced to keep you healthy.”

She did his bidding, sucking out the contents greedily.

Once the bottle was empty, he casually lobbed it back into his big box. “Now, Slut, we move to the next stage. Open wide and suck your shit off my cock.” He gave her no opportunity to reply, hooking a finger into her nose-ring, inserting two fingers of the other hand into her mouth and pulling down on her lower jaw. He lowered his semi-flaccid prick into her waiting orifice, easing inch after inch into it. Her tongue made some half-hearted effort to lap against his shaft. She’ll learn, he thought, I’ll see to that.

Pressing his balls against her chin, he forced in his rapidly hardening instrument as far as it would go. Weaving his fingers into her hair, he gripped her skull tightly. Gleaming into her frightened eyes, he started to discharge golden water down her throat. “See, Slut, I can do whatever I like with you. Live and enjoy it whilst you can.”

When he fully extracted, she spluttered and coughed, face puce, tears

flowing, looking on the verge of passing out. “P-Please, M-Master, n-no m-more.”

Taking up the cattle-prod, he pressed the tip to her nipple and squeezed the trigger. “*Beeezz!*”

“Aarrgghh! Please!” she shrieked, body quivering

“*Beeezz!*” He put a jolt to her other breast.

“Aarrgghh!” She appeared to shake uncontrollably.

“*Beeezz!*” He put a jolt to her clitoris.

“Aaarrggghhh!” she yelled, piddling on the floor.

Her distress excited him, he deciding to electrify her clit again. “*Beeezz!*”

“Aaarrggghhh!”

“I’ve told you before, Slut, you don’t tell me what I can or can’t do to you. Do you understand?”

“Y-Y-Y-Yes, Master!” she replied, looking terrified.

Beaming inwardly at the progress and that his sadistic desires had been temporarily sated, he said, “Good. Now, Slut, lick up that piss you’ve put on the floor or I’ll use the prod again. After that, I think I’ll put you back in your cell for a while, so you can ponder on how you can improve your slavish ways.”

* * *

Becky was sat on the cold concrete floor in the corner of her dimly-lit cell, as far from the door as she could get, unable to stop her body shuddering. Only the nine watt long-life bulb, high up above the toilet, provided illumination of

her small stark world, the gloom matching her mood.

She had always thought that Mister G was a little bit perverted. Well, if she was being perfectly honest, she had only thought so since they had become lovers. Now she knew he was a truly evil sadistic bastard. How could anyone human do the things he had done to her, she wondered?

It was bad enough that he had shagged her arse again but then to piss down her throat was the action of a sicko, she reckoned. As for the beatings, they were diabolical. Her whole body ached; her breasts and pussy were in agony. As if having them beaten had not been enough, he had used the cattle-prod on them too. She was certain he must have done her permanent damage, they still abnormally swollen, and they were splattered with blood.

At first she had not really believed him when he had claimed to have killed her older brother. Now she was convinced he had. “Oh, God, help me!” she wailed out loud. “I’ve got to get out of here! Please!”

Swallowing a few times, she did her best to force back the bile that came into her mouth, certain the urine she had consumed was making her sick. She simply knew she could not risk regurgitating anything otherwise he would make her lick up any resulting mess.

There was nothing for it, she concluded, she would have to do her hardest to please him, play the slave until she got the opportunity to escape. Staring up at the small CCTV camera, she shouted, “Bastard! Bastard!” before turning away and mumbling, “Oh, Mum, I need you!”

Chapter Ten

He was lolling on the chesterfield when Abby pranced into the house, he merely twisting his neck to see her come through the door.

“Hi there, Lover,” she said, looking pleased with herself.

“Hi yourself,” he replied, turning back to watch the television where poor-quality pictures of Becky were currently showing. “Hope you’ve got the results of the blood test.”

“Of course, don’t I always? But do you really need them as you’ve had the slut already, haven’t you? I can tell by that twinkle in your eye, you randy bastard.” She came and stood in front of him, between the sofa and the screen, blocking his view.

“Yes, I’ve had her. I used a lightweight cane and a tawse plus the prod of course, after which I simply had to fuck her in the arse and piss down her throat. Satisfied? Now, what about these results?”

Grinning, she pouted her lips, blew him a kiss. “Good job she’s clean then isn’t it? But, she’s mildly anaemic so a course of iron won’t go amiss.”

“That’s splendid news. Now move, let me watch her squirm and suffer.”

“Never mind about her, you think about me for a while and make me squirm.” She did not move. Using both hands, she lifted the hem of her dress, revealing she wore no knickers, her heavily-cropped triangle of blonde hair glistening. Shuffling forward, she came and straddled his knees. “Lick me or fuck me,” she instructed.

Leaning forward, he planted a kiss on her clitoral prepuce, letting the tip of his tongue tickle the retracted nub. He ran his tongue hard against her

inner labia twice before poking it between them, savouring the taste of her oozing juice. Lifting his head, he grinned, unzipping himself and easing out his stiffening prick. Leaning back, he gestured with his fingers that she should move closer. She did. Bending her knees, she lowered herself onto his upright pole. Her lubricated love-lips parted easily as she pushed down against his purple crown, her warmth soon encasing his manhood. “You’re a horny bitch,” he said, earnestly.

“Have to be. Otherwise you’d be spending all your time up those sluts’ cunts. It’s why you love me” – she let out a laugh – “well, not so much love me, more like require me, I suppose,” she replied, occasionally lapping her tongue against his face.

“Oh it’s more than merely require, it’s more like adore. But of course you’re married so it would be wrong of me to desire you too much, wouldn’t it?” he said. Only part of what he said was sincere. He reckoned he did adore her, but she being married never stopped him from fucking her. Married women were, in his opinion, fair game. His philosophy being: a cunt is a cunt and if he wanted to fuck it he should do his damndest to do so. But he had always made it clear, he never wanted Abby for his wife, which was why he had gotten his brother to woo and wed her.

“Huh! The only person you adore is yourself,” she said, contemptuously. “Oowh!” she moaned as he thrust upwards.

“By the way, are you pregnant?” He just had a feeling she was, he certain he had detected a slightly different tang to her vaginal juice.

“Bloody hell!” She flushed beetroot colour and appeared to be shocked, freezing in mid motion. “How the hell did you know? I’ve only found out for sure myself today.”

Shrugging his shoulders, trying to be blasé, he grinned, plonking a kiss on the end of her nose. “Intuition, I suppose.”

“Does this intuition of yours have any idea who the father is?”

“Either Dick or me, unless of course you’ve got a lover on the side.”

He bucked his hips, pushing his rod right up her vagina.

“Oowh!” She pressed down until her bottom was sat on his thighs. “Oowh! Well, Lover, I’ve only got time for you two. But actually, I think its Dick’s. I’m almost certain it’s his.”

He was pleased. He was not paternalistic. He just loved cunt for the pleasure it gave, not for what it could produce. “What makes you think that?”

“Women’s intuition, I suppose.”

“Let’s hope it’s working properly. You told him yet?”

“Only found out myself a few hours ago. I was going to tell him tonight.” Putting her arms about his neck, she rode up and down several times. “Oowh! Oowh!”

He was enjoying the feel of her hot vulva slithering over his hard muscle. However, his mind wandered to the future. Abby would all too soon be bulging. That did not mean an end to sex with her, although there may be a moratorium for some weeks after she dropped the child, but it would stop her being able to physically manhandle slaves. He concluded, he needed to think how best to overcome this problem.

“Oowh! Oowh! Yeah! Yeah! Come on! Harder! Harder! You bastard! Harder!” She was puffing, she was glistening with perspiration.

“Errgghh! Errgghh!” he growled, starting to feel his culmination approaching.

“Talking ... talking ... about Dick ... he seems to be developing a taste ... a taste for our pastime ... he was asking ... asking this morning ... if we’re going ... going to be doing an orgy ... ORGY ... on Friday night ... with Becky and the other two? “Oooowwhh! Oooowwhh!”

“Errgghh! Was he indeed? Well ... well ... let’s not disappoint him! Errgghh!”

“Oooowwhh! Oooowwhh! Oooowwwwhhhheeee!” she screeched,

close to his ear, body trembling, her climax causing her cunt to seize his penis.

“Errrggghhh! Errrggghhh! Errrggghhh!” he snorted contentedly, spraying three shots of liquid seed deep up next to her cervix. All too soon, he knew, he would be deprived of her body for a while, and that would be an inconvenience at the very least. He asked himself, should he, Rex Greenstreet, be inconvenienced by any woman, particularly as there might be a partial solution?

* * *

Abby went into her house, her pussy still buzzing from the attention it had received only a few minutes ago. She thought Rex had taken her news quite calmly. But then, when she thought about it, he usually did take most things in his stride. It was only if he was thwarted that he could show just how nasty he could be.

