

The Perils Of **Judge Julia**

by DrkFetyshNyghts

© Copyright DrkFetyshNyghts, 2012

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

All rights reserved.

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

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

This electronic book published by Fiction4All

Imprint: FetishWorld

[Http://www.aladultebooks.com](http://www.aladultebooks.com)

PROLOGUE – EXPERTISE

In the beginning and at just turned eighteen years old, Mandy's expertise did not come with a huge amount of experience or 'miles' attached to it. Rather, she was a natural. Mandy was a prostitute because she enjoyed the work and put her all into it. Treated it like a vocation. She had never subscribed to the theory that hookers were sad girls addled out of their heads on crack cocaine or single mothers struggling to make ends meet. She certainly did not fit into either of those categories. Oh, she would learn the hard way, eventually and she would rise out of that and come back as a quite different creature. But at just turned eighteen, she was enjoying her work. Enjoying it to disturbing levels. Enjoying it to addictive levels.

She had been paid for a slippery wet, sucking blow job that would culminate in the glans of her customer exploding in her mouth and the contents of his balls jettisoning down her throat and into her digestive system. She would play the part to perfection – even down to when she couldn't swallow fast enough to keep up with the copious amount of thick healthy semen, she would let her mouth fill up, swill her tongue around, and make a show of how she loved the taste and then she would swallow allowing just little dribbles to spill from the corners of her lipsticked mouth. She would swallow slowly and deliciously. There would be no doubt about the fact that she was enjoying it. It would be in her eyes. It would be seeping up from her soul at the same time as that semen was sliding down the inside of her eighteen year old throat. She would swallow and at the same time she would be looking up at her paying customer. Looking him right in the eyes as she swallowed his seed. As with all of her assignments, Mandy didn't think of it, or treat it or carry it out as a quick blow job. Or a quick job of any description. Mandy entered all assignments like they were a test of her commitment to the cause. As though there were some kind of test board watching her every move, her every slurp, every nuance and that they were then marking her out of ten. Surely such a committee or board wouldn't have enough marks to give. Twenty out of ten each and every time. On top of all that she ENJOYED the work. Enjoyed it to the core of her very being. Definitely enjoyed it to the core of her own ever budding clitoris.

Mandy was one of the lucky ones. She was one of the few who could take drugs or leave them. She enjoyed getting high, but in her case her addiction to sex was probably far stronger than any addiction to a drug induced high that she could attain. Still, she played the drug fuelled hooker to perfection like she played all of her parts to perfection. She knew which buttons to press with guys.

“Do your lips red. I like them red and glossy.”

Her customer had almost hissed his preferences to her as he lay on a huge bed with soft silky black covers. Mandy had heard the line countless times before, but acted like it was a new and exciting thing for her, making him feel very special and at the same time feeding her own need and greed.

“Ohhhhhh yessssssss Red Lipstick, mmmmmmmmm.”

She had purred as she stroked the guys cock to its fullest erection emphasising the Red Lipstick as though she knew all too well what guys thought of her full, delicious lips. In fairness, and probably as a salute to her lack of miles, or inexperience, Mandy had done a double take at the size of the guy's cock. An asian man probably in his late thirties or early forties and using the services of a prostitute for the levels of power it afforded him rather than he needed to pay a hooker for sex. He was buying her for a period of time. Once she

was bought and paid for he could do with her what he wanted. Or she would do whatever he wanted with question or comeback. Even flaccid, or semi erect, the cock was like a semi comatose boa constrictor lying across his thickly haired lower tummy. Mandy had massaged the huge heavy balls with her perfectly manicured fingers, deep red gloss expertly applied to each nail. The diminutive size of her hands when next to, and on this cock bordering on gargantuan kind of betrayed her relatively tender years. Even more so, when her slender fingers were unable to meet around that thick shaft of cock she was preparing to work on. She lovingly wrapped as much of her fingers around the vein ridden shaft as she could and rubbed. She rubbed until she felt it fill and then she slid back the folds of foreskin to reveal a huge, ever expanding bell end. It was over this bell end that she seemed to slide her mouth with ease. Even though her freshly painted lips had to stretch and distort wide, she seemed to do it in her stride. Sliding her mouth over it in its totality and in doing so, sealing it from the outside air. She pressed her lips to the shaft just under the peeled back folds of foreskin and then she began by slowly swirling her wet, warm tongue around the exposed glans. She would saturate those glans and at the same time treat them to the slow firm sucking motions that she had become very adept at doing. Mandy could multi-task and as she gently sucked, she would swirl her tongue around that most sensitive of male flesh finding the glans and then coaxing them to open. And then around the pee-hole looking disturbingly like an eye watching every move she made. An eye having the glorious honour of seeing how the inside of her mouth worked as she sucked on it. She would do that until she got the first taste of pre-cum in her mouth. This was 'early days' in this particular assignment. More like just the preparation for what was to come. As the bell end grew and grew and expanded in her mouth, so Mandy's mouth changed shape and expanded with it. It really was a sight to behold, this young girl managing this cock in her mouth in such a way that belied her age – a look into her eyes more than telling her of her love for the job she did. Not just a day at the office! Mandy often wondered, even shared with some of her closest friends her thoughts that anyone who treated this as a job must be mental. She LOVED it. And it showed. It showed right down to the little nuances and shows she did with her face, her body and expressions; the ones that to her came natural, but to a working whore, one who just did it for the money would have to work hard to attain. That little purring snarl with the lips, the little dip of the back so that her flaring hips and ass were thrust back. The little spread of the legs, the glimpses of smooth hairless and yet constantly dripping sex the lips of which had retained their elasticity making sure that even after solid, and hard reaming by her customers had returned the flesh to its natural, almost virginal state.

Mandy would eventually saturate the whole cock, and balls with her eager copious saliva. But that wasn't the plan initially. She worked the bell with her mouth, restricting the suction to just the exposed glans, making the blood rush and the nerve endings open. Expertly avoiding the dribble, simply using enough of her own saliva and then the leaking pre-cum to coat the head. Bring it to fullest and most brutal looking swell. Then pulling her mouth off with a 'plop' wrapping her fingers around the shaft just under the glans again, masturbating slowly, letting her customer see her watching his cock, watching it, loving it as it twitched and writhed for some kind of release. But not giving enough pressure of her slender fingers to bring the guy off. The reason for keeping the shaft of the cock dry becoming clear as she pressed the cock to the tummy of the client, and then perfectly, expertly poured a line of the best quality cocaine down the centre slightly raised and pulsing vein of the cock. From the balls all the way up the shaft finishing off by letting the delicate

white powder spill into the wetness of the bell end area of the cock, Just where the groove of the pee-hole started. Mandy taking a fifty pound note from the client's wad of cash, rolling it up slowly seductively into a straw, even flicking her tongue over one end before leaning over the cock and sucking the cocaine up into her nose through the straw made of the fifty pound note. She pressed down the huge cock with one hand and guided the straw with the other hoovering up the white powder in one hit. As she sucked up the last of the dry powder, she slipped the note down into her stocking top and stayed leaning over the cock, bending to take it back into her mouth and rubbing the dissolving powder into her gums. At the same time her eyes just glazing over slightly and rolling as she took the hit. Using the glans and rubbing her gums hard to ensure the fullest use of the cocaine. At the same time she dipped her back into that natural concave arch and thrust her ass high. Her more than ample and yet still developing breasts hanging under her and then pressing into the side of her client. His hands and fingers idly feeling her breasts, squeezing the delicate pale flesh and then finding a nipple and squeezing it until it sprang to its fullest, almost black erection. Mandy responding, wetly, purringly by slipping her mouth back over the entire head of the cock and beginning to work it proper now. Taking the cock head into her mouth and then slipping it to the back of her tongue and then letting it nudge the back of her throat. As she nudged the back of her throat so the throat muscles convulsed a little, complaining that the airway was temporarily blocked off. Every move, every action of her mouth designed to stimulate the cock. Make the glans expand and nerve endings open. Mandy's mouth producing more and more saliva as it worked and worked. Little gurgling wet moans coming from the back of her throat and even using those noises to resonate through the very core nerve endings of the cock. The guy's head back eyes rolling as this godsend of a find, worked his cock to the edges of oblivion time after time. Its what Mandy did and did well. If anyone COULD do a quick blow job, she could. But what her customers got was their money's worth. She worked the glans and brought him to brink of orgasm time after time with ease simply flicking her tongue and softly sucking. Always and always sensing and timing that orgasm eruption was about to occur, and her lightly pinching the base of the cock with her long nailed fingers. Not to cause pain but rather just enough to quell the approaching tide. Then after lapping up the dribbling pre-cum she would start with the sucking and licking actions again. Never the same pattern of attentions to the cock, always slightly different and the tongue flicking over slightly different glans making the guy twitch and making him pant with the growing need for release. Its what Mandy did. But it wasn't a duty to her, she actually enjoyed it. The dribbles coming from her mouth, deliberate slow visual dribbles could have been for effect, but in her case it wasn't. She was immersed in her role and hungered for it. Her mouth sliding over the bell end time after time but at the same time expanding her areas of attention by dribbling down the shaft and then using her lips to spread the dribble mixture of saliva and pre-cum until the shaft was a glistening, dripping pole. Then flicking her tongue through the testicle hair; using the hairs and the flicks of her tongue to stimulate that area eventually working her mouth over the two semen heavy sacks and even snaking her tongue down under the balls to lick and make slippery the area of flesh between the balls and anus hole.

In short, Mandy using her mouth and saliva producing skills to turn the guy's intimacies into a wet, dribbling, pre-cum excreting pile of nerve endings ready to explode and being kept on the edge of explosion; and being KEPT exactly like that. Mandy feeding her own enjoyment and need and at the same time getting paid for it. Using her throat to constrict around the cock head, tilting her head slightly causing the throat to slide around the

cock head for the split second that the airway was cut off. Mandy's eyes bulging at that very second and then releasing her throat bringing the cock head back up into her mouth so that she could flick it and lick it with her fleshy wet, dripping tongue. And that is what she did with her tongue, she flicked it. First around the pee-hole and then circling the pee hole outwards around the circumference of the hole locating and working the very sensitive glans. Mandy with a sixth sense, knowing when those most sensitive and receptive nerve endings had been opened and expanded. Just knowing by the very slight twitches, the very slight moans and gasps coming from his throat just exactly when the spot had been found and reached. Then stopping the flicking, just moving up over the pee hole again, moving the lips as well to Hoover up the pre-cum with her delicious mouth before using her tongue again, this time using it to press around the bell end, press and hold in the distortion of the glans and then slide the tip of the tongue around the glans with pressure still applied. Letting the pressurised tongue slip thus cajoling the glans more. Then sliding her whole mouth over the cock again; taking it deep throat, cutting off her own airway as she made the gagging sound. Mandy knowing that this guy would probably like and get off on her gagging sounds, so emphasising them a little bit more. Using her red lipsticked lips to the best effect, and in contrast with the deep purple of his bell end. Wetting the shaft and continually making those little short sharp sucking motions. Time after time bringing him to the brink and then letting it subside. Mandy enjoying the little spurts of pre-cum as they squirted into her mouth.

“Fuck bitchhhhhhhhhhh lemme cummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.”

The hissing desperation in his voice a cue for her to let him subside one more time before almost lovingly slipping her mouth over that cock-head again in its entirety. This time tightening her mouth, stiffening her tongue and constructing her throat muscles for the final assault on the man's genitals and senses. When he did orgasm he did so with a huge, animal like grunt, and a roll of the eyes. The first jet of thick, slippery semen hitting the back wall of Mandy's throat and sliding down inside her in one. Expertly, Mandy flicking her tongue at the convulsing bell end glans, stimulating the ones that provided the most pleasure. Sealing her lips just under the folds of foreskin so that none of the beautiful stuff could dribble away, or escape, at least not yet. Mandy taking jet after of the beautiful stuff directly down her throat and swallowing. From the outside, the roll of her throat betraying how much of the thick healthy semen she was consuming. When the orgasm was at its height and she could no longer swallow at the rate of the pulses, then she let the stuff come back up into her mouth. Let her mouth fill, and overspill just slightly. Then she swallowed and at the same time dribbled it from the corners of her mouth. The cock coming and coming in wave after wave of undiluted pleasure. Mandy's nostrils flaring a little before she let some semen up into her nasal passage from her throat and then out giving the viewer, in this case the asian man, the full deceptive vision that he was forcing his huge cock down her throat and that the semen was regurgitating inside her mouth and nose as though in fact her mouth were being raped. Mandy played the part to perfection. Her eyes wide, almost bulging and for a guy in mid-orgasm, mid-fantasy mode, looking vulnerable, exploited even. Mandy tasting the cum and swallowing it and letting it dribble and then sliding her tongue out and lapping up and the trails of the stuff from where it had escaped. The cock shaft and the head swelling and receding with each spasm, Mandy's mouth stretched to the maximum as it worked and worked until the orgasm began to subside. Her swallows becoming less, and her mouth making obscene noises as she began the process of gently sucking and cleaning the dregs of semen and consuming them. Oh god she enjoyed her 'job'. She enjoyed the cleaning up as much as she enjoyed the beginning and middle acts in any

assignment.

ONE - BUSTED

It wasn't so much a downward spiral that Mandy suffered as a sudden, only 'just' death defying drop from dizzy heights. Oh the high class, high end hooker didn't have an accident, or a near death experience at the hands of some crazed 'client'. Initially that might have been the better option! What she did suffer was betrayal on a monumentally huge scale. There was no build up or gradual decline in fortunes. It was sudden and it was brutal. As she sat in the City Police Station interview room three waiting for that bitch of a detective to come back and interview her, she tried and tried and tried to fathom out who it was. Who had done it to her. Who had doxed her in. Who had grassed on her ever burgeoning enterprise. And it was an enterprise that Mandy had built up over the months. She was the anything goes sex service on spectacular legs. From the very early days as she had discovered her own sexuality, right through to realising that she could make more than a living out of it. But then the naivety of her tender years not even thinking that someone could want to hurt her in anyway. Wrong! The word spreading. She had become a 'business woman' after all and trading within the toughest most ruthless profession in the world. Yes sex sells. But competition is fierce and she hadn't taken account of those who might be jealous or want her out of the picture. She had worked freelance and had stayed out of the clutches of pimps. Staying off the streets had helped with that. Likewise she had worked the higher end of the market – once again freelance and as such had stayed off the radar of the escort agencies and some of the most ruthless women who ran them. It really was only a matter of time before the word got out there. Someone would ruin her. Someone would want to take what she had. Or someone would want to take 'everything' she had. Take her even!

“Shit.... what IS going on here?”

Mandy was still alone in the interview room. She thumped the coarse wooden table and shivered a bit as she tried to think. She was wrapped in a silk sheet hastily snatched as she had been led out of the place she had been arrested in. She was still in her 'work clothes'; on this occasion a skin tight latex schoolgirl uniform. Self supporting transparent latex stockings that sported a fine slightly tapered black seam up the backs. High heels that could only be described as 'impossible' and fashioned into strapless courts or pumps that only served to extend the young girl's extraordinarily long legs even more. Her more than ample breasts tucked into the skin tight black tunic, and uplifted in a manner that they threatened to spill out at any given time. With her hair in high tight pigtails that seemed to sprout from the upper sides of her head in the most adolescent of fashions, and her natural 'youthful' appearance it was clear that she was, at the time of her arrest, catering for a pretty specialist and demanding client. Even as she wracked her brain trying to fathom out who had done the dirty on her she had that taste in her mouth. Of all tastes, 'that' taste.

“You know, its not just the video. That is damning enough. Its everything else that goes with it. The lifestyle, the bank accounts. Tax evasion. VAT evasion. The drugs. Everything. You are in a serious amount of trouble girl. I would say you are up to your neck in it. You better start talking.”

Mandy had been so busy wracking her brain that she hadn't even heard or seen the woman detective come back in. It was her voice that snapped Mandy back into the here and now. That and the click of the lighter as the tall, almost statuesque black woman lit a cigarette. A slight jump then as she tossed the pack of cigarettes and the lighter onto the

table in front of Mandy. Her nerves were on edge. Mandy looking up, asking with her eyes if she could have a cigarette herself. The woman detective a first not even acknowledging Mandy but then nodding an almost imperceptible nod giving her permission. The woman detective, in a tight fitting trouser suit with fitted jacket and high heels that couldn't be seen due to the length of the trousers, threw a heavy laden file on the table and pulled out the chair opposite Mandy. She watched the young girl tremble a bit as she took the pack of cigarettes and lit one. The vision startling even if she was wrapped in the silk sheet. That glimpse of fetish shiny latex schoolgirl uniform, and the maturing body seemingly poured into it. Detective Inspector Elaine Dixon poured her eyes over the girl, slowly and deliberately. Watched her light the cigarette and then drag on it long and hard before inhaling, expanding her breasts, making the shiny black latex creak. Every time the young girl moved, latex creaked. Either the dress, or the stockings. With the move and with the creak came the almost overpowering whiff of rubber. It was true that interview room stank of rubber. It was as though the movement were a trigger. Every movement triggering a puff of rubber from under the silk.

“They're gonna just love you in prison. A hot lil bitch like you. You're gonna make some dyke a real nice pet. By the looks of it all nice and ready trained as well. So much better when they don't need to train you. Less pain that way.”

DI Dixon, Lainy to her friends spoke matter-of-factly between exhales of smoke from between full, deep red lips. It was like she spoke from an in-depth knowledge of the kinds of things that went on in women's prisons, and beyond. She didn't speak threateningly, just casually, which made her words seem somehow worse. Making sure the words filtered into Mandy's melting mind. Oh they did that alright. Those words tumbled in and settled right there on the eighteen year old's psyche. But what Lainy was saying didn't shock or scare Mandy; what she had done, or been asked and told to do over the months, nothing could scare her, she thought. Something deep inside, as those words were filtering in, made Mandy clench her thighs, give herself a little throb as the DI painted something of a bleak future for her. She couldn't explain to herself why she clenched her thighs at that painted picture. She just did. She looked across the table, directly at the attractive black woman. She didn't say anything at first, she just looked. Time after time she was replaying that video in her head. Oh god what that made her look like. And that taste still in her mouth didn't help things either. Not that it was unpleasant but rather it made her want more of the same. After sessions with this man she felt a sense of guilt and even shame. That she had been arrested in this manner and under these circumstances brought that shame home even more.

Mandy sucked in air a little as she moved and was reminded of the pencil thin cane welts across both bottom cheeks. He had liked to do that to her had that client. He was a regular and always came for Mandy because of her young appearance. Because she could 'pull it off'. But there always had to be at least six weeks between sessions with him, so that the marks could heal over. It was one of his things; to have virgin flesh to work on. In his mind he was doing virgin flesh and Mandy could oh-so-pull that one off. She wasn't just a sexual machine, she was also an actress. The whole package albeit in a limited career that might peak and fade very quickly.

The video had been the first and only thing the DI had showed Mandy so far. That had been the first inclination as to what she was being busted for. It was the easier option for the Detective Inspector to at least show the video. A video that would leave Mandy in no doubt that her world was crumbling down around her. Mandy licked her teeth and got a renewed burst of 'that' taste as she replayed the video in her mind. She swallowed the taste

like it was fresh from her client's cock. It was like she was reliving each and every cane stroke. She sucked in air between gritted teeth almost feeling that pain all over again as the cane landed, accurately, severely. Perfectly parallel strokes across both upper thighs, working upwards to the sweet spot. The sweet spot; that spot between where the delicate very upper thighs rolls into the buttock flesh. At the time of the caning, which lasted just minutes, each welt a very defined separate line across both thighs, but as time went on then the lines fading out, the flesh swelling and the whole caned area becoming one. Mandy relived those strokes, all twelve of them one after the other. Yes they hurt. She cried. But he wanted that. He wanted her to cry. The very specific, minute fetishes of an ultra pervert. Perfect cane welts across virgin flesh, in his own mind. One might think that he would have done other things with Mandy first. Dirty things. But no; it was like he had to reduce her to tears first. Punish her for what she was GOING to do rather than what she HAD done. He wanted to do those things to her whilst she was suffering the effects of the caning. Mandy was the perfect Latex Schoolgirl. She knew the act she had to play and she played it to perfection. Yes it hurt, but she had built up some resistance and some 'enjoyment' of the pain. She actually looked forward to meeting this client which added to her guilt and shame. He excited her in strange ways. The dark things he did with her and to her kind of fed her sexuality. Fed her hunger. Fed her need. Or fed the need that was developing inside her body and mind.

It still hurt, that caning as he was sliding a rigid erection into her cunt from behind. He wasn't fucking her because that was what he wanted to do. He was fucking her sex simply because he used the copious amounts of slippery juices she produced as a lubricant. Making sure he buried himself up to the hilt in her sexuality before taking out and directing it up inside her back door. She would never forget the first time he did that. She had screamed and screamed as he had 'popped' his cock past her sphincter. The shooting pain had been intense and had been lasting with renewed surges of pain with every full length stroke he had buried in her. Since that first time she had learned; Mandy was a fast learner and she had learned how to relax those back door muscles to allow the flesh to relax and expand around the enormous purple bell end as it made its way inside her. She often wondered how on earth a man of this age, he was over sixty, could manage such a huge, rigid erection. Not that she cared. She stayed slightly bent at the knees, stiletto'd toes pointing in to each other, just as he liked, as he reamed and fucked her ass to completion. He was a complex fetishist and without doubt a sadist of the advanced kind. At least, advanced in comparison to what she had come across before. His peculiar fetishes, specific and minute had been built up over many years; decades in fact. God only would know how much female flesh he had defiled over the years in his quest to gratify his perversions. He even insisted on the latex uniform and stockings out of some weird theory that the latex was a seal that kept all the 'bad' inside the girl so that it couldn't spill out. Sealed in and contained for HIS pleasure. Latex for that reason. Schoolgirl uniform because he liked virgin flesh, but with a twist. He liked weirdly mature female flesh stuffed and poured into such a uniform because it added a humiliation element to the proceedings. He liked Mandy because she was a delicious mix of both. The line between real schoolgirl and mature schoolgirl 'distinctly vague' if that were possible. Trying to work out this particular pervert would be an impossible task at best.

