

TRAPPED BY THEIR LUST

By

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CHAPTER ONE

They walked down Oxford Street amongst the usual cosmopolitan crowd but any close observer would have seen them as being ill matched.

Linda Holmes was a tall, dark haired, reasonably attractive, thirty two year old woman, modestly but quite expensively dressed. Her companion, Jake Hill, barely looked his twenty years and was garishly clad in purple jeans, beige shirt and green cotton jacket that hung loosely from his shoulders. He had a rather pinched face with a sharply pointed jaw line and short cut, thinning hair. He affected designer stubble that was not very effective, given his somewhat immature features. A further difference showed in the way they comported themselves. He literally swaggered, his eyes meeting those of the many pretty girls passing by in an overtly challenging manner; she seemed extremely nervous, occasionally glancing at him with a shy smile but mostly looking straight ahead.

He took her arm and pressed it reassuringly.

“Don’t worry darlin’. You’ll enjoy it. You said you wanted thrills. Now you’re goin’ to have a big one.”

His accent grated on her a little, though she knew that she was being unfair. He was an east Londoner and it showed in the tinny whine of his vowels. He did not normally drop his aitches, nor did he badly maul his grammar, but his accent was still Cockney. To someone as aware of class as Linda, his mode of speaking was a minor irritant.

She knew that in these enlightened days a regional accent should not matter but the plain fact was that it did. And not just to her. Her own accent was impeccably Home Counties and when they went to an expensive restaurant, she often caught a sardonic look in the eyes of the Maitre’D when Jake spoke. The situation was highlighted by the fact that she always paid. Half

an hour ago they had left the Art Deco splendour of the Café Royal, where they had lunched well and expensively; but she had recognized the studied contempt of the waiter as the bill had been presented to her. It was quite clear that she was pegged in the eyes of such people as an older woman with a gigolo. A woman who had to pay for sex.

It was not, she admitted to herself, an unjust assumption. He was a gigolo in the sense that she always did the paying and he rewarded her with marvellous sex. Where he differed from the conventional role was that he increasingly set the terms of the relationship.

“Here!” His voice was abrupt and he was indicating an alleyway to the left, leading off Oxford Street to what looked like a minor square.

Her breath caught in her throat. She had never been happy about this but he had insisted and in spite of her superior age, education and sophistication - not to mention financial status - he usually seemed to get his way.

“Jake. I’m not keen on this. It’s risky.”

“Adventure always is,” he grinned and at that point he exchanged knowing grins with a mini skirted young beauty approaching from the opposite direction. “Bet she’d do it like a shot.”

Linda bit her lip in vexation. She was certain that he enjoyed intimating to her that if she would not play his games then other- usually younger - girls would. The worst part was that she believed that his confidence was often justified. He undoubtedly had a way with women.

They turned down a short alleyway, leaving the bustle of Oxford Street behind them, and were soon entering a small, shabby square, surrounded by drab, four story buildings, that looked as if they were used for warehousing or offices. The pavement around the perimeter of the square was narrow and there were unloading ramps fronting some of the buildings. Piled high rubbish bins lent a derelict air to the area and there seemed to be no people about.

Jake turned and grinned at her. “Where does madam want to do it?”

Linda gave him a weak smile. “Madam doesn’t want to do it - at least not here. Come on, Jake. I know it’s Saturday but there may be people working overtime in those buildings. And it’s not that warm.”

“There’s a doorway over there. It’ll do.”

“Jake? Please?”

“Get over and get your clothes off. All of them.” His voice had sharpened and he was frowning.

“Jake. I’m scared. Anyone can walk down from Oxford Street -”

“It’s unlikely. You said you’d do it. Now do it.”

She pursed her lips in frustration and then walked across to the doorway, which was quite shallow and afforded only a limited degree of privacy. There was a faint smell of urine in the doorway. It occurred to her that this was the sort of place that people caught short, in sudden need of a toilet, would use. A quiet spot just off the teeming thoroughfare of Oxford Street. There was a used condom lying on the dusty floor just inside the door and she kicked it outside, frowning with distaste as she did so.

She slipped off her coat and looked around for somewhere suitable to put it.

“Just put everything on the floor. This ain’t exactly the Ritz.”

She pulled a face but obeyed, though folding the coat neatly and placing it well away from where the condom had been. She put her leather handbag on top of it. Then, reluctantly, she began to unfasten the front of her button through dress, slipped out of it and added it to the pile. The only good thing about this situation was that she had known what was going to happen and had dressed accordingly. She wore neither slip nor stockings. It flitted through her mind that the

supercilious waiter at the Café Royal would have been even more condemning if he had known what was to happen to her after the elaborate and expensive meal, which she had enjoyed with Jake. Now she was going to be fucked in this shabby doorway in a dirty square just off Oxford Street.

Linda took off her bra, showing shapely, if not over large breasts and frowned at Jake who made an obscene gesture at her. With a graceful movement she slipped off her panties. She posed, for him, hands on hips and one leg pushed forward in model mode. It was a pathetic attempt to avoid displaying the depths of her embarrassment and she could not avoid shivering in the cool air.

“Shoes,” he snapped and she kicked them off angrily, now totally naked and annoyed that he never compromised one iota. Her eyes scanned the entrance to the square, hoping fervently that no one would appear. She also gazed up at the windows surrounding the square, knowing that she would be clearly visible from many of them if anyone were watching.

Linda had a good body even though she rarely either exercised or dieted. Her breasts were high, firm and moved seductively; she had a small waist, slender thighs and long legs. Her best friend, Fenella, who was in the fashion business, had told her that if she exercised a bit more she would have had a perfect model figure. But Linda enjoyed her food and her wine and knew that physical exercise would inevitably have to be supported by dieting. She could wait a few years before starting down that path. As it was she carried a few pounds too many and thought her bum was too big. She could live with that. Her dark, short, urchin style hair gleamed and matched the thick triangle of equally dark hair at her pubis. She was a woman who looked good for her thirty-two years.

“Not bad,” he grinned lounging against a wall and evidently enjoying having this much older woman at his beck and call. “Nice tits and slitty little cunt. Now, turn round with your back to me and let’s see your bum.”

Linda had played these and similar games with him in the seclusion of the bedroom, but that was hugely different from performing in a public place. She knew he liked talking dirty to her and humiliating her. Having a much older woman as his sex toy clearly turned him on. It was too late to complain; she had made the difficult choice between indulging him and losing him and there was no turning back. In private, she was usually compliant to his demands though they were becoming increasingly bizarre. It was wholly different, performing obscenities in this exposed area with the ever-present possibility of discovery.

Nevertheless, after a momentary hesitation, she obeyed turning and automatically pushing her bottom towards him in the manner that he frequently demanded.

“Push it harder towards me. It’s a nice arse - let’s see it properly.”

She gritted her teeth and pushed her buttocks further towards him, knowing the order which would come next.

He moved forward, hooked the pile of clothing with one foot and pulled it into the road beside him. The clothes entangled with the used condom, though with her back towards him she did not notice that particular aspect. Nevertheless she did see her clothes pulled away and she straightened up with a gasp of protest. She was now well separated from them and would have to step out of the doorway to regain possession.

“Stay!” he snapped. “Get back in position!”

She hesitated, resentment flowing through her. As so often before, he was treating her like a tart. Nevertheless she bent and thrust her naked buttocks towards him. She could not help

thinking of the thousands of people promenading up and down Oxford Street only a few yards away.

“Pull ‘em open. Let’s see your cunt and arsehole. Come on. I’ve seen ‘em, touched ‘em, smelled ‘em and fucked you stupid. If you don’t do what you’re bloody told, I’ll bloody kick your arse. Or maybe I’ll just walk away and find a young woman.”

Always the emphasis on her age. Linda flushed with humiliation at the deliberately cruel words but she obeyed and bent forward, pulling the cheeks of her buttocks as far apart as possible. A cool breeze seemed to slide between her widely divided blowing gently on her most intimate orifices.

“Bend further. I can smell ‘em but I can’t see enough of ‘em.”

Again she gritted her teeth at the coarseness which he employed so assiduously, but she bent further forward and tried to pull her buttocks wider for his inspection.

She had to stand like that for some time, allowing him to view the jutting, thick lips of her labia and the brown, puckered button of her anus. She had had plenty of lovers before but no one else who could have made her display herself so obscenely - never mind in this sort of place.

“Jake,” she begged. “It’s cold. Please - if you’re going to do something -?”

“Oh. Is the cold making you want to pee?”

She knew that he would like to see pee and the cold was having its effect.

“No,” she lied. “But - you know - please ...”

“Ask me nicely - very, very nicely.”

She knew exactly what sort of words he wanted. The bastard was a genius at humiliating her.

“Please, Jake - I need a good fucking. Please put that wonderful cock up my cunt.”

“Suppose I fuck your arsehole instead? The only thing you’ve had up there is my fingers.”

She shuddered. “No. Please, Jake. I’m just not into that. And it’ll hurt.”

His tone sharpened.

“You’re into whatever I want. Understand, slut?”

“Yes, all right, Jake. But not here though, Jake - please.” She had no intention of ever letting him enter her anally but this was no place or time to argue the matter.

At that moment a middle-aged man accompanied by a similarly aged woman came round the corner leading into the square. They could not look directly into the doorway but they could see the naked female buttocks protruding from it. Jake whirled towards them.

“Sod off, you bloody voyeurs. Never seen a bare arsed woman before?”

The couple scuttled back out of sight but Linda was flushed with embarrassment.

“Come on, Jake. They might go to the police or something. Please let me get dressed?”