The thought of how sadistic he was sent a tremor of wanton lust racing about her being. When she had this new child it most likely would change everything, she knew that. He might be deprived of having her for four weeks or so, longer if she had to have a caesarean, and he would not like that. At least he had the slaves to satisfy his yearnings, she told herself. But then, that slut Claudia had something about her that made the hairs on Abby’s neck tingle when she saw them together. She had no concrete proof of course but her womanly intuition rarely let her down.

“Where’s your father,” she snapped at her two children who were sat at the dining table doing their homework. They knew better than not to attend to that the instant they got home from school, she never afraid to use a quirt or a strap to correct any of their misdemeanours.

“He’s upstairs, Mother. Just got in from work,” Isobel advised.

Abby reckoned that there was no doubt, Isobel was Rex’ child, but the boy, Harry, was more likely to be her husband’s.

Opening the bedroom door, she found Dick towelling himself, having obviously stepped out of the shower. “Hello, Honey,” he said, beaming a smile. His eight-inch muscle seemed to react, it springing upwards.

“My, you’re getting horny these days,” she responded, “nearly as bad as your brother.” That was a lie; no one was as horny as Rex.

“What do you expect after all the things we’ve done? What did Rex say? I assume that’s where you’ve been.”

“I’m not complaining, Honey. It’s good that you’re joining in more than you used to.” She unbuttoned her dress, letting it slide to the floor. “Yes, I’ve just had a fuck with him. And yes, he’s delighted at the idea of an orgy on Friday night.”

“Good. You know, I merely want to hump that Becky to see what she’s like. You don’t mind, do you, Honey?”

She did not, she wanting to fuck Becky too. “Course not. You might find you need her to amuse you in something like seven months time anyway.”

He turned ashen, alarm sweeping his face. “You’re not leaving me, are you? Moving in with Rex?”

She let out a laugh. Stepping up to him, she gave him a peck on the cheek, letting her hand play with his genitals. “Good god no, Honey. For a start Rex wouldn’t want me to be there permanently. He’s too fond of those slave sluts. That Claudia in particular—”

“Well you have to admit, she is pretty stunning,” he interrupted, “present company excepted.”

He was right about that, she reckoned, the slut was stunning. Although she knew she was being jealous, and probably with reason, she did not think that Rex would actually ever dispense with her services, she having been a true loyal subordinate for him to do that to her.

“Well, if it’s not that, what is it?” he asked, still looking agitated.

“I’m pregnant. And I’m certain it’s yours, Dick.”

Momentarily, his jaw dropped open. Clasp ing his arms about her back, hugging her, he said, “That’s wonderful. Oh, Abby, that’s truly wonderful.” He plonked three sloppy kisses onto her lips and face. “Even if it’s not mine, it’s still wonderful. You know I’ll always adore your children, irrespective.”

“I know you will.” She opened her mouth wide, he responding by locking a kiss, his tongue darting in. Her hand on his firm manhood guided it to her vaginal opening, the lips still a little engorged. Slowly, he eased in, she reckoning she felt some of Rex’ cum forced out. “Oowh yes, Dick, that’s it, fuck me,” she cooed.

“It really is great news that you’re pregnant. Do you think we could go out and celebrate? Say Thursday, just you and me?”

“Of course, Honey.” She genuinely hoped this baby was truly his. But at that moment she had a more pressing thought. “Fuck me!”

Chapter Eleven

Throughout much of Tuesday and Wednesday Rex took pleasure in inflicting pain on Becky, causing her to howl and scream and beg him to do whatever he wanted with her. He was only too happy to oblige.

In his view, which was all that mattered, Veronica was considerably more compliant though sometimes she would show silly signs of reluctance to instantly jump at his commands. It had its compensations – he had a good excuse, not that he needed one, to give her a daily beating.

Claudia was proving to be almost a dream slave, seeming to revel in doing

his bidding. She even beat Veronica with a crop on Wednesday morning when he told her to do so, appearing to have no qualms about it. He only had to gaze at her body these days and the sight of it filled him with lust.

He was behind schedule in producing his submissions to *Brutal Rome*. Therefore after lunch on Wednesday he decided to call a halt to pleasuring himself and went to his study. Finding newfound inspiration, he spent the afternoon sketching and colouring, working at what he realised was remarkable speed. A dozen paintings were near complete, laid out to dry on his desk and the floor's Axminster carpet.

Looking over to the mantelpiece, he saw the clock showing 5.50. Time to start preparing dinner, he thought.

Walking through the sitting room, on the way to the kitchen, he switched on the television, hoping to listen to the six o'clock news as he cooked. Once in the kitchen, he kept one ear to trying to hear when the bulletin started whilst keeping an eye on the pan in which he was boiling pasta. Hearing the door chimes, he turned the gas off and went to answer it.

It was Clare Freeman, still in her school uniform, looking, he thought, only slightly distressed. "Hello, Clare, what brings you here?" he asked, his brain racing to the conclusion he already had a good idea.

"It's Becky. The silly cow's gone missing," she replied, her voice carrying no sign of emotion.

"Missing?" He tried to put on a good performance. "Come in. Explain, please."

Striding into the sitting room, she perched her bottom on the back of the chesterfield, her short skirt riding up a little higher, revealing even more of her legs. "She's evidently been missing from her campus accommodation since Sunday. That dipstick of hers, Pete, was fast asleep in the afternoon and she went out for a walk. One of the other students had a chat with her in the corridor. Anyway, it appears she never came back. Dozy Pete woke up and as she wasn't there he went back to Loughborough without giving it another thought. The prat never realised anything was wrong even though he couldn't

get her on the phone. But this morning he made enquiries and it turns out no one has seen her since Sunday.”

“Oh, God, that’s awful. Was she depressed ... you know, suicidal or ... or anything?”

Shrugging her shoulders, she replied, “Nah. Well, no one says so. Mind, if I was dating that long streak of piss, I’d certainly be fucking depressed. But evidently they were okay, not had an argument or anything.” She let out a nervous-sounding chortle.

“This is awful. In fact it’s terrible. It’s just like John all over again. Have the police been informed? Have they got any leads?” He hoped they were in the dark.

“Nah!” She shrugged again, waving her empty palms. “Well, yeah, they’ve been informed but they haven’t got a clue. No one saw her after she left the accommodation building—”

The start of the news broadcast interrupted her, she swivelling her head to look at the screen as the newsreader ran through the headlines, one of the items being about a missing university student. Staring at the top of Clare’s visible thighs, he thought, Hmm, I wouldn’t mind getting between them, but I’ll have to wait a while. He felt his cock start to swell, forcing his trouser material to reveal its location.

“... Becky Freeman was last seen on Sunday afternoon and the police say they are becoming increasingly concern for her safety” – the newsreader’s words broke into his thoughts – “she was wearing jeans and a green sweatshirt. Anyone who might have seen her are asked to contact ...”

The thoughts of the misery he was causing merely made his cock go stiffer. “How’s your poor mother taking it? It must be ... well, horrendous for her.”

“Yeah, it is. But she’s zonked out. The doctor’s been and given her something. Dad’s nearly as bad, left him pacing up and down like a caged lion. Cops are with him now. You know, getting information. I just popped

up here to tell you in case you hadn't heard—”

“Well thanks, I hadn't,” he interjected. “First I heard was just now as I can't stand having the radio on whilst I'm working. It was kind of you—”

“It's nothing,” Clare interrupted. “Thought I'd better let you know as I doubt I'll be up to cut the grass this weekend. We're probably going to have to go to bloody Nottingham.”

“That's not a problem. I obviously understand.”

“It's a bugger. I was going to this party on Friday night. Now it looks like I'm going to have to fucking miss it just because that stupid cow's gone and done a John on us. It's so unfair,” she said without a trace of empathy, her cheeks flushing with obvious frustration.

Self-centred cunt, he thought, wondering whether he wanted her as a partner or whether he would prefer to make her a slave. Probably a slave, he decided, but he would see how things progressed over the next year or two for he had to admit she had a very appealing heartless streak. “Yes, I can imagine it is a bit of an inconvenience. Let's simply hope that Becky turns up real soon,” he said, whilst thinking the opposite.

“Yeah, it sure is. Gotta go,” she said, producing a serious look on her face. “Better get back to the parents, I suppose.”

He put his arms about her, giving her a hug before ushering her towards the door. “Take care of yourself as your parents will need all the support you can give them. Tell them both I'm thinking of them and if there is anything I can do to help they shouldn't hesitate to ask. I mean it, anything, however small.”

“Thanks, Mister Greenstreet, I'll tell them,” she replied as she stepped out through the doorway.

Watching as she waggled on her way, he thought, Wow, she's doing that deliberately. He concluded there and then, if he did not already have too much pussy to service he would have found her hard to resist. She was

however only sixteen, so reckoned he had plenty of time to get round to her in a year or two. Anyway, three slaves were more than enough for a man to control at any one time.

His cock was throbbing and aching by the time he closed the front door, he knowing that one of the slaves was going to have to satisfy his desires, when he gave them their evening meal.

* * *

“I reckon that randy old bastard really does fancy me,” Clare said under her breath as she headed down his driveway. “He should be so lucky.”