Mandy staying bent forward at the hips and waist as the man reamed and fucked her ass for a prolonged period. The juices from her sex running down and mixing with his seeping pre-cum and what her ass was producing. Her heavy big nipples almost

falling out of the latex dress as she was rocked back and forth on her high heels. Her making all the right sounds; sounds that would appeal to what was going on in his psyche, whatever that was. A thorough controlled and deep ass fucking that would normally last for thirty minutes or so. On this occasion, the one where it was covertly filmed, lasting for fifty minutes. By the end of it her bottom making some pretty obscene, dirty wet noises. He was a repeater. At the end of a micro controlled ass fuck he could and did deposit the full load of semen into her back passage and bowels. A dirty grunting orgasm that saw him cling to her hips and pull her back hard onto his cock as he emptied his load inside her. His cock, even after shooting his load like that not losing any of its rigidity, even more amazing given his age, and the fuck slowing down and then him eventually withdrawing from her; her then standing up with mascara stained tears running down her face, looking at his dripping soiled, still rigid cock and asking,

“Please Sir may I suck your beautiful cock clean.”

Mandy using the voice and the words the way he liked. Girly, almost childish and with a cigarette stained huskiness about it that obviously appealed to his particular fetish. Just the sound of him grunting then, giving his 'permission' for Mandy to suck his cock clean. Mandy then sinking to her latex sheathed knees and crawling in a very particular, almost feline like way to the dangling, waving, dripping cock. Her sucking that cock into her mouth and tasting herself, and him immediately. The expertise of her mouth obvious as she sucked and cleaned. Her mouth actions serving two purposes. To clean and to stimulate ready for the second orgasm that would take place in the warm wet confines of her mouth. But her not flinching, even clenching her thighs as she was demeaned in this way. Him twisting his fingers in her pig-tails and pulling and pushing her mouth and face onto his intimacies. Her mouth slurping, tongue slapping as she cleaned and consumed. Not stopping until he was ready to come again this time in her mouth. She knew when he was about to come. She had learnt it. The very moment that he was on the edge when the bell end and glans swelled almost to explosion levels and then that deep belly grunt as the first wave hit his receptors. That first jet of the second come splashing up against the back of her throat and her throat swallowing naturally. Then her mouth going almost into autopilot as she worked it getting the most out of the orgasm. An autopilot mode that gave the client maximum pleasure, and herself as well. This time the taste fresh. Fresh pre-cum, fresh semen. She liked that. Fresh semen in her mouth. She liked the taste, the texture and the feel of it sliding down the back of her throat.

“So come on then girl... spill it. Spill it all, save yourself a bit of grief.”

Lainy knew Mandy was deep in thought as her mind and world crumbled around her and when she spoke she did so at a slightly increased volume level that her voice would penetrate that void that Mandy had receded into. Mandy swallowed that taste again and snapped out of it. She held one hand up with her middle finger extended in the “fuck you bitch” sign and then slowly receded back into her world.

“I take it that means you are exercising your right of silence.”

DI Rainy Dixon smiled, gathered her files, took the CD video disc out of the player and stood to leave. For brief seconds she stood looking down on Mandy. Then she leant to the pack of cigarettes, pushing them towards the young girl.

“You're gonna need these sweetie.”

A six month sentence, translating to three months actual time served. Three months in some kind of a nut house served well to fester Mandy's anger. For three whole months -

thirteen weeks to be exact, Judge Julia's words rang over and over in Mandy's head.

"Look at me girl! You have been brought before this court and found guilty on no less than thirty eight counts of solicitation. "some of the sexual favours you supplied in return for money defy belief for decent, law abiding citizens - and that you are only eighteen years old makes your crimes even more despicable. Pre-sentencing reports indicate that there are massive underlying problems that need to be addressed by you and for you. You are a disgusting little creature – a common prostitute even if you did fall short of selling your wares, just, on street corners. Only a custodial sentence fits the crimes you are guilty of. I am sending you to a specialist institution where god alone can hope that you receive the help that you obviously need. You will be taken to “SECFAC” and be kept there for a period of six months. We can only hope that you also learn the error of your ways whilst you are there.

"take this vile little creature down and out of my sight."

Those words stayed with Mandy right through her sentence; if it could be called a sentence. That she only had to serve half of the six months didn't matter. It was WHAT the thirty seven year old Judge said and the WAY she said it. And what would happen when she got the Hell that had been given the very respectable label SECFAC. Judge Julia had made Mandy feel like an insect - a dirty little insect with issues. Mandy would never forget standing in the dock, women custody officers either side of her and with the dark haired, big titted, haughty, snooty voiced Judge Julia almost 'enjoying' taking her out of circulation. Mandy remembered looking back at Julia, just as she was being taken down the stairs to the court cells, there was just a hint of a satisfied smile across the older woman's, lip-glossed, prudish, proper mouth. It wasn't only anger that festered during the three months she was locked up. Mandy met some interesting' people during her time at SECFAC. And spent her time well, even if probably not in the way intended by the Court. Revenge was an interesting proposition made even more interesting when she realised how easy it would be with the help of certain people. Revenge would be sweet, IF she got through the three months incarceration and that god awful place. She just had to keep her head down. Do her time. Accept the 'help' that it was considered she needed. Do the therapy. Nod her head where it was expected to be nodded. Tell the powers that be that she was oh so sorry, that she had indeed learnt the error of her ways. That she would never ever ever suck a cock again lest she be struck down on the spot. NOT! As she was taken down those stairs, inside she chuckled to herself at the thought. Three months, twelve weeks she would piss it. Easy peasy. Even with the words of DI Dixon still swilling round her mind set, about how certain people would love her in a place like that, she still thought it would be easy. Still thought she would do it standing on her head. But wait.. DI Dixon didn't know back then that Mandy would be sent to SECFAC. She had said “prison”. Mandy wasn't going to prison. That could all mean her luck would fall on either side – or so she thought. There was only going to be one way her luck would fall and that, depending on how one looked at it was on the bad side. But a side that would lead to a festering hatred of Judge Julia. In her mind, the way she worked it all out, it was all her fault. All that Judge Julia's fault. She would pay. That bitch would pay. Maybe she would but not before Mandy herself had been taken to a different place; a different level of sexuality.

SECFAC – South East Centre For Addiction Control.

If Mandy could have screamed, she would have. She would have screamed and screamed for a variety of reasons, and she would have screamed at a variety of different

pitches and tones for those different reasons. But she couldn't scream. She couldn't do anything. Oh, that wouldn't be strictly true; she could 'think'. They had made sure she could still think. Maybe she couldn't think straight. But she could think to a degree. And she was allowed to be fully aware of what was happening to her. She was allowed to be kept fully aware of what was going on in the rest of her melting mind, and in the entirety of her delicious eighteen year old body. But that in itself was a torture that she could do nothing about. That fact alone; the fact that she simply could not do anything but accept what was happening to her was enough to make her want to scream loud. Not as loud a scream though as what was being done to her, and with her would produce. Oh yes, and she could control her breathing, just, but only because she had to.

SECFAC had two sides. The good side, the public side. The side which took the most vulnerable in society; drug addicts, alcoholics, young people with issues; young people with background issues. SECFAC took them in, helped them. Offered support and therapy. The privately funded, and therefore sparsely regulated concern operating deep in the Sussex countryside gained huge support with the work it did but it remained a closely guarded very private concern. All attempts to bring it more out in the open, to introduce it and its ground breaking methods of dealing with old issues like drug and alcohol addiction were met by a brick wall. This brick wall meant that there existed always like a dark cloud over the brilliant things that had been achieved there. There existed a question mark, the same question that time after time came up – what have they got to hide? The official line was that the funding, the staff, those who ran this place wanted to remain private for those, and for the inmates. Inmates sounds a slightly over the top description, but appropriate none-the-less since within the Centre there was a secure unit for those considered needy of such a unit. The answer to the question always did remain more than slightly insufficient. And yet, nothing bad, or negative came out of the place. It was what it was and one could only shrug the shoulders in response to the brick wall that appeared to surround the place and those who funded and worked there. It remained also the case that, none of the individuals that the Centre helped ever spoke negatively about it once they left. It just remained a sugary coated, slightly dark thing that people simply accepted.

Then there was the other side of SECFAC. The secret side that if known would explain that slightly dark sugary coating side of it. That was the side of SECFAC that Mandy was brought into. The convicted prostitute had been transported to the Sussex countryside under cover of night. Nothing to weird about that; with the timing of the trial coming to an end, the deliberations, the mitigations and the arguments of the prosecution that the young girl should be taken off the streets for a very long time, the day slowly melded into the early evening and then to the processing under the Crown Court complex. By the time the blacked out SUV containing Mandy, handcuffed to a female warder slowly rolled to a halt outside the secure SECFAC it was fully night time. The vehicle had rolled past the huge wrought iron main gate and followed the high walled perimeter all the way, down the front, then the sides of the expansive grounds, and then to the rear. The place looked deserted except for the occasional twinkling of lights in the main manor house building. Once the SUV had got around to the back of the building and in through a smaller electronic gate, there were no lights except the security lights that came on one by one as the van made its way to the rather un-grande entrance that Mandy would be taken in through. It was as though she were being secreted into SECFAC. Suspiciously like those in control were taking her in there but that no-one else should know, or find out. That should have been a cause for concern for Mandy. Maybe it would have been if she could have thought

straight. She had known, during processing at the Court, that she would serve only three months of the six month sentence. But Mandy was an eighteen year old girl. Twelve weeks was like a lifetime. That, and there was that seething, seething, bubbling anger and hatred she was feeling for Judge Julia. Her mind was in a whirl. A melting mind. If Mandy had been asked at a later date to recall her journey to the centre, she wouldn't have been able to, such was the muddle of her mind. She wouldn't even have been able to recall the female warder she had been cuffed to, or how she poured her eyes over Mandy, and sat very very close making sure their hips graze and press against each other's. Or the cuffed hands, her own, and the warder's resting on Mandy's thighs, and the warder's finger slightly stroking the upper thighs of the girl. Really basically, Mandy would not have been able to recall being hit on by some dyke bitch. In Mandy's mind she was already thinking about her release. About her revenge. Oh if only she had access to that cunt Judge Julia she would give her the beating of her life. And that would be just for a start. Mandy should have been breaking apart from the inside, but already she was thinking about the future. Twelve weeks into the future in fact. Of course, at that point, at that precise point in time she could not possibly have known what was going to occur between her being taken into the SECFAC building, and via elevator down into the sub-basement levels, and then being released some three months later. She would learn, soon learn that she would need all of her determination, and grit and steel just to get through the next twelve weeks.

Yes, inside her mind Mandy was screaming. Oh god was she screaming. But it just would not transfer from her mind, from her brain and through her normal ability to speak or communicate, and into the outside world from between deliciously full lips. That scream remained muffled and debilitated behind an inflated rubber gag. Any gag applied to that pretty, even stunning mouth would be cruel, but this gag, the way it was designed, the way it was applied, was done so not merely for the physical ability of it to prevent totally the normal means of communication, but what it must surely have done to the mind as well god alone would know. The gag alone slid into the mouth and into the back of the throat like a rubber snake. Not by any means rigid, or stiff, but with just enough firmness to guide it to where it needed to be. In this case that was, it had to be slid down the centre groove of Mandy's tongue, using her saliva as lubricant and where that groove then toppled over into the back of the throat it slid down there as well. Only experts could apply such a gag. Only experts in the field of what for fucks sakes? Mandy was so jaded, so desensitised to the sex scene that she had stood, minutes after being unloaded from the SUV as a female uniformed officer had slid not one, but two fingers inside her intimate sexuality. Mandy hadn't flinched, she had looked directly at the much older woman as she has slid the fingers inside the turned them and twisted them in her moistness. As young as she was, Mandy had been expecting this kind of attempts at shock and awe. The woman, in return had pierced Mandy's eyes with her own, coldly, without any feeling. She had seemed to enjoy and lap up Mandy's stance almost of defiance. She was being defiant and yet at the same time she wasn't. Mandy had been used to doing obscene things in return for money. She had yet to be paid by another woman for services rendered and yet she had never discounted doing just that if the opportunity offered itself. At the time of induction into SECFAC her mind was in a whirl. Confusion, addiction, revenge. Another woman sliding one or two fingers inside of her just did not bother her and she just stared out the Officer, as a way of indicating that very thing. She wanted to let her know that she was not intimidated, or horrified by being invaded in this way. She was so used to being in control and controlling others for her own ends that she truly believed what she was trying to relay to the Officer.

“They're gonna have fun breaking you sweet thing.”

The Officer had spoken as she finger fucked Mandy slowly, but firmly up to her third knuckles. There was no pretence, or attempt to pleasure Mandy in any way. It was a deliberately indifferent sexual assault. The first sign that Mandy had lost all control at least for the next twelve weeks. That she didn't have any say in how she was being treated. Or the sexual services that were being taken from her. Mandy heard the words, took them in even and yet she simply pressed her pelvis forwards, into the ministrations of the slightly greying, yet well stacked Officer kind of trying to play her at her own game even with something of a slight grin across her full lips.

“Fuck you talking about Bitch? Who's gonna break me? What does that even mean you old hag... breaking me?”

For probably the last time for at least twelve weeks, Mandy, more than hardened by life in general, sucked at her teeth in that negroid street way she sometimes did. Right about the same time the woman withdrew her fingers from the hairless smooth slit and held up the slippery, juice coated fingers to her nose, taking a deep, deep breath as though she were testing the quality of some form of drug or another. She smiled at the young girl's aggression then flicked the very tip of her tongue over her fingers, tasting Mandy for the first time. Her face said it all. Here was another one for the process. Another one to break down. Mandy was one of the chosen ones; one of the ones not taken into the main SECFAC unit, but the other one. The underground one. The secret one. No-one witnessed the special ones going in because their futures were always far from certain. They may get out, and they may not. They may be kept in and they may not. They may well be disappeared and they may not.

The problem with Mandy was that because she had lived the way she had lived, selling sexual services, and seeing and being part of the grittier seedy side of life, she really did think that she knew it all and that there was nothing else to learn. She was really, really not even aware of the truly darker side of sexuality, or of the ability of the cruelty that could be inflicted by women on other women. She had laughed, in past at how some people, people who had lived a sheltered life thought that cruelty was when a man slid his cock down a girl's throat and made her gag. If that was cruelty then she could handle that and with interest. But Mandy had no idea. She really had no idea. The woman Officer looked at her watch, then did a full flat tongue lick of her fingers taking and savouring the taste of Mandy again before saying quite casually,

“Oh, in less than twenty four hours you're gonna have a different outlook on life sweet thing. Let's just say you're going to be grateful even being allowed to breath honey.”

The woman didn't say the words with venom, or even with a raising of her voice. And it was that casualness, that lack of emotion even given the enormity of what she was saying that made Mandy stand back, her slit dripping from the finger ministrations, and think what she was being told. She tried to laugh it off. The comments even being lost slightly in the whole of the induction process. Mandy felt a chill down the core of her spine as she was relieved of her own clothes and given a basic uniform. That is just a tunic. No underwear. No hose. No high heels. She hated the place already. And no makeup. She truly hated the place – she never went without makeup! And yet there was an insidious feeling which could have been down to the windowless, air conditioned vacuum that had been created in that sub basement level. It was a soulless place cut off from the outside world. Nothing getting out and nothing getting in.

Mandy's eyes had snapped open as the first hiss of compressed air had entered the

gag resting neatly on the length of her tongue and partly slid down the inside of her throat. That snapping open of the eyes had been hampered or debilitated somewhat though due to the film of clear latex that covered them. Like a clear latex film that distorted the eye balls as they opened and bulged. The eyeballs pressed against the inside of those latex lenses giving a eery, chilling feel to Mandy's otherwise huge, gorgeous eyes. Those eyes kind of stared out from inside a latex prison pleading, and begging to be released. But that didn't, nor wouldn't happen any time soon. Those latex lenses were inbuilt into the skin tight latex full hood she was wearing. She hadn't batted an eyelid at the hood either. She had done the fetish thing and had catered for the perverts of all perverts in her every day life, and she had enjoyed it. She thought! She had enjoyed it because she had handled it and because she had remained in control throughout. Everything was on her terms. Even when she was bought and paid for for a period of time it was on her terms. She had actually come to enjoy, and crave latex in its many forms which might have been just as well given how things were to pan out. Her hair, platinum blonde and perfectly straight, erupted from the crown of the hood and was held in a strict, high and tight pony tail. Mandy had done a little bit of a double take at the bizarre gag. Long, almost slippery to look at and with a huge penis end. The end that would slide down her throat. The penis head realistic in shape and size at the deflated end of the spectrum and with a small, centre hole where the pee hole would be in a normal living breathing penis. This hole, the open end of a tube that went right down the centre core of the gag and was in fact the breathing tube. There had to be a breathing tube in order to facilitate breathing. In order to sustain life. Mandy's life.

“Mmmmmmmnnnnnnnnngggggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

It wasn't really a decipherable sound that came from deep inside Mandy. That hiss of the compressed air and the bulging of her eyes, creepy. But in an instant, split second the realisation that her breathing was being shut off. The gag expanding, not only in her mouth but down her throat as well. The gag, a limp, though firm rubber tube with penis end in deflated form but then a fitted, almost made-to-measure mould as it was fed with the compressed air. Pressing into all of the crevices inside her mouth, behind her teeth, into her cheeks, pressing her tongue down to the bottom of her mouth. Distorting and stretching her lips to the maximum as her eyes bulged more and more. Those lips full and discoloured forming a stark contrast with the shiny black hood she was wearing and the slit of a mouth they were forced to protrude through. The walls of her throat being pressed against and her breathing being cut off. Panic! Pure unadulterated panic that she could do nothing about because of the bondage. Oh yes the bondage....! But the panic, and then a kind of reservation in her eyes, in those compressed eyes that she might, or could die here. But then adapting to the situation, something, like a resolve deep inside her kicking in and taking over. Realising she could breath through the centre tube and very slowly, what movement was possible in her chest area, slowly and regulating to that breathing and its capacity. That was another thing; she HAD to adapt to that breathing tube and what it allowed because it was not the full capacity of her normal breathing. What she would learn also was the fact that she would HAVE to keep her breathing regulated, not only in order to get the air she needed but also, if the system she was attached to sensed any rise in demand, in the form of agitation or panic, or if she tried to get any more air than she was 'entitled' to, then it would close down in increasing increments making it harder and harder for her to suck breath into her lungs. In order for her to keep breathing she HAD to control herself. Even though she had no control, she had to control herself. A cruelty in itself. The hiss of the compressed air seemingly endless and the noises from deep getting more distant and more distant the more

the device was inflated and made part of Mandy's anatomy. What noises could be heard at the end of the inflation process were mere wet, gurgling whimpers that came from deep deep inside Mandy. If one was to take a close look, a really close look, and there would be those who would take that extra close look, apart from the obvious distortions of Mandy's lips, mouth and face, her neck and throat, also sheathed in skin tight black latex, was slightly thicker, as though her windpipe and throat were swollen from within. The absolute sign that her breathing tube had been compressed against by the inflated gag now deep in her throat.

The chamber, because it couldn't be called a room, or even a cell, was situated in the lowest level of the sub-levels. Sunk into the floor and accessed by a trap door and ladder. The chamber lined with thick atmosphere compressing steel and lead which served to keep anything out, and anything in. It was not a pleasant place. A place designed and built for the very purpose of taking an individual out of circulation and to debilitate the mind in general. A place which had despair dripping from the walls. Anyone descending into that place would not have a very good feeling crawling over them. Not a good feeling at all. It could have been that, despite the thick, lined cube that was the chamber, that faint, almost distant sound of dripping, was the very despair itself. Measuring fifteen feet by fifteen feet with not only the walls made of thick lead and steel mix but also the floor and ceiling. The trapdoor only operated via a winch system, it being so heavy. This was the sort of place that was used to break people. Break them completely, utterly and irreversibly.

Something that loosely resembled Mandy was in the centre of the chamber and suspended off the floor. Her down pointed toes were just inches from the thick steel and lead floor, strangely her toe nail gloss, a deep almost blood red was perfectly in tact and each toe sparkled and shimmered in the bright white light that flooded the chamber. It was as though those toes were stretching trying to reach the floor. Trying to make contact with a firm surface. But it was impossible. Her legs were spread wide. As wide as they would spread without the danger of the hips dislocating. Any bondage person would recognise this particular bondage as being of Japanese origin. Leaving nothing to chance and is designed as a complete and utter immobilisation tool so that other procedures, processes.... tortures could be carried out unhindered and with all areas, extremities and privacies easily accessible. Mandy looked to be suspended in thin air, but rather than that she was suspended in an intricate, micro-balanced rig which held her rigid. She was naked except for the hood, and the strange appearance of the mouth filled with gag. The shiny rubber hood tight to her features, so tight that she was completely recognisable through the rubber and then the neck of that hood clinging to her throat and neck like an organically attached second skin. The latexed throat and windpipe swollen from the inflated intrusion within. The whole head and neck 'feature' a stark contrast to the rest of her pale skin making it look like her head was an attachment, much like a doll. Then there was the distorted rubbered face. Mouth wide in an "O" and the end stopper of the gag, with the breather hole in the centre. Her lips, the same colour as her nails, a deep blood red. Stretched, smooth and adapted round the circumference of the gag. Already bulging cheeks just about inflating and deflating inside their rubber skin. The rubber staying stretched. Then there was that hissing of Mandy's breath, from the narrowest of tubes. The sucking in of air and then the hissing out again in a tortuously enforced, restricted manner. But the deathly stillness of the stunning figure of Mandy; kept still because of that unforgiving, total bondage. Her pale skin that had taken on something of a deathly pasty white since her arrival at SECFAC. More so since her inception into the chamber. It had been two hours since that woman had slid the fingers up

inside her and twisted them and then taunted her as she had sniffed them and tasted her from them. Two hours, although time, strangely, spookily had begun to mean nothing any more, even in that short amount of time it had ceased to be. Down in that chamber it meant even less. And as that meaningless thing, time progressed so did Mandy's resolve dissolve.