“No way,” he growled then he stepped forward and pushed her against the door. Grunting, he shrugged off the jacket then dropped his trousers and underpants. She let out a little moan and put a hand down to grip his penis more because she wanted to get this episode finished than because of any degree of lust. Rarely had she felt less sex inclined.

“That’s better,” he grunted then put questing fingers between her legs. “Fucking hell,” he growled. “You’re dry as a bloody bone. Play with yourself for God’s sake.”

“Those people scared me. And it’s the cold,” she pleaded. “I’ve got goose pimples. Please, let’s go home. You can do whatever you want there.”

“I’m going to do whatever I fucking want here,” he snapped. “Get your legs open - no - wait - get down and suck my cock. Make it good and wet otherwise you’re going to get a dry run - and that’ll bloody hurt.”

With a sob of despair she dropped down on her knees and took the thickened penis into her mouth. Fervently she wished she had never consented to this escapade.

And it was then that she caught sight of the light flashing periodically from one of the windows opposite. She guessed immediately what it was and she made to rise.

“Someone’s at that window behind you. With a camera!”

He pushed her down and held her.

“So they don’t know you and you don’t know them. Who cares?”

Linda was frantic with embarrassment. “I care. I’m not a bloody peep show.”

The idea of being watched in this situation was anathema to her. She pushed herself clear of him but lost her footing and sprawled backwards out of the doorway. He stood over her snickering with amusement and to make it worse she realized that she was now full frontally exposed to the hidden photographer; she saw the flashes intensify.

“You’re still a bloody wilful bitch. I’m going to buy a whip and use it when you don’t do as you’re told.”

She did not reply but angry and ashamed, she regained her feet and began to dress hurriedly, the need to get away from the hidden cameraman driving every other consideration from her mind. When she found the used condom entwined in her clothes she swore briefly but pungently.

“Shit!”

She plucked a tissue from her handbag and cleaned her clothes as best she could, then wrapped the condom in the tissue and flung it into the road.

Jake did not try and stop her dressing and seemed amused at the whole situation. Linda, however, was set faced, angry and humiliated.

When they finally walked back towards Oxford Street he stopped on the corner of the square and gave a two-fingered salute towards the hidden photographer who had ceased operating once Linda had dressed herself. There was one final flash in reply.

Jake Hill was short, coarse, pale and skinny; his choice of dress was appalling and he had the manners of a yobo, but he was a magnet for women. Linda was often angry and even disgusted by him but he had one attraction that utterly dominated her.

His penis. It was that thick piece of gristle that compelled her, a successful, sophisticated businesswoman, to be led by the nose or, more accurately, by the vulva.

Linda had been married at 18 and divorced - on the grounds of her husband’s adultery - at 25.

In the early years of her marriage she had been told that she could never have children but that had caused her no pangs; she was not the maternal type. She was a qualified accountant and had her own small but thriving practice. Happy in her chosen career with its high degree of freedom, respect and independence, she had engaged in periodic relationships, none of which had blossomed into anything very serious. She preferred it that way. She had always enjoyed good sex but had no desire for another marriage.

On the face of it Jake Hill was a complete aberration in her ordered lifestyle. He had come into her life as a client who owned three small video shops. She had many clients of similar size, small firms whose accounts she audited and prepared for the Inland Revenue. She was the first to admit that she was not a really top class accountant but she was diligent and methodical and well

regarded by Inland Revenue. It was those qualities that had enabled to build up her small business, which was profitable enough to allow her to employ five staff.

Jake was not a man whom she initially found attractive, but he had clearly set his cap at her from the first moment they met. Later she was to realize that a woman of her station in life was an irresistible quarry to a serial womanizer such as Jake.

At first she had been reluctant to take his account because a brief examination of the figures he had presented showed very little profit - nor any great scope for improvement. He had been persistent, an attribute she was to find one of his major characteristics, and in the end she had succumbed and taken him on.

During early meetings to discuss his accounts she had begun to experience his sexual magnetism. He was brash, loud and frequently coarse but there was a boyish bravado about him, which was engaging. Under constant pressure she agreed, largely out of politeness, to have a drink with him.

They had gone to a local pub where Jake drank beer in remarkable quantities, given his small frame, and she consumed several measures of vodka and orange, overshooting her normal limits. He was amusing and told borderline dirty stories that she started by greeting primly with thin smiles. Later after a succession of drinks had reduced her inhibitions, the jokes became filthier and her laughter more raucous.

Without having had the slightest intention of doing so she ended up in his bed in a scruffy flat in Earls Court.

Linda was normally selective about her lovers. Nor did she usually succumb on a first date. On this occasion it was undoubtedly excessive alcohol that fuelled her surrender. But the sex was a revelation. The orgasms left her whole body trembling yet also left her feeling randier than she had ever believed possible. Even more impressively, his staying power was incredible. She had encountered men who could raise erections twice during a sexual encounter and she had seen varied sizes and shapes of penises. But she had experienced nothing to anywhere near match Jake.

His penis was big - bigger and thicker - than normal and it looked almost grotesque on his skinny body. Moreover he had fucked her five times during the night and brought her to orgasm every time. He would have been an exceptional 'cocksman' in any circumstances but he had an artificial enhancement, which literally drove Linda berserk. Five small gold balls had been surgically inserted under the skin along the top of his penis. They stuck up like small studs. When he rammed her, the studs unerringly stimulated her clit and drove her into raving madness.

By morning she was sweat soaked and in a state of near exhaustion. What he had done to her far exceeded her fantasies and made the sex articles she had read in women's magazines seem positively dull. She finally lay on the floor - he had insisted upon shagging her there, on her hands and knees, the last time - wondering how she could ever adjust to normal sex again. When he had finally dismissed her, she had shakily made her way home where she had left a message on her office answer phone saying that she would be late in. Then she had collapsed into bed and slept for several hours.

When she had finally woken she had found her body to be tingling with desire and had promptly masturbated, building her lust up as slowly as she could bear until the orgasm overwhelmed her. Usually that would have satisfied her but on this occasion she became even more restless and lusting. Her body was fired with desire and she experienced the urge, controlled with difficulty, to go out and grab a man - any man - off the street to give her another

sound fucking. She did not go into work that day and even the following day she found her thoughts continually distracted by recollections of her sexual Valhalla.

Jake had played her skilfully. He had left her alone for a few days before turning up at her business unannounced. Advised of his arrival by the woman who doubled as secretary and office manager, Linda had greeted him with forced decorum at the door to her office, face pale and panties wringing wet. A couple of minutes later she was stretched face down over her own desk, the panties around her ankles, being fucked like an animal and loving every moment of it, even though she knew that her door was unlocked.

Afterwards they had talked while they adjusted their clothing.

"You liked it?"

"Yes." It was not deniable.

"And you want more - a lot more?"

"Yes." She had repeated in a small voice.

"You're an uptight little bitch. You've got to change - get real."

"Whatever you want, Jake."

"My business isn't doin' that well. But you know that. You're goin' to have to help me out a bit."

She swallowed. "Whatever I can do ..."

"We'll discuss the details later," he interrupted. "And listen. This deal's not exclusive. If I want to fuck someone else or you do -"

"I won't. I won't - I really, really, won't -"

"Well. I don't care if you do. We don't own each other. Maybe I'll end up owning you but we'll see." He let out a little snigger and Linda, who would have happily been owned by him at that moment, shivered with excitement. "Now, give me your home address and I'll come and see you tonight."

That had caused Linda a moment of uncertainty. Jake was not the most presentable visitor to be welcomed at her rather sedate block of flats. "I have a maid."

"Is she pretty?" Jake leered.

"Yes, I suppose so," Linda frowned. In truth she had not even thought about it before. A maid was a maid. Svenka was reasonably competent, neat and respectful. But some would consider her quite pretty.

"Well - give her the night off. You don't want anyone to watch the things I'm going to do to you tonight."

Linda's body tingled with excitement; her eyes began to sparkle. "What - what have you in mind?"

"Wait and see. But now you can give me a present. You've had my cock up your cunt several times. Now let's see what your mouth can do."

She glanced at the door. He laughed.

"If you lock it they'll know what's happening. They'll hear the lock turn."

She looked at him appealingly. "Can't we wait until later?"

"I need it now. Or tonight's off!"

It was the first threat he had uttered in their brief relationship and she shuddered with indecision. Occasionally she had taken a man's penis in her mouth though it was never something that she enjoyed simply because the taste was - well, not to her taste. That was bad enough, but she instinctively knew that Jake was requiring her to go the whole way. To swallow. That seriously intimidated her. Not to mention the fact that her secretary was authorized to

interrupt if anything urgent came up. It would be bad enough to be found lying across her desk with her dress up around her neck and her panties swirling around her ankles but sucking him off ...

She tried to temporize but the words came out as an abject surrender.

“Tonight. I promise I’ll do it then.”

He unfastened the waist of his trousers and pulled down the zip. Then he waved that incredible penis, already hardening despite his recent performance, at her, daring her to refuse him.

“Now!”

Capitulating, she sank to her knees. In Jake’s flat that first night, he had spent the whole time fucking her into subjugation. At the time he had shown no interest in involving her in fetish activities. Linda knew enough about men to guess that now she had succumbed to his advances he would want a great deal more from her. He would press her into ever more extreme activities. She was no shrinking violet but there was something about Jake that intimidated her.

Linda took the cock into her mouth. Fellatio was not an activity that she had ever enjoyed. She could taste her own fluids - which was degrading - together with stale urine and what she strongly suspected were the residual emissions of other women. It was not the first time she had done this; senses dulled by the alcoholic induced compliance that often accompanied sex, she had occasionally performed unpleasant and unhygienic acts. But on this occasion she was stone sober and aware of all the nastiness. And she was acutely aware of the possibility of interruption.