Her mind churned over their conversation, she concluding he thought she was a bit of a callous bitch just because she wanted to go out on Friday. But fuck him, Gary Greville was going to be there and she wanted to try him out. Gary was dishy and his parents were evidently rich. A couple of her friends had said he was a pretty good lay, and that was her real interest, she wanted to date him. Thinking about him caused her pussy to purr, she picking up her pace a little to get home quicker.

As she climbed over the five-bar gate she recalled with amusement how she had noticed Mister Greenstreet eyeballing her thighs. Dirty perv, she thought. But she also remembered how his trousers bulged so assumed he must be packing a fair-sized pecker. She knew how to turn blokes on, so it would be fun to make him gag for it. After all, it would be harmless fun. And anyway, what harm could come of giving an older man a bit of a prick-teasing thrill?

Chapter Twelve

On Thursday afternoon Rex was sat at his easel again, trying to focus hard as he was putting in some flesh-coloured tints. He had not seen Abby yesterday, she had been doing some shopping, and he was well aware she was out tonight with Dick, so he found his mind drifting to the topic of how his slaves were going to pleasure him.

The sound of the door chimes put paid to his increasingly feeble attempts to concentrate, he muttering loudly, “Bloody walkers!”

Still muttering under his breath, he yanked the door open. Genuinely shocked, he saw Ann Freeman standing there, he having expected her to remain in her home for at least the next few days. She was wearing no makeup, looked miserable and forlorn but even so, he reckoned, she was still attractive for a forty-five-year-old.

“You know ... you know ... Becky’s gone missing, Rex. Just like John,” she mumbled, appearing to be stupefied on some sort of drug.

“Yes. Yes, Clare told me last night. Saw it on the TV news as well.” He always found it difficult to sound sympathetic, but he was determined to try. “What are you doing here?” he asked.

“Oh ... just had to get out of the house. It’s ... it’s hell looking at the four walls.”

“Come on in. Step inside and take a seat.” He put his arm about her shoulders, guiding her to the sitting room and the leather sofa. “Got any news about Becky?”

“No. She’s gone missing you know, Rex. Like John did. What do you think can have happened to her?” She started weeping.

He pressed her shoulder with his hand, pulled her closer until she lolled her head on his collarbone. “She’ll be all right. She’ll turn up, just you wait and see. Now, tell me what are you doing wandering around on your own? You are on your own, or is someone with you?”

“No. No.” She rocked her head.

That told him nothing. She was not really in any fit state to understand, he decided. “Is there anybody with you,” he said slowly and clearly.

“No there’s not.”

“Who’s at home looking after you?”

“No one.”

“Where’s Tom? Where’s Clare?”

“He’s gone to Nottingham” – she burst into floods of sobbing tears – “and ... and Clare’s at school. We thought it best for her to carry on as normal.”

“So you were on your own at home? You’re certain of that?” It seemed strange to him.

“Yes. Tom was there this morning but we got a call from the police. They’ve pulled an unidentified body out of a canal” – she blubbered loudly several times – “and wanted someone to identify the body. He gave me a pill and left me sleeping. Oh god, I hope it’s not Becky. Does that sound awful, hoping that it’s someone else’s daughter?”

“No, of course not, it’s understandable. You must be going through hell.” He squeezed her shoulder again. “Do you want a cup of tea with plenty of sugar in it for the shock? Or would you prefer a brandy?”

“Tea would be nice. But I really should go. No one knows where I am and Clare will be home soon.”

He looked at his wristwatch. “Not for a couple of hours. I’ll go and make that tea then I’ll take you home. You’re certain no one is looking for you?”

She shook her head. “No. No one knows. I just had to get out. Get some fresh air. Couldn’t bear it indoors, kept seeing reminders of Becky.”

Getting up, he went to the kitchen, putting on the kettle. Poor dumb woman, he thought. Just shows what you get for pissing me off.

Carrying the two porcelain mugs, he headed back to the sitting room, she nowhere in sight. Putting them down on the coffee table, he called out, “Ann! Ann, are you here?” He thought she might have wandered off home.

“That’s disgusting.” He heard her mutter, the sound coming from his study.

Stepping into the room, he saw her staring at his easel. “What’s disgusting?” he asked nonchalantly.

“That,” she said, pointing at his latest picture.

Deciding it was best to ignore her moral scruples, he tried to change the subject. “What are you doing in here anyway?”

“I was looking for the toilet.” She stepped closer to the picture, staring at it for a few seconds before turning to face him, appearing shocked. “That looks like Becky.”

That’s torn it, he thought.

“That’s definitely Becky. Rex, how could you draw such a depraved thing? It’s sick. That’s my daughter.”

He felt a chill flood his veins, callous indifference sweep his brain, lust starting to swell his penis. “Yeah, that sure is Becky and she’s got my big cock up her arse.”

“You—”

Springing forward, he stopped her words by delivering a thump to her stomach. Wrapping his right arm around her neck, keeping her doubled over, trapping her head against the side of his abdomen, he marched her to the cellar steps. Unlocking and relocking the doors, he bundled her downstairs, soon shoving her into the first cell on the right.

This is an amazing piece of good fortune, his brain told him as he secured the door behind him. Going to the changing room, he stripped off and collected his equipment, carrying the big plastic box back to the cell.

“What are you doing, Rex?” Ann asked, looking both alarmed and confused, she cowering in the far corner of the room.

He plonked the box down on the floor, close to the end of the trolley. Standing up straight, he stroked his manhood until it was rampantly at attention.

“Oh my god, that can’t be real.” She pointed.

Holding the shaft, smirking, he replied, “Oh it’s real all right, Ann. You’re going to find out just how real pretty soon when I fuck you with it. Mind, if you hadn’t been such a snotty cow twenty-three years ago you’d have found out back then.”

“You can’t. You can’t be serious!”

“So? I’m going to fuck you like I do that daughter of yours, front and rear, and down the throat. Turn you into a fucking slave just like her.”

Every last vestige of blood seemed to drain from her already-pale face. “What? Are you talking about Becky? Are you saying you’ve had sex with her?”

The sight of the fear in her face seemed to stiffen his penis further, it aching for release. “You stupid slut, isn’t it fucking obvious? I’ve got her in the cell next door. I’m turning her into a sex slave, like I did with that brother of hers—”

“What? You had something to do with John’s disappearance?” she said, questioningly.

“Sure did. I saw him hitching so gave him a lift. He came up to the Grange, volunteered to help me unload the van. I couldn’t resist it. No one knew he was with me so I knock him out and brought him down here. I buggered him every fucking day.” He snorted a contemptuous laugh.

“Where is he? What have you done with him, you bastard?”

“I kept him a year but he started to play up too much so I butchered him in my torture chamber. It took him three days to die in excruciating pain. Cut him up, dug a big pit in the orchard and burnt his carcass. Filled the hole in with soil and planted a fruit tree over him. That slut of a daughter of yours was mowing around him for the last twelve months.” His own callous indifference was really turning him on.

“You bastard!” she yelled, dashing at him, slapping his face. “Bastard! Bastard!”

He thumped her in the stomach, adding a backhander across her face, sending her cascading to the floor.

“You won’t get away with this! People know I’m here!”

He snorted another laugh. “You told me that no one knows you left the house, so they won’t have a clue where you are. Anyway, it’s too late now for me to turn back. But I suppose I’d better get on and give you a fuck, just in case. We wouldn’t want the cops bursting in before I’ve had the pleasure, would we?”

“Rex, please, what on earth has gotten into you? We’ve been friend for twenty years. Let me go, please!”

“We’ve never been friends,” he said menacingly. “You fucking well turned me down when I was seventeen and I vowed revenge. I’ve had your son and your eldest daughter, and by a stroke of luck I’ve got you too now. Only leaves that cunt Clare, and believe me I intend to have in a few years.

You might even get to see me perform with her, if you're lucky."

"Bastard!" She was scrambling to her feet, forming fists with her hands.

Reaching over, he lifted the cattle-prod from his box with his left hand as she came at him, arms flailing wildly. Pushing the tip of the prod against her chin, he pressed the trigger. "*Beeezz!*"

"Aarrgghh!" she yelled. "Help! Help! Help!"

"You're wasting your fucking breath. Even the other slaves will only hear a muffled sound. People upstairs wouldn't hear a thing." He knew, he had tested the soundproofing on many an occasion. "*Beeezz!*" The prod sent a jolt into her right hand, and then he did her left one. "*Beeezz!*"

"Aarrgghh! Aarrgghh! Please, Rex!" she screamed.

Grasping a handful of hair, he propelled her towards the trolley, her stomach hitting the edge with such force that it bent her in two, her upper torso smacking down onto the top. Moving fast, he stood behind her, pressing her down with his right hand. Putting the prod upright in the box, he stretched his left arm as far as it could reach, managing to take hold of a couple of leather objects that he placed on the trolley's surface, next to his new plaything.