“Mmmmmmm nnnngngnnngngngngngngngngngngngngngngnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnngggghhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

It was the sound she WOULD have made if she COULD have made it. It was crystal clear in her mind. The sound was in deafening, hi definition audio, piercing every nerve ending in her entire body. Her arms had been brought behind her and bound at the elbows and wrists. It hadn't been a quick operation. Rather some Nazi Dyke Bitch (Mandy's exact thoughts initially as to the beast of a woman who was doing this to her) worked slowly, methodically, expertly. Using bands of industrial strength latex fed through a hand held tightening machine, like a packaging machine, and fed around above Mandy's elbows. The machine then being operated and the tightening process beginning. There were sounds coming from deep within Mandy as her elbows were brought together behind her but they couldn't really be pinned down to sounds of distress. They were just 'sounds'. One could hazard a guess that they were indeed sounds of distress, quite frankly though they could have been sounds of anything. Very slowly her elbows coming together until they touched; something that would have been excruciating and yet that pitch of noise, the noise itself, all muffled, and wet and distant just did not alter. The latex being heat sealed off then, the bonding complete and only removable via cutter. Wrists similarly bound and tightened. Mandy then fitted with what looked like a made-to-measure corset but was in fact a steel belt that was the central 'secret' of her suspension. From either side, micro wires, strong high tensile steel micro wires were attached and pulled to the side and linked to a system of pulleys seemingly buried in the walls of the chamber. Those wires then left relatively loose as her legs were parted, latex bands around each ankle and short steel wires to the floor. At this point all bondage except for the elbows left loose(ish) From the wrist bands another chain, hooked into a pulley behind her. The Nazi Dyke Bitch relishing the sight and sounds of the distressed eighteen year old. She would have got those sounds for sure. She would have known what Mandy was suffering as her elbows were brought together. She smiled to herself and clenched her thighs as she thought of the pain and discomfort and fear Mandy would have, must have been feeling inside her rubber hood. How lucky she had been getting this position, in this establishment. The only requirements, knowing how other women tick. And an enjoyment of the infliction of sexual pain and despair. Taking her time to finger the remote and then doing just then. Sliding her thumb over one of the slightly raised buttons and listening for the distant high pitched sound of electrical motors whirring into life. Then the snapping up of the chains and the bonds. Getting Mandy all tight and immobilised. A slightly different tone from that distant sound inside Mandy as she felt her feet pulled further apart and as she realised, finally realised that the gag was not the full story. Nor the cruelly bound arms. And then tension at her waist as slowly, micro-slowly she was raised off her feet. As she was raised so her feet were parted and spread just that little bit more and so her toes pointed and seemed to try to stretch down. The middle aged Sadist almost dribbling as she looked at the girl in her charge, the one that once this process was over would be broken in ways probably unimaginable to those from the outside world. It was her speciality. Breaking young girls. That sound again as the wrists were brought up high behind her, forcing herself even in the suspended state to kind of lean forward in the bondage. In doing that, ample yet still developing mass of her breasts overhanging a little

and swinging. For some strange reason her larger than average nipples 'pinging' to life, erecting and filling into engorged teats.

At first when she was raised off her feet there was a slight trembling to the flesh. A kind of ripple down her torso, from the neck down. Where the flesh was loose, like the breasts, the buttocks and thighs, so the tremble and ripple would follow like a tsunami working its way inland. But as the bondage all snapped tightly, as it all came together stretching Mandy to the limits of endurance, so the rippling stopped. Then there was just that distant sound. The one that came from deep inside her. The one that came from the pit of the stomach, or even beyond that – the soul maybe. Or beyond the soul. One would be sure that if she could weep she would weep. At the same time one would be equally sure that if she had been able to scream, maybe by now that screaming would have stopped. Mandy would be at a point where she would make as little noise as possible. Noise would mean reverberation and that would mean that she would be in danger of expanding on the pain, and extreme discomfort she was feeling. So she would stop screaming, had she been able to scream and she would slow her breathing down a bit – take long slow breaths, as though she were pursing her full lips. Blowing out and sucking in gently. Instead of that though there was the ghastly hissing sound, the hiss of the blowing out of air and the hiss of sucking in air. In the otherwise deathly thick silence of the chamber, that hissing became a haunting sound one not easily forgettable. It was almost as though there should have been a taste to that sound, and an odour. If there were a taste and odour, would could just imagine it would be a sex drenched latex taste and smell. Latex and pure sexuality.

There was a time when another noise gushed into the chamber. And it did 'gush' because it was at the exact time that the bondage rig had been fine tuned to its limit, or to Mandy's limit. When her legs were as wide as they would go, when her bound arms and wrists had been hoisted as high as they would go; it was at that exact time that Mandy lost control and therefor the contents of her bladder. It was a gush, a sudden gush that immediately drowned out that distant sound, that distant sound of dripping. The hot steaming urine dripping and finding its own level, draining through the abattoir style drain hole directly underneath Mandy, right between her wide open legs. This very drain placement leading to the conclusion that similar acts of betrayal by victim's bodies in this place was a regular occurrence. Thinking about it, that distant dripping sound, the one that couldn't initially be explained, could well have been emanating from that hole in the otherwise thick, sealed floor. Mandy gushing, emptying her bladder and her Torturess, because that's basically what she was, standing back, leaning against one of the steel walls, a prime good view, nodding her head slowly, as though confirming to herself that with that happening, with that event, Mandy losing her bladder contents, was a final and very real realisation that she was in deep deep crap. Crap that she wouldn't be able to climb out of. At least not under her own steam.

“Mmmmmmmmmnnnnngngngngngngngngngnnnnnn
ghhhghghghghhhhhhhh.”

Mandy hadn't even adapted her mind or body to what had been done to it so far when a new explosion of sensations wracked through her body. She was sinking into disorientation and a mind melt but that did not mask any way her knowledge that her sexuality was being invaded again. First, a finger sliding with ease into her still urine dripping sex. Parting the lips and then dipping in deep. She could feel the fingers inside her, curling and then opening and then scissoring inside her. It was like the Torturess was deliberately working her flesh, deliberately stimulating it so that she would produce more

and more of her most intimate juices. Using that as a humiliation yes, but using it also, preparing the flesh for what was to come. That explosion of sensations coming as 'something' was slid inside her. What was actually being slid inside her was a vibrating egg. At first glance this thing was egg shaped but on closer inspection one would see that it had been micro-designed and manufactured especially for purpose. The fingers inside Mandy and then her sex being held open with those finger, the egg sliding up inside her easily. Her sex almost 'sucking' the egg up inside and closing behind it. Indeed the slippery, squelching noise produced would lead to that conclusion. That the Torturess had held the egg in an open palm and offered to the hairless smooth, pouting sex of the young girl. And that creature, that sex of the girl had taken the bait, pouted its lips and sucked it up inside itself. Once inside her, that egg moving, sliding around, searching, hunting for its prime location, the ideal location where it could settle and hum away to its heart content. And that is what it did. It slid up, turned, and twisted and then settled, right up behind the pubis, pressing into Mandy's G spot. Just right there. Pressing in and humming against it. The effect immediate and profound. For the first time, a real and intense pleasure FORCED onto the young girl. A more humiliating, demeaning thing not really possible than having intense sexual pleasure forced on oneself at such a time of distress and despair. Sexuality and sexual pleasure was deeply personal, something that should only be attained and controlled by the individual it was affecting. This was way beyond that, the control taken away, and as the egg turned and settled against her G spot, so that noise filled Mandy's mind. It didn't fill the chamber, just her mind. As that egg turned and settled so Mandy's sex lips closed behind it, keeping it there. The pleasure it was producing ensuring that the young girl gripped onto and held it just there. The design of the egg object doing its bit.

“Mmmmmmmmmnnnnngngngngngngngngngngng hhhhhhhnnngngngngngngngnn
hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

That enforced, total pleasure was a constant. So was the slow drip, drip drip of Mandy's juices. That screaming moaning groaning in her own mind was a constant to. Then the feeling of finger working around her sexuality again. Fingers and thumbs lightly pinching the swollen, slippery labia. Pinching them closed together, the pads of finger and thumb pressing an then sliding up and down the length of the outer labia. The sensation of those fingers and thumbs feeding and encouraging the outrageous pleasure the egg was feeding her from inside. Then another sensation – her labia's being peeled apart and held like that. In her imagination her labia being held open with scissored fingers. And another sensation, the inner folds of flesh, the delicate pink folds of inner labia being looked for and found just before a mind numbing sensation of these inner lips being gripped by some sort of clamp. Long clamps, one to each of the inner labia. Strong spring clamp that sought and located the entire flesh of the inner labia and pinched it tight to the base. Flat edged clamps, not tooth wielding clamps, but clamps designed to pinch the maximum amount of that oh-so-sensitive flesh and then distort it with its strength. Mandy's eyes bulging and pressing against the latex lenses. Knowing where that intense pinching pain was coming from and yet unable because of the bondage, to look down between her own legs to see it. The pinching, slowly numbing pain and the inner buzz from the G spot egg working in unison to great a yin and yang, pain and pleasure explosion. And then barely enough time for her to adapt to those new sensations when yet another aspect was introduced. Another explosion inside her melting mind as weights were attached to the labia clamps. Mandy was in no position, or no mind to say how heavy the clamps were. They felt very heavy. Only the uniformed Torturess would know that these weights, bullet shaped weights on the ends of

micro-thin wire and hanging between wide open legs, heavy enough to pull the inner lips down from between her outer labia creating a disturbing vision of stretched pink inner flesh, contrasting with the juice dripping darker puffed flesh of her outer labia. Mandy's mind melting more as she tried, at least in her head to adapt to what was happening to her. From time to time, the gag closing down her breathing a little as she tried, through no fault of her own, to get more air than she was entitled to. She accepted in her own mind that that was her fault and she had to control it. Had to control it. Once she had got the message, regulating her breathing again so that the airway would re-open for her. As she settled, and as she got into a rhythm of breathing and absorbing the pain and pleasure she was feeling, so her clitoris received the distant inner buzz from the egg located inside her, just behind it. The clitoris filling and then 'peeling' out of its hood as it erected, and filled and began to throb slowly, steadily.

The Torturess watched the weights slowly swing, and turn to a standstill and she looked on, clenched her thighs as she produced another snake like dildo object that would soon be embedded in Mandy's back door. The inflation used to stretch the inner flesh of Mandy, and the engorged bell end of it, finding its way in deep and up against the young girls colon. In addition the middle aged uniformed woman produced a lethal looking, pencil thin whip style crop. Braided leather bound round a wire core and designed to cause maximum pain, with the least effort. This would be used to the best and most excruciating effect on Mandy's breasts. Over the next twenty four hours Mandy would be slowly and systematically broken down. Bit by bit she would have her layers peeled away and equally as slowly she would be deconstructed. The Torturess smiled a wide smile as a squirt, more than a gush of thick slippery juice from Mandy's distended sex flesh, just beneath the clitoris signalled the first, of many, intense, enforced orgasms. Mind in full melt mode. Now Mandy's mind was melting proper.

24 Hours Later

Mandy was belly down on the cold steel floor of the chamber and she was licking the Torturess's boots. Not limp, weak licks but full bodied flat tongue, pure licks which cleaned and then polished the leather. The reason she was cleaning the leather; just before she had got belly down and crawled to the boots, she had 'humped' them. First one, then the other. She had humped, or ridden each boot until she had orgasmed and ejaculated her own produce over them. She had slid onto each boot working the leathered toes between her swollen distended labia and she had ridden them, still being worn by the Torturess. Then she had cleaned them. She had almost sickeningly, lovingly licked and cleaned her own mess off them. Mandy hadn't been told to do either. She hadn't been 'told' to hump the boots, or she hadn't been 'told' then to clean them. It was simply something that she knew was expected and she had been directed by the woman, just with her eyes. It was something she just 'knew' after being broken by this woman. And she was broken. Oh yes she was broken but as well, deep deep down inside there was a little bit of herself, just a little teeny bit that told her to go into 'survival mode'. Just a little bit of something left of herself to tell her to get through this next twelve weeks. Get through them whatever it took, do whatever it took, take whatever she had to take... and then get out and track down Judge Julia. That thought, sometimes a very vivid thought in a melted mind, was the one that kept her going.

TWO – JUDGE JULIA

13 Weeks Later.

“I simply MUST tell you darling, I do like the way you seem to be clearing the City streets of the low-life single handedly. You just deserve the biggest of round of applauses for that it must be said.”

Her name was Martha and she was speaking to Julia but at the same time intending that her words be heard and absorbed by the entire dinner party. And duly, there was a ripple of applause with the odd “here here” thrown in there for good measure. It was a posh do and as such, everyone in attendance was posh; had posh accents and dressed posh and acted posh. Posh oozed from the decorative expensive posh velvet wallpaper that adorned the walls. Men in black tie, women in all their finery. The private fine dining room at one of London's most exclusive Hotels stank of cigar smoke and indeed a cloud of the stuff hung just below the high ornate ceiling covering the whole of the room. The huge, expensive dining table seated thirty with ease, and the full compliment was in attendance. Various high profile people, from members of parliament, through influential City business type, a couple of Lords and Ladies splattered in there and even the odd, high ranking police officer or two. It would certainly be 'the' room to hold hostage if such an opportunity presented itself to one of that persuasion. The men were handsome, wealthy and the women were 'grande'. Most were middle aged or beyond, and some fell into the mutton dressed as lamb category except they had been garnished with expensive clothes and even more expensive perfumery. And then there were the exceptions to the rule. Although in this case, on this particular evening, Julia was the only exception to the rule in that she was, out of her professional attire, a stunning statuesque woman of something approaching amazonian proportions. At thirty seven years old she was at the peak of her sexual prowess and that kind of emanated from her in a glow that is hard to describe, and in a feminine confidence that simply saw heads turn the moment she walked into a room. Julia, even during her day job as a Crown Court Judge at the top of her profession, was immaculate. She didn't just exude perfection to those looking from the outside. She did that with ease, and anyone's eyes that happened to pour over her would be reluctant to leave her. She indeed was perfection on stunning shapely legs. It was the same routine when she got ready for work as when she got ready for one of these functions. She would begin naked and simply apply more layers of perfection on top. When men, and some women looked at her in 'that' way, whatever was going through their minds about the fragrant redhead was ultimately true. And when younger people saw her, she undoubtedly had the Mrs Robinson effect that older women usually have on young boys. She was a fantasy brought to life – one of those creatures the true life rarely created. But she was like one of the exaggerated fetish drawings brought to life. An impossible Amazonian with an impossible figure, impossible legs, impossible breasts. Even more impossible lips and with an impossibly seductive husky drawl that poured from between them should that drawing be turned in a little movie clip. She spoke softly and yet she also spoke sternly. Tiny little nuances, little minute differences in tone and pitch which negated the need for her to raise her voice, or make wild hand gestures in order to get her point across. She brought such perfection into the Court also. As usual when a Judge comes in everyone stands. But in Judge Julia's case they didn't simply stand, they did that but they did it with awe and something approaching an awestruck silence simply washed through the

room, all eyes on the great woman herself. In most cases, it would be easy to say that the Judge was simply playing the part, acting to expectations. But in Julia's case she was simply, naturally doing what she did.

“Oh, for goodness sakes Martha, I'm not ridding the streets of anything. I am simply using the law, and the justice system to help the 'creatures'.”

One would have to do a second take, to ask oneself if Julia had really emphasised the creature word or not. She had but it was barely detectable and almost lost in the slight ripple of laughter and the even less pronounced ripple of agreement of what she was saying and the words she used. She shifted on her high backed chair and recrossed her legs under the table. The sound of nylon rasping on nylon was almost electric as she bounced her stiletto'd foot slightly.

“Mmmmm yes but darling, those 'creatures' definitely need to be caged and taken out of society. And you it must be said are doing that with vigour, and authority.”

Martha most definitely did emphasise the creature word, but it was like she was latching on to the class and style of Judge Julia. Julia didn't need to big herself up when she had friends and acquaintances of the sort who were in the room. There was laughter – creatures in cages, indeed. Julia sipped from a glass of sweet white wine that had been served with desert. She should have been lapping up the praise and adoration. But she wasn't like that. It is actually hard to say she was like. A woman so comfortable with herself and what she did in life, a woman so perfect in every single way that she didn't really need to be told. Or she didn't need to have it pointed out by individuals or underlined by any others of her peers. It was only when she broke with tradition, when she did the unexpected, and when she said something unexpected, which wasn't very often, that people did those second takes, let the words or deed sink in and then react.

“Oh Martha you ARE really too kind. You KNOW that I only do it because I get some weird fetish kink out of it. Sending these people down. Taking things from them, their liberty, their lives. I like that. It turns me on.”

Were those words and the way they were said an act or was that really how she felt. It was this sort of unexpected that people never really knew how to take. It was certainly a way or a reason to hastily change the subject. Except that Martha wouldn't let that happen.

“Mmmmmmm yes darling, I thought that. I thought there was something behind it. Take that one creature you sent down a few months ago. That prostitute..... uhhhhhhhh.....”

Martha seemed to be trying to remember a name, or something more specific with which to guide the woman who must have imprisoned hundreds of people since she came to the silk at the incredibly young age of twenty nine. Judge Julia cut her off.

“They're all vile creatures Martha dear. But I do so like the imploring eyes as they are taken down.”

Martha had been referring to the case of Mandy. Julia wouldn't be able to, for the life of her remember her. Not unless her mind was jogged that was. If there was some event, some happening that would jog her memory to specific offenders... then she would remember with photographic clarity every single aspect of the case.

Later that evening.

The abduction of Judge Julia was so meticulous in its planning and execution that the attractive thirty seven year old had been hooded and immobilised before she had the slightest inclination that something was wrong. Before even her brain had computed what

was happening, the pull cord was being drawn around her attractive, perfect neck.

Julia had been to the posh dinner party and was dressed accordingly, stylishly in a cocktail gown affair that flattered her perfection even more, if that was possible. She had just parked her Mercedes in her reserved slot of the underground car park of the private apartment building and was searching her clutch bag for her door keys when mini-skirted, cigarette smoking Mandy stepped out in front of her. Mandy it seemed had gone back to her roots. Back to basics. Although it was true that she had never worked from the streets before. But here and now, it was a different Mandy to that of her hey day; those days before her arrest and before her incarceration at SECFAC. She had spent twelve weeks to the day in that place. The time didn't matter. It was what had happened there that had counted. It was what had happened after that Bitch Judge Julia had sent her down that mattered. That had turned her into what she had become to this day. Judging Julia's predicament on that basis alone the older woman should have been afraid, very afraid. I guess, had she been given time to think, to compute, she WOULD have been very afraid.

"Hi bitch, remember me?"

Mandy spoke just before the sack was pulled over the Judge's head, but there was no time to think. She looked up startled, more surprised than anything that anyone else, besides her, was in the car park at that time of night. Where were the security guards? Mandy was pretty, long legged and petite but basically a low-life. Julia had to search her memory banks long and hard to remember her. In the instant that recognition came the thick, rough sack was pulled over her head and tied around her neck from behind. In the same slick movement, her hands were pulled back and cuffed. She stumbled back on her high heels but a strong arm wrapped itself around her waist, again from behind, and held her rigid. There was no noise from inside the sack-hood. The shock had struck Julia dumb. Her usual faultless perfection and professionalism had deserted her and nothing except a bubbling whimper came out of her mouth. Instinctively there was just a brief struggle during which one un-brassiered breast spilled from the tight, low cut, sleeveless cocktail dress. She tried to move herself, her arms to cover herself but that didn't work. Mandy watched the breast spill and then bounce to a standstill. She watched the large, thick nipple become erect in the cold night air and smiled. The eighteen year old hooker took a long deep drag on her cigarette. She stood and looked at her captive.

"Nice and tall".

The ankle length, black cocktail dress, by design, was provocatively split up the front of one thigh, to the hip. The way she was being held meant that one leg, completely sheathed in the dark brown of her nylon pantihose, was fully displayed by the slit. The feeling of vulnerability when it came, was instant and packed a severe punch. She could feel her nipple erect. She couldn't see it but she could feel it. She could feel it filling, thickening and elongating and then she could feel that familiar throb in the base of the nipple. Inside her own mind she let out a sob, but the sob didn't make it to her mouth or escape the luscious smoothness of her perfectly glossed lips. Maybe Judge Julia's intelligence and abnormally high IQ was a hindrance to her in this predicament. Maybe just maybe her super intelligence was telling her that she was in deep, deep shit here and that it wasn't going to be a happy ending. She shuddered at the nipple throb. It was the throb she always got. She referred to it as her secret throb. It wasn't something she ever ever talked about. That was something she never did; talk about her most personal private things. That was one of the things that added to her allure. It added to her mystery and it added to her perfection. No-one ever got to KNOW Judge Julia either professionally or socially. But here and now, her

secret thing, that thing with her nipples was on display. She could feel it on display. Somehow she could FEEL the young girl's eyes on her. Somehow it was like she could even feel the thoughts Mandy was thinking.