She sucked and blew on the hard rod in her mouth with no great expertise and even less enthusiasm. She was tense and her ears were cocked towards the door.

With a show of annoyance he jerked his penis from her mouth and pulled up his trousers.

“You’re going to have to learn to do better than that,” he growled.

She was immediately apologetic, knowing that she had disappointed him though also relieved at the discontinuance.

“I will do it Jake. Honestly. But it’ll be better at home. I really will do a thorough job there, Jake.”

“I’ll come in your mouth and you’ll swallow it.”

“Yes. I promise!” She was desperate to placate but immediately afterwards she wished that she had not been so definite.

He was still looking angry.

“You can write me a cheque. A couple of thou. Will do”

She frowned and scrambled to her feet. “That’s a lot of money, Jake.”

His anger exploded. “For Christ’s sake! You’re bloody wasting my time ...”

She flew to the desk, pulled a cheque book from the drawer and hurriedly wrote him the cheque. There was not enough in her personal account so she used her client account cheque book; even though she knew it was illegal. She decided that, if necessary, she could explain away one ‘accidental’ use.

“Make it out to cash,” he ordered brusquely.

Once she had given him the cheque he became more reasonable though there was still an air of sullenness about him. She gave him her address, promised to prepare a meal and suggested that he came at 7pm. He nodded but showed no great enthusiasm. As she showed him out she noticed that her staff were regarding them curiously.

Returning to her office she sat at her desk and pondered. She knew that she had shown weakness and she regretted it. She could not allow herself to be dominated by a young thug.

In future she decided that a defining line would be drawn beyond which he would not be allowed to go.

As soon as she arrived home she gave her maid, Svenka, the evening off. She commanded rather than requested that Svenka leave the flat and put a curfew on her return until after midnight.

She had employed several maids previous to Svenka. All had been unsatisfactory, demanding high wages and not too much work. Svenka was in a much weaker position. She was an illegal immigrant, a Bosnian Serb - though she spoke good English - and she had no right to be in Britain. Linda, in a strong position, had laid down terms that she would never have dared demand of a legal applicant. She provided Svenka with living food, accommodation and a very small salary. She gave her only one night a week off with the proviso that she would have to pass it up at Linda's request. Lastly she provided a typical maid's uniform, which Svenka had to wear at all times. In return Svenka had to keep the flat spotless, cook most of the meals and always be deferential. Linda, something of a minor snob, also insisted upon being called 'Madam'. Linda knew that she was being demanding but considered that she was doing Svenka a favour by employing her at all. She dismissed the hiring of an illegal on the notion that 'every body does it'.

The apartment was quite large with three bedrooms, a box room, two bathrooms, a dining room, living room and kitchen. Svenka had her own bedroom, which was converted into a bed-sitting room with its own television, sitting area and minor cooking facilities. Linda herself had the master bedroom, which had an adjoining bathroom. The third bedroom, much smaller than the others, was used as a sort of utility room. It did contain a single bed but was mostly used for ironing and the storing of household accessories. The tiny, internal box room was without windows and Linda used it as a home office. It contained a small desk, computer and filing cabinets plus a small bookcase.

Linda fully expected that the evening ahead would be largely orgiastic and thus, although she laid the table with splendid linen, candles, glittering silver and Waterford crystal, she ensured that the meal itself would be simple and convenient. She had no idea whether he would want sex before or after the meal and it never crossed her mind that she might have a say in that decision. The meal would consist of Vichyssoise, which he loved but could not pronounce, cold salmon accompanied by a tropical salad, followed by fresh raspberries and cream. The wine was an excellent first growth Chablis and she had splashed out to the extent of providing three bottles. She was pleased with her choice of meal, which gave complete freedom between sex and eating without hurrying either and even allowing for dalliance between courses.

A bigger problem was what to wear. Linda normally dressed in keeping with her career, which meant that she was very conservative. 'Escada' and 'Burberry' were her favourite fashion names but they were classic houses, which hardly lent themselves to seductive dressing. She occasionally went to evening, business functions but again conservatism was the rule. She had no clingy, low décolleté evening dresses.

Given her restricted wardrobe she had to present her sexuality in a restrained mode. She possessed a classic, white silk shirt by 'Burberry' and she wore it without a bra. That was unusual for her. She had good breasts, not huge but shapely and although she normally wore a bra she was well able to do without one. She made the resolution that when the entrance bell

sounded, she would touch her nipples with ice so that they prinked through the flimsy material. With the blouse she wore a tight blue skirt which emphasized the slimness of her hips. Stockings were another problem because she only wore tights and she knew that men hated those. She decided to go bare legged. Panties were also a difficulty; Linda preferred comfort to hidden display and thus she possessed only sensible and practical cotton garments. The choice therefore was stark. Wear no panties or just what she possessed. She had chosen the latter, feeling that she had really gone far enough to accommodate Jake.

She had showered with care and rubbed her body with an expensive lotion by Este Lauder. After a moments' consideration she added a few drops of Dior's J'Adore perfume to the valley between her breasts, the cleft of her buttocks and between her thighs.

By 7 pm all was ready and Linda poured herself a steadying vodka orange. When, two hours later Jake had still not turned up, the vodka bottle was at a perilously low level and she was in a state of despair. In a few hours' time Svenka would return and the whole evening would have been a disaster.

Jake arrived at nearly half past nine, clearly drunk. When she opened the door to him he grabbed her, stuck his beer tasting tongue down her throat and ripped open the flimsy blouse. She was almost as drunk as he and long past any show of resistance. The blouse came off her body in a couple of jerks and she had already unfastened the waistband of her skirt so that it slipped off quickly. They grasped at each other like the drunken pair that they were and her knickers and his slacks were quickly discarded.

There were neither doubts nor hesitations left in Linda. Her nipples were prinking even though she had forgotten all about the ice and she could feel the hot wetness between her legs. She slid to her knees and grasped at the penis, the vision of which had haunted her over the past few hours, determined that he should never have to complain again. She sucked at it with a similar determination to that of a penniless whore determined to earn a few pounds plus a good tip for performance. There was no way that she could contemplate a future without Jake and the despair of the last couple of hours had emphasised that.

His spunk gushed into her mouth and she swallowed it down without the slightest hesitation.

"More, I want more of your spunk, Jake," she whimpered, determined to abase herself for him.

The semen tasted of very little but the sliminess was nasty. She cared not. During time she had waited - which had seemed like days - she had promised that she would never deny him anything again if only he would arrive.

Sensing the completeness of her surrender, he pushed her backwards on the floor and stripped off the rest of his clothes. She kicked off the shoes, the only item of clothing she had retained then lay back on the floor and lewdly opened her legs, flashing her hairy orifice at him.

He sneered down at her. Once again she was struck by how huge his penis looked on the scrawny body. He had little hair, even the pubic growth was sparse and the tufts at his armpits were minimal. His penis seemed darker than the rest of his body, probably because of the engorged blood under the skin and the unhealthy whiteness of his body accentuated the contrast. It came to her in her dreamy, lust and alcohol-affected mind, that his face was somewhat rat-like, with small uneven teeth, pointed nose and a weak chin.

But she adored him. No. More than that. She worshipped him!

He dropped to his knees and straddled her body. His hands sought her breasts and squeezed them so roughly that her face convulsed with pain.

"Please?"

“You’re a whore.”

“If that’s what you want-,” she gasped. “I’ll be your whore.”

“No,” he grunted. “A whore! Maybe I’ll put you out for other men to fuck.”

Her alcohol and lust fogged mind had lost any sense of reality. All she wanted was to please him.

“Whatever you want. But fuck me, Jake - please fuck me.”

“You’ll do whatever I want, whenever I want?”

“Yes. Of course. Anything you want.” Her breathing was fast and noisy. He wanted her to talk dirty and she would talk dirty.

“You never refuse anything, question anything or fail to do your best?”

“Yes,” she moaned. “Anything - whenever you want. Use my cunt and my mouth however you want.”

Releasing her breasts and leaning forward she slapped her face backwards and forwards several times. She cried out but he continued to slap her. Finally, breathing hard, he flipped her on her belly, put his hand under her crotch and yanked her bottom upwards.

“Bitches get it like animals,” he grated. “Tell me you’re a bitch on heat. Say it.”

She could still taste his spunk in her mouth but the only thing in the world, which was important, was to please him and obey him.

“Yes,” she panted. “I’m a bitch on heat - and I need a good fucking.”

She was not a woman who normally used obscene language but she wanted to do so now because she knew it would please him. It would please him because it degraded her. And if that was what he wanted - OK.

He jerked his penis into her. She felt the studs rub along the bottom of her vaginal opening and realized that, entering her from the back; the reinforced prick would not massage her clit. It actually hurt for a moment before her extreme wetness provided lubrication. She gasped with the pain but did not complain. His cock felt huge and was embedded into her; she could feel his pubic hair rasping against her bottom. His hands circled around her body and squeezed her breasts, deliberately hurting her. She realized that tomorrow she would have bruised tits but she could not have cared less. Oddly, the pain he was inflicting upon her was stimulating. The penis withdrew, then thrust again and she let out a loud, elongated gasp as the air was driven from her lungs.

His penis seemed to fill her sex hole. Sweat began to break out on both bodies. He began to grunt regularly as he thrust into her, hammering away as if she was merely some sex doll bought from a sex shop; his eyes glazed. It was doubtful if, in his extreme passion, he cared whether or not she obtained satisfaction but that studded cock did its work in spite of massaging a less sensitive area and she was soon in a fog of sexual delirium.