Taking hold of the back of her long cotton dress, he jerked his hands in opposite directions several times until the hook and eye at the top gave up the struggle and was ripped apart. The zip fastener split open, the remaining material was torn right down to the hem. He gave up trying to snap the hem, it proving too tough. Using her tresses, he pulled her torso a little way up off the trolley's mattress, using his left hand to push the broad body belt under her belly.

"Help! Help!" she yelled, flailing her arms as best she could. "Please, Rex, stop this! What are you doing?"

"What's it look like, you stupid fucking slut! I'm going to fuck you!" he replied enthusiastically, his penis throbbing as he chafed it against her left

buttock.

Releasing his grip, he used both sets of fingers to fasten the belts three small buckles before pinioning each arm in turn to her side, securing the wrists into the attached cuffs. Once that was achieved he felt a little less concerned for there was no way she could resist him now. He took up the leather collar and fastened it about her neck. His box supplied the three-foot bar-spreader. He wanted her to suffer greater discomfort than a shorter one would have inflicted. First pulling off her brown-leather brogues, he cuffed her ankles to each end of the bar. The dressmaking shears soon cut through the hem of her dress, and her mauve-coloured bra and panties. Reaching under her, he played with her liberated breasts, pulling and squeezing the warm soft flesh.

Snipping the waistband of her tights, using his hands, he ripped them to shreds. Prising her bum-cheeks apart, he ran his middle finger along the base of the crack. Admiring the tight little starfish opening, pressing the digit against it, he asked, “Ever had a cock up your arse, Slut?”

“No! Don’t you dare! For pities sake, Rex, let me go!”

“*Splat!*” He slapped her buttock. “Shut the fuck up, Slut!” Another surge of adrenalin swept through his being.

He trailed the finger over her perineum and worked it up to her hair-covered labia, poking it between the flaps. She was not yet moist but he had plans. Inserting two more fingers, he worked back and forth until she started to juice. Removing his now-damp digits, he used them to position his cock before moving them to hold her hip. Coiling his free hand about her collar, he used both arms to jerk her body towards his whilst at the same time he thrust with his pelvis, driving his spike right up inside her vagina.

“Oh my god, no! Please, Rex!” she yelped.

“How does it feel, Slut, having my big cock up you at last? Just think, if you’d let me fuck you twenty-three years ago you’d probably not now be in this position. So, you’ve only got yourself to blame for what’s happening, and what’s befallen your children!” Pumping back and forth frenziedly,

twisting her neck cruelly, gripping her thigh tightly, he made use of her as if she were merely a blow-up doll.

She could not help herself, that he knew, she starting to pant, moaning audibly, “Oooh, oooh, oooh.”

His face was sweating, his body clammy. He kept thrusting into her, determined to bring her off without coming himself.

“Oooh, oooh, oooh! Ooowwweerrrrhhh!” she groaned, her body bucking around as her cunt contracted and her climax flowed.

“See, you’re simply like any other slut,” he sneered, extracting his still iron-hard rod.

Rooting in the bottom of the plastic box, he found the tube of water based lubricant, squirting a good measure of the contents onto the tip of his penis. He smeared it with a finger, wiping the surplus against her sphincter ring. Putting the purple crown against the opening, he pushed hard, easing in a little. Several times he relaxed and then reapplied the pressure before the glans burst through.

“Aaaarrggghhh!” she howled. “Pleeease?”

“Errgghh!” he snorted, replying by forcing his prick deep into her rectum. “How does that feel, Slut?” He buried his shaft until his balls made contact with her bum then commenced to pump it up and down her tube. It felt divine. All too soon his body tensed. He bowed his back forcing her to do the same. “Eeerrrggghhh!” he snarled contentedly, his cum jetting up into her colon.

“Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh!” she sighed, her body quivering with an orgasm.

With total indifference, he shoved her body up onto the trolley, forcing her onto her back, happily noting the weeping, terror-filled, eyes. Wasting no time, he lowered a pair of chains from the ceiling, using them to raise her legs into the air. Working fast, he stripped her pussy of its hairs,

pierced her clit, nipples and nose, and fitted a set of steel rings.

Heaving her to the floor, he dragged her by the collar to the toilet bowl. “Now, Slut, use this when you want but don’t dare flush it. I want to see what comes out of you. Defy me and I’ll punish you. And have no doubt; I’m going to turn you into a slave. The training will start properly tomorrow but for now, open your mouth.”

“What—”

Pinching her nose, pulling at her chin, he plugged her mouth by lowering in his semi-firm manhood. “Suck it, Slut!” He gave her no alternative, easing himself deeper. Moments later, he let a pint of personal water spray down her gullet. “Hmm, that was good. Now, Slut, you see what your future is going to be like.”

“B-B-Bastard,” she spluttered, as soon as she could.

Taking hold of the prod, he pressed it to her nose. “*Beeezz!*”

“Aarrgghh!”

“*Beeezz!*” – “*Beeezz!*” – “*Beeezz!*” – “*Beeezz!*” He gave a burst to each nipple, two to her clitoris, it sending her writhing around the floor.

“Aarrgghh!” she screeched after every jolt. “Please! Please! Please!”

As exciting as such a spectacle was, he simply knew he could not stand there much longer, he had things to do, tea mugs with their un-drunk contents to clear away for a start. “Don’t worry, Slut, I’ve only just started and by the time I’m finished you’ll gladly do whatever I command.”

* * *

Ann’s head was spinning. She could not clearly remember leaving her house or taking the walk to Lychlee Grange. The things that happened upstairs were also a bit of a blur. But she could vividly recall the awful things that he had

done to her down in this soulless room. Somehow his actions caused her senses to heightened her awareness of the degradation he was inflicting and how simply powerless she was to stop them happening.

Feeling unclean and defiled, she was sat on the toilet, shivering with fright, tears dripping off the bottom of her chin. He was an animal who had screwed her, abused her, she told herself, but she was certain, one of these days he would surely pay the penalty. The police would be knocking on the door pretty soon and he would get his comeuppance. She hoped he rotted in prison for the rest of his life.

But then, she had these terrible doubts. Evidently he had had her lovely handsome son down here and, if he was to be believed, he had abused John and killed him. She shuddered at the thought. And, Becky was supposedly incarcerated close by. “Oh dear god, I hope she hasn’t been suffering like I have,” she muttered under her breath. But despairingly, she recalled that that bastard Rex had already claimed to have ravished her daughter.

He was obviously mentally deranged, she concluded. No one normal did such despicable things. And, as for holding a silly, petty, little grudge for twenty-plus years, well, that proved it, she reckoned. She was so glad she had never had sex with him when he had repeatedly asked her back then. Shuddering, weeping more, she wondered if it had been the right thing to do seeing as he had said she would not now be in this predicament. Part of her brain was planting doubts, telling her it was obviously her fault, and also her fault that her children had suffered so.

At least I know what happened to John and Becky, she thought, knowing it might be considered perverse to think like that, but at least it did give her a sort of closure. She resolved there and then that she was not going to submit to Rex freely, after all, what more could he do to her that he had not already done?

Chapter Thirteen

He opened the front door to reveal a flushed-looking Clare, she obviously having been running. "Have ... you ... seen ... my ...mother?" she managed to say between her puffing.

"No. Was I supposed to?" he responded, endeavouring to appear surprised and innocent.

"Oh fuck," she groaned.

"Has something happened?"

After taking a couple of breaths, she replied, "She's gone missing."

"What do you mean, 'missing'?" he asked, raising his voice deliberately to seem shocked.

"I've just got home from school and she's nowhere to be seen. I knew I shouldn't have gone today, but they made me. I've scoured the house and garden. Found the gate into the field open so thought she had come up here."

"No," he shrugged. "Well, I've not seen her anyway. Where's your father?"

"Oh god, this is a bugger." She looked exasperated. "He went to Nottingham on some fool's errand. Don't know all the details, but he's on his way home. Spoke to him on his mobile and he says he'll be here in twenty minutes. He left her zonked out. God, she must have simply wandered off."

"Let's not start panicking just yet. Have you told the police?"

"Yes. Fucking useless dipsticks they are. She's an adult so they're not interested."

“Right. You ring your father and tell him to call the police when he gets back, roust them up a bit. I’ll put my *Doc Marten*’s on and we’ll scour around here. We’ll check the outhouses, the paddock and the orchard. You better run and check the old barn down by the end of the drive. You never know. By the time you get back I’ll have my boots on. I’ll get my cagoule as well as it looks like it’s about to piss with rain, and I’ll take my little birdwatchers’ binoculars. If we find nothing around here we’d better go up the top of The Hill, see if we can see her from up there. Oh, and tell your father to drive up and down the lane, see if he spots her or anyone who knows something.”

“Sure thing, Mister Greenstreet,” Clare replied, turning and jogging off down the drive.