'Nice long legs '.

'Good hips must mean a nice rounded arse'.

Mandy's thoughts were very loud inside her own head. She didn't speak them. She was thinking, sizing up the Judge. Looking at the bigger picture; future prospects and all that. This had been the first time she had seen the Bitch since that day in the Crown Court. And then she hadn't really seen her at all. Just that freaky white wig and the black silks robes. And only a very brief glimpse of her standing but getting no idea of just how well stacked this stuck up cunt was. The one and only vivid memory of Judge Julia that Mandy had was that red lipstick. Deep almost blood red, and gloss. That vision, those lips would always but always stay with Mandy. That and the words that hissed between her lips as she summed up and handed down sentence. Here and now she was impressed, very impressed. She took another drag on the cigarette before dropping it to the floor and stabbing it out with one carefully aimed stiletto heel. She approached her captive and deliberately aimed a long nailed flick at her exposed, erect nipple.

"Uhhhhhhhhhhh godddddddddd nooooooooooooo dontttttttt you DARE doooo that."

A screech from inside the hood, as the flick sent a spasm into the core of the nipple and therefor into the throb that existed there. Another slight struggle but the arm held her tight. Mandy scooped the remaining breast from the confines of the cocktail dress and dropped it casually, so that it bounced and so that the flesh rippled. Both breasts rippled and then rested. Mandy flicked the softer nipple to rush its erection. Another screech from inside the hood.

'Nice, big nipples.'.

Julia began the process of becoming mortified inside the hood. Her usual impeccable, perfect ability to perform under duress was deserting her and she was beginning to find it difficult to think straight, or even logically. She swallowed a gulp that sounded noisy in her own head and ears, and in the confines of the rough sack hood as her mind suffered another degree of meltdown. Julia wasn't used to this world. She wasn't brought up in such a cruel world and didn't really know that such a world existed. Maybe a sign that modern day Judges are detached from reality; and that they don't actually understand the world they are expected to judge during trials. This was becoming a severe and acutely debilitating first lesson for Judge Julia; and yet, her ordeal hadn't even started.

"There are lots of men - and women - who will pay a fortune to have some fun with you, Bitch"

Mandy emphasising the Bitch word and speaking this time, rather than just thinking. Not understating at all as Julia might have, but getting her point across in the venom of her voice. Shock giving way to realisation meant that a noise, slightly more audible than a screech coming from inside the hood. A terrified reaction to what Mandy was saying. Yes Julia's mind was melting and she was becoming disorientated, and yet, her natural ability to listen and absorb words spoken by others stayed with her. She would have laughed if some little scrote like Mandy had uttered those words from the witness dock in a Crown Court because that was HER world. That was her stomping ground where SHE ruled the roost. If some low life drug taking whore uttered ANY words of contempt to her from the dock she would more often than not add to the sentence she had already decided on in advance. But this wasn't the Crown Court, this wasn't her world, her stomping ground. The world was

alien. Julia didn't like this world but she had no power or control to remove herself from it.

"Ok, let's load this piece of 'baggage' into the van. the sooner we get back, the sooner we can get started."

This time the baggage word emphasised. Mandy knowing at least a little of what Julia must have been feeling and sensing. She wasn't simply broken at SECFAC, she had been completely and utterly broken and then rebuilt and re-educated. The things she experienced, learnt and saw in that place, in those sub-basements of that place would stay with her for a long long time. Forever. But at the same time all of that stuff, all of the SECFAC stuff had stood her in good stead. She had played the game. Toed the line and come out the other side. The powers that be in there had been so impressed with Mandy and her 'talents' that they had pointed her in the right direction when she left. They had liked her, taken a shine to her; recognised something in her. Mandy wasn't a loser. She had understood fully when it had been explained to her that in order for her to take someone down completely herself, she would have to know what it was like to be on the receiving end. She would have to know what it was like to be rock bottom before she herself could bring someone to that same level, or even below that level. She GOT that. She understood it and for that reason she subscribed fully to the notion that she would be destroyed and then rebuilt into a different breed of creature. She absolutely intended that she would not be one of the losers. That she wouldn't be one to be destroyed and then discarded by this organisation of fucking freaks. She had made mental notes before she was broken. She had absolutely made her mind up that she would be taken to rock bottom, and to dark places but that she would learn from them. She would learn from them and then she would set her sights on Judge Julia. They had got to like her at SECFAC. Her tender years had been a help in this and far from fooling them, or not knowing what was going through her mind they were too good at what they did and how they did it. They recognised a natural talent when they saw it. So in addition to gratifying their own perverse ends, they were more than happy to bring Mandy back up and in the process, set up one of the establishment, that being Judge Julia, for the biggest fall of her life.

The ride in the back of the transit van, for Julia was an undignified, rough affair. She had been bundled into it and dumped on the bare metal floor by two men. Her still naked tits crushed into the dirty, gritty floor. And she could feel every little tiny sharp shard of that grit. Every bump the van went over and every slight move she made she could feel her mature, smooth white breast flesh sliding over the steel of the van floor and the grit. Oh this was such a different world for Julia. She couldn't see anything, the sack prevented that. She was aware of her exposed legs and the ruining of her expensive dress. She was horrified when her captors discovered that she was wearing no panties. The panty line would have been clearly visible, such was the tightness of the dress. And besides, it was another of her little self-secrets. Going without panties. Everyone else saw her as perfect. She on the other hand knew there were tiny little flaws in there somewhere. Not even the great Judge Julia probably knew that such fantasies of downfall and degradation were common within her class and circles. In these circumstances she was being made to feel 'cheap' for not wearing panties. She hated herself for feeling that, knowing it, given that the underlying feeling, the underlying feel was that her life could well be in danger. And yet despite that, here she was living, and knowing her secret fantasies were bizarrely coming true. That had been one of her secret fantasies. To be made to feel cheap and yet knowing, in her own mind that there was no-one on this earth who could make her feel like that. Up to now. There was another little sob, this time though it escaped her brain and into her mouth, and she felt her

trembling lips as she poured the sob into the rough sack. Strangely, she smelt her own breath then. A kind of rasping wet breath that poured out of her mouth and then filtered around inside the rough sack hood before pouring back over her own face and sliding up inside her nasal receptors. It was funny, she had never thought that fear, anticipation could or would have a smell, an odour attached to it, and yet lying there in that van, hooded and cuffed and vulnerable, she thought that if it did have a smell, then that would be it. Her breath and the way it escaped like from the pit of her stomach or beyond would be it. She shuddered.

"So - the tramp doesn't wear knickers. Expecting to get a cunt full tonight were you bitch? Maybe you will get just that"

Mandy rode in the back of the van with one of the men. The other drove. Her sneering comment was accompanied by a dig to Julia's thigh with her stiletto. Julia screeched dragged her leg, laddering her pantihose, that grit digging in and burying itself in her soft leg flesh at the same time. A small hole appeared where the metal tipped heel had dug in.

"Come on, let's get going - its gonna be a long night. Feel free to have a nice long FEEL of her on the way."

The eighteen year old ex-prostitute spoke first to the driver of the van and then the second guy with her in the back of the van. Julia shuddered at her words. The van started, moved off. After a few minutes a rough hand worked under her torso and found one of her tits.

"Uhhhhhhh nooooooooooooo nooooooooooooooooo...."

There was a ghastly tone to the sound and the voice that came from inside the hood. It was as though, the person it belonged to, Judge Julia, was having difficulty coming to terms with what was being done to her and with her. It was as though the mental effects were kicking in. It was as though those effects were kicking in very early. This was very early in proceedings. Normally a delayed shock would only now be starting to manifest itself. But with Julia, that shock had already given way to a despair building to a fear for her own future. All kinds of questions sliding in and out of her mind, penetrating even the darkest places of her mind and staying right there. I mean, these people, this vile girl couldn't very well kidnap and then oversea the sexual and mental abuse of her and then let her live to tell the tale now could she? She would have to be disposed of and that would be in the most terrible way imaginable. I mean she could for one minute see that this Mandy creature would want to make it fast, swift and painless. She sobbed again and gritted perfect white teeth as she felt one of her large 44e breasts becoming intimately acquainted with that hand, those fingers. She could feel her breath over the same breast that the hand mauled. She always had had very sensitive breasts. Oh god he wasn't going to kiss her breast was he? Or worse, going to bring the nipple up and suck it into his disgusting obscene mouth. She shuddered and that made her move bodily. But that only served to let this guy, whoever he was, whatever he was to get a better handful of her breast flesh. That hand, that thick fingered, disgusting obscene hand mauled her breast like it had every right to do that and although her sight had been taken away from her with the hood, she could see the thug, leaning over her, helping himself to her femininity in the most brutish of ways. He squeezed it and generally abused it. Thick fingers found her nipple and squeezed, then twisted. In her distress, her long legs struggled then splayed wide open.

The free hand of the man ran his fingers up the length of Julia's nyloned sex-slit. She shuddered a deep felt cringing horror at the direction of travel of the fingers. - She tried to

close her legs to move away from the ever progressing fingers but the bondage she was in prevented that. Her movements only succeeded in assisting a better journey for those fingers, unhindered and smooth. It was like this brute, this thug was enjoying her legs especially. It was like he was a leg-man and he was enjoying these legs. She could tell he was enjoying the way he stroked her leg as he made his way up. Almost tender, worshipful strokes and then she felt one digit stroking the crotch of her pantihose. She cringed, held her breath before letting out an almost pitiful wet whimper. Him stroking and at the same time pressing the sheer, expensive nylon to her pantiless, exposed sex lips. The distortion of her sex lips, the friction and texture created sending mind numbing humiliation coarsing through her.

“Uhhhhhhhhhh gawdddddddddddd n-noooooooooooooooooo.”

He seemed to know what he was doing and how he did it. He seemed to know what she would be feeling. He seemed to know everything about her; or was that in her own mind? She sobbed inside the hood, a wet snotty sob as she first tried to move away from the fingers, tried to arch her back and move her pelvis away from the fingers before giving up, recognising that it was futile to even try. That and an exhale of breath as though she was happy to give up. She had tried and she had given up and now had to put up with those pressing fingers, sliding finger between her lips. At first she couldn't be sure if it was little bursts of pleasure she was feeling or, was she just way off the mark? Her flesh twitched as the sensations sent little spasms into the base of her clitoris, her ever so secret place. No she was feeling it she was really feeling it. The one place that was her's and no-one else's. The very core of her femininity and secrecy. Until now. Then the fingers pushing, parting her lips through the nylon. She squealed. Another finger finding her hooded clitoris.

“Mmmmmmmmm nooooooooo gawdddddddd.....”

She was burning furiously inside the hood and there was one final attempt to move away from the fingers like a sign of rebellion but it didn't work. She could arch and she could pull her pelvis away, but the fingers simply followed. They follow and intensified the strokes of her slightly swollen sex-lips. From somewhere deep inside, the lawyer in her informed her that she was in the process of being kidnapped and sexually molested. But it told her this was more than that. The finger at her clitoris was finding that friction, the mesh of the nylon serving the purpose, making the clitoris fill and swell. The little nub becoming hard, and extra sensitive. That little nub, between strokes of the finger tip, pressing out against the tight nylon crotch of the pantihose. That pantihose slowly becoming damp. Then damper. That dampness turning into a wetness. Then a saturation. Judge Julia then sobbing bitterly as she became aware of the produce that was slipping from between the lips of her cunt and into the nylon crotch. All the time those fingers working. Working her incessantly, working non-stop. Once again Judge Julia's intelligence and intellect letting her down as she knew, somehow she just knew, maybe it was women's intuition or a deeper thing, but she simply knew that she was on the start of a downward spiral.

THREE - VENUE

The venue, oh yes, the Venue; an inner city basement flat used by 'specialist' prostitutes. That is basically a basement in an old sprawling townhouse, that normally would be snapped up and turned into a luxury pad for some City high flyer, but instead had been completely utterly gutted and then minutely designed by those who know about things like that. Almost 'lovingly' designed and fitted after being soundproofed and sealed. Hmmm, I guess just saying that this place had been soundproofed wasn't doing it justice at all. There was more to it than that. Much more. The basement had been excavated completely at the same time as keeping the main house above stable and safe. Then in the basement, a sub-basement had been dug out. That basement and sub-basement hadn't simply been soundproofed, but rather the soundproofing was as a result of sealing it from the outside world. Such a process would have incurred considerable expense and planning. To seal and keep sealed a room or rooms underneath an existing house would take considerable know-how and expertise, not to mention the expense. Thick walls, ceiling and floor lined with a soundproofing layer then an intricate and sophisticated eco-system and atmosphere fitted and commissioned. A complete self sufficient atmosphere inside which one could exist, live even, if that was what floated your boat. The desired result was a room or complex of rooms, that would, whenever a 'victim' or in most cases a paying client was taken down into it, would be left in no doubt that their contact and ability to contact the outside world once the processes were put into operation was a definite no-no. Neither would any contact filter in from the outside. A complete and desolate isolation. There would be no contact with the outside world, full stop. The way the heavy, lined doors sucked shut and clicked and whirled locked gave the impression of a secure and remote unit and that is indeed what it was. People only went down there if they had access, and those that were 'taken' down there did not simply leave they were 'released'. That place may have just as well been on another planet it was so desolate.

The people that owned and ran this particular 'suite' were not simple spank them and send them home hookers who barked on about themselves not being hookers at all because they didn't offer sexual services. Rather these people, the people that designed and owned it, the people that used and operated it were 'specialists' in their field. Mostly from the Continent but also America, China, Japan and Russia. It would come as no surprise eventually to find that the organisation behind such a building in the heart of London's exclusive Chelsea area was indeed SECFAC. Just one of the snaking tendrils that were ever reaching out. Ever seeking and searching. These were not people that just hunted for quick sexual kicks. These were deadly serious people with the ways and means to make any fantasy, or nightmare depending on how one looked at it, come true. This was a facility that Mandy had been offered and pointed in the direction of when she had left the Centre. It was a kind of a nod that she was indeed one of them. That she had passed the test with flying colours and that she was being brought into the fold. This entrustment was a kind of a show of faith, of the trust that had been placed in Mandy. It was a nod to her and that nod came with all manner of other little sub-perks. Mandy's 'projects' of which Judge Julia was the current, would receive financial backing and support. The people who were involved with SECFAC had wealth and means beyond the normal. Money was no object and was in fact a bottomless pit. That and the long list of influential people behind it was a formidable thing to come across. If one were to delve into the hierarchy of SECFAC one might be

surprised... no shocked at the list of people, male and female involved. One might suspect that if one were in possession of ALL of the facts surrounding the place then the sense of despair and hopelessness for anyone being brought there in any other way than willingly might actually be catastrophic.

Julia's position was only made slightly more comfortable by the fact that she was in a sitting position. The slight comfort paled into insignificance when compared to the three, or even four fold indignity and humiliation she was suffering. Women of Judge Julia's standing and stature did NOT get humiliated, or debased, or degraded under normal circumstances. And so when the time came that very experience was bestowed on them, it was a harder hit. An almost catastrophic hit that in itself was debilitating. It remains a fact that one cannot really humiliate someone who WANTS to be humiliated. And, the truth is that the more one is humiliated the less the effect becomes. It's a bit like a patient becoming immune to antibiotics. For a while any particular humiliation bug might bite deep. But the longer it goes on the less deep it bites and then the bug gets immune to it. Think of this place as one big antibiotic... the longer one is in the place being humiliated and debased, the less the effect measures on the scale. The secret is to bring the victim to a level and keep them there. Not easy to attain and even less easy to maintain. One of the secrets is to place the person into a kind of shock and don't take them out of it. Simply use it for other ends. Use it to bring that person to below gutter level. In a manner of speaking Mandy had been subjected to that very process. With her though it started a little way up the scale. She was already desensitised to a great degree by her prostitution work. With her SECFAC had known that with her age, and other factors, she would have not been aware of the darker sides of sex like bdsm, fetish and deeper addictive things. Getting her to that state of resigned shock, and system close down, in that chamber at SECFAC was relatively easy. Getting her through the Justice system all pre-meditated and planned to subdue her, and then the sentencing. All seemingly above board, but the deeper more secretive gears at work out of sight making sure the case followed a specific path then Judge Julia, completely innocently going about her work, passing sentence according to government guidelines. Those guidelines serving the deep darker forces at work

Here and now Judge Julia was experiencing her first taste of bondage proper and with that first taste the humiliation was being heaped on. It would be heaped on until that shock status was achieved. The chair was a heavy wooden affair bolted to a bare concrete floor. This chair was not a normal domestic chair adapted. Rather it was a heavy wooden affair that had been designed and manufactured for purpose. One might suspect that not a lot of work would be required to adapt this particular chair into an executioners electric chair. A heavy duty serious voltage electric chair at that. The bolts to the floor kept it rigid and even more immobile than those secured to it for whatever purpose. A wide leather belt around Julia's waist held her into it. The leather rigid and holding her middle right against the chair's straight back. Her arms had been pulled up high and stretched back so that her shoulder blades almost touched. Straps had been secured around her legs, above the knees and at the ankles. To these straps, strong cord had been fixed and then in turn fixed to pulley posts at either side of the chair. She hadn't ever opened her legs so wide, willingly - they had been pulled and secured wide apart very effectively by the pulley devices. She still wore what was left of the dress, although it did nothing to cover her modesty. Her pantihose were laddered and torn in several places. A result of the journey in the back of that vehicle and the molesting that she had been subjected to. Her stilettos were still on her feet and at first the sack hood was still over her head. As she had been bonded by Mandy's two partners,

she had whimpered in both fright and at the discomfort being piled on her. It would be difficult not to feel sorry for the Judge under these circumstances. Even before the sack had been removed, it was easy to see the trembling that the older woman was powerless to stop or prevent. There would have been a time when she would have considered trembling a weakness. Like all of those times when she was presiding over Crown Court cases. Even in her turmoil right now she could remember being more than slightly amused at how criminals from all walks of life had trembled in front of her. When those criminals recounted the slight smirk over Judge Julia's face and the cold callousness of her, it wasn't a natural thing that came from her, rather she enjoyed making that smirk casual. A professional casual smile. I mean, after all she would never have been able to laugh outright at the petrified convicts in front of her. Just let them subtly know that their predicament amused her. Kind of a justice all of its own. Now though, in this place, wherever this place was, she could feel Mandy's smirk. She could feel it as though it was crawling all over her. She could feel her smirking at her trembling and she could feel her smirking at what had happened to her on that ride so far. Smirking at her crude exposure and immobilisation now. And probably smirking about what was going to happen to her in the immediate future. It had to be the immediate future because Julia was convinced that in the longer term, there was no future for her. She had convinced herself that terrible things were going to happen to her, and then she would be disposed of. She was convinced that she was going to suffer terribly before being discarded. She let out an extra ripple of trembles at that thought. She was certainly right about some of what she feared the most.

Judge Julia whimpered as the sack was roughly loosened from around her neck. She craned her neck and her head, feeling quite rightly that she was a mess. It took a while for the Judge's eyes to become accustomed to the strong fluorescent lighting after the sack had been removed. When she could see again, because of her high, bondaged arms, she could see only in front of her.

"Oh m-my g-god, p-please, n-no p-please "

It wasn't really sense she uttered. Just a mumbled nothing and the colour drained from her face slowly the more into focus her own reflection became. The stark contrast of her trademark red lips made her appear noire as she took on a deathly pale, almost ghostly pallor. Her own, full reflection glared back at her from a large, wide and tall mirror and it was like she was looking at someone else not herself. She almost detached herself from that reflection, in her own melting mind feeling sorry for the 'creature' looking back at her and then the realisation that she WAS that creature. The colour draining more and the sound, and the feel of her own heartbeat. Her chest expanding and contracting with each and every breath. With each and every breath the constriction of the leather strapping holding her rigid in the chair, her breasts, not really still in the mess of a dress and not really out of it, bulging and threatening to overspill. As her eyes cleared Julia just looked at herself, at first as though she didn't recognise that person looking back at her, but then her eyes fixed as though mesmerised. The full horror of her predicament slowly but surely dawning on her. The bondage terrified. The humiliation bit soul deep. A large hole had been crudely but deliberately cut and torn in the pantihose at her crotch and her darkly haired genitalia was totally exposed. Because of the enforced spread of her legs, her sex was peeled open. The pink of her cunt slit could be seen, and if desired, molested, with ease.

"I know how much you like the word 'creature' so I will use it frequently! At the moment 'Judge Julia', you are just a helpless 'creature'. By the time you see the outside world again, you will be a sex-addicted and 'disgusting' 'creature'. Do you understand?"

Mandy's words registered with Julia and she shook her head to the negative. To be fair to the Judge, it wasn't so much a disagreement that she was shaking her head to, as another sign of her crumbling beneath the shell. But it was true, what was being said. Deep down she knew it was true. She understood but just didn't want to agree with what Mandy was telling her because that would seem like she was simply sealing her fate. It was like she was in some form of adolescent denial. It was a bizarre sight – an eighteen year old, barely more than a youth, taking charge and overseeing what was to be the complete and utter destruction of an older, mature woman. A woman of Judge Julia's immense standing in the community to. Even more bizarre that this older, mature woman, had been only a short time before, an icon of authority, law and order. Julia could do nothing but stare at herself in the mirror. Her eyes just would not leave that bondaged, helpless, pale skinned, red lipsticked vision. It was like she was looking at someone else but knowing it was herself. She still couldn't believe what was staring back at her, her breathing quickened again and she could feel her body numbing, and yet tingling at the same time.