The spunk spurted into her just as she came to her climax and his last thrust seemed powerful enough to exit through her sweat soaked belly.

Then they were both gasping, a drenched tangle of naked limbs on the expensive carpet.

“Oh God. I love you. I love you so much,” she moaned. “Please don’t leave me waiting like that again. I’ll do anything you want but please keep me with you.”

He grunted, rolled over and stood up. His cock was glistening with their emissions and it was no longer even part erect, though it still looked grotesquely big on the slight body. He walked over to the dining table and poured himself a glass of wine from the opened bottle still in its ice bucket.

Linda remained on the floor. Her thick, dark pubic hair was as soaked and she lay on her side. Her normally elegant body was sprawled in an ungainly position; her breasts were hurting and bruised from his rough treatment. Her sex seemed as if a steam hammer had invaded it and she felt as if his withdrawn penis had left her with a vastly enlarged orifice. Her usually composed face was twisted with lust, her lips seemed thicker, her eyes were heavy lidded and she was drooling slightly out of the corner of her mouth. One hand was between her legs, lewdly trying to push his spunk back into the wet chasm from which it was seeping

Jake drank the wine and poured some more. With a grunt he threw it over her reclining body. The icy liquid hit her and made her jump with sudden shock. Eyes dilated, she climbed to her feet.

“Knees,” he growled. “Get back on your knees. I’m not finished with you yet.”

She sank back on her knees and stared at him intently. She certainly hoped that he had not finished with her. She wanted to feel those marvellous studs working on her clitoris.

“Don’t bloody look at me, you wet-cunted sow. From now on you’ll do what you’re bloody told. . Now, get into that bedroom - get on the bed with your legs open and starting putting out with gratitude.”

Throat dry, hardly listening to what he said, she began to pick up her clothes from the floor.

“Leave those where they are, you whining cow. Get into the bedroom.”

She turned an anguished face to him. “My maid ...” she began.

“Fuck your maid - and I probably will if she’s pretty.”

Linda dropped the clothing and scuttled into the bedroom. She flung herself on the bed and opened her legs wide, glorying in offering herself to his rampant maleness.

His attitude was wholly different from the first time that he had fucked her; now he showed no interest in her feelings, ramming into her mouth and vulva as if she were merely an object for his gratification. Periodically he snapped out obscene instructions and she obeyed without compunction. The studs rubbed her clit and she came in great waves, which left her temporarily exhausted though with a body that soon throbbed with increased sexual need.

For the rest of the night Jake had used her without inhibition. Linda had lost all sense of time and determined to refuse him nothing. In spite of that, he several times spanked her bottom. She squealed but made no protest. The hurt seemed to stimulate her passion.

In the morning she was exhausted, breasts bruised and carrying red slap marks on her bottom. She staggered out of the bedroom wrapped in a towelling robe leaving Jake snoring softly in the bed.

Svenka greeted her with a curtsy but Linda thought that she detected a sardonic look in her eyes. Her clothes, including the torn blouse, had been cleared away but Jake’s were neatly stacked on a settee. The table had been cleared of the previous night’s debris and breakfast was laid.

Once again Linda did not go into work that day and she took her new lover out for lunch. It was during that lunch that Jake told her that he wanted to fuck her in the street.

CHAPTER TWO

Fenella Brady was regarding Linda with astonishment. The restaurant was full of smartly dressed people enjoying lunch and the service was, as usual, unobtrusive but excellent. Fenella and Linda were long time friends, having been to school and University together and were in the

habit of exchanging the frankest confidences. Fenella worked as a buying executive for a large store group, was a year younger than Linda and arguably a little prettier in the face, though her body was built on bigger, more voluptuous lines.

They met regularly in one of a small group of favourite restaurants where their meal usually consisted of salad, followed by grilled fish with Fenella alone frequently managing a pudding. As usual they were sharing a half bottle of white wine.

Fenella, a stippled blonde, was unmarried and her job was glamorous if exacting. She had a ribald sense of humour and a passionate interest in sex. She dressed well, ate and drank a little too much, flirted unashamedly, slept with anyone who took her fancy and regarded the world as a sort of pleasurable theme park. Over the years she had kept Linda amused at her various escapades, concealing nothing and telling of her experiences in a ribald and humorous manner.

Now, she gazed open mouthed at the usually more decorous Linda.

"You're telling me that this guy first makes you drunk and entices you into his bed, after which he virtually assaulted you in your office and then gets you to part with two thousand quid. Then he keeps you waiting a couple of hours when you - for God knows what reason - invite him for dinner. He arrives drunk, ignores the meal and treats you like a whore. And just to prove that he's a bloody shit he makes you leave your clothes strewn around the room so your maid knows exactly what you've been doing. And just to make certain you understand your place he makes you strip off in an alley near Oxford Street where some pervert unknown takes photographs. To cap it all he tells that he's going to buy a whip and use it on you. Is that correct?"

Without waiting for an answer she leaned back in her chair and sipped at her wine. "Darling, the quicker you dump this guy the better. At best he's a moron and at worst he's a sadist. What in hell's name has got into you?"

Linda took a deep breath and smiled shyly. "What got into me, dear Fenella, was his cock. I promise you that you've experienced nothing like it."

Fenella emitted a sharp grunt. "Darling, I've seen 'em all. Big and small, black, brown, white and yellow, limp and hard. Last time we had lunch I told you that you needed more sex but I didn't tell you to go dippy over some cut price Adonis."

"He's no Adonis, dear Fenella. He's short, thin, pale - oh, and a lot younger than me. He dresses like a clown, has no manners and treats me like a slut. And I don't care!"

She rapped out the last words so loudly that several people at adjoining tables turned to look at them.

Fenella signalled for more wine. "Special occasion," she grunted. "A commiseration, not a celebration but I think that another half bottle's the thing. And what about the money, darling? How did you come to have a couple of thousand pounds hanging around for casual emoluments?"

It was a shrewd question and one that Linda dodged. She knew Fenella well enough to discuss virtually any level of her sexuality but money was a different matter. That was business. The fact that she had paid Jake out of her company's client account was both unethical and illegal. It had to remain a deep secret.

"I just had it around," she said vaguely. "And frankly I'd prefer to risk a couple of thousand than to lose him."

"And you don't mind if he whips you?"

"Come on, Fenella. Last time we met you told me that you had your bottom paddled by your boyfriend - and quite enjoyed it."

"A sexy paddling is one thing. A real beating is quite something else."

“You mean it’s a question of degree?” Linda smiled and Fenella could not help but laugh.

“Well - if you put it like that. But I still don’t understand. The guy sounds like a toad and you’re not without experience. What’s different about this guy?”

Linda explained in detail about Jake’s penis.

The wine arrived as she finished and both glasses were replenished. Fenella was looking at her wide-eyed.

“Hell. I’ve heard about that. They call them Thai love beads – no - Japanese love beads. Thai love beads are little balls like marbles that go up the anus and are pulled out very slowly when you’re coming. Strongly to be recommended, darling though it can be a bit messy. I’ve never seen Jap love beads but I know all about them. They insert several studs of gold, silver or even stainless steel or pearl under the skin on the top of a man’s cock. The studs rub the clit and it’s supposed to drive a woman mad ...”

Then she stopped and a look of understanding dawned on her face.

“And it does,” Linda said smugly. “It really, really does.”

Fenella gulped down her drink and a waiter swooped down and refilled it.

“But you’ll still have to be careful, darling. The cock’s a gimmick. Great, but anyone who wants one like that can have it done.”

“But in your extensive experience you haven’t run across one?” Linda needed.

“That’s true. But great sex isn’t just about great orgasms.”

“Well, that’s a change from what I usually read in the women’s mags. And what I’ve heard from you previously. I thought that orgasms were everything about sex!”

Fenella was clearly finding herself in some confusion. She was a self-proclaimed nymphomaniac and proud of it. Usually during these lunches it was she who regaled Linda with her own sexual experiences - which were usually diverting and highly coloured. Now for a few minutes she was frowning and silent while consuming the rest of the bottle and ordering another. The waiter looked taken aback. These were regular customers and he had never seen them drink so much before. Nevertheless he speedily produced another half bottle.

“Look, darling. All I’m saying is go ahead and enjoy yourself. Get it out of your system. Hell, if he’s as good as you say I’ll borrow him when you’ve finished with him. But don’t give him any more money. And, for God’s sake be careful about the violence bit.”

Linda smiled and raised her glass. “I’ll take that as limited approval. Do remember, dear Fenella that I’m still that careful accountant who you always say should let herself go a bit. I’m nobody’s pushover even if I have found that I’m badly on heat at the moment.”

“I can’t give you any more money. You’ve had two thousand already.”

“Bloody chickenshit,” Jake sneered. “Get your fucking clothes off and I’ll earn it.”

He had arrived unexpectedly at her flat and been shown in by Svenka who knew, having served him breakfast a few days before, that Linda was his mistress. He smelled of beer and was swaying slightly on his feet. Without preamble and with Svenka still in the room he had demanded another thousand pounds.

Linda waved a dismissing hand at Svenka and waited until the maid had gone.

“Jake. Just because I’m an accountant doesn’t mean to say that I have lots spare of money. I’m comfortable but-”

“Give me another of the client account cheques.”

Linda was stunned. "What - what-?"

"I'm not a bloody moron. It's stamped on the top of the cheque. So it's your client's money. So you borrow for a bit. Bet you do it all the time!"

"No. It's not like that at all. Please, Jake - I probably made a mistake with that particular cheque-"

"Then give me a personal cheque for a thou."

She realized that she had to make a stand.