They spent nearly six hours on their fruitless search before he stepped back inside The Grange, dripping wet. He and Clare had climbed to the top of Lychlee Hill and scanned about with his binoculars but obviously saw nothing. The heavens had opened and torrential rain came down, it reducing the fading evening light further. He had lent the cagoule to Clare so every stitch he was wearing was sodden. By seven o’clock it was dark, they having to pick their way off the hill carefully for fear of tripping and doing themselves an injury. He had escorted her back to her home where they found her distraught father, Tom, talking to a police officer who was in contact with the Force’s helicopter, it trying to use heat-seeking equipment. When the search was called off for the night, Rex made his excuses and headed home.

He shook the cagoule several times, hanging it up in the hallway, muttering, “Well that was a fucking waste of time.” His shirt and trousers were still clinging to his body, making him feel miserable. It was a few minutes after ten when he strode into the kitchen, he now having to set to work preparing what would be a very late evening meal for him and the slaves. Ann was going to get nothing, so that was quickly sorted. Becky would receive a bottle of green feed. The other two would have to make do with baked beans on toast and bowls of tinned rice pudding.

Shivering with cold, he stripped off whilst he waited for the beans to heat up, rubbing himself over with a hand towel. He consumed his beans whilst waiting for the rice pudding. Putting the slaves’ meals on the big tray,

he made his way down to the cells.

Claudia was on her knees when he entered, saying, “Master, forgive me. I thought you had forgotten me and wondered if I have done wrong.”

“No you haven’t. It’s just that something urgent came up. Now eat your meal, you’ll find I’ve put three chunks of *Toblerone* as a treat.”

“Oh, thank you, Master,” she replied, he reckoning her voice sounded deliberately husky.

He made Veronica suck and lick his cock before allowing her to take her plate and dish off the tray, and the one chunk of chocolate that he had decided to give her as an incentive.

When he entered Becky’s cell she was still not properly down on her knees. “Forgive me, Master,” she pleaded.

“This once. Mind, I’m beginning to think those thigh cuffs are only any good for fucking you when you’re on your back. Not much use for training a slave the way I do it. Suppose I’d better continue to use only body belts.” He fitted her bottle into the frame on the wall.

“Thank you, Master. I thought you’d forgotten me.”

“Huh!” he snorted. “I’ve been wasting my time looking for that mother of yours! So I think I deserve to fuck you, as a reward! Up, Slut!”

“My mum?” she queried.

He dragged her by her collar, pushing her over the trolley and inserting his penis into her slit, grabbing her tits for improved leverage. “Yeah. They think she’s gone missing so I thought I’d best join in the search party. Waste of time, ’cause she’s next door getting ready to join you as one of my slaves.” He guffawed. “The stupid slut came wandering up here this afternoon and I knew I simply had to have her. You know how I’ve wanted to have sex with her for decades. It’s a wonder you didn’t hear her howling when I fucking used her.”

“Oh god, it can’t be true. Tell me it isn’t true ... pleeeeeeease!” she whined, before coming to a climax.

“Cheeky, Slut, do you think I’d lie to you? You’ll see her tomorrow. Me and your mistress, and my brother Dick, are goin’ to have an orgy. We’ll be fucking the pair of you and my other two slaves as well. I’m going to have you and that slut mother of yours dancing around on chains whilst I fucking beat the pair of you into submission.” He smirked contentedly at the prospect, whilst at the same time he squirted his creamy liquid into her womb. “Eeerrrggghhh!”

He left her weeping and bewailing her and her mother’s misfortune. Ann merely trembled with fear when he stepped into her cell, she bursting into tears when he told her about the search, about the pleasure Becky had just provided, and about what he intended to do to her tomorrow night.

After collecting Veronica’s crockery, he went to fetch Claudia’s, she dutifully on her knees reaching up to put her things on the tray. “Thank you, Master,” she said, pulling a nice little smile. “And, thank you for the chocolate. I’ve eaten one piece already and it was sooo delicious. I’m saving the rest for later, if that’s all right with you.”

“Yes, of course it is, Slave,” he replied, he thinking how easily a woman’s affection could be bought.

Shuffling closer to him, she used her delicate hand to ease his penis to her mouth, she setting about licking and kissing it.

“Hmm, that’s nice,” he advised, his appendage rapidly hardening.

She swallowed some of his length then eased it out of her mouth. “I do my best to please, Master. Did that other slut, whose dried juice I can taste on you cock, please you as much?”

“All sluts please me, I see to that. But young Becky still has a lot to learn.”

“Becky, Master?” She spoke questioningly.

He rubbed the palm of his hand down the side of her face, cupping it under her chin, easing her head up so that he could stare into her eyes. "Oh yes, I've acquired two more slaves to keep me satisfied," he said, trying to convey that she was nothing extra-special, although of course he had to admit she probably was. "You'll get to meet them tomorrow night when I, your mistress and Sir Dick have an orgy and we get to beat them into being good slaves."

"I shall enjoy watching that, Master." She sounded hopeful.

"Oh really, Slave? You might be lucky, but then again I might simply beat you too." He liked the way her face paled at his words.

"As ... as you please, Master," she responded, sounding resigned.

"Up! Stand in front of the dressing table. Bend over and put your palms flat onto the surface."

As she complied with his instructions, he pulled open the top draw and took out the tube of lubricant she was required to keep there for just such an occasion. First coating the head of his penis with a generous measure, he proceeded to pushed it in through her anal opening.

"Oooh yeah, Master," she cooed, sounding genuinely please that he was penetrating her. "Oooh yeah."

Shunting his rod back and forth, he reached forwards, using his hands to caress her delightful-feeling breasts. He wished he possessed the necessary stamina to enable him to continue rocking on his feet for ages and allow him to fuck her in the arse for hours. The feel of her rectum and outer body were that appealing. "Mmm, mmm mmm," he murmured contentedly.

"Owh, owh, owh," she softly moaned, her body undulating with every thrust he gave.

"Ermmm! Ermmm!" His pleasure was building. Parts of his body were starting to perspire.

“Ooowh! Ooowh!” Her body was starting to glisten with a self-produced watery sheen.

“Errgghh! Errgghh!” he grunted, feeling his semen starting their movement.

“Ooowwhh! Ooowwhh!” she howled. Slowly, her arms seemed to collapse under the pressure, her head ending up pressed against the dressing table top.

Gripping her tits tightly, he forced her body to arch. Snorting, muscles tightening, bowing his spine, he sprayed her rectum with his hot sperm-laden cream. “Eeerrrggghhh!” he snarled contentedly.

“Ooowwweeerrrggghhh!” she shrieked, body convulsing.

Extracting, he leaned down, proceeding to lick along her posterior’s valley floor, working his tongue deep through the still-pouting sphincter ring.

“Ooowwweeerrrggghhh!” She climaxed again.

Raising his head, he stood upright. Without any instructions, she instantly turned around and lowered her head to his genitals, encasing his pipe with her mouth. It pleased him. Not only the sensation she was giving him, but that she seemed to instinctively know what to do. She certainly is a really rare and wonderful find, he thought.

* * *

Clare was lying in her bed, sniffing back a few tears. She was feeling a little guilty, knowing she had given her parents a hard time in the past. Now her mother was missing and she felt terrible, never having realised before just how much she needed her.

Thoughts churning, she could not understand what had happened to her. It was a mystery, but then, she had been zonked out on pills so it was

hardly surprising she had wandered off to The Lord knows where.

From what her father had said, on the way up to bed, they were no longer going up to Nottingham in the morning as planned, they now intending to stay at home waiting for news or to go scouring the locality. But it was still a bugger, she reckoned, it very unlikely she could get to go out to the party.

Closing her eyes, she thought about Mister Greenstreet, he had been ever so good, helping her look all over the place, lending her his cagoule when the rains started. He was a pretty decent man, she reckoned, seemed to have a big dick too. Well, his wet trousers had certainly seemed to stick to something impressive. Someday I might try him out, she thought, flushing with a rosy glow at the prospect.

* * *

Shivering from fear and the chill of her cell, Becky was on the thin, plastic-covered, mattress on the trolley recalling the horrors of being abused by whom she now knew as that horrid Mister Greenstreet.

He was an animal, she reckoned, simply using her as some form of sex toy. It was disgusting that he, or any man, could simply do the things he did. Feeling sorry for herself, she burst into tears. She sobbed even louder when she remembered what he had said about her wonderful mother. By the sound of it she was next door, being subjected to the same vile acts he was perpetrating on her.

Shuddering, she recalled he had threatened an orgy tomorrow and that he would beat both her and her mother. And, as for “dancing around on chains” it sounded horrendous but wondered if it could really be worse than she had already experienced.

“Please, God, let the police come here tomorrow,” she silently prayed.

* * *

Contented, Claudia, chunk of chocolate slowly dissolving in her mouth, pulled the blanket over her body and daydreamed about being fucked. It's good to be used, she thought, shows the master wants me.

She knew now that she was happy to do anything to ensure that he did want her. He might be an evil brute but it turned her on. Not that long ago she would have run a mile from such behaviour but now it was what she craved, and anyway, it was how all sluts should be treated. "Which woman in her right mind wouldn't want that prick of his up her cunt?" she asked herself in a soft, dreamy, tone, directing her fingers to wander along her labia.