"I expected this early resistance. So what I have to do first is instil some discipline. In other words, I'm gonna beat the shit out of your tits. By the time I've finished you will agree, at least in principal, to what I am saying."

Mandy said the words casually and with a smile. Julia was taking in every single word and understanding it. It was what she did for a living; listen to words, draw conclusions from them and act on them. The spoken word, the written word, and the words that flowed from people as she read their minds in Court. She was hearing the words and her mind was computing them. She was right she was going to suffer terribly before being disposed of. One might suspect that a woman of her intellect and standing might have at least pulled herself together at that point. Once acceptance of her fate was to her a given – maybe the last chance at dignity. At having her life ended with dignity and pride. But this place, this godforsaken place that she was in did not lend itself very easily to that sort of inspiration. She shuddered and then she whimpered. Mandy hadn't even raised a hand, or lifted an implement with which to cause the real physical pain that she could easily do. Not yet anyway. Oh the mental torture had started. That had started in the underground car-park and was well on the way to melting her mind already. She did think that maybe she should die with dignity. Let the crazy little creature do her worse but all the way through hold her head up high. But that wasn't going to happen. Julia had begun not to function the way she was used to functioning. She had begun to become retarded in her mental ability. She was way out of her comfort zone and it was showing. It was showing badly. A solitary tear rolled down one of her cheeks taking a slither of mascara with it. That slither of mascara another highlight, like a slash down her pale, white ghostly face. That tears dripped to her cheek and then ran down, dripping onto the upper exposed globe of one breast. Her full lips were trembling and there was a noise, of sorts coming up from the back of her throat and into her mouth. That noise just changed pitch and altered slightly as Mandy continued to speak.

"And you know, the good thing about all this is that you are supposed to have been holidaying abroad alone, from tomorrow. No-one is going to miss you for three weeks. A lot can happen in three weeks, as you will find out. I just cannot tell you how much I have been looking forward to this little re-union you fucking Bitch."

The venom in Mandy's voice was enough to make Julia lose control of her bladder. There was a 'gushing' sound and then a pause before the splashing sound. Her urine flooding through the tear and gash in her damaged pantihose and then over the chair and to the floor. In the floor under the chair, a drain hole which seemed to be very proficient in collecting

and disposing of the urine. Mandy watching, never taking her eyes off the older woman and yet her mind wandering back to the time when she was in that chamber at SECFAC. The time when she was so petrified that she had lost control of her own bladder. What they had said to her during her three months in that place was that she had to experience rock bottom so that she would know what rock bottom was. As Julia deposited her bladder contents over the chair and floor of that room, Mandy knew, oh she just KNEW what the older woman was going through and that thought excited her, It excited her and thrilled her and she clenched her thighs, secretly as she watched the older woman in her despair. It excited her more because she knew what that despair and fear and fright felt like.

Mandy was both very educated in certain ways and yet childish at the same time. For the first time, the eighteen year old came into view in the mirror. She was dressed the same as she had been in the underground car-park, her long shapely legs enhanced in the heels she wore. She carried a long, thin cane. More than slightly disturbing was the fact that she carried it with confidence. She carried it like it was an extension of herself. Mandy actually carried the cane like she knew how to use it. And something else coming through as well, another message, another tiny little thing just shining through – she carried it like she intended to use it. Like she only carried it when she intended to use it. She carried it with a purpose and yet with such a casual nonchalance that one could only shudder at the sight. That sight only enhanced with the sound of spike heeled shoes on the bare floor. The cane wasn't a bamboo cane but a wire-cored, leather covered one. Mandy knew all about canes of this sort. She had experienced one vaguely similar. She displayed that obvious and very present degree of expertise by slashing it through the air in front of Julia's face. The whoosh of air startling the older woman. Julia's eyes snapping open, like she had been snapped out of the living nightmare that she was having about her future, or lack of future as she had convinced herself was the case. It was like also, that she was coming to terms with the fact that her ending on this world, the end days, end game or however one wanted to put it would not be with her head held high, or with any form of dignity at all. That it was going to be just a terrible terrible ending, undignified, humiliating, degrading and above all painful. The cane slashing through the air was enough to convince her that this was indeed going to be the case.

For the first half an hour, Mandy circled Julia and treated the mounds of mature, fleshy tit flesh to little, well aimed flicks with the end of the cane. Little whipping sounds like breathless whispers cut short as the crop tip contacted with the flesh... slapppppppppppppppppp. Those breathless whispers cut short with little firecrackers going off. And that end fire cracker sound itself being washed over by Julia sucking in air between clenched teeth as she tried her best to absorb the little short sharp bursts of pain.

“Owwwwwwwwww mmmmmmmmm ouchhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

Childish little bursts of complaint. The little cane flicks were hurting her. They were hurting her private sensitive flesh. They were hurting her mind as much as they were hurting her sensitive private flesh. Her little cries of anguish, even to her were an admittance of weakness. They were like a sign that she wasn't who she had purported to be all these years they were a sign that she was being brought down a peg or two. A sign that not even she was untouchable. A sign that she was indeed more than touchable, she was destroyable. And that process had already begin. Mandy didn't excerpt herself at all. As alarming as seeing such a young, sexually aware girl, abusing and reducing an older woman of Judge Julia's standing, was the fact that Mandy was taking it in her stride. She looked so comfortable doing what she was doing. She looked so in control that it was beyond

disturbing. It was beyond disturbing on so many levels. Any witness, or onlooker to such a happening would be spoilt as to where their eyes would come to rest. Would they simply wallow in the view of Mandy, a consummate expert on high heels at such a young age, and an expert with that cane, just pure poetry in motion as her own more than ample breast rolled and rippled under her top with each strutting step she took. Or would they rest on Julia's eyes, try to look beyond the vision of despair and into the deeper soul of the woman who was systematically being taken apart by a much, much younger woman. Yes they would surely come to rest at least for a little time on those eyes. Tear stained eyes that almost squirted tears, long since washing out that solitary tear that had streaked her face. Or would they rest on the delicious mound of breast flesh attached to Julia and every few second rippling and jerking as the tip of the cane came to land on them. And with each little flick of the cane a new mark emerging. The flesh reddening first and then slightly swelling in its own form of complaint as to its treatment at the hands of this girl. And then there were those nipples unwillingly and against Julia's wishes standing proud, erect, thick and engorged. The effects of a slight chill in the air yes maybe. But more than likely, the result of the attentions her breasts were getting and the enforced stimulation she had received on her journey to this place. Each flick resonating through the flesh and through the inner milk ducts towards each nipple. The resonators working up through the core to the nipple tips and working them. Erecting them and working them to the most engorged that they could possibly be.

“Mmmmmmmmmmm pppppppleaseeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeoowwwwwwww.”

The screeches coming from Julia's distorted mouth made it seem that she were making a mountain out of a mole-hill such were the effortless application of the flicks. That wasn't fair though - the 'flicks' were expertly applied by a little bitch who was used to inflicting different kinds of pain – in the past she had done that for money. And at SECFAC she had learned the true meaning of humble, and submission. She had learned the darker arts of bdsm whereas before she had been one of those spanking Dommies. Take the money and run. Enjoy it yes, but a means to an end also. That was when she had thought she knew everything. The time when she was blissfully, one might say, unaware of the darker, much darker and more addictive sides of sexuality. For that first half an hour, Mandy concentrated on the nipples and tips of Julia's large, succulent, mature tits making them red, sensitive and sore. Every flick caused the older woman to jerk and the breasts to dance and jiggle. Mandy didn't work quickly, or with any urgency. She didn't need to or didn't want to. She simply worked slowly and methodically ensuring both heavy mature breasts got equal treatment. At least the nipples, aureolas and tips of each globe, initially anyway. Mandy's own contribution to equality. Both breasts getting equal hurt. Not one breast getting more than the other. Or one breast getting less than the other. Both breasts equally tortured. In the grander scheme of things though this wasn't torture. This was almost a lazy walk in the park for Mandy. Every so often she would stop, light a cigarette and enjoy the view of what she was creating in that chair. Leaning against the wall, one ankle crossed with the other and lazily dragging, inhaling then exhaling, her own delicious breasts lifting and falling as she did this. It was the slowness of this mild torture that was more painful than the little cane flicks themselves. That slowness, the anticipation. The feeling that was being fed to Julia that this was going to be a long slow process. The fact that any part of her demise not being quick, or merciful feeding an ever diminishing mind. That slowness in fact serving to magnify the flicks when they came and as they came. The visible 'treat' that was Julia crying and then stopping, holding her breath in anticipation of another flick every time that

Mandy moved or raised her cane wielding hand. Sometimes the flick would come. Other times it wouldn't. Sometimes she would deliver a quick flick, unusually quick where Julia was used to waiting for it, waitin for the hurt. Then other times she would make as though that was what she was going to do, then she would slide right by Julia, disappear behind her and that was when there would be a deep deep sobbing from the pit of Julia's stomach. Like a deep toned dread, and a pleading at the same time. Like a pleading for Mandy to please get on with it. Please do her worst. Please just finish her off. But that would be the easy way. Mandy knew the mind-games, she had been there. She had been in the chamber at SECFAC and she knew the REAL meaning of anxiety and distress. Difficult to believe someone so young, so as yet immature could deliver the levels of cruelty that she did and with such ease. One might have believed that with effort, Mandy could have played the part of Cruel Vixen; she was an 'actress' after all. But this was not Mandy acting. This was Mandy being herself. At one with herself. Like someone who had discovered herself and what she was on this planet for. This Mandy was someone that certain people needed to be afraid of. Very afraid.

"Eeeeeeee aaaaaaaaaa oooooooooowwwwwwww"

"Aaaaaarrrrr ggggggg eeeeeooooooooowwwww"

Again Mandy delivering sometimes in quick succession - other times with those deliberate anticipation and anxiety producing gaps in between. During the second half of the disciplining, Mandy began to lay it on to both breasts making angry looking welts rise and criss cross with each other. This time she moved her accurate, debilitating strokes to the larger meatier part of the breasts, and around each of their bases. For the first time, it appearing that she did have to put at least a little effort in. The lift and swing of the cane more pronounced, the swish and hiss of the air more sharper, louder and the crack to the breast almost making one flinch with the knowledge of the pain that such a stroke must have produced.

“eeeeeeee mmmmmmmnnngngngnnngngngngnnngngngnnngnn nnoooooooooooo.”

The tone of Julia's screams became more intense, urgent and horror filled. Her fingers curling, and opening and then her wrists trying to twist in their bonds to no avail. When they failed the finger would curl again. But they wouldn't just curl they would tremble. They would tremble in their bonds. The actions a continuous process of curling into fists and then opening again and the whole thing punctuated with a trembling that seemed to travel up her arms and to her shoulder blades. That trembling transmitting to the tortured breast flesh at the front of her. She blubbered, sobbed and dribbled as her arms and legs strained and pulled against their rigid bonds. In an amazing display of skill and cane handling, Mandy being able to with ease swing and stroke the under sides of each breast with the cane, causing the older woman to clamp her tear squirting eyes closed as the pain bit and then spread. That underside of the breasts, where the overhang met the torso flesh was the most sensitive and the most susceptible to the type of pain being inflicted. Each stroke, accurate to within a millimetre, cutting into the flesh. Six strokes to each under breast. One each right in the fold of flesh. The next one very close and then four more working out to the wider underside of the breasts, the final stroke to each breast then across the aureola, already 'tickled' from the earlier flicks. There was no let-off. Mandy instilled the feeling of no-hope, no future with vigour and flair before putting the cane down. In a final display of bitchiness, Mandy committed an act of gross indecency on the older woman. She didn't make any intention to creep up on Julia and do it. She pretty much broadcast to the Judge what she was going to do before she did it. It was part of the torture. Part of the

mental debilitation process. With one hand on Julia's shoulder she leaned in and licked the side of her face. A deliberate lick. A long slow licking of the Judge's face with the tip of her expert tongue. She made sure her tongue was wet and she curled up the end to hold in any saliva, then she pressed the tip to Julia's face just above the jaw line before trailing her tongue up slowly, almost lovingly licking her face. And she was doing it because she could. She was doing it because she was in control. She was the one in control now and she was like some kind of feline avenger, displaying her control over the older women. At their last meeting, things had been very different. The Judge ruling with an inner calm, and even an inner cruelty all of her own. She had humiliated and destroyed Mandy that day. But now, god what difference a few months makes. What can happen in a few months. Mind blowing reversal of fortunes. Mandy reached down between her legs and through the hole in her pantihose. She fingered her slit making sure that the lick of the face was still in progress – that lick sending a spasm of chill down the core of Julia's spine just about the same time as the finger pad touch Julia's outer labia and starting off its own chill. The two meeting somewhere in the middle and causing a shudder and then a whimpering wet sob to escape from between the full smooth lips of the Judge. Or 'former' Judge! Pulling her finger the full length and at the same time parting her lips. She whispered to her.

"I can do anything I want with you. I can make you orgasm without you even wanting it. But most of all I want you to be a 'wanting creature' – a slovenly, sloppy cunted whore. And you will be. You will be all those things you despise in the people you came across in your day to day life. You will be a far lower 'creature' than I was when we met the last time in that Crown Court. You will be the lowest of the low and then some. Take a look at yourself in the mirror 'Judge Julia'.... go on take a long hard look at yourself and tell me you're not a lower more despicable 'creature' than I was.... go on bitch, look. Just look at yourself."

Mandy worked Julia's cunt as she whispered. She hissed into Julia's ear and between words she licked her face leaving a trail of saliva. Then she licked around the same ear that she whispered into, licked around the ear's rim and then running over that rim the tongue tip exploring the nooks and crannies of the Judge's ear, making the older woman shudder and bubble from the mouth with her own spit. Then she trailed her tongue down the same side of her face again all the time working her fingers down and into through the folds of slippery wet flesh, taking time to explore each fold of flesh because she could do that. She could do that all in her own time. She could dip her fingers into the Judge at will and then take them out again. She could slip them in up to her first, second or third knuckles and the Judge had no say in that. She had no control or authority in this place. She had nothing here and that was the feeling that was emanating from her inner core as this young girl simply played with her, toyed with her. The wet whimpering in her throat as she was made more and more aware of the wetness and the slickness she was producing. Her face burning a deep deep red with shame and humiliation under what was becoming less and less perfect makeup with each passing minute. That shame, that humiliation of her body betraying her, her sexuality betraying her. Her breathing quickening, breasts heaving as much as they could, fingers curling with more urgency as she was powerless to stop the pleasure that this girl was forcing on her. The shame, and humiliation turning to guilt – guilt that she was experiencing those pangs of pleasure and that those pangs of pleasure might be deep, so deep to be bottomless. It almost felt like she was becoming attached to Mandy, because of those sensations leaking up from her inner core of sexuality. Becoming attached to her despite the finger raping she was receiving from her, or even because of it. Mandy's fingers soon

became coated, moist and dripping with juices and she then spread the petals exposing the inner pink, flooding flesh. Julia didn't want to enjoy what was happening but her body was betraying her despite her pained breasts. Her breasts hurt oh did they hurt! Almost hurting as much as the deep deep humiliation she was feeling, and the shame and then the resulting guilt. Mandy flicked her tongue over Julia's lips. Just rimming them with her tongue tip. Following the shape of them, the outline of them. Almost willing the good lady Judge to try to move her mouth away from her tongue. But she didn't. Inside her mind that is what Julia did, she moved her head back, resisted. But in reality she dared not do it. She dared not because of the perceived consequences. But then again, what of the consequences. She had already come to the conclusion in her melting mind that she was not long for this world as it was. Why not resist, why not go out in that blaze of glory? The answer was simple and straight forward – because if she resisted she just knew that the punishment would not be quick, or painless and it would not bring the end any quicker. In fact she was sure that if she resisted, in any way shape or form, even the slightest show of resistance and she would be made to suffer, upon suffer upon suffer. Julia had the strangest of deep inclinations that Mandy knew ways to make her suffer that she could not imagine at all in her worst nightmares. She couldn't fathom why she knew that and even more she could not fathom exactly how Mandy could make her suffer, but it was just something she 'knew'. Like a woman's intuition. That was all under the umbrella reason why she couldn't or wouldn't resist the licking tongue of Mandy over her lips. The other one was simply because she didn't want to. Her body and mind was reacting to this young girl. Her mind and body was sexually reacting to Mandy and what she was doing. Judge Julia's lips parted gently and she sighed out a breath as Mandy's tongue made another pass. As the tongue made that pass, so the fingers circled the partly hooded clitoris. Julia whimpered, all wet and bubbling from her throat. The finger circling then lightly pinching the clit, pulling it out of the hood and then sliding it between thumb and forefinger. Pressing the flesh and rubbing the juices up towards the clitoris tip. Then lightly, ever so lightly rubbing the tip of the clitoris with her thumb. Rubbing lightly then repeating, but stopping the pad of the thumb over the clit and pressing. Pressing and rubbing. Pressing and rubbing. The cycle repetitive and deliberately so. Mandy's tongue making another pass, around the outline of her top lip and then down to the lower lips and following that line also. After that pass then the tongue snaking in to Judge Julia's mouth. Snaking in, exploring it as though it were it's property. Pressing and rubbing, pressing and rubbing pressing and rubbing. When the forced orgasm came it was intense and long.

[illegible]

The orgasm enforced and intense and bringing out the slut in the older woman. The poor poor Judge had probably never experienced an orgasm so intense or so long. She took the first hit, that first wave of pure undiluted pleasure and her eyes rolled back in their sockets. Her nostrils flared as her mouth went into an all natural suckle of Mandy's tongue. The young girl, smiling wide with her tongue still inside the Judge's mouth as she worked her thumb and fingers, casually working them in such a way to elongate and intensify the orgasm even more. Julia had become a simple case of complete and utter abandonment. Her deliciously long legs struggled to stretched wider in their bonds. That was impossible since they had reached their limit, but what it said was that the pure open nerve hit that Julia was taking in the form of this orgasm was diluting her inhibitions, or, it was dissolving them altogether. The absolute complete high of the orgasm, taking her right up there, making her

realise that she was being used, and abused and making her realise that she was reacting because of that use and abuse. Taking her all the way up until she was shrieking and squirting her produce all over Mandy's fingers. Mandy kissing her deeply. Lips melded and tongues entwined. Julia losing all self control, all self respect. That and not having any control over it. The orgasm almost sending her into orbit and then being brought down, again under the control of Mandy. Those pleasure pulses and waves rushing through her every nerve ending fading a little, turning to grey as they diminished and the pure euphoria turning to guilt. Then shame and humiliation biting hard and making her nibble her own lower lips severely. Biting more than hard. Biting soul deep and then a little deeper. But the guilt. The guilt that was the hardest to bare; that and the feeling that now she had been brought there. Now she had been to that other place, a place she didn't even know existed, brought there by a young girl she had previously labelled a creature – there was that definite feeling, that absolute feeling that there was no going back. Not to what she knew as a life. And then the re-emerging of the thoughts that she was probably going to die in that place. That this girl this person couldn't possibly do these things to her and then let her go, or even let her live. Once again, part of that was true.

"Now... was that an agreement to cooperate I sensed and heard in there, Bitch, hmm?"

That childish quite immature, yet educated voice from Mandy again - an increasingly bizarre situation. Desperation more than wanting made Julia nod her head in acceptance. Her tongue snaking out to catch her own drool and to bring the taste of the young girl back into her mouth. She was panting, her breathing heavy. And she was limp in the bonds. One stiletto, at last falling from a distended, arched foot. And there was a glaze that came down over her eyes; like a mist, or like a curtain, one that was forcing her old self back and out of the picture. Such a drastic cataclysmic change from a few short hours ago. She would NEVER have agreed such a thing then. Now though it was different. That nod of the head, accompanied by a tear stained face streaked with ruined mascara. The trembling lips, the searching tongue tipping the corners of her mouth. She nodded again, more nodding with her glazed eyes that her head; nodding twice in case she wasn't asked again. She didn't want to risk not being asked again. Mandy looked at her, smirked.

"Good Girl."

The ultra young girl addressing the older woman, the mature woman, the Crown Court Judge as a "good girl". That downward spiral well and truly on its way. Judge Julia would have never EVER been talked to that way. But that was before.

FOUR - BREAKING

The abduction, the molesting during the journey, the bondage and the tit caning had all taken their toll on Judge Julia. A complete loss of dignity was most obvious from Julia's blubbering and pleading. It was difficult to associate this Julia with the one that had existed just a few hours before. At that dinner party she had been at the centre of attention for all the right reasons. She had been as always the envy of men and women alike. The men loved to pour their eyes all over her. Only in secret of course because she had a very special way of putting wayward guys in their place. She usually hadn't had to say anything. Just a sharp dark look with those eyes, the expression, or lack of it across the face was all that was needed to bring the boys, and men to heel. It wouldn't be uncommon to see guys sloping off to the rest room during a function after a close call with Julia. Either they had been stealing secret looks at those legs, or those magnificent breasts and they had needed a little relief; or they had just been the victim of that look, those eyes, that expression which in a strange way had the same sexual affect. If one was really in the know, one would be able to see that far from the looks, the the glances or those put-downs dismissive, Julia rather, noted them; she made mental notes all of the time and then watched. She watched until said man sloped off to relieve himself in a cubicle. Pathetic creatures males. She had always held that believe that that was what men were; pathetic creatures. She would then smile to herself knowing that the said man was masturbating himself over her. Over the look she had given him or the view of legs she had apparently accidentally give them. That was the Julia of just a few hours ago. Confident to a point of ultra arrogance. In control to freakish levels and, and perfect in every respect. Like something out of a dream. Women had looked on her with envy and jealousy. Some with an equal or stronger lust than men. It was true it was what Judge Julia could do. She could turn heads and she could inspire fantasies. But this Julia, THIS Julia. Oh god, such a downward slide. A quick downward slide. Such a fall from grace, such a fall from ultra-grace. A sudden fall – one that would have further reaching effects in the long run. The enforced orgasm brought about by Mandy's fingers was probably the thing that contributed most on a mental level. The bondage in the chair not consensual, nor the assault with the young girl's fingers, and tongue. And yet despite her melting mind, the young girl with ease making, forcing the older woman's body to react sexually. Even after the caning, expertly and cruelly applied this young girl, a teenager able with ease to make the older woman lust. Mandy's fingers slip sliding through the mature folds of Julia's sex flesh and yet with enough nuance, enough attention to detail to bring Julia round to her way of thinking with ease. A deliberate and experienced sexual assault committed by a girl less than half her age.