"Look. Jake. I am not giving you more money!"

"Fucking whore!" he snarled and his thin, pasty face was convulsed with rage.

"It's no use being abusive," she said in an attempt at maintaining some dignity. "I just don't keep that sort of money in my current account. It would be stupid to do so."

"Then how much can you give me?"

Linda bit her lip. "I can let you have about two hundred - as a loan."

He cursed horribly. "All right. But when can I have more?"

She faltered. It took no great insight to realise that he could be really nasty. There were no scales covering her eyes over his true nature. He was a thug who possessed a fatal attraction for women and she was bound to him by her own sexual needs. In many ways she was being as selfish as he was because the only time she enjoyed their relationship was in the bedroom.

Her first inclination had been to break with him on account of his unreasonable behaviour, but she realised that she had to be careful. That he had recognised the significance of a client account cheque made her cautious. She wondered if he realised how seriously illegal that was and fervently prayed that he did not. She decided that she would have to ease her way out of this

"I can lend you another three hundred by next weekend."

"Fuck lending!"

"Jake, I just cannot give you these large sums of money."

He glared at her and the malignancy in his eyes discomfited her. Then, suddenly his expression changed and his face twisted into a shy grin.

"Sorry. I've got problems and I'm taking them out on you. Don't worry about money."

The sudden alteration of mood threw her off balance but she maintained her firm attitude.

"I mean it, Jake. You're an attractive man and I enjoy our - friendship. But I'm not just an easy fuck and a meal ticket."

The crudity was deliberate. She wanted him to know that she could deal with him on his own terms.

"Never thought you were." He waved towards her bedroom. "Let's go and make up."

She was by no means certain that was a good idea.

"Maybe we shouldn't do that this time, Jake."

"You mean it'll be OK next time?" He was grinning boyishly and applying the same persistence as he had used when getting her to handle his accounts.

She could not resist smiling back. "No, Jake. That isn't going to work. Let's talk about it later."

"You mean you're not going to be an easy fuck now but you will be later?"

He was incorrigible. Her resolve faltered.

"Jake, look. I've made my position clear. I don't want you to think that I'm an easy touch ..."

"Let's go and make up?"

"Jake!"

He was much gentler than on previous occasions. It was quite different from the alcohol fuelled semi ravish, which had begun to inflict on her. He kissed her tenderly, fondled her body with the skill of long experience and entered her with a high degree of consideration, riding her slowly at first and gradually building up to a crescendo as the pace of her breathing became rapid and she began to emit uncontrolled mewls of ecstasy. She orgasmed with body convulsions and unintelligible grunts of sheer lust.

Before she had recovered he started again, building her up to an even greater orgasmic explosion. After that he could have done anything he wanted with her but he did not force her to extremes as he had on previous occasions.

During the next hour and a half he worked on her like the sexual artist he was. He left her panting if not quite satiated.

At the end she was grateful that they had made up and pleased that her stand had been successful. But at the back of her mind there was an odd regret that he had been quite so gentle.

She did not see Jake for several days. At first there was a guarded sense of relief. She knew well enough that he was wrong for her. She knew that it was his sexual performance that held her in thrall. But as the days passed the need for his touch grew strong within her.

Linda could not remember being hung up on a male since her early teens but there was no doubt that he was constantly on her mind now. She had always masturbated fairly regularly but now she felt in constant need of relief and she indulged herself far more often. But the orgasms she raised were pale shadows of those she had enjoyed with Jake. Even when working on complicated accounting operations, his face - and to be sure, his penis - swam into her mind.

In the end he turned up at her office with a hangdog look on his face. She greeted him guardedly but pleasantly.

"Missed you, Jake. Where've you been?"

"Been thinking about us, Linda. You know we're really different people?"

"That's not original, Jake. 'Course we're different."

"Yeah. But we're different, different. You're a fine lady and I'm just a flashy bum."

Linda's eyebrows rose. Introspection was not a quality which she had previously detected in him.

"Come on, Jake. We usually get on quite well. A disagreement here and there's not important."

He shook his head.

"No. The only thing I give you is sex and a woman like you can get plenty of that."

The first part was perfectly true – but there was a huge gap between reality and the second part. It suddenly occurred to her that if she lost Jake she would never have those unbelievable orgasms again. Impulsively she resolved that she was not going to lose him if she could prevent it.

"Jake. You're important to me. Really."

"No. I fucked up by making you strip off in the street the other day. That's not your scene."

"Well, Jake. I mean it was embarrassing. And someone taking photographs ..."

He shrugged. "Yeah. I understand. But you see, I like adventurous scenes. That's why I say that we're different."

She bit her lip and decided to crawl a bit.

"I'm - I'm not a prude, Jake. I don't really - well - if there's anything you really want to try - well - of course I'll - I've never actually refused to do anything, have I?"

He brightened up. "You mean you want to continue?"

Relief ran through her. "Of course I do, Jake."

He looked downcast again. "Linda. Look. You know I'm skint?"

She froze. It was the same approach from a different direction.

"Yes. I can help a little but not the sort of money you were talking about."

"I don't want money. Could I move in with you?"

The request came like a bolt from the blue. She gaped at him.

"Just until I get on my feet. The thing is, I've got problems. I'm going to get evicted from my flat for not paying the rent."

She made her mind up quickly. Too quickly.

"Of course you can move in. You can have the spare bedroom. It's a utility room as well but it'll be quite comfortable." She plunged on recklessly. "When do you want to move?"

"Today."

Jake gave Linda her reward that night in her flat and there was no question of using the spare bedroom. Once again he inflamed her passions, sweeping away her inhibitions and making her howl with ecstasy as orgasm after orgasm shuddered through her.

This time Jake was rougher but she realised that she preferred it that way. He did not actually slap her around but he gripped her breasts until she cried out and his penis stabbed into her vagina like a steam hammer. She began to suspect that she was a closet masochist and did not care if she was.

Finally, drenched in sweat - and it amazed her how the sweat poured from her body under his ministrations - she lay on the soaking coverlet, hair disordered, mouth and legs wide open, careless of the obscene picture she presented to him.

"Let's do something dirty, Linda," he whispered.

"Oh, yes, Jake - yes. Anything." The thought circled her and her pink tongue circled her lips as she peered lewdly up at him.

"Anything?"

"Anything-", she smiled and straightened up. "But first I have to go to the bathroom."

"I'll come with you."

"Sorry, darling. I need a pee."

"And I want to watch."

She realised that he was serious and ambivalent feelings flowed through her. Would it be exciting to pee with a man looking on? Why not?

"All right," she giggled. "If that's what you want."

"It's what I want," he confirmed. "But I want you to do it standing in the bath because I want to watch the piss run down your thighs."

Startled, she stared at him. "Really. You want to watch me - do that?"

He nodded, put a finger between her thighs and massaged her clit. It made her want to pee more urgently and she giggled and scampered towards the bathroom, he following just behind her.

She felt his cock slide between the cheeks of her buttocks and realised that he was hardening yet again. Lasciviously she pushed her bottom backwards and felt the tip of his prick press against her anus. She blushed as she realised that he would probably think she was making an offer but she had already decided that if – when - he wanted her that way she would do it.

She climbed into the bath and turned to face him. She was blushing again, embarrassed about what she was about to do but still determined to do it.

“Just bend your legs very slightly and let it go. I want to see the piss drip down your thighs.” He was leaning forward and fondling his penis, which was well on the rise again; his recovery power was awesome.

She liked him to tell her what to do. Liked the feeling that she must obey his command - his every command!

“Why do you want to watch me?” She wanted an answer couched in obscene terms. She wanted him to talk dirty to her.

“I want you to do some dirty things. Pissing down yourself is a good start.”

Linda shivered. A tiny voice in the back of her mind told her that she risked stepping off her pedestal forever. With a rush of cold realism she realised that he was determined to degrade her, to strip away her everyday mask of cold competence and reveal her as a sexual animal subject only to her basest instincts. And obedient to his will.

She swallowed, her bladder paining, staring into his eyes. The weasel justifications flowed through a mind already slightly unhinged by the burgeoning sexual desires that he had raised in her from the first. He was giving her what she wanted and needed; was it so awful to reciprocate and do something he wanted? Two people alone; consenting adults in utter privacy. Why not?

She capitulated, smiling into his eyes. Her overfull bladder began to shed its load. The amber liquid splashed out of her body and slid like a waterfall down her ivory thighs and between her legs. She could smell its pungency and knew, from the deliberate twitch of his nose, that he could smell it too.

Jake moved forward, a triumphant smile on his lip. He deliberately put his hand into the stream of urine then rubbed it over her belly and pubic hair. She made no move to prevent him and the touch of his wet hands sent electric currents flowing through her. Then his other hand joined the first and he seemed to be washing his hands in her urine before rubbing the fast flowing liquid all over her pubic area.

She pushed her head backwards, looking up at the ceiling, wanting to experience what was going on but to not watch it. Her hands rested on his shoulders and she felt him stroking her body with his soaking hands. Her inner thighs, her belly then up over her breasts. He was soaking her body with her own warm urine. She shuddered and it was with pleasure, not in disgust.

Then he was in the bath with her, his penis pressed hard against her belly, searching and wet with her urine. He pushed her back onto the floor of the bath and, although it was draining, she felt wetness at the back of her head, soaking into her hair. She emitted a muffled gasp of shock but he put his arms around her haunches and pulled her sex gash up to his penis, impaling her with one mighty thrust of his loins. The protests died on her lips as the studded marvel grated pleausurably across her clitoris, sending waves of pure lust rushing through her surrendering body.

“Whatever you want, Jake. Whatever!” she moaned and made no protest as a wet hand dampened her face.