There were things niggling in her mind as she rolled onto her side and closed her eyes. Evidently, he had two new slaves and that meant there were four of them at his disposal. She simply hoped that he did not fancy one of them more than her. Then of course he had also hinted he was going to beat her tomorrow, she prayed it would not be too badly. Would he let her beat at least one of the slaves at the orgy, she wondered? She dreamed it would be so, for she quite enjoyed the thought of inflicting some pain.

"Please, Master, let me live so that I may please you," she faintly whispered, burying three fingers into her warm, moist, vagina.

Chapter Fourteen

A helicopter clattering overhead several times, not long after breakfast, reminded him that a search was still on, he telling himself to exercise every caution and try to act like he was innocent, and a concerned neighbour.

He had things to do, slaves to see to, so it was midmorning when he loaded his package containing the *Brutal Rome* illustrations into the back of the van and headed down the driveway. The torrential rain of last night had eased to a heavy drizzle, but the wipers were having difficulty keeping the windscreen clear.

At the junction with the road, he stopped and got out to visit Lychlee Cottage, knowing it was best to show an interest. A police car was parked outside, his heart rate quickening as he knocked on the door. He was relieved when he ascertained from Tom Freeman that there was no further news. The police officer advised that they had extended the area of search and would be bringing a couple of dogs in very soon. That latter information made his neck hairs tingle, giving him something very disturbing to think about.

Saying he was on his way to do some shopping, he asked if there was anything the Freemans needed. Only a sliced loaf and a litre of milk, he was told. He was soon on his way. Fifteen minutes later he was parking outside The General Store at Upper Dribble. Handing over his parcel for *DHL* to collect later, he had to answer the proprietor's numerous questions about the missing Freemans before he was able to complete his shopping.

Back at Lychlee Cottage, he hobbled to the front door carrying the two items that they needed. "What have you done to your foot?" Tom asked.

"Oh, it was bloody stupid really. I turned my ankle getting out of the van." He lied, making up the story as he did not want to get too involved in any further searching. "I'll give it a good rub over with some *Deep Heat* and rest it as much as possible today. Then I might be fit to help look for Ann

tomorrow. I'm so terribly sorry that I'm not going to be much use to you today."

"Think nothing of it, Rex, you've been such a great help already. I know we'll find Ann today so you go home and take care of yourself. Thanks for all you've done."

Feeling quite pleased with himself, he hobbled back to the van and drove on up to his home. Having stacked away his purchases, he went upstairs and rubbed lashing of the balm onto his ankle to add weight to his story, in case anyone should decide to check.

Claudia and Veronica received prawn and mayonnaise sandwiches for their lunch, the other two got bottles of pink liquid feed. He ate his sandwiches in his study, reasoning that he should stay above ground as much as possible today, not that he really had a clue what benefit that was to him. By mid-afternoon he was sat at his easel idly sketching, his mind not fully on what he was doing, it more concerned about the police dogs. The warning buzzer over the front door let him know that two vehicles were approaching. Looking out of the window, his heart thumped when he saw two police cars coming around the bend in the drive, they coming to a stop outside his house. Keep calm, his brain silently told him.

Opening the front door, he was relieved when he saw there was only one officer in each vehicle, they both getting out and approaching him. They had not come mob-handed so he deduced it was not a raid, his heart rate easing back towards normal.

"I'm WPC Nicki Flowers," the female said. "And, this is PC Carter." She wafted a hand at her colleague.

"Afternoon, Sir," is all that the PC said.

Rex eyed her from head to toe in an instant, concluding that in other circumstances he would have been quite happy to give her a fuck. She looked about five-foot six-inches tall, in her mid-twenties, brown hair pulled back and tied in a short ponytail, her hat jauntily perched on top of her head. He also noted she was sporting a healthy suntan. As for the PC, he quickly

decided that he was over six-foot and looked like he had only recently left training college. “Good afternoon, what can I do for you, officers?” he said, doing his best to sound relaxed.

“We’re here about Ann Freeman—” the WPC was saying.

“I presumed you would be,” he interrupted. “Have you found her? Got any news?”

“Unfortunately we haven’t, Sir. But, we’re going to do a complete sweep of the area. Do house to house and check all outbuildings.”

“Well, Clare Freeman and I checked mine yesterday.”

“Routine, Sir. With the greatest respect, amateurs miss things, and of course we like to double check just in case.”

He understood. They had to appear like they were doing something. “I’ll get the keys and let you have a look inside the garage and the stable block. I keep them locked all the time as it’s a bit isolated in these parts and your crime prevention officer came out years ago advising me to do that.”

Doing the occasional limp, he gave them access to carry out a cursory inspection of the interior of the garage and the stables with the hayloft above, locking each as they finished. “If you don’t mind, I’ll leave you to look around the back. Twisted my ankle a bit this morning and its playing up.”

“I’m certain we’ll be able to manage,” WPC Flowers responded.

“Good. You’ll find a couple of greenhouses and a potting shed. There’s a privy that hasn’t been used for at least thirty years and a pair of old pigsties.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

Going inside, he ran upstairs, taking surreptitious peeks out of the windows, keeping an eye on what they did. When they headed back towards the house, he went downstairs, plonking himself on the chesterfield, flicking through a magazine. He heard a car engine start at the same moment the door

chimes sounded.

Only the WPC was standing on the doorstep. “Found anything?” he enquired, trying to sound interested.

“No, Sir. PC Carter’s gone off to the farm now. Give the officers there a hand. Mind if I ask you a few questions?” she said, wafting a clipboard, he noticing that there was a name written on the back.

“Sure, come in.” He stepped aside to let her enter. “By the way, I thought you said you were called Nicki Flowers, but it says Nicki Williams on your board.”

She let out a chortle. “That’s very observant, Sir. I was Williams until two weeks ago when I married. Only got back off my honeymoon yesterday afternoon, but everyone’s been called in to carry out this search.”

“Please sit,” he said, pointing at the sofa, he joining her. “It’s a mystery. It’s really worrying. Poor Ann’s not had a good time of it these last few years.”

“You’ve been good friends for a long time, I understand from her husband.”

“Well, yes, I suppose we have. I’ve known Tom and Ann on and off for twenty years. They and their kids were ... are lovely people. Erm ... aren’t you supposed to be using dogs today? Have they found anything?” It was something he was keen to know about.

“We are. They’re out now scouring The Hill in case she’s somewhere up there.”

That was a relief. “Clare and I did have a bit of a look up there yesterday but The Hill is pretty precipitous. Must rise at a seventy degree angle so if she tripped or stumbled she would be in danger of rolling down to the bottom, and there’s plenty of bracken and gorse for her to get hidden in. But I thought you would ... you know, have bloodhounds or something following her scent trail.”

She laughed again. “We don’t have bloodhounds. And anyway, all the torrential rain last night will unfortunately have washed out any scent.”

His spirits soared, he thanking his lucky stars for the good old English weather. “That’s a real bloody pain, isn’t it? What awful luck. If only it hadn’t chucked it down you might have found her already.”

“Yes, it sure is. Mind you, I have doubts she’s in the area.”

“Really?” He was intrigued.

“Well, evidently, she was in a confused state and had been talking about going to Nottingham to look for her daughter. So I wouldn’t be surprised if that’s where she headed.”

“That makes sense,” he said. “I’m going to make a cup of tea, would you like one?” He was starting to feel that champagne would be better, but cautioned himself not to be too cocky, he was not out of the woodwork yet.

“I’d love a cuppa, please, with one sugar and lots of milk.”

He was only in the kitchen four or five minutes but when he walked back into the sitting room he saw the door into the study was ajar, and she was standing inside looking about. His heart thumped a few times. Putting the mugs on the coffee table, he went and joined her.

“Forgive me for poking around, coppers natural curiosity I suppose. You an artist or something?” she said, hardly glancing in his direction.

“Yes, sort of. I mainly do illustrations for books and magazines these days but those landscapes on the wall are mine.” He thought he would try and direct her attention towards his less controversial art.

“Oh, they’re good.” She gave them a cursory look before pointing at the easel. “You do naughty pictures too.”

He racked his brain for some reasonable-sounding explanation. “Yes, sometimes. That’s just a rough draft, trying to keep my hand in at drawing the human body. But I can’t get into it somehow, what with Becky and Ann

missing.”

“It’s not realistic.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, look at the size of that bloke’s equipment. That’s just male wishful thinking.”

“It’s proportionate for a man with ten inches.”

She laughed, turning to look at him. “Precisely. I ask you: how many men do you truly think possess that size of equipment?”

Putting his left hand to his crotch, he straightened his length down his thigh. “I know of one.”

“Huh!” she snorted. “That’s merely some trick or something.”

He noticed however it was as if a light had been switched on in her eyes, they suddenly seeming illuminated, and that they were fixated on his trousers. Deciding he had roused her baser curiosity, he pulled his zipper, putting his right fingers inside, easing out his penis and balls, peeling back his foreskin and jerking the shaft until it started to rise.