"Despite you being nothing but a complete bitch to me when we first met – it doesn't mean that it has to be pain for you all the time. If you learn to enjoy and accept your new position as 'sex crazed fuck-slut', and if you learn to carry out all sexual tasks to perfection and with an eagerness to please me and those you are having sex with, then you will soon find out that I can be kind to you as well. Do you understand?"

Mandy spoke, her words designed to hurt and yet those words she used and the way she used them also betraying her years. Kind of immature. The immature way she was getting her point across, using the words sex crazed fuck slut and the tone showing herself to be proud of the humiliation she was causing the older woman, and yet apparently oblivious to the fact that she could have used other words, maybe a lesser tone with which

to demoralise and reduce Judge Julia. That childishness, that immaturity a complete and utter contrast to the experience she had in twisting, turning and bending Julia's mind and sexuality to her way of thinking. And yet, at the same time, that childishness, that immaturity to Julia having a profound effect. How could this be happening to her? How could this 'child' be doing this to her. To demonstrate what she saying, Mandy stroked the tear stained face of the older woman in an almost tender, gentle manner. Julia nodded, already respectful of the eighteen year old. As she nodded a fresh stream of tears emerged from both eyes and down her smudged, pale face. She instinctively leaned into the strokes in a bizarre kind of way, grateful and receptive of the displays of apparent affection from her captor. She hated herself, and possibly this was just part of the process she was going through, part of the journey; she hated herself for the growing feelings of respect, and even adoration she was feeling for this young girl. She hated it, the way this girl was destroying her, and she was destroying her and the thing was she KNEW she was destroying her. She knew because the process was designed like that. No point in taking something off someone deliberately, no point in destroying someone, reducing them to nothing if they didn't know what was happening to them. Julia knew what was happening even this early in the process. She was still convinced that she was going to have her days ended soon though. She was still convinced that she wouldn't walk away from this, let alone unscathed. Maybe Mandy would see to it that she was used, and abused sexually for while, because that is what it seemed was going to happen, then she would simply be disposed of in a way that she would rather not think about, or in a way she could not even imagine. She hated herself. And yet she was dependent on Mandy. She was simply and purely dependent on this young girl who she was gaining respect for, and yet at the same time she was losing respect for herself. She was beginning to hate herself for what she was becoming. Maybe that was supposed to happen. Self loathing in the place of a self-high opinion of herself. In the place of arrogance. In the place of control, and authority. A renewed horror then as Mandy went away and approached again, this time with a prepared syringe of liquid.

"Just relax - this will help you along a little bit. Make sure you're all chilled out and yet focussed on the job at hand. - I need you focused. A focused Bitch, just make sure you give your best. Just a little prick..... R E L A X Now there's a good girl. Good girl."

Mandy's voice was almost hypnotic. Childish and yet explaining things that should have been way beyond her years. Explaining things to Judge Julia like the older woman was herself a child. Explaining things to her slowly as though she might be retarded in some way. Using her husky almost smokey voice in a tone that filtered in and tumbled round the psyche of anyone it was aimed at. This, a cross over in roles. This where the sexual maturity inside Mandy came to the fore. Explaining things to Julia like she were one of her old clients. One of those creepy little men who wanted to be spoken to as though they were a schoolboy, or indeed as a schoolgirl. A complete and utter patronisation of Judge Julia. A complete disregard for any respect the other way. Talking to her like she was already in the bag in respect, which essentially she was. Just the complete breaking process to go. Mandy inserted the needle into one of the Judge's strained upper thighs, through what was left of her pantihose. The young girl handled a syringe as well as she handled a cane, which provided another level of disturbance to anyone who might know either party. One might correctly conclude that she would handle a whip of any type and size equally. That vision though, Judge Julia spread, panting, obscene and undignified. Julia blubbered and then relaxed, resigned that some kind of mood altering drug was being pumped into her and that she would act accordingly. It might be at times like this that she had witnessed the lower

echelons of life from the Judge's side of the bench. If that were the case she might not have known all about drugs used in certain situations by certain kinds of people to attain certain kinds of results. They say that ignorance is bliss. Maybe, but Judge Julia was not ignorant she was well read, knowledgeable and unfortunately she could, despite her current predicament and state of mind, probably hazard several guesses at what the syringe contained. She felt the prick and then the needle sliding deep – she felt equally the shudder down her spine that her body was being infested with something, probably illegal. Then there was the taste in her mouth, and the smell. That was one thing she couldn't account for, the taste of illegal substances seeping into her mouth. She smacked her lips together to try to dislodge the taste, but that didn't work. It got stronger as Mandy pressed the syringe plunger emptying the contents into Judge Julia. All the time the young girl watching Julia, watching her and becoming more aroused. Mandy hadn't realised, hadn't even taken into consideration that a project such as this could provide her with real arousal, real enjoyment. She had been used to doing sex and sexual services for money and she had 'enjoyed' it. She had loved her work, but this was on a different level completely. Since her own introduction to the dark side of life she had discovered, or been shown a whole new level of pleasure. A whole new intensity of pleasure. She squeezed her thighs as she squeezed the last drop of the drug cocktail into Judge Julia.

A few minutes later Julia's eyes glazed over and she seemed to go limp in her bonds. She was very much awake and aware of what was happening to her but her eyes, if one looked closely had milked over a bit. She was mellow, relaxed and for the first time a slight, very slight, almost 'drunken' smile passed over her lips. For the very first time, there seemed to be none of the despair in her eyes, none of that abject humiliation and none of that fear. It was like she had been transported to a different place which actually was what had happened. That drug taking her to another place a less painful place, for the time being. A place where she could simply let go. Just let go of it all. Let it go and ride the wave. In addition she was becoming increasingly aroused and as this realisation dawned on her she squeezed her thighs as much as the bonds would allow, and whether or not it was a trick of the drug she had been injected with she didn't know, but she could swear at a later day, or date that as she squeezed so she felt the production her own slippery juices from the nether regions of her swollen labia'd sex. She would be able to swear on her own life that as she squeezed so she produced that stuff copiously, then very slight smile crossing her lips again. Mandy looking on, emptying the syringe and smiling. Julia was on the high, she was on the high and that high was taking her to different places. And yet, she was still aware. She was still aware of how she should be ashamed, how she should be guilty and how she probably, right this time, right at this moment in time deserved to be where she was. Yes that was it, the drug was having an effect. Giving her the opportunity to think logically and giving her the same opportunity to come to conclusions. One conclusion that was obvious to her was that she was fully deserving of her place, here and now. That she deserved it and wouldn't fight it any more. Couldn't fight it any more. Mandy looked as the drug washed through Julia and she smiled again. She knew what that drug was doing to the Judge. She knew it, and that fed her own sexuality. That made her squeeze her own thighs. Mandy tested Judge Julia by pulling a finger through her sex lips. Very casually, very confidently – young eighteen year old fingers being pulled back through thirty seven year old labia. Mandy's fingers slender, long, perfectly manicured and yet being ploughed back through the delicate, copiously producing lips of the one and only Crown Court Judge Julia. She pulled her fingers through and then pushed them back the other way. She watched Julia's eyes roll and

then she slipped the second finger into the mix, letting that second finger plough deeper and then a little deep. Using that finger then to slide right inside Julia, then hook up behind the pubis the pad of that finger slipping around in Julia's swamp, then hooking behind the pubis searching for the G spot. Mandy like some kind of expert sexual creature watching Julia's eyes, looking for that spark as she searched with her finger tip. Then, with a press of the pad from the inside finding that spot. The slight drunken smile of Julia widening as she attempted to press her pelvis into the attentions by Mandy. She couldn't move the bonds prevented that, but she was trying and that was the main thing. No cringing, no resistance any more, just a pursed, prolonged sighing and then a roll of the eyes. Dreamy eyes.

"Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhh".

Mandy smiled again knowing that the good lady Judge was in that special place right now. That drug induced special place and that anything could be done with her, anything at all. Judge Julia's legs were released first but apart from stretching them, in her high, sexual state, she preferred to leave them spread wide open. And she did that, she simply, languidly left them open, draped wide, obscenely. What was left of the dress hanging in loose shreds which served to make her look even more obscene, cheap even. Then her arms were released. Again she stretched after which, one hand went straight to her sex area. She knew what she was doing. She couldn't stop herself though, she knew what she was doing, what she must have looked like but she couldn't stop herself. That sexual arousal was more important than anything right at that time and she just had to feed it a little. She fingered herself; her fingers pushing into her hot swamp and trying to get as much friction, as much texture and sensation as she could. Mandy smoked another cigarette - watched, smiled. The urge for sex overcame the very deep humiliation Julia felt for behaving in such a way.

"Now see, Judge Julia, I can see we are going to get along just fine. In fact I can see that we are going to get on more than just fine. Now - you remember the journey here - in the van, being felt and touched by one man whilst the other drove? Hmmm you remember that right? I want you to have full sex with those men now - would you like that hmmm? Dirty whore like sex, because that is what you are now. A dirty obscene whore. Judge Julia, the whore, right?"

A furious nodding from Julia. She was agreeing with everything Mandy was saying and didn't seem ashamed to do it. It was like a recognition of all her guilt and everything that went with it all in one go. It felt like a weight being lifted off her shoulders. More than that she actually believed what she was agreeing and nodding to. How could she forget the very place the very source of the start of her journey? She remembered it. If only she had felt this way back then she could have embraced that, and maybe got some enjoyment for herself. She was getting ahead of herself if she thought that she was going to gain any enjoyment for herself. Every so often that thought entered into her thought processes, and then the wave of despair, just a split second of it as it washed through her, that thought, that pure thought that she would be disposed of in some freaking awful way or other. It wasn't just an agreement to cooperate, but an almost desperate agreement to participate in whatever sexual activity was required. She began to have hopes as well. Hopes that maybe if she cooperated, did everything she had to to Mandy's satisfaction that her life may go on a bit longer, that maybe she wouldn't be disposed of in some god awful way or other. It was a possibility! Maybe a slight distant one but a possibility none the less. Thinking about that possibility then discounting it. Still that set in her mind, she was going to come to that bad end. But also now something else thrown in the mix. That sexual need that was being thrown in to the mix. That sexual need that seemed to be nagging at the base of her nipples

and at the base of her clitoris. The drug that had been injected into her, mellowing her out, making her see things clearly now. That she had to cooperate. Maybe the longer she cooperated the longer she would exist. The longer she would be permitted to exist.

"Oh yes please. Can I really have them together – mmmmmmm yessssss please yessssssssss yessssssss?"

Julia sounded as obscene as she looked. Her voice hissing hungrily from between peeled apart lips. The fingers from one of her hands ploughing through the folds of her swamp like sex. The only thing one could hear above the silky, dirty obscene rasping of her voice was the squelching of her fingers through her slippery, flooded sexuality. Almost sliding down the chair snake like in order to spread wider and get deeper with her own fingers. The promise of two men together was almost an orgasm waiting to happen for the needy Judge. One might wonder at what point it would be wise, or prudent to stop calling Julia, Judge Julia and begin calling her something more appropriate. Whatever appropriate might mean. Mandy threw back her head, laughed openly. Already Judge Julia had become a filthy lush and a piece of fuck-meat.

"Of course you can and if you give them everything they want - if you do everything they want you to do, if you give them a REAL good time, you will find that I can be very, very kind. I'm not a complete heartless bitch you know. I and be very very VERY kind, as long as I get what I want."

Mandy sat cross-legged as she watched proceedings. To Julia, perhaps quite rightly, there seemed to be reason for hope in there somewhere. Mandy, the delicious Mandy who had kissed, and finger fucked her so explicitly, wasn't talking as though this would be a short term arrangement. Otherwise, why ask or demand the cooperation? For a short term thing they could just 'take; what they wanted. It wouldn't matter about damaging Julia because she would be disposed of anyway. The drugs were making Julia's head and mind work overtime. But hope. Maybe light at the end of the tunnel. Ok ok so twenty four hours ago she was living a very different life. But now, here and now she had the feeling that that was gone forever and in that her instincts were right. The two, muscular men appeared, naked and endowed with massive erections. One man was in his late twenties - the other in his forties. Judge Julia's eyes opened wide, almost bulging at the sight of the two, sex ready cocks that were coming for her. She looked at the older man's cock the longest. The bell end looked angry and purple and had been circumcised, but she liked that. She liked the deep purple ridges of the cock, where once there was foreskin attached and now there was just that purple bell end – almost an angry purple and where the operation had cut the amount of skin had created a tightness to it, where it had been stitched on the underside, making the cock-head kind of 'bow' or dip downwards. The thought went through her mind that it looked almost animal like. Or alien like. Yes, the cock, thick shafted, purple headed and with a dip to its head, like it was ready to pounce. Ready to pounce on her. That older man's cock was dripping as well. Like it had already enjoyed some foreplay and that the pre-cum had made its way to the cock head through the reproductive tubes and seeped out through the eye hole at the end. It had collected in the crater of that eye hole and had leaked over the crater and began to drip off the end. But instead of dripping off the end it had clung like a thick creamy goo, and had spread around the bell end and was coating it, giving it an extra layer of 'life'. That glossy sheen that the pre-cum was giving it was made all the more obvious as the bell end pulsed and seem to 'breathe'. The cock head expanding and contracting, expanding and contracting. With each expansion, another slithering drip of pre-cum. That pre-cum seemed to give the cock a life of its own. Like the alien was dribbling.

The breathing of that alien, the expansion and the contraction like it was sniffing out its prey. Sniffing out Judge Julia. That huge purple cock head attached to a thick, solid shaft ridged with pulsating veins. Julia was still sitting open legged in the bondage chair when the two attached themselves, in unison, to her caned breasts, by their mouths.

“Uhhhhhhhhhhh mmmmmmmmmmm yesssssssssss.”

Julia didn't say much, but what she did say hissed out from between her attractive full lips in the most obscene, dripping, hungry manner. The men sucked, chewed and generally teased the nipples back to their fullest erections and then stayed just there. Julia held their heads in tight to her breasts with her hands and lower arms. While the men worked their mouths over her nipples, one produced a thick black vibrating dildo which slid with ease into Julia's eager, gaping cunt.

“Uhhmmmmmmmmmm yesssssssss fuckkkkkkkk yesssssssssssss.”

Another obscene gasping of air accompanied by the lashing of her lips and teeth by her tongue. The Judge seemed to be breathing deeper, heavier. Her breasts expanding and contracting as the men clamped themselves tight to their respective nipples. Using their mouths expertly seemingly knowing, knowing all too well how to tease the nipples and how to tease those deeper throbs in the nipples' bases. A lusting sigh as she felt the thick rubber cock being fed into her hungry, slippery gaping cunt, first stretching her sex lips and then beginning to work, buzzing away deep inside her. The dildo head holding the micro motor that sent deep deep penetrating sensations into the core of her open nerve ending. All of her nerve endings taking a hit from the big black rubber cock head. The man, the younger man, twisting the dildo, using the wetness of the Judge's sex as lube to turn the huge girth of the dildo inside her sex. The man grunting and dribbling over Julia's heaving cleavage as he twisted one way and then back the other way before withdrawing the sleek, bendy rubber cock. Taking it out, almost all the way, but not quite. Just leaving the bell end being sucked and clung to by the Judge's hungry, pulsating sexuality. And then in one smooth, firm movement sliding the the dildo all the way in again, and as though gauging it exactly, just at that exact point when the huge massive black bell end nudged her cervix deep inside her femininity. Julia sucking in a deep gasp between gritted teeth as she felt the nudge and then the man pulling the cock again, just enough for him to bend it down, and in doing do that cock head pointing in and behind her pubis bone, searching and and finding her G spot with ease. Julia eyes rolling in their sockets as she was sent into orbit from that sensation. The man an experienced sexual assaulter, recognising that look, that suck in of air, and that almost obscene rolling of the eyes and then the extended spread of her legs, inviting the deepest cruelest of penetration that is possible to attain. Keeping the head of the cock on her g spot and twisting his fist again. Twisting his fist because it is his fist that is gripping the end of the dildo. Gripping it and twisting. Twisting and pressing the dildo into the G spot. Pressing and this time making the noises dribble out of Judge Julia's mouth in an incessant and continuous almost indecipherable deluge of words. Only almost indecipherable though. What was decipherable was an almost endless stream of obscenities that made Mandy smile. She watched and she smiled. The big-wigs at SECFAC had been right. Get her right, work her into the right circumstances and with no way out and she will be putty in the hands. That is what they had told her and it had worked pretty much the way they said it would work.

And so she became like putty. Julia remained very docile and lusting as she was pulled out of the chair and placed on her hands and knees. She had to be placed, had to be guided because she was so drunk on the sexuality, on the sensations that she was feeling and

experiencing that she seemed incapable of guiding herself with any certainty or with any firmness.

"Give her a very thorough, very deep and very meaningful fuck boys. Use all of her holes and use them all to the max. I want to see the signs of a lot of usage and I want her repeatedly and forcibly, 'raped'. Yes I like that word. Never mind her hunger, never mind the whoring slut she has turned into – I want you two to rape her and do it repeatedly until her holes, both holes have been nearly turned inside out. And I want you to do similar with her mouth. Use her mouth like you would use her cunt, or her ass. Simply take this, uhm 'Crown Court Judge' and use her for your sexual gratification. I want her to be as thoroughly used as it is possible for her to be. You two have come to be highly recommended, on loan from the prison for a few days for this very purpose. I want you two to use this bitch as though you are getting revenge on her. As though you ARE avenging her. Use her until she begs you to stop, if that ever happens. Use her until she is dripping with your semen. By the time you have finished with her, tonight, I want her to KNOW what has happened to her and I want to make sure she suffers the effects for a long time to come."

A short lived promise of kindness, maybe even some compassion, followed by the promise of extended raping of all of her holes. Julia spiralling back down again. Would she even survive this night? Would she even get through the night with her mind in tact? Mandy's immature, but reasonably educated voice again but knowing full well what she was ordering. She could see Judge Julia's face; that face saying it all really. The colour draining from it. The sexual hunger draining, to an extent from it. Realisation dawning that there was going to be much more to her existence from now on, than sexual hunger and need and greed. However long it lasted, however long before she was murdered, because she remained convinced that she would be murdered, it was going to be more about her suffering than her pleasure. The sexuality simply being used as a vehicle to inflict that suffering. They had to murder her, they just had to there was no way they could leave her walk away from this. The things they were going to do to her. The two men raping her, abusing her time after time after time. There was no way they could just let her walk away from it all. They would have to dispose of her. Get rid of her and what's more leave no trace of her. No funeral, no burial, no being laid to rest with any dignity. In fact dignity having long since evaporated. Probably she would be embedded in some concrete foundations in some east end land reclamation. Or, supporting some kind of motorway flyover for the 2012 London Olympic complex. She shuddered - and her heavy swinging tits shuddered and stretched under her 'doggy style' position. She got another pang of lust and need, feeling those men around her. She needed to feel those cocks inside her. The need for the cocks, and all that went with them suddenly then all the thoughts of her having her life abruptly ended at some point soon taking a back seat as that wave of need washed over her again. Mandy smiled as one of the men lifted and spread the Judge's knees so that he could kneel between them with ease. Julia, wished and preyed that the men WOULD give her a very thorough seeing to. At that moment in time oh she very much wanted the most thorough seeing to she had ever, ever had. In fact she realised, as that drug continued to fuck with her mind and body, she had never, ever had the seeing to that Mandy had described, the one that the young girl had said she wanted her to get. The way Mandy had described it, the way she had ordered it had aroused Judge Julia some. That immature voice describing such brutal, dirtily sexual things had aroused her so much. Once again the thoughts of her life ending just pushed to the back. The sensation of having those cocks sliding into her each and every hole, every one of her dripping needy holes was much much more important. Much more to

the fore in her diminishing mind. In fact further she was realising what a sheltered life she had lived. Oh she had had sex before. She had sucked cock before, even deep kissed other women before in her very secret guarded life, but nothing as raw as this. Judge Julia had been reduced to secreting herself out of town, going somewhere where she wouldn't be recognised, somewhere where she wouldn't be seen in order to get her jollies off. That is what she had had to do when she had her career and her reputation to think of. That was what she had had to do for many years. Sneaking away, even paying upmarket women for their company, if not always for their sexuality. To simply say that our Judge Julia was a hypocrite would be something of an understatement.

Further following Mandy's instructions to that effect, she would not settle for anything less than the complete utter abuse of Judge Julia. Only very rarely did realisation bite hard and shame register on Julia's face as she was subjected to sustained and prolonged sexual usage. Mandy could only see from the expressions on Julia's face that she was being sexually penetrated by the guy kneeling between her own spread legs. Desperate looks of hungry lust and then her reaching under herself, between her legs, cupping the guy's loaded balls and pulling, making sure he was buried right up to the hilt inside her. Then the guy holding onto her hips and treating her first to long, full length, slow strokes of his thick cock. In out - in out. And then the irregular swinging, colliding and rippling of her hanging tits as the fuck became harder, faster and more torrid. Julia, almost winded with the ferocity of the fucking that she was absorbing with relative ease. The semen laden balls slapping up underneath her.