CHAPTER THREE

Linda woke slowly, sensuously and reluctantly, unwilling to relinquish the comfort of contented slumber. Jake, beside her was still sleeping. She savoured the warmth for a few moments then glanced at the clock on her bedside table.

The time showed that it was nearly 10am, a couple of hours beyond her usual rising time. For a moment she panicked, then relaxed. ‘What the hell! The office could manage without her for once in a while.’

As she slipped out of bed she detected the persistent odour of urine. Jake had insisted that she should not bathe after her performance and she had been in no mood to challenge his wishes. In the cold light of day she regretted that decision but at the time it had been yet another pleasurable surrender to his will. The morning after reality was that her maid, Svenka, would have to change the sheets and she would hardly fail to understand what the stains and smell were caused by. Linda pulled a face and then dismissed the problem. Svenka was paid to do what was necessary and would just have to get on with it. Servants were there to serve not to criticise their betters.

Linda showered before pulling on a white towelling wrap and walking into the dining room. Svenka properly dressed in her black maid’s uniform with lace cap and apron, seemingly unpuzzled by Linda’s lateness, bobbed a curtsy. Linda required that first thing in the morning simply because it emphasised their differing status. From past experience she knew that live-in servants could easily start showing familiarity and she had been resolute from the beginning in laying guidelines aiming at preventing that. She realised that Svenka would resent some of her rules but did not worry about that. Linda wanted a servant, not a friend.

Svenka served her orange juice, coffee and hot croissants.

“Will Mr. Jake be wanting a similar breakfast, Ma’am?”

Linda had explained briefly that Jake would be staying with them for a short time though she had designated the spare bedroom as his base. She realised that there was no point in trying to conceal the fact that Jake had slept with her the previous night and had no intention of offering explanations.

“Give him what he wants,” she said curtly.

Linda did not miss the mood of disapproval at her lateness as she entered her office. It annoyed her. She had built up this business from being a one-woman operation to what it was now. The five people she employed were moderately well paid and not overworked apart from this period at the end of the tax year when working over was an industry wide norm. She was annoyed that they dared criticise her working practices.

Her secretary/manager, a tall, gaunt fifty-year-old woman, had a list of queries which Linda disposed of quickly as she drank a cup of coffee. Once the secretary had departed, Linda began studying the tax file of her largest client but was interrupted again when the secretary reappeared with a pile of newspapers. A good accountant kept herself abreast of the news and

Linda, who was not really in a mood to concentrate on figures, selected a tabloid, with a good financial section.

She started in shock. Splashed over the front page was a photograph of Fenella Brady. The copy read. FASHION FILLY IN PLANE SEX. The body of the copy was suitably lurid and described how Fenella; flying on a plane to a Hong Kong Fashion Fair had met up with a businessman; had sex with him in one of the toilets, then fellated him in one of the passenger seats. It appeared that stewardesses had told the two people that they were breaking the laws on public decency but they had been so intoxicated as to be impervious to such warnings.

Quickly Linda rifled through the other papers, finding that Fenella was the lead story in most of the popular press. The heavier press, as was customary, covered the story in even greater detail but smaller print.

Linda reached for the telephone and dialled Fenella's number. As might have been expected Fenella's recorder was on but as soon as Linda identified herself, Fenella picked up the receiver.

"I did it," she said flatly without waiting for a question. "I was travelling steerage - which I hate but my company demands from everybody but the bloody directors. I was pissed out of my mind and so was he. He asked me if I had joined the 'Mile High Club' and I told him that I was a founder member and in line for my Fellowship. So we staggered up the plane - which was in near darkness with most bloody people asleep. But there was a queue at the bogs as there always is at the back end of a plane. There was just one that was out of order. I promise you, we were so canned we couldn't have cared less. So in we go, with the bloody 'erks glaring at us as if we'd jumped the queue or something. The lav was blocked, it stank like a sewer and we fucked like stoats without caring a sod. I was so worked up that I came as soon as he got his prick in me - but trooper that I am, I kept him in me till he'd come as well. Mind you we banged about the cubicle like horses trying to kick their way out of a horse-box.

"When we finally staggered out, there's some horsed faced stewardess outside telling us that people were outraged.

"I told her that I was outraged at the stink and she ought to get her hands dirty cleaning it so that it would be OK for paying customers. Then me and the guy I was with - and I didn't know his name until I read it in the paper this morning - honest - went back to our seats."

Linda repressed a giggle as the story continued.

"So we get back in our seats and order some more drinks which they refuse to serve. So up gets my new boyfriend and produces a bottle of Scotch from his hand luggage. I'd been drinking champagne, wine and vodka during the flight and Scotch - especially neat - is not a great mixer. I'll tell you, Linda; if you look at the guy's face in the paper, he doesn't look much - but to me he looked like Sean Pitt. So I decided that he'd been such a sweetie that I'd give him a gobble gobble ..."

"Enough," Linda interrupted having established, if not exactly understood, what had happened. "What is your company going to do?"

"I've no idea," Fenella said gloomily. "Look. It's a fashion company. Everyone sleeps with everyone and we've everything from gays to sado-masochists employed - and a few who are even more way out than that. If you can find anybody here who might laughingly be called 'normal' it would surprise me. But everyone is getting uptight when an executive does something perfectly normal like ordinary fucking plus a bit of fellating ..."

"In an aeroplane, in public sight!" Linda said in feigned exasperation.

"Well, I seem to remember an accountant who stripped off in Oxford Street for an amateur photographer. And you weren't even bloody drunk, darling!"

"I'm sorry." Linda was contrite and ignored the twisting of facts. The last thing Fenella needed now was criticism. "But what do you think will happen?"

"Two choices, darling. They'll fire me or give me new terms of employment."

"New-?"

"I put out regularly for whoever agrees to keep me on." Fenella clarified. "It'll make me something of a sex slave ..."

"You don't have to accept that."

"I do if I want to keep the job - and I do want to keep the job."

"There are other jobs ..."

"Not when you're actually looking for them, darling."

"If I can do anything to help ..."

"Well - if they're as perverted as I think they are, they might ask me to provide another whore for fun and games."

Linda laughed and rang off.

She was sorry for Fenella's predicament but could not help feeling that she had brought it on herself by being abysmally stupid.

Linda sat in her office contemplating her relationship with Jake.

In the cold light of day she knew well enough that she should cut herself adrift from him. He was a ridiculous figure in his silly clothes and was an embarrassment to have around in normal daily life. He had little education, lacked decent manners and she suspected that he was completely amoral

But it was more than that. It was obvious that he sought control of his women. She was shrewd enough to realise that he was playing her like a fish and intended dragging her deeper and deeper into the depths of sexual depravity. She flushed at what he had made her do the previous night; how abjectly she had subjugated herself to his will.

Yet intellect clashed with emotion. Throughout her whole life she had never met anyone with anything like his sexual ability. If she threw him over she knew that it would be unlikely that she could ever replace him. Men with studded cocks and the sexual technique of a top class gigolo were hardly plentiful in the circles in which she moved.

She remained undecided - which meant that she would leave things as they were for the moment, comforting herself with the illusion that she would always be able to break the relationship if she felt it lurching out of control.

She had been in the office for several hours but had done little work. Glancing at her watch she found that it was nearly four o'clock. She told her secretary that she was going home early and left to the barely concealed disapproval of her staff. It was, after all, the busy part of the year where every account had to be carefully scrutinised and overtime worked. In the past Linda had worked longer hours than her staff but latterly that had certainly not been the case. She cast off any feelings of guilt by reflecting that she had merely had a yoghurt and coffee for lunch while her staff had each taken an hour and a half to consume more substantial repasts.

When she walked into her flat she was immediately aware of the heavy smell of sex. Her face went white as she realised the implications.

A brief moment after her arrival, her maid, Svenka, came out of her bed/sitting room, hair in a mess, lacking her apron and lace cap and looking anxious.

“And what ...” Linda asked dangerously, “Has been going on here?”

Jake arrived a moment later from the same direction. He was completely calm, wearing one of Linda’s spare white towelling robes.

“I just fucked her,” he said airily. “You had your fun last night - why grudge her the same?”

“Because she’s my servant,” Linda gritted. “How dare you use my flat for your disgusting lusts?”

“You enjoyed my ‘disgusting lusts’ last night, Linda.”

Linda caught a slight smile on the face of Svenka and felt suddenly vulnerable. Her brain raced as she wondered what to do.

“Do you think I’m prepared to put up with this?”

He gave her a boyish grin.

“Come on, Linda. What’s the problem? You know I’m not a one-woman man. And you’re home earlier than normal otherwise you wouldn’t have known. This’ll work if you’re tolerant. You let me stay here - maybe give me a few pounds here and there and I’ll keep you happier than you’ve been for years.”

Linda’s face went brick red and she fought to restrain her fury at all this being said in front of her maid.

“I don’t want an incubus, thank you.”

“I don’t know what an incu - what you said is, but it sounds nasty.”

“I want you out of my life!” She was suddenly furious.

“Not really. I fuck you like you’ve never been fucked before and you love it.”

An insolent grin had dawned on Svenka’s face. Linda whitened in anger.

“How bloody dare you! Saying that in front of her!”

“I’m being honest. You say you like honesty.”

Linda was angry, realising that he was trying to back her into a corner. To allow him to operate on his own terms. “I can’t trust you any more.”

“You can trust me to satisfy you.” He smiled winningly. “Look. It’ll suit us both. You love the sex and I don’t like working too hard. It’ll be like a marriage without the ring.”