“Oh my god, that’s unbelievable,” she said, her jaw dropping. “You’d better put that away otherwise I might have to do you for indecent exposure.”

Instinctively, he knew she was not threatening him, she looking far too fascinated for that, her eyes never wavering from staring at his prize possession. Reckoning he was on to a winner, he stepped close, rasping out a whisper, “The only person who’s going to do anyone is me, when I shove my cock all the way up your cunt.”

With that he stretched his mouth and came onto hers. She responded, opening wide, letting his tongue explore. Putting a hand behind her head, he drew it tightly to his. Seemingly hesitant, her hand stroked his shaft, it going rigid in response. His free hand undid her trousers and slithered in, he working his fingers under her silky-feeling panties. Forcing his digits through

her course hairs, he made contact with her labia, exploring all around and between them. Her free hand unbuttoned his shirt, setting to work caressing his lightly-haired chest.

His passion was mounting, he reckoning hers was too. Two of his fingers were working on her insides, thumb strumming hard against her clitoris, she starting to produce juice. Her breath was beginning to snort through her nostrils. Letting go of his penis, she used both hands to push his shirt halfway down his arms, and his trousers off his hips. Pressing her against the wall, he released his grip of her head, using the now-free hand to pull the Velcro fasteners of her stab vest. She assisted as he lifted it and all its attachments over her head, they dropping it to the floor. Prising his feet from his slip-on shoes, he proceeded to step out of his trousers whilst at the same time he forced his fingers deeper into her vagina. Breaking for air, he said, "Ready to be fucked?"

"Mmm," she replied between gasps.

Sinking to his knees, he frantically removed her boots, rolling her trousers down to her ankles and pulling them off. Rising, he swiftly guided her into the sitting room and pushed her down lengthways onto the chesterfield, kneeling between her legs. Tossing her blouse over his shoulder, he pulled her bra off her breasts. They were not large but each proved to be a generous handful. Her panties were soon on the floor, he parting her flaps with his fingers, guiding in his penis. She was wet and ready, he slipping in easily. Sprawling on top of her body, he mauled her breasts. Locking his mouth onto hers, he proceeded to deliver a passionate French kiss, she responding enthusiastically.

Determined to make the most of the opportunity, he intended to deliver a long, hard, fuck. Jerking his hips up and down, he pummelled his cock in and out of her crack. Writhing, she bucked her pelvic region, meeting with his every thrust. Moving his mouth, he went down to suck on her tits, doing his very best to cover them with lots of love bites.

"Harder! Harder! Harder!" she yelled, it the sort of encouragement he liked to hear.

Responding, he pumped more vigorously, they now sweating like a pair of rutting pigs in a sauna. “Eeerrrggghhh!” he grunted, he coming, spurting cum right up against her cervix.

“Uuurrrggghhh!” she howled, climaxing, squeezing his cock with her vaginal muscles.

He lay on top of her for several minutes before lifting himself up, sniggering down at her flushed face. “Still don’t believe I draw things to scale?”

“Oh boy, that was incredible. But I’ve got to go. The inspector will be wondering where I am,” she advised.

Getting up, he went into the kitchen to get a towel, wiping himself down with it as he returned. He threw it to her as she got to her feet, she proceeding to dab away her perspiration. “Chuck me my blouse,” she said.

He did but it landed on the sofa. Bending over the armrest, she stretched to retrieve it. She had a gorgeous round arse, he reckoned, and knew that if he was ever given the chance he would truly love to stick his penis right up her anus. That thought caused his cock to rocket. Not wanting to miss the opportunity, but knowing he had better settle for less than his new craving, he stepped up behind her and pushed into her wonderfully-wet vagina. Enfolding his arms around her torso, he pulled her firmly onto his cock.

“Oh yes, you horny bastard. That’s so good,” she cooed. “But we’ll have to hurry up. The inspector will go crazy.”

He was not particularly interested in what she wanted, nor did he like being rushed, but knew that sometimes a man simply had to compromise. He reacted vigorously, pounding into her, going at it like someone using a pneumatic drill on a watermelon. “You like it hard, do you?” he commented. He was indifferent as to what her reaction might be for he was convinced she, like other women, merely existed to provide him with sex.

“Yeah! Fuck me! Fuck meee! Fuuuccckkk meeeeee!” she shrilled, her

body going into spasm, orgasm flowing.

“Errgghh! Errgghh” Errgghh!” He kept pumping.

“Uuurrngghhh!” she wailed, shaking like a dancing dervish, climaxing again.

“Errgghh! Errgghh! Eeerrngghhh!” His jism hosed the inside of her womb.

Once she had wiped herself down yet again, he assisted her to get dressed whilst ignoring his own clothing. Still naked, he escorted her to the door, saying, “That was a truly fantastic session. You’re a really great fuck.” His statement was not quite true. She was certainly very enjoyable but nowhere near as proficient at pleasing him as the beautiful Abby or the gorgeous Claudia.

“Thank you. You’re great too.”

“Anytime you want to come and take down my particulars feel free to simply pop in. I’ll always be pleased to see you.”

“Thanks. You never know, I might simply do that one day.”

Watching, he waited until she had turned her car around, waving immediately prior to closing the door. Smirking to himself, he reckoned she had just had an experience of a lifetime and would be yearning for more of the same sort of treatment. Coiling fingers about his shaft, he eased his foreskin back over the bulbous end. “Stupid fucking slut,” he sniggered out loud. “But I bet that cunt is around my cock pretty soon.”

* * *

Steering with one hand, Nicki could not resist pulling her zipper down and feeling inside. Her labia were hot, swollen and gaping wide. They tingled at her faintest touch, and all sorts of fluids were oozing out from inside. “Oh,

what a fantastic fuck,” she moaned audibly.

She knew she was going to have to avoid her husband for a few days, until her pussy-lips returned to normal size. And there was the need for some carefully applied makeup too, she decided, to hide all the love bites that she was well aware now marked her breasts. If only her one-night stand, or should that be one-day stand, she wondered, had not been so enthusiastic, she would not now be worrying about being found out. But it had been worth the risk, she never having had such a large penis. And, she concluded – size does matter. She was well aware she had just experienced the most powerful orgasms of her life.

Halfway down the farm track, she withdraw her hand from her trousers, partly as she was in danger of bringing herself off, but principally because another car was coming towards her. Manoeuvring closer to the hedge, she gave it plenty of room to pass, noting that the driver was an attractive-looking blonde and the man beside her resembled the one she had just left.

There was however something disconcerting about Rex Greenstreet, she decided. It could be his arrogance, he appearing to have no qualms about fucking an on-duty policewoman, not simply once, but twice. And on both occasions he had certainly not waited to be asked. She was convinced he was the sort of man who thought he was God’s gift to women. But then, she reasoned, perhaps he had cause to adopt such an attitude, for any man with a cock like his had a right to think like that.

“God, I’m going to have to find an excuse to visit him again,” she mumbled, pulling her zipper up. “Perhaps I’ll go tomorrow whilst hubby’s out at the football match?” She started flushing with anticipation, the idea really beginning to appeal. Her husband would be watching grown men kick a ball about, she, on the other hand, could be having two bounced against her cunt.

“Fucking hell, I feel so horny!” she yelled.

Chapter Fifteen

“Why was that policewoman here?” Dick asked as soon as he stepped over the threshold, he looking apprehensive.

“Why are you stark naked?” Abby inquired, running a hand over his dangling bits, looking quizzical.

“Is it anything to do with Becky Freeman?” Dick demanded, starting to appear alarmed.

“Or is it Ann? She’s gone missing you know, it’s been on the local radio news all day,” Abby questioned, squeezing his penis, and glaring into his eyes. “You’ve been up to something, I can tell. You’ve got that wicked glint in your eye. And, this cock of yours is sticky.”

“If you would let me get a word in, I’ll tell you everything in good time,” Rex said, trying to sound authoritative. “Yes, I know Ann has gone missing. And it’s suffice to say, the police were merely here doing a routine check to see if she was trapped in my outbuildings. They found nothing, but then of course they wouldn’t as she’s safely tucked up downstairs.”

“You what?” Abby said, tingeing pink, appearing surprised.

“Are you mad? This is absolutely crazy.” Dick sounded amazed and fearful. “I don’t think—”

“Stop thinking, Dickie boy,” Rex interrupted, griping his brother’s jaw to stop him talking. “Leave me to do the thinking otherwise you know what I’ll do to you – thrash your arse. Everything’s fine” – he was hoping it was – “she’s here and that’s an end to it—”

“How on earth did you manage that, Rex?” Abby interjected, her hand still clutching his ever stiffening penis. “And, Dick’s right, are you sure it

was a wise move?”

“What’s happened has happened. She came wandering up here yesterday afternoon in a drugged trance and one thing led to another. You know I’ve always wanted to have her, so I did. We’ll be training her and her daughter tonight, have them both dancing about on chains.”