"Yes, yes, oh yes, yes, yes, yes."

Mandy laughed at Julia's enjoyment of being made such a degrading spectacle of. Julia reaching down between her legs wanting to feel the heavy, semen laden balls slapping up against the back of her thighs and up against her sex. Reach down, and lifting her head up, letting Mandy see that lust all over her face. Letting her see the lust and need and the greed drip from her lips, well up in her eyes. The lust in her mouth dripping over her full, sensuous lips and into the open air;

"Come onnnnnnn you dirty fucker, fuck meeeeeeeeeee harder fuckkkkkk me."

The words hissing, dripping wet and obscene .. The voice shaky with the force of the reaming she was receiving. Her huge tits swinging underneath her, swinging and then colliding. Julia's eyes bulging and then her tongue lolling out of her mouth, dripping with her own saliva as the cock inside her sexuality was 'plopped' out and the reinserted still rigid hard into her ass. A little squeal then a bellow of sound as her sphincter was stretched. The bell end stretching and then 'clicking' behind, in effect sealing him inside her. Much like when a dog knots a bitch. Judge Julia was the bitch and this guy, the one that was supposed to be raping the thirty seven year old, was the dog. He clicked his cock head past her sphincter and then he guided his thick bulbous prick into her in one smooth firm movement. Julia's eyes didn't lessen their bulge. In fact, the bulge became more acute the deeper the penetration into the Judge's ass. When finally that cock head nudge her colon, Julia screeched out. That nudge causing her clitoris immediately fill and throb under the pressure deep inside her. In an out. In and out. On the in stroke, that huge, vein covered shaft pushing Julia's ass right in but then on the out stroke he would pull the cock all the way to the rim of his huge bell and, just to the 'click' point pulling the hole out with it in a wanton obscene display of raw sexuality. Julia's ass clinging, sucking and chewing on the shaft of cock even as it was being pulled out. The ass hole pulled out the raised ring a speckled, darker ring that the inner pinkness that was visible on the same out stroke. Then a little grunt from the guy

as he pushed it back in.

'Dirty Bitch..'

She had never been anally fucked before. An initial tensing, a screech and then relaxation as the cock began to ream her back passage out in a regular, firm movement. As though he were fucking her cunt really, except tighter. A different sensation. His hands on her hips, using the flare of those mature hips to pull her back onto his cock. Him dribbling over her back deliberately as a further sign of the humiliation. Not that she was currently feeling the humiliation. Maybe she would when she saw the film played back. Hidden cameras whirring away from different angles and different directions and at different zoom settings showing everything in hi def colour from every conceivable angle. At this point Julia would have begun to moan more obscenities which would have proved entertaining to her eighteen year old captor. However, the second man, the older one, had moved around in front of her. He had yanked her head up by gripping a clump of her hair and had shoved his very thick, very long cock into her mouth. There was a split second sign of rebellion where Julia held her lips closed, pressed them closed making it impossible for him to slide his cock in. But it was just a split second, a very split second and then eyes snapped open again and the lips peeled apart ready to receive that thick dripping cock, alien headed cock. It was the smell of the pre-cum so close to her nose that made her see it the way it was. No more encouragement needed than the sight and the sound and the smell of a fresh cock almost ready to erupt, to make a woman like the good lady Judge Julia open her mouth all ready and needy.

"Mmmmmmm ppppppphhhhhhhhhhhhnnnnnggghhhhhhhh."

Pure sounds of a female mouth being raped by something normally way too big, and fat and long for it to accommodate. At first she gagged and her eyes bulged - then she got used to it and began to work her lips and her tongue on the monster cock. She was helped in the fact that the guy held her rigid by the hair and pushed and pulled her mouth onto him. He did very little movement with his hips. It was only when he felt he should be getting more friction, more sensation that he pushed and pulled her harder, firmer. The pull on her hair making her face distort and she tried to adjust her lips and adapt her mouth to the alien looking cock head. The second man had obstructed Mandy's view. She got up and circled the trio. She smiled, pleased that the stuck up, prim and proper bitch was impaled on cock from both ends. It was quite ironic to her that the mouth that had spoke the words 'disgusting little creature' was now full of throbbing cock ready to erupt. Mandy liked that thought, it made her smile wide. Almost made her laugh as she circled her victim.

"Poor bitch if she only knew what was in store for her."

Again thoughts kept to Mandy. She looked at Julia's lips stretched, clinging, wet and slippery around the shaft of cock. She looked at the lust in the older woman's eyes. It was true, Mandy was very advanced and mature in many ways. In other ways she was still an adolescent and very childish. That more to do with her lack of a decent education than her almost tender years. Although what little education she had put to good use. She giggled girlishly as the man behind Julia fucked first her arse and then her cunt. She giggled at the sloppy sounds the woman's holes made on entry and exit. She was impressed with how the guy measured his strokes exactly to nudge either the cervix or the colon of the older woman. Mandy knew what pressure on those internal organs meant. It would be driving the good lady Judge mad. More than mad. She laughed and giggled as Julia was systematically and deliberately reduced to a pathetic, slavering slut, addicted to sex. Although, Mandy could see something else there as well; in Julia's eyes, deep in those eyes she could see the

resignation that her life might end soon. Mandy knew exactly what that feeling was. She knew exactly how it felt to not be in control of one's future, of one's life. She knew exactly how that felt, not to know if she was going to live or die any time soon. Not to know if all of a sudden something sharp, or pointed would be used to simply snuff her life out. Oh Mandy had a pretty good idea what was going through Judge Julia's mind. And yet at the same time, that sexual need having been instilled and set into motion. Those sexual urges overpowering any fear of end of life. At least, overpowering it for short bursts of intense pleasure. Even short bursts of multiple orgasms. And then back down to earth. That very time, right after orgasm, coming down to the real world again. Coming down and that terrible terrible dread washing over her. Mandy had felt all of those emotions and fears, and sexual nirvana in the chamber at SECFAC. Oh she knew exactly what Julia was going through. The problem, or not depending on how one looked on it was that she was enjoying this woman's predicament and despair. She was aroused by it. She clenched her thighs sending little pulses deep into her clitoris. She was actually getting sexual pleasure from Judge Julia's despair and predicament. One could only think that would mean bad news for Julia. Very, very bad news.

Mandy looked and laughed at how the woman's breasts swung, collided and stretched floor-wards as the session proceeded. She laughed as the first guy shot his initial load up inside Julia's womb - a second spurt inside her arse and then the remainder of the load of thick white semen over her buttocks and then outer lips of her sex hole. She giggled as the second guy erupted into Julia's mouth - bulged cheeks, her swallowing but not fast enough to keep up with the orgasm. Semen seeping from the corners of her mouth, down her chin, dripping to the floor. She laughed as the rigid, still erupting cock was slipped out of her mouth and allowed to explode all over her face. She laughed at Julia's tongue trying to lap it off her face hungrily.

"More cock. More cock - give me more cock - put it back in my mouth - back in my cunt. Give it to me, give it to me "

Julia's voice and tone were obscene, disgusting as she dripped with spent semen. Her tongue was sliding out of her mouth and around the outside of her lips, hoovering up the semen, and she was taking this back into her mouth and visibly tasting it, savouring it before her throat would go into that sensuous rolling swallow. That semen sliding in thick, gooey gobs down into the throat and into her digestive tracts. Mandy was quite delighted at proceedings so far, especially at the sight of Judge Julia dripping with those spent gobs of healthy wriggling semen. Both adult and youth in her wanted to see this woman humiliated to the max. She smiled to herself, clenched her thighs again. It dawned on her that Julia, the one and only Judge Julia had no idea, no idea at all about how her journey would progress. Only that it would be ending soon. That her life would simply be snuffed out at any time soon. But Mandy would not be in any rush to alter Julia's perception on that, or persuade her otherwise. With Julia convinced, and afraid to the core of her soul that she was soon going to die, she wouldn't present much of a problem to Mandy. The teenager would have no problems getting the older woman to toe the line. Mandy smiled to herself as she thought 'in fact, will there be anything I cant get this fucking woman to do?' Mandy smiled again and watched. And she clenched her thighs again.

FIVE - ADDICTIONS

Julia was fed with the drug on a regular basis at first. Via intravenous feed. The needle taped into a vein the back of her hand and there as a long term thing, not simply a quick fix. Julia had no objections to this 'stuff' being put into her. She loved it. It made her feel good. It made her ride the crest of that wave and it helped her through those periods of down deep, gutter deep despair that she often experienced after the sexual highs that she was treated to. This sexual highs that Mandy allowed her to have. Yes she recognised that – that it was Mandy who was being kind to her, allowing her to feel some of that sexual excitement, sexual joy. There was a kind of a gratitude. It was another line of gratitude, the drug line. Just every so often that inline into the back of her hand being plugged and another measure of that beautiful stuff dripping into her bloodstream and keeping her right where Mandy wanted her. Needed her. Mandy needed to plug that line and feed in that drug – she didn't have to, she could have had any number of others do it, but she had to do it. She had to push that line it, plug it and then turn on the flow of that drug. She liked that. She liked the knowledge that shortly after the drug had entered the blood stream, the taste would seep into her mouth, and the smell into her nasal tract. It made Mandy her clench her thighs and it fed that need between her legs. It made her clench her thighs as well when that stuff was flowing into the blood stream of the Judge, and the Judge would make tiny slight faces as the taste of it seeped into her mouth. Those little movements with her full deep red lips, and a swiping of the tongue as she tasted it. But then at the same time, the rolling of the eyes as she was being sent to that other place. There was the gradual decline in strength of the injected liquid that she was not aware of, couldn't be aware of. Making her hooked on the stuff – that was the easy bit. Giving her pure undiluted doses to instil the addiction and then ever so slowly cutting back. Cutting back on the strength and dose of the drug. Julia having to try harder to feel that hit. Having to try harder to make the crest of that wave. Every so slowly then, the need for that hit, the high of that drug being taken over by the need for the hit of the sexual high. The need for one being replaced by the need, the dire need for the other. Judge Julia falling for the whole thing, hook line and sinker. A cunning, devious plot by Mandy to turn Julia's dependency for sex from drug-induced to real-world. In a matter of days, Julia's personality and priorities changed. The old Judge Julia was no more, not would ever be again.

The thirty seven year old Judge seemed grateful for the cuddle she had just received from the eighteen year old. The young girl on the other hand, treated Julia as though she were a pet – and certainly as though she were a slave. Thanks to Mandy, Julia could get all the sex she wanted and needed. It didn't even register, not really, that she was being used as a source of income by the young girl. The Mandy was in fact her pimp. Or her Pimpess. Maybe that was not totally true. Of course Julia knew she was a whore. And not just a whore – not just a simple type of whore making ends meet – but the worse kind of whore. The most disgusting and vile kind who didn't know how, or where to draw the line of what services to offer in return for financial rewards and which ones she should decline on the grounds of obscenity and pure morality. It didn't matter to her. Her mind as well as her body had been turned into a mound of mushy nerve endings – all open and receptive. She didn't turn any requests down because she couldn't. She not only didn't want to decline any sexual activity, or any activity that could be remotely classed as sexually related she simply could not decline.

"Now Julia, I'm sure you don't mind me calling you Julia. We don't need any of those formalities any more, like Judge Julia – that was the olden days, you are far away from that person now. No more Judge Julia and all those silk robes for you any more. Although, the thought did cross my mind that I could get a nice Latex Rubber set of judge's robes made up for you. Nice rubber robes and rubber wig. I'm sure we could market you in that way. And you would look VERRRRRRRY good in rubber. You mature, older ladies always do. As though you've been poured into the latex. Or the liquid latex poured over you. Every curve and piece of flesh enhanced and shiny..... mmmmmmmmm you'd like that wouldn't you Julia. We could call you Rubber Whore Julia. Or Rubber Judge Julia – that way you'd keep some of your old identity, hmmm? I have to say, I have been very pleased with you so far. Your trips out, working the streets have earned me a lot of money - more money than the targets I set you initially. I had no idea that there was such a market for older women like you. But then you are not just an older woman are you – you are the infamous Judge Julia, and whilst your fate cannot be made wholly public, there is an underground stream that is very interested in you. I've lost count of the ex-cons who have uhhmmmm made amends with your body, and your orifices since we've been 'together' like this. All those people you sent down, took out of circulation and then coming out and finding out that you are not the Lady you once were and in fact were available for all sorts of 'services'. My god. I only had to put the word out a little. I mean I didn't have to do much work at all. Just the right words in the right ears and all of a sudden there was a queue of men all ready willing and able to give you what THEY wanted. I'm sure they had been festering in their cells thinking, and dreaming and masturbating over the things they wanted to do with you and then all of a sudden, there you were, on the menu as it were. Its all good though Julia, very good. I am very pleased. If you keep using your sex-crazed whore body to earn me money then I will stay pleased with you. If you fail me in any way though you will have to be punished. Remember the chair, the bondage, me caning your tits?"

Julia frowned as she remembered - she cringed and then nodded recognising all that Mandy was saying. Those words, every single one of them filtering in, tumbling round her psyche and settling just there. Despite her diminished, sexually addled state, she was fully aware of what Mandy was saying and the casual, almost matter-of-fact way she was saying it. She shuddered a deep shudder down the core of her spine as she realised all those men – some she had had the feeling she had come across before but not really getting it that they were ex cons. People that had crossed her path in the Justice system. People she had taken away from families and partners. Ones that she had simply sent down without a second thought. If it was in her power to do it then she did. She had the law on her side and she could do anything within that law that she chose to do. It didn't ever really dawn on her that she was destroying lives; the lives of the less privileged – the lives of the children of the people she sent down, and the wives, sometimes the husbands. She cringed again when she thought about some of the women she had sent down. Was it those women she had willingly and gratefully drank the urine of. And, licked out spent semen after men had fucked them? Oh god yes it must have been! Her services all bought and paid for! Oh my god! They must have been. All of those people, counting hundreds of them to date must have been her old cons. Ones she had sent down and taken out of circulation. She nodded her head, vacantly nodded her head even though she knew full well what she was nodding to.. Oh yes she remembered that chair and the caning. The caning across her nipples and aureole and across the mass of her globes. She had thought even as she was experiencing that god-awful pain that this girl, this young girl, Mandy was such an expert with that cane. And then asking

herself the question, how could she be so good with it? How could a young girl like that, still in her teens, be so good with a cane? For god's sakes what was this world coming to?

"That pain was only slight compared to what I can inflict, or to what I can have inflicted on you by others. You just keep using your body to give pleasure to others and to make me money and there's no need for you to worry. Do you understand?"

Ex-Judge Julia nodded - she was eager to get back to work. Despite everything, she was eager and hungry to get back to 'work'. The thirty seven year old looked stunning. Any man would want to use her for sex. She wore a black pinafore type dress that was hemmed just above mid-thigh. The dress was cut tight to her torso and hugged her waist, buttocks and hips. Inch wide straps, crossed at the back, supported the pinafore front which was cut so low that Julia's breasts were not contained within it. Instead, her large breasts were contained within a black, see-through body suit that was both high necked and long sleeved. Both the neck and sleeves were trimmed with a delicate, feminine yet patronising lace that drew attention to the whole effect. With Julia standing, broad black tops of her self supporting stockings were only just concealed under the dress's hem. When sitting, the dress rode up to reveal fleshy, masses of white, wobbly thigh and thickly haired, pantyless sex that was unashamedly slit by the thin, pop buttoned crotch of the body suit. The pinkness of her cunt slit was obvious. Every time Julia moved, or took a step, the material and buttons shifted up and down her cunt making her ever more desperate for sex. Her sex and upper thighs were already saturated. Julia's feet were arched severely into very high stilettos which she had become an expert at walking, strutting and performing on. To finish the effect, her main of long, flame red hair had been pulled back and tightly tied into a long flowing pony-tail. Her make-up was thickly, almost obscenely applied, paying special attention to her eyes and lips. Her full, attractive lips were thickly coated with several layers of deep red colouring and then several more layers of gloss sealant. The vision of Ex-Judge Julia in this state of dress and make up meant only one thing to anyone looking at her – SEX! There would be no puzzlement as to what she existed for. There would be no question as to whether or not this woman had made some kind of fashion fopar. Whether she had simply made the wrong decisions on how to dress. This was how she was meant to look. She was meant to look like a dripping needy bitch-in-heat. It wasn't supposed to look like an accident that she had dressed like that. One could not dress in that way, and carry oneself and make oneself up like that by accident. It wreaked of a deliberate sexualisation of the older woman. No accident. No accident at all. Simply the message given out that she existed for whatever was required, of a sexual nature. Her tongue swiped across deep red lips. She was ready for work.

"Ok julia, off you go. You know where to go and you know what to do to earn the most money. Don't let me down. I don't want any bad reports. Just good ones that you have been the best whore on the market.... ok baby girl?"

"I won't let you down, I promise."

Utter servility in Julia's voice and somewhere deeper that actually, possibly her life wouldn't be ending any time after all. And although the words were simple. Smiling, smirking contempt on Mandy's face as her 'acquisition' went out to work. She waited a few minutes and then picked up the telephone and dialled.

"Hello, sergeant Bartido. She's on the way. Remember, have her picked up in the most compromising position. Watch and time the arrest to perfection ok....thanks."

Mandy's pretty mouth was stretched into a broad smile even before she had replaced the hand set. She lit a cigarette, drank from a bottle of Diamond White, and waited. The

downfall of Judge Julia was not going to be the pure underground thing that Julia was being led to believe it would be or had been. Not that by this time, it mattered to her because it didn't. By this time the addictions and the cravings had well and truly taken over her and she was completely in a world of her own. Even if she knew what was happening around her, which she did, it didn't matter. Julia had been sent out to work, and into the biggest trap that it was possible to be caught in. Only now was Julia's true downfall path was becoming apparent.

Julia couldn't have walked the main streets dressed and made up the way she was. She would have been targeted as a prostitute by police straight away. It wouldn't have taken the most clever officer to see her sauntering down the street, parallel to the kerb and therefore to the kerb crawlers and put one and one together. Julia was the vision of sex-on-legs. But not just sex-on-legs but rather an enhanced hyper-vision of sex on legs. The look of her, the way she was made up, dressed and how she carried herself gave over that message. But not just that. Not just that at all. The vision of Julia, Amazonian and dripping sexuality brought out the most vivid and disgusting fantasies. Men, and some women would simply look at her and want to buy her, for the hour, for the evening or weekend – whatever. But what they would want to do with her would not fit the menu of the normal street hooker. Even if she did ooze pure street – what they would want to do with her and to her and with her defied any normal sexual relations. Julia's haunts were the dimly lit, sleazy back alleys where drunks, drug addicts and general losers hung out. Mostly no-go areas for police. Or at the very least the police would not go down there single handed, and even in pairs they were accompanied by dogs. More importantly there were kerb-crawlers - lots of them, out for sex and unable to refuse the delicious temptation of a baggage like Julia, stacked on top of spiky heels and ready for ANYTHING. Julia could blend into the dimness down these back alleys and in the little urban nooks and crannies of the City's low life areas. But at the same time Julia was unlike any other prostitute. She stood out. She gathered the crowds and for some reason, somehow, where normal street walkers did the things required of them for money and solely for money, Julia indulged in acts of gross obscenity because she had become addicted to sex. Julia had become a valuable commodity. But she had yet to learn her final, belittling, degrading lesson.

During her first half an hour on the street, the discreet vice squad had watched, and filmed with infra-red cameras, as Julia had sucked off two men to completion in their cars and given a third a leg weakening knee-trembler up against the back door of some rough night club. In the oral sex Julia had gone about it with her usual hungry, filthy vigour. Using her lips and her tongue in unison. Using her lips to tighten around the filthy bell ends of the losers that were paying her. One taking great joy in simply sliding the money down the front of her transparent top and between her huge breasts as a kind of further degradation. In the knee trembler she had used the natural strength of her long long legs and she had allowed herself to be propped up against the wall and used the natural rhythm of her hips to be fucked and reamed. Her sexuality gripping and sucking onto the cock hungrily and dirtily. She had wanted that fuck, that dirty reaming fuck to last longer. But it didn't. The guy, the useless prick of a guy (her own thoughts at that very time) couldn't hold onto it. Couldn't believe he was fucking something, someone as fucking gorgeous as Julia and as he fucked her his orgasm was all but premature. No sooner had he jacked her up the wall and started to pump her than his pathetic cock was beginning to tremble with his pre-cum and then almost after one motion she was sucking the seed out of him with her experienced, hungry

sexuality and then it was all over. Her taking the money off him as that pathetic watery seed was dripping over her stilettos. It was all evidence against her but not yet compromising or degrading enough. When the police did pounce, Julia was at her most 'creature' like.

"Hi, what can I do for you?"

Her tone had been husky and begging the middle aged guy in the Jag to do what he wanted with her. From the kerb, she leaned forward and rested her elbows on the ledge of the open window of the car. Gravity forced her tits to strain against the nylon of the body suit. She enjoyed the man's gawping eyes on her melons and she shifted accordingly allowing them to move and slightly swing in their nylon prison.

"Have you ever been spanked?"

The man asked the question outright as he played with an increasing bulge in his trousers. Julia guessed that he would enjoy her being coy and shy about being spanked and that is the tone of voice that she put on.

"No, but you can spank me.....AND MORE."

She giggled a little, and seemed to enjoy and lap up playing the little girl. She had met guys who liked to spank before. Fucking weirdos. But she kind of got how they ticked and could act accordingly. The guy reached across the passenger seat and opened the door, telling Julia to get in at the same time. His eyes were fixed on her long shapely legs as the dress rode up slightly to reveal white thigh above black stocking tops. He handed up a rolled bundle of notes which amounted to nearly two hundred pounds, and as she bundled them into the clutch bag she kept all her earnings in, the guy felt between her legs. Instinctively she spread them wide for him as he found her slit with eager fingers. He entered her, felt inside her and then pulled out.