Linda certainly didn’t like it. Jake’s idea of a virtual marriage would certainly not include monogamy. The whole thing was a mess.

“Damn you! You had sex with Svenka - here, in my apartment. I will not put up with that - or risk it happening again. She’ll have to go.” Linda snapped.

Jake and Svenka obviously recognised the unspoken implication that he could stay but Svenka had to go. With a sense of gratification Linda watched dismay flicker across her maid’s face.

“Would it have been better if I’d fucked her in some bushes outside?”

“You’re a complete bastard. You’ve no scruples and no morals.”

“And you’re a sexually frustrated female, getting what you want for the first time in your life - and loving it.” He still seemed relaxed and his smile took some of the sting out of the words.

The accuracy of the accusation stunned her. She snorted. “Damn you!”

“You’ve said that once,” he grinned. “Look. I knew I was going to fuck Svenka as soon as I saw her. I bet you knew it to. Let’s face up to it. Now why don’t we all relax and enjoy ourselves?”

Linda snorted. “You want me to share you with Svenka? In my flat?”

“She can stay the servant but maybe add a bit of spice. Come on, give it a chance.”

Linda was icy.

“I want to make it quite clear that Svenka is a servant. Nothing more. Nothing. Do you understand?”

He held his hands up in mock surrender.

“OK. Of course. Absolutely. Trust me,” he smiled.

Silently she decided that was something that she would never do again – and she knew that she had got the worst of the exchange.

For, implicitly, she had agreed that both he and Svenka could stay.

CHAPTER FOUR

After the conversation, Jake dressed and went out. He gave Linda a casual peck on the cheek before going and slightly fondled her breasts as he did so. She did not protest but moved sharply away from him.

Once he had gone, Linda summoned Svenka who had disappeared into her room. When the maid reappeared she was correctly dressed and curtsied nervously to her employer. Haughtily, Linda told Svenka that she could stay but on probation. Things would continue exactly as before and there would be no slackening of discipline. She refrained from telling the girl that she must not have further sex with Jake, simply because she did not know how to phrase such an order without embarrassing herself. Nor did she believe that it would be obeyed - if only because Jake would probably override such objections. The girl bobbed another curtsy and mumbled an expression of thanks but Linda thought that a slight smirk flitted across her face.

Realistically Linda knew that she had weakened her position. She had sworn to herself that she would never get herself into a mess similar to that of Fenella but she recognised that she had taken the first step. She had once again over-ridden discretion in favour of her sexual desires.

In the evening Jake insisted upon taking Linda out for dinner - which in reality meant that he selected an expensive and fashionable restaurant on the unspoken understanding that she should pay. She was still aggrieved at his behaviour but she had decided to play him at his own game; to go along with the good bits and object strongly if he got out of line. Given her inward tensions it was perhaps not surprising that she was less than careful about her intake of wine, a splendidly expensive Puilly-Fuisse followed by a Premier Cru, Chapelle Chambertin and by the end of the evening she even drank a large Cognac, while allowing him to fondle her thigh under the table. Vaguely, she realised that he had once again managed to get her more than a little drunk.

Svenka was still up when they arrived back at her flat even though the hour was late. The maid bobbed a curtsy when they entered but flinched discreetly away when Jake, ostensibly in fun, made to kiss her.

Linda dragged her flagging senses together and, speaking slowly in an attempt to avoid slurring her words, told Svenka that she could go to bed. Jake poured two enormous brandies and offered one to Linda who made an unconvincing attempt to refuse and then gulped down half of the glass in one go, exploding in a fit of coughing as a result. Jake slapped her heartily on the back until she stopped coughing, then unzipped her dress at the back. Within a minute or two she was dressed only in bra and her sensible white cotton panties while he was wearing only a pair of miniscule red briefs which hardly contained his rampant member. They clung together, his tongue searching her throat, hands mauling her breasts and the thick cock, having escaped its flimsy covering, held tightly between her thighs.

He took his tongue out of her mouth and replaced it with his fingers, making her suck at them. Her senses were reeling; her vagina was wet and her nipples like bullets.

"You've been a naughty girl today. How shall I punish you?"

She withdrew her mouth from his fingers, leaving skeins of spittle running between them.

"I think a good hard assault would be in order;" she murmured.

He laughed. "What. That would be illegal. plunder."

"Want it!" she frowned in an obvious sexual daze. "Really want it. Hard - brutal-"

Her whole body seemed to be tingling and the bra fell off as he deftly unhooked it. She tightened her thighs on the big penis stuffed between them and she felt a few drops of pre cum dribble down her skin.

"That's just fantasy," he baited her and she was suddenly aware that he was much less drunk than she was. He had persuaded her to drink more wine than usual. Not to mention the vodka aperitifs and the huge brandies!

She was wholly beyond caring. At that moment what she wanted most in the world was for them to be reconciled. All she wanted was for this marvellous sexual performer to take her somewhere and treat her like a whore.

"Fuck me, Jake. Do what you like - I don't care how dirty it is - just do it. Force me if I refuse anything. Beat me if you want"

The words slurred out.

"You'll say I'm taking advantage." He was slipping her cotton panties down as he spoke and his fingers slipped between the wet lips of her vulva.

"No. I promise." The slurring had receded from her voice probably because of the adrenaline of excitement. "Just treat me like a tart."

His tongue entered her mouth again and she sucked at it as if trying to drain every drop of his saliva. At the same time his fingers continued to fondle her warm, wet love hole.

"You like my spittle?"

"Yes," she panted. He removed his hand from her vagina and raised it to her mouth. She could smell and taste herself. She twisted her head away as she realised what it was.

"No. I don't like that." She sounded like a rebellious small child.

"You told me to force you."

He was leading her to the bedroom. She reached down and grabbed his penis. Once again she was amazed at its rigidity and the life throb that seemed to make it swell and contract like a heartbeat.

They fell on the bed in an untidy heap but she held on to his penis as if afraid that once she lost her grip it would go and seek another vulva. There was a short, sharp struggle as he gripped her wrists and pushed them over her head towards the bed head. Forced to abandon the grip on her premier lust object, she hissed a highly untypical obscenity at him.

"You shitty bastard."

"Runny cunt," he grinned back at her. From somewhere he conjured up several pairs of handcuffs and by a combination of strength and skill, combined with a lack of any appreciable resistance, he speedily had her manacled to the bed head with her arms splayed apart. He secured her ankles with the same precision and then knelt over her.

She was writhing her body and glowering up at him but he could not have failed to recognise that she was almost delirious with excitement.

"Let me go!" But it was the last thing she wanted. There was an exquisite thrill in being helpless; to be wholly subject to his will.

He put his hand between her legs and satisfied himself that she was very wet. Roughly, he forced three fingers into her quim and then pushed hard. She yelped and her body reacted like a jelly as everything shakeable shook. Her breasts swung as if they wanted to detach themselves from her body and her hips seemed to circle and plunge like the actions of a belly dancer.

Very calmly he slapped her face, backwards and forwards, the blows bringing tears to her eyes and threatening to produce bruises later.

The blows sobered her somewhat.

"Damn you! No. Don't hit me like that." But again the protest was nothing but a formality. Tonight she wanted rough treatment.

Face expressionless he bent forward gripped her nipples and jerked them with sadistic force. Her body vibrated and she howled in anguish. Casually he slapped her face again.

"Shut up, whore. This is a new game and only my rules count."

She peered up at him uncomprehendingly. Even in her drunken state she realised that he had changed character. She tasted blood from a split lip. Fear suddenly flared in her mind. She had been ready for rough play and would have been happy to match him in obscenity but instinctively she knew that this was deadly serious - even dangerous.

Grunting, he climbed off her body then ran a proprietorial hand over her breasts, down her belly, and between her thighs. He pushed his forefinger against her anus and she squealed more with outrage than pain as he demonstrated that even that most secret part of her body was now his to use and abuse as he wished.

He bent low and took something from under the bed, then rose to show it to her.

Her mouth dropped open as she recognised that he was holding a whip, long, slender and subtle, vibrating gently as he moved it in front of her eyes.

"How long ago did I tell you that I was going to whip you?"

Fear had jerked her back to near sobriety. "You do that and you'll be in jail for years."

"Really?" He stepped back, then in a move of controlled ferocity, he slashed the thin lash across her thighs. She was still screaming with hurt from the first stroke when the second savaged her breasts. Two vicious red marks disfigured her white body and the pain was like being scalded.

"Please - please - please Jake - don't. I can't take pain."

"You've not taken pain yet, shitty whore. Now I'm going to give you a choice. I'm going to pee in your mouth and you're going to drink it and then thank me."

"No, Jake. I can't do that. It's disgusting."

"The alternative is that I give you six hard lashes. After which, I shall give you the same choice again. Now decide - and make it quick!"

She was nearly hysterical. "Please, Jake."

"You're a mean bitch."

"I've not been mean with you, Jake. Please."

"Sadly, I think you have been. But before we get into serious filth I want you to sign me a few more cheques from that client account and a couple from your personal account!"

She was horrified. "Jake. I can't do that. It's illegal. Those cheques should only be made out to the Inland Revenue."

"You've no choice."

She went berserk. "You bastard. You filthy, fucking bastard!"

He thrashed her with cold cruelty, placing each stroke with expert precision. She squealed and writhed and shouted for help but there was no succour available to her. The raised red welts

marked her breasts, belly and thighs and the pain was horrible. Like many people she had fantasized about being whipped but the reality, when a real sadist was doing it, was far more awful than anything that could be conjured up in the imagination. She screamed like an animal.

At length he stopped and looked down into her tear filled, pleading eyes. There was no resistance left in her.

“You’ll sign the cheques?”

“Yes.” She panted. “But, Jake. It’ll get us both into trouble. Please understand - it’s not that I don’t want to give you money but ...”

“But you thought you could get my cock on the cheap.”

“No – Jake - be fair. I let you stay in my flat ...”

“Bloody Lady Bountiful,” he sneered. “Well you’ve had your day, darling. Now I’m the boss and I’m bloody demanding.”

She shuddered. “It’s against the law, Jake. You’ll be in trouble.”

“That’s my worry. So you’re going to sign?”

She capitulated. There was something psychologically wrong with him and reasoning was hopeless. Also she was being forced. No one could blame her succumbing in such circumstances.

“I’ll sign.”

He left her for a few moments and she guessed that he was rummaging in her handbag for the cheque books. He returned waving them triumphantly.

It would have been difficult for her to sign lying on her back, so he turned her over. He was very careful, always keeping her well secured. Finally she lay on her belly with just her right hand free.

“Let me just warn you,” he told Linda. “If you try and spoil your signature, I’ll break every finger of your left hand.”

Linda needed no convincing of his seriousness. She signed several cheques in each book, controlling a trembling hand with difficulty. When she was finished he studied the cheque books with obvious pleasure.

“I’m rich,” he said.

“Jake. You can’t use that money. It’s illegal and some people will be ruined.”

He climbed to the head of the bed, turned towards her and sat, opened thighed, an inch or so from her face.

“Now you’re going to suck me off. All my spunk is going to go down your throat.”

“Of course I’ll do it, Jake.” It was no big deal. She had done that several times during the past few days.

The huge penis was pushed into her face, the wet tip nuzzling her nose and mouth. She could see those glorious studs in close up and his sex smell was hot and strong in her nostrils.

“Do it.”

Her right hand was still free and she used it to guide the blood-engorged penis into her mouth, ignoring the immediate taste and smell of stale urine coupled with those of her own vagina.

“Run your tongue along it, make love to it, you stupid cunt. Let me hear you sucking like a piglet on its teat. I want some passion shown. So it tastes pissy - it won’t be the last of my piss you taste, you dirty slut.”

Still trying to placate him, she sucked at the thick invader of her mouth and tried to show pleasure. If she pleased him he might release her. It was a fragile hope but perhaps the only one left.

Too late she recognized the grossness of the error that she had made. From the first he must have been after money. He must have seen her as a fool, an aging, lonely, woman accountant with access to and control over other people's cash, yet desperate for sexual adventure. She had been an easy picking and now she was set to lose everything; her career, her self respect, any vestiges of decency and - for the time being at least - even her freedom. But the new worry was coming to the forefront of her mind. What he would do with her when he had obtained everything possible from her?

She was desperate to get this particular act over. He was squatting at the top of the bed and she laid on her belly, holding his penis with her right hand and sucking desperately at it.

She felt the hand steal between her legs, searching the treacherous wetness of her vulva and gently massaging the engorged button of her clit. It took a moment for her to realize that it was not his fingers invading her body, for both his hands were in view; one massaging her breasts, the other, fondling his own testicles.

The heavy penis slipped from her mouth.

"Oh. No!" Linda gasped. She heard the giggle and looked over her shoulder at the smiling, triumphant face of Svenka. The girl was naked.

"Like threesomes, do you?" Jake mocked. "We do."

"No. Get her out of here, please Jake. Please." Linda felt humiliated beyond measure at the presence of her maid.

"You weren't very nice to her when you were boss," Jake grinned. "Was she, Svenka?"

"She was a bitch," Svenka said. The last word came out more as 'beetch' as her accent became a little more pronounced, probably from excitement. She had a squarish body with big breasts and a large bottom. It was a peasant figure. The fact that she had no compunction in flaunting it in front of Jake in this situation spoke volumes about their relationship.

"Please, Jake. Don't do this to me. Not with her here."

The horror of being degraded in front of her servant was searing through her.

He grunted. "Every time I get you going, you want to talk about something else. All right - if you don't want to suck cock then you'll just have to do something else."

Svenka's finger was stimulating Linda's clit and a second finger began to insert gently into her anus.

Linda's body heaved in disgust and despair but she was far too tightly secured to achieve much. With her free right hand she struck out at Jake but there was no leverage behind the blow and he merely laughed at her.

"Come up here. Sit with your back to the wall," he called to the blonde girl and he slipped sideways off the bed.

Svenka obeyed immediately, slithering carelessly over Linda's body, her breasts, belly and pubic hair caressing the helpless and distraught woman. She turned with her back to the bed head in the same place that Jake had previously occupied. Given the constriction in space she half leaned, half sat against the padded bed head, thighs bent and open at either side of Linda's head.

Linda found herself staring into the slack, purple, hairy lips of Svenka's vulva only a couple of inches away from her face. She tried to shrink back but that was impossible because Jake had meanwhile straddled her back and had placed his hands firmly on each side of her face.

She had never before been so close to another woman's vulva and she thought that she had never seen anything more repulsive. The lips seemed to sag open and a smearing wetness covered the whole area, glinting obscenely on the wiry, dark hair. And the pernicious sex smell seemed overpowering. Linda found her head swimming with the heavy odour.

“Have a good look, then give it a good wash with your tongue. I gave her a good fucking this afternoon so she’s probably in need of a clean up.”

“I won’t do it!” Linda cried defiantly. She was straining her head backwards, trying to get as far away as possible from the unfragrant, purple gash.

From where he was sitting he was somewhat constrained but he picked up the whip and lashed it down across her legs. The blow landed on her lower thighs but it was still painful and Linda howled.

“If I have to get off you, you’ll get a real whipping. And you’ll still end up by licking her cunt and sucking my cock. There’s no way you’re going to avoid it so get on with it!”

Linda strained every muscle in her body trying hopelessly to get free of the steel cuffs. Her unsecured right hand flailed out and caught Svenka in the face, bringing blood to her lip.

“Fuck!” Jake swore. He slipped off Linda and quickly manacled the free hand to the corner of the bed. Then a furious looking Svenka leaned forward and smacked Linda’s face with a succession of open handed blows. Linda felt her senses reeling and she hardly heard the first swish of the whip wielded by Jake, but she certainly felt the resultant pain. Her body convulsed and she screamed but the blows were slashing down on the easy target of her buttocks.

Cr—a-ck!

An inhuman howl of pain came from her lips.

Cr-a-ck!

Another choking howl of anguish.

Cra-c-ck!

“Please don’t! No more!”

Cr-a-ck.!

“I’ll do what you want. I will. Pl-e-a-s—”

Cr-a-ck! He was not trying to place the blows, just smashing them across her red wealed bottom.

“Anything - anything at all-”

He lashed her once more and the white body squirmed and howled.

Grunting, he threw down the whip.

“If you can count, that was six. If I have to punish you again it’ll be another twelve. And after that twenty four.”

Linda was beyond resistance. She was crying with pain and muttering incoherently.

Jake crooked his finger at Svenka. “After I’ve beaten a woman, I always need a fuck.”

Svenka was dabbing her cut lip with the edge of the sheet but she smiled and nodded. She curled herself away from the headboard and lay beside the sobbing Linda with her legs well spread, one hand massaging her clit as if there was any need to irrigate an area that was sopping wet already.

Jake slapped her legs further open with a brutal casualness, then he thrust into her with an abruptness that must have made her relieved that she was so wet. The studs, which could be so marvellous for a woman when used with care, could grate horribly if applied thoughtlessly, particularly so if she was dry.

The initial gasp that Svenka emitted was clearly not one of unalloyed delight, but the well-lubricated sex gash was resilient and willing; soon her moans turned to panting pleasure.

Linda’s feelings were wholly different. She lay on the bed, limbs secured, while the man whom she had imagined to be her lover, fucked her maid. Their bodies were so close that their limbs rubbed and grated against her own and the smell of their fucking invaded her nostrils.

She turned her head away from the shameless rutting but could not escape the animal sounds or the pervasive smells.

After a while, the moans and gasps and obscenities from the entwined and writhing limbs beside her turned into high-pitched incoherence. Flecks of sweat from their bodies rained upon that of Linda. At that moment they seemed to go mad and the bed heaved in a convulsion of passion.

“Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck!” moaned Svenka. “Oh, God, do it again, please!” Then she mumbled away in a language which Linda did not recognize.

At length they lay still, panting, sweating and temporarily satiated.

Eventually Jake heaved himself up and slapped Svenka’s breasts.

“Get back where you were,” he grated. “Now it’s time for her to work.”

Svenka scrambled back to the bed head and again pushed her vulva at Linda’s eyes face. It was an even more obscene sight now, the thick jism oozing like mucus out of the dark, distended lips, the pubic hair matted and runnels of sweat still pouring into the area from the wet body. The smell was even more horrible; the entwined lusts sweat and mixed body fluids stank into Linda’s nostrils.

“Lick it clean.”

Linda moaned in disgust but she could not risk the whip being used again. She closed her eyes and pushed her tongue forward into the disgusting mess, gagging at the horror of what she was doing.

“Lick it like you’d lick an ice-cream.” Jake ordered. “Clean her out. You’d probably have preferred to have my spunk fired into you instead of her. Well, now I’m giving you the chance to suck it back from her.”

“And I’m enjoying it too, bitch.” Svenka gloated. “Now I’m the mistress and you’re the servant.”

Linda licked on, loathing every filthy drop.

“Get your tongue inside and hook it all out of her. After you’ve done, I’m going to put my fingers up her cunt and if I find any cum there I’ll fucking beat the hide off you.”

The threat terrified Linda and she continued licking and sucking, pushing her tongue into the slimy orifice