“Fair enough, Lover,” Abby said, planting a slobbery kiss to his lips.

“But ...” Dick seemed about to object.

Swivelling around to face her husband, Abby patted his face, saying, “Leave it, Dick. Rex has never let us down before so live with it. Think of that extra cunt, arse and throat you’re going to get to fuck. It’s another mother and daughter combination too for us all to play with. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“Well, yes, but ...” Dick’s words trailed off as she lasciviously licked his cheek.

She turned back to Rex. “And you’ve still not said why your cock’s all sticky.”

Puffing his chest, Rex grinned, replying, “I fucked the policewoman, twice.”

“You did what?” Abby broke into a knowing sort of smile.

“Oh, bloody hell,” Dick mumbled.

“I’ll give you the details later but it was simply fortuitous that the opportunity arose, so I took it ... her. And you know what, I reckon she’ll be back for more, and she’s going to get it. And, whilst we’re on the subject, I want to know everything about her ’cause I have this feeling that one day I’m going to have my own piece of police pussy as a plaything.”

“Oh my god,” Dick groaned, all the colour seeming to drain from his face. But seconds later, after apparently thinking things through, he seemed to perk up. “Oh well,” – he shrugged – “I’m not going to be able to change

anything so might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.”

“Let’s hope none of us are ever hung for anything, Dickie boy.”

“Yes, Rex, let’s hope indeed. But in case I’m going to get hung we’d best get on with tonight’s entertainment as soon as we can.”

Abby flashed a knowing look, Rex doing likewise, he saying, “We’ll get stuck in after dinner. You two set the table and prepare the meal whilst I go down with the slaves’ food.”

Down in the changing room, he selected a black hood and a twelve-inch chain, each end sporting a spring clip, taking them and the three feed bottles with him. He supplied the food bottles to Ann, Becky and Veronica, taking pleasure in telling them that they did not need solids as the beatings they were going to get tonight might make them regurgitate the lot. Each gave him a look of terrified disbelief, it making his cock throb each and every time.

Rapping on the outside of Claudia’s cell door, he stepped inside, she on her knees, forehead to the floor. “Up, Slave,” he instructed. “Put your hands behind your back and turn and face the far wall.”

“Yes, Master,” she replied, doing as instructed.

He clipped the chain to the rings of her steel wristbands and slipped the hood over her head.

“M-Master,” she muttered, sounding anxious.

“Shut it, Slave!” he snapped, slapping her arse, reckoning that it was always good amusement to keep a slave in fear of her life. He guided her out of the cell, through the iron-bar grille, and up the stairs.

Dick’s face showed puzzlement when he led her into the dining room, Abby simply scowled and said, “I didn’t know there was going to be four for dinner. I’ve only laid for three.”

“That’ll be fine. Just put a little extra on my plate,” he replied.

Pulling a chair away from the table, he sat down and manoeuvred Claudia to stand in front of him. He planted kisses to both cheeks of her gorgeously round bum, saying, “Abby, Dick, sit down and serve the food. Slave, spread your legs wide.”

Rolling back his foreskin in anticipation, he jerked his phallus four times, it rapidly responding by going stiff. Holding her hips, he drew her backwards until she straddled his thighs. Reaching around to her front, he hooked her labia wide, saying, “Sit down slowly.”

She complied, he making certain her already-juicy cunt sheathed his wanting weapon. “Oooh,” she sighed.

Unclipping the chain from her right wrist, he eased her left hand around to her front and secured it to her clit-ring. Lifting off the black hood, he laid it on the table at arm’s reach. He saw her reaction reflected in the big mirror located over the sideboard – she looked amazed and delighted, her eyes beaming brightly.

“Good evening, Mistress. Good evening, Sir,” she said without prompting, pulling a smile.

“Evening, Slave,” Abby responded, in a harsh tone.

“Good evening, Slave Claudia,” Dick replied, licking his lips lasciviously.

Reaching, Rex cupped her right breast with his hand and pressured her body to swivel a little to her left. He kissed her left tit, used his free hand to pull the nipple to his mouth, sucking it gently.

“Oooh, Master,” she cooed.

“Now, let’s see how good a slave you are, Claudia. I don’t want you bouncing up and down bringing me off. You’re going to feed me ... and yourself. Cut the food up and then fork alternate mouthfuls to me and you. Let me down and you can guess what’s going to happen.” He hoped she did

not fail him, he reckoning that she was the slave he had always desired to have, compliant but also prepared to participate in inflicting agony on others.

“Yes, Master, thank you, Master. I’ll do my very best to serve you.” She sounded sincere. He moved his left hand and operated the fork whilst she took hold of the knife and cut up the avocado, prawns and green salad. When she had finished, he handed her the fork and she slipped the first morsel into his mouth.

If she performed well, and he prayed she did, he knew now that although she might spend much of her time underground there were going to be more meals at the dining table and she would get to spend nights upstairs in his bed. “After we’ve finished eating, Slave, the four of us are going downstairs for an orgy of sex and punishment. The sluts are going to find out how to satisfy their master’s cravings. So, we’ll soon have mothers and their daughters dancing around on chains.”

She gulped audibly. Swivelling her head, nuzzling her face against his, she said, “But, Master, I have no mother. I never existed until you made me your slave.”

“That’s a very good answer, Slave. In that case you won’t hesitate to take part in beating the other sluts, will you?”

“Of course not, Master. I live to please you.”

Rex felt her flexing her cunt muscles, keeping his cock hard, she squeezing some of her juice out, it trickling over his balls. Wow, he thought, this Claudia is one turned on bitch, she’s most definitely the slave I’ve always wanted to meet and keep.

* * *

Dick was sat there studying Claudia, licking his lips expectantly, knowing that very soon he would be fucking her and she would willingly let him do it. Not only did he think she had a great body but now realised she had a callous

self-centred streak in her just like Abby, and that was his wife's characteristic that enthralled him.

It was obvious to him, Abby was not going to be the only special woman in Rex' life and he guessed she was going to be in a foul mood tonight and would give the sluts a really hard time. He shuddered inwardly, not caring to be too involved in the beatings, but at the same time he had to admit, he truly did seem to love all the sex.

The prospects of fucking Ann Freeman and her daughter made his prick pulse. After all, he had quite fancied Ann at around the same time she had turned down his brother's advances, so concluded it would be good to find out what he had missed out on. And, as for fucking an eighteen-year-old teenager, well that was what every forty-something-year-old man wanted.

Reckless as Rex might be, he reckoned he was worrying needlessly for his brother always seemed to know what he was doing and appeared to have the Devil's own luck. Hell, he's never failed yet, he thought. And actually, the idea of fucking a policewoman does have a certain raunchy appeal.

* * *

When Rex had brought the slave into the dining room Abby had been seething inside. Instantly, she appreciated that quite simply the little cunt had succeeded in worming her way into Rex' affections. He had never brought a slave upstairs before and if he was not careful this could be their undoing. The last thing they needed was a runaway slave. He must simply have flipped his lid, she silently told herself. Or his bravado is getting the better of him.

But sitting there studying them, she started to calm down, and think things through. Rex was no fool. He was a sadistic animal with loads of guile and cunning, which is why she adored being part of his lifestyle. As long as the cunt did not try and muscle her out of the way things might not be too bad, she concluded. In fact, four of them using and abusing the slaves could turn out to be more fun, besides which when she was heavily pregnant she

would have to undertake less physical work.

Watching as his hands mauled the slave, she realised Claudia was still a plaything. It was not going to be a normal love relationship, she could tell that. Rex obviously wanted a sort of live-in soul-mate, the slave wanted to live. So who could blame her for doing her utmost to ingratiate? You have to admire her, Abby thought. Anyway, Rex only loves fucking and sadism so if she doesn't live up to his demands she won't last long.

Pulling a smile in the slave's direction, wetting her lips at the prospect of the night to come, she was thinking: as long as Claudia understands she has to lick my cunt but I can choose whether to lick hers, we should simply get on fine.

* * *

I feel so fucking horny, Claudia's brain told her, she sat on her master's lap, his gorgeous big cock buried deep in her cunt, she deliberately squeezing and relaxing her vaginal muscles intent on giving him a good time. Sex with him was what she lived for, she gladly wanting to serve him. She did not desire her freedom, merely wanting him to want her, to use her, and hopefully only give her mild foreplay-like beatings.

She was not a fool, well aware that the only way to keep his attention was to willingly partake in his perversions. The idea of whipping other slaves, torturing them or even killing her own mother did not worry her at the moment. After all, if it was a question of her survival she was certain she could do anything. And anyway, the very thoughts of such things certainly appeared to fire her libido. Somehow, she reckoned, he had turned her into his soul-mate.

When Abby smiled at her, she smiled back, knowing it was recognition from one woman to another that they would have to coexist and learn to work together. One of these days, Mistress, it'll be me who'll be demanding you lick my pussy and drink my piss, she was thinking whilst a series of little orgasms flowed through her wonderfully saturated, fully

stuffed, pussy.

The End

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