"Open the glove box. There's a dildo in there. Shove it all the way into your cunt and hold it there with the crotch of that thing you're wearing. We'll take a little short drive to somewhere quiet. If the dildo slips out, its going to be more than a spanking you're gonna get honey. Do I make myself clear."

She nodded as she nibbled her lower lip, her thighs straining to open as she positioned the thick dildo and then glided it inside her in one smooth movement. Her eyes rolling a little as the thick rubber cock filled and stretched her a bit. And then she gasped as she felt her own cervix being nudged. And then closing her thighs, closing them tight, leaving the dress riding high so that the full effect of her spectacular legs could be seen by her customer. Then holding that dildo in place. Not an easy task since she had become very accommodating and yet at the same time retaining her elasticity. Her inner, well lubed slippery walls closing in and tightening on the rubber cock, constricting around it and holding it right there. Being told what to do by this complete stranger made Julia feel even more aroused. She shoved the thick black, cock shaped dildo right up to its hilt and then stretched the nylon crotch of the body suit over its end in order to hold it in place. The car roared off, to the end of the alley, turned left into a narrower alley and stopped halfway down its length.

"Get into the back of the car bitch. Make sure the dildo stays in".

Again she liked the way the man spoke to her. He demeaned her, but she liked that. She liked the way he talked down to her. Like she was nothing. Was she finding her natural level, that of 'nothing'? The guy liked the way she glided out of the front of the car, into the alley and then into the back seat with ease, even with the big dildo still inside her and the end of it quite visible and plain to see as she gave the best possible back view of herself.

The police watched for 20 minutes before they pounced. They watched the man get

into the back of the car beside Julia and they watched him pull her over his lap. Then they watched him peel back the dress to reveal her chubby, fleshy buttocks. They watched him study her ass cheeks and then they watched him force her legs wide so that he could get at the dildo, protruding JUST, through the thinness of the nylon crotch of the body suit. They watched him work the dildo for a little while as Julia wriggled and writhed across his lap. He seemed to have a freak on for nylon to. Gripping the dildo through the nylon crotch and then stroking that same nylon, where it stretched over the dildo end and gripped a her labia. Julia jumped at that slightly. Not jumped exactly, more like twitched. That texture of the sheer nylon across the sensitivity of her labia sending ministrations up through her sex and making her produce more of that slippery wet stuff that she seemed so adept at producing these days. A case of her riding that first sensation and then moaning wetly where once she would have had to fake it, make the guy think he was turning her on even if he was vile. But in this case her not faking at all, seeming to be more turned on the the vileness of her customer than anything else. Writhing her hips, thighs spread, writhing her hips then trying to get him to stroke her labia again. Fuck, she loved that feeling. Loved the stroking of finger through nylon and over slippery wet labia.

Julia's big breasts were crushed beneath her. Then the spanking started. It was just light slaps at first, making the flesh ripple and making her twitch again. Funnily enough making her twitch into her labia. Using her own weight to crush it a bit under her and using the girth of the dildo to give it that bit more friction. And with each slap a little wet giggle from between her lips playing to the fetish of the man for spanking. Dipping her back a little bit to give her ass that little bit more prominence. He would slap first one cheek and pause. As though he were watching the ripple of mature ass flesh and as though he were just waiting for the redness to begin to spread. Not hard slaps, just firm ones. Enough to make Julia suck in air between gritted teeth but not hard enough to make her cry out. Then he would slap the other cheek and again he would pause and wait. Watch the flesh ripple and then the redness come. And then he would slap across the both cheeks. Using one hand to press the two cheeks of Julia's ass together, her would slap then hold. Slap again then hold. Pause, then slap again. Always watching for the ripple to ride out, waiting for it to run out of flesh and then he would slap again and then he would let both cheeks go and dribble a little bit as he studied the thumb marks left in the soft ass flesh. Then he would repeat it all over again. Slapping, pausing then slapping the other. He seemed to enjoy, and get off on concentrating on her buttocks. Slapping first one, then the other and then back again. The vice cops couldn't hear the man telling Julia what a 'naughty little whore' she was, just like they couldn't hear her agreeing and then asking to be punished for being such a dirty girl. That gave Julia another little added kick, like it was feeding her own sexuality, her own wanton needy little greed.

"Mmmmm please please spank this naughty lil whore, spank her make her sorry."

Julia objectifying herself by referring to herself in the third person. Every so often the man stopped spanking in order to work the dildo in and out. When he did this, he made sure he had a good view of her cunt flesh clinging to the blackness of the rubber. And he would twist and turn the dildo buried deep inside the thirty seven year old. The spanking got steadily harder and harder and Julia's arse cheeks became a bright red as the rippling across her flesh became more intense. Her lip-glossed lips were blowing out as she absorbed an ever increasing workload on her ass flesh. Each slap raining down on already red flesh making it redder and redder. Then he began to work down her thighs, making sure to cover all the flesh between her buttocks and stocking tops. This was a man who didn't like to hurry

his spanking. Anything but a hurried spanking. He liked total coverage and he liked to pile on the torture slowly but surely. Those teasing little slaps at the start a complete side swerve to what he worked up to towards the end. By the time she was ready to cry out in the pain and increasing hotness, it came out more like a bubbling mewling because of the swamp like state such a slapping made her sex turn into. The man held her arms, twisted behind her back as he spanked. The beating made her cry eventually but it made her incredibly wet and needy as well. The wetness and the neediness outweighing the tears that had streaked her mascara. When one of the cops eventually pulled the rear passenger door of the Jaguar open, Julia was shrieking,

“Spank **me** harder· go on - I'm a dirty **little** slut, a whore, spank **me** harder make **me** cry, punish **me** for what I am”.

Julia wasn't play acting what she was saying or the way she was being. The spanking was getting to her and so was the bubbling sex between her legs. Ooze and slippery stuff seeping from the dildo end. He labia stretched, like stretched slugs around the dildo as the spanking had progressed unabated.

“Stop what you're doing, you're under arrest for solicitation and committing lewd acts in public - you don't have to say anything.....”.

At first it didn't register with Julia but then, in an instant, from a massive sexual high, to an

bone crunching bounce back down to earth, she was being hauled out of the car, read her rights and handcuffed. Even as she was bundled into the back of an unmarked police car, the dildo was still inside her. It remained inside her until a young WPC removed it, totally disgusted, during a body search at the police station. Julia was charged and held in custody for the hearing the next day. The end of her world proper had begun. What had transpired before this night had been simply foreplay for what was to come.

Mandy received a phone call at about the time Julia was being put into a cell for the night. She smiled and rubbed her hands together. The man in the Jaguar was never seen or heard of again.

Quite contrary to what the law states a prisoner's rights should be, Julia had been denied any contact with her lawyer, or anyone else come to that - yet more results of Mandy's scheming handiwork. Once again using her contacts within SECFAC to ensure that, even given Julia's knowledge of the law, the former Judge remained isolated and with no chance, not even the smallest, of any help at all. Also no change of clothes meant that Julia was brought into court before her former colleagues, as though dressed for the street. The tunic dress, the stockings, the nylon body stocking and the impossibly high heels. It wasn't so much that she looked a mess after a night in the cells as the fact that at long last it dawned on her that it was all coming tumbling down around her. One thing did ping on her in a second of realisation. If Mandy had gone to this much trouble then there was no way that she was going to be killed off. At least at no time soon. But then on the other side of that, the other side of realising that she would live after all, was the fact that she was being outed in public. She could only imagine, and not even then imagine with any clarity, the newspaper and TV headlines in the morning. She cringed and shuddered as she thought of that. She did seriously, at that precise point in time think that it would be better if she were killed off. A bullet to the head. Anything quick and painless. But then she knew that the chances of that happening were nil. She had deduced that without knowing the sexual pleasure she was giving Mandy just throughout this whole 'thing'.

The two women and a man on the Bench recognised her immediately and were shocked. Shock gave way to disdain as Julia was placed in the dock flanked by two heavy set, female prison officers. A police officer paced the courtroom with the black dildo sealed into an evidence bag, clutched with apparent relish. Every one knew this was the dreaded Judge Julia. Being the regular weekly Magistrates sessions, the court room was packed full of petty criminals and their supporters and families. All eyes though were on Julia as the proceedings got under way. Mandy sat in the back of the court room - a broad smile on her face. The destruction of Julia was completed as the evidence against her was read out, in the smallest of detail and photographs shown. Details of the surveillance on her, what she had been watched doing in the alleyways and the car. Full details of what she had been doing with the man in the Jaguar and then the viewing of the dildo that had been up inside her as she was being spanked and that was still coated with her juices as the court looked at it. Juice stains covered the inside of the plastic bag it was sealed in. It looked obscene and was obscene. Julia looked obscene and was obscene. Little ripples of laughter, and then some titters and giggles from the crowd. The total stripping of dignity as the once illustrious Judge Julia was savaged by the prosecution who ended by recommending a severe custodial sentence, even seeking some kind of help at a specialist centre. Julia, forced to stand throughout the hearing almost collapsed at the thought of going to prison or anywhere where her liberty was taken away from her. She had already stood for nearly two hours with her hands clasped in front of her and her head bowed in humiliation as details were read out and photographs shown. Everything was stacked against her. Not even her statements against Mandy were related to in any way. More of the young whore's cunning and arranging. More waiting as the magistrates retired for an hour that seemed an age to Julia. Forced to stand again then as they came back into the courtroom - and remain standing as the findings were slowly and deliberately read out.

"We find this case very disturbing. You were once held in very high esteem, not only by this lower court, but in high and crown courts throughout the country. You should have known better than to indulge in such gross acts of indecency. You can only be compared to a young prostitute you once labelled a 'disgusting vile creature'. In fact you surpass such a description by some yardage. You wouldn't be allowed to walk free from this court even if you came from an underprivileged background. That you 'were' an officer of the court seals your fate to an even greater degree. You will be held in custody for for 9 months. Further to this order, you will be held at the excellent SECFAC centre where hopefully you will receive the help you need. Take this creature down and out of my sight."

Julia had frozen to the spot as SECFAC had been mentioned. She knew she had sent people there. She knew she had sent Mandy there. She had heard the rumours and the stories that came from behind the high walled perimeter of that place but she had never done anything about it because once these people passed through her court she no longer had anything to do with them, or any interest in them. She had known deep down what happened to some of the people who went there. Some of them had never been heard of again. She had heard of those needing therapy and receiving week upon week, month upon month of sexual and psychological abuse. She had heard all of those things but it had never stopped her sending people like Mandy there. It had never once made her stop to ask the question of how much of that stuff could be true. She knew some of it must be true. But how much? There was never any smoke without fire, at least that is how the saying went. She had never followed up on any of those people she had sent to that place which was something that said it all. She had had no interest whatsoever as to the poor people she had

sent there, or the ones she had left behind. Or what they might go through once they got to SECFAC. All she knew is the sexual thrill it had always given her – to have that power. And now she could admit that, in her addled state. To have that total control over other human beings. Not that she thought some of those she dealt with were human being at all. Quite to the contrary she thought those, like Mandy for instance, were 'creatures'. Oh how her own words were coming back to haunt her at this time in this place. It had been an older magistrate, Charlotte, who had addressed Julia. They had been close friends but she spoke on this occasion as though she didn't know her at all. As though looking right through her. Not just right through her, but looking through her as though it was a chore for her to have anything to do with this woman, this former Crown Court Judge at all. The magistrate looking at Julia as though she were something the cat dragged in. Looking at her as though she herself must surely have looked at those people she had sent down in the past. Looking at them like they were pieces of shit. Or worse! Julia had stood there as Charlotte had spoken, more than aware that her world was coming to an end. Kind of grateful that she was going to live after all, or so it seemed but at the same time sorry that it could not just all end now, right now. No such luck for Julia. There would never be an out clause for Julia because that would be too easy and no fun at all. And yet despite it all, through summing up and the sentencing by Charlotte, Julia stood clenching her thighs, wetting the lips of her sexuality, little wet gurgling sighs escaping from between her lips as she was dressed down by her former friend. Julia's world as she had known it proper, ending as she was taken down the steps and to the court cells . There was just the receding sound of spiked, metal tipped stilettos as Julia was taken down those stairs from the court. It was like everyone in the court held their breath, just listening for the fading stiletto steps. Faltering stiletto steps.

SIX - BROKEN

A few hours later Mandy spoke, by telephone to a woman. The woman she spoke to was Head Of Operations at the SECFAC unit Julia had been taken to. That is, not the head of the legitimate side of the Centre but rather Head Of Operations overseeing the 'unlucky' inmates.

"I would like to think that she will suffer a lot of sexual and physical abuse. I'd like to think she will be worked hard. I have no objection, or rather I would positively encourage the imaginative use of drugs. She is very susceptible to drugs and so they can be used to deepen her suffering and ensure she cooperates in her own degradation. Makes sure she knows she being treated this way at 'my' instruction. Make sure she knows that she is now my property. All mine. Make sure she knows in nine months time when she leaves you guys, that she will come back to me - to serve me, be my pet for as long as I want her."

"Of course Miss Mandy. The creature is now your property and as such what you say goes. There will be no stone left unturned in order to make her suffer to the deepest and most complete possible. As you will know from your time here at SECFAC, we can bring even the most vivid nightmares to life. We can literally turn minds inside out. What we can't do in a mind-fucking session isn't worth doing. The deliciousness about you and your Judge Julia is that she already had preconceived ideas and fears about how her future is going to progress and what lies ahead for her. The beautiful thing, the truly beautiful thing is that she really has no idea. The existence she has lived since the abduction has been more of a smoke screen than anything. What she will suffer for the next nine months cannot be imagined not by her. Not even by you Miss Mandy. You were taken on a journey at SECFAC but there are no two journeys the same. Judge Julia, or ex-Judge Julia will go on a completely different journey. She will go on a journey that will take her to the edge or the precipice of madness and sexual addiction. Rest assured Miss Mandy, your Judge Julia will not emerge from the process anything like she went in. And she will be absolutely nothing like she was say, six months ago. At the height of her powers, the height of her arrogance and dominance. What will emerge from SECFAC will be nothing short of a creature, just about able to remember her old life, and yet so debilitated that she will not be able to get back to it. Oh she may try deep down – just try to claw her way back, but it wont be possible."

Mandy listened to the silky drooling female voice on the other end of the phone and her fingers wandered between her smooth nylon sheathed thighs and wandered up until she found her bare, hairless slit. She stroked her own slit but it was like the words of that woman at SECFAC was stroking it with her tone and her husky wet bubbling voice. The eighteen year old leaned back, and simply stroked her cunt as the outline, the very rough outline of what Julia's future held for her was fed into her psyche. Mandy liked what she was hearing, she liked it a lot and it excited her. It sexually excited her. Almost crooning into the telephone as she ploughed her fingers through her - slid then dipped them up and under and behind her hooded clitoris. Just applying a little pressure from behind in order to peel the clitoris out from under the hood. Mandy's blood engorged, filled and erect clitoris didn't so much pop out from under the hood as slither, and squelch out. It was certainly as if Mandy's sexual organ had a life of its own as she teased around the slightly loose hood base. Just using the long nails of her finger tips to lightly stroke around the base of the hood with one hand and the buried fingers then, the ones right inside herself and hooked behind

pressing out from inside worked that flesh. Mandy had grown to know her own body so well. Every nook and every cranny she knew where the open receptors were. The ones for her finger tips and her nails. And she worked that flesh just digging in the nails a little encouraging herself to produce her own sexual fluid and then using those fluids to lube her inner walls. Lubing the inner wall behind her clitoris she rubbed and dug. Little stabbings to her own most intimate flesh. Not hard stabbings, just firm ones to encourage even more of her receptors and nerve endings to open. Then using the pads of her fingers and rubbing. Licking her lips as the woman's voice the other end of the phone did something to feed Mandy. It would be unlikely that the woman at SECFAC, the head of operations, didn't know what her voice was doing to Mandy. After all, she had worked on Mandy herself all those months ago. She knew exactly that Mandy herself was a product of SECFAC the same as Julia would be in nine months time. Yes the journey would be slightly different but well, it was the journey that mattered. It remained a fact that anyone, any individual who went through the darker, more clandestine side of SECFAC never returned to normal. Mandy had been head-fucked and she was just as much a victim as Julia was about to become. But Mandy came out on the other side of the line. She was SECFAC's girl on the outside. By the time Julia was integrated back into the outside world, Mandy would have turned nineteen.

"Mmmmmmm I'm pleased to hear all this. I just wanted to, you know... touch base with you. Make sure it was all clear that there are no areas off limits. I know how good you are at nurturing damaged goods after all..... I just want this Bitch Julia to go through what I did, but with added interest. I want her to be taken below amoebic level. A life form yes, but, well, only just."

Mandy giggled and as she did she pressed from inside herself and her clit slid out from under its hood. Like a live writhing worm thing, just poking itself out a little at first then a bit more. Mandy looking down still giggling into the phone, aiming her finger pad over the head of the clit and then rubbing. A light rub at first, just about glancing over the head of the clit, over its very tip causing her to twitch and gasp as she sucked in air. That sensation rocking her a little but then a more firmer stroke, a more firmer rub and then a press of the finger pad directly down onto the button like clitoris. Her lips blowing out as she struggled to absorb that sensation. Before her stint in SECFAC she had never experienced sensations like she had learnt to create and enjoy since. She had thought she knew all there was to know about sex. She had thought she knew it all, until that day in Court, being taken down and shipped out under the cover of darkness to SECFAC. That had been part of it. Not knowing where she was being taken. The fact that it was dark. The fact that she was so numbed with shock. And then what was to happen in that place. How she had been stripped bare, striped naked of all emotion, of any self-control, or ability to control what was happening to her and then very slowly being lowered into that chamber and then once there, into the darkness. That was what it did to a person. Just reduced them. Reduced them really to nothing. And yet, on the other side this is what Mandy was now. She was one of the lucky ones. Taken under the wing of SECFAC for her enthusiasm and her obvious addictive qualities. Others weren't so lucky. Mandy had been sent through the courts and so, to a point she had the opportunity to redeem herself, make amends, come out on the other side so some extent in tact. Julia didn't have that choice. A bit ironic actually, she had been the Law she had been the crown court judge. She had sent people on that very journey. And yet here was she, without that choice. There was only one way in the spiral for her and that was down. She had been set up from day one and there was no way, along the way, that she was going to get the opportunity to come out on the other side in tact, or with choices, like

Mandy had.

“Mmmmmmmmmmmmmnnnnngggggggggggg.....”

Mandy, thinking about the fate of Julia and in the mix with that woman's voice making her come and come. One orgasm rolling into the other. There being no distinction between one orgasm finishing and the next starting, rolling into that last one and then fading a little just before the start of the next one. As the first wave of orgasms hit her, so her juice squirted from a point just below the hood of her clitoris. A squirt of thick slippery juice into the air and splashing down near her stiletto'd feet. Holding her breath as the next wave came through even more intense than the last. Holding her breath and letting it out as another squirt fired high into the air and down splashing into the puddle forming near her feet. The thought going through her mind that she would make Julia lick that mess up if she were here now. Not that she would have to 'make' her. She would simply look at Julia and then at the puddle and the older woman would immediately sink to her knees and crawl, belly and tits low to the puddle and at the same time snake her tongue out, searching for the produce that had just squirted from her owner. Julia would be hungry to do that. More than willing to degrade herself, demean herself in order to taste her owner's juices. To taste them and consume them. She would consider that an honour. Julia would consider it an honour to consume the juices, the deeply intimate juices of Mandy and that thought drove Mandy to an even more intense multiple orgasm. Just as Mandy had thought it an honour all that time ago, licking those boots, cleaning her own mess off them and polishing them with her tongue. One orgasm rolling into the next. Her thighs trembling as she tried to clench them, to intensify the orgasm even more.

“I trust my words are having the desired effect on you Miss Mandy.”

That voice again as the head of operations at SECFAC recognised the deep breathing and the rasping breathing she was hearing over the phone. She didn't get to head of operations by not knowing her stuff. Not knowing the body and the minds of the people who passed through her hands. She could tell from those throaty little rasping sounds, and the almost gleeful squeals between the deep deep heaving sighs as orgasm after orgasm rolled through Mandy.

“Mmmmmmm yesssssssss yesssssssssss

That voice again, filtering into Mandy's psyche. Also, the additional title that Mandy seemed to have clicked with her. Miss Mandy. More than a hint of the young girls Domme future. More than a hint of the recognition that SECFAC were putting her way. Mandy had a future. Maybe not the kind of future her parents would have chosen for her. But she didn't care about that. This was her life now. She was as addicted to sex as the good lady Judge was, or definitely would be. And that voice on the other end of the phone making her squirt and squirt and squirt and then ever so slowly come down again. Unlike certain individuals, there as no guilt or shame associated with that come down. She was not guilty or shamed for enjoying the most intense orgasms she had ever experienced. Far from it. She came and came and then came down.

Just about the exact time that Mandy was squirting that last drop of her juices into the puddle between her stiletto'd feet, Julia was being brought undercover to SECFAC. The same as with Mandy, past the grand front entrance and around to the side and eventually the back entrance. The tradesmen's entrance. The bundle that was brought in wasn't recognisable as Judge Julia, or even just 'Julia'. She had been prepared. There had been some work done with her before she arrived at SECFAC. This was so that no time was wasted, and also, in the main so that Julia became immediately disorientated. Immediately

lost in the new world she would exist in from this point on.

***** THE END ... Maybe *****
© *drkfetyshnyghts* 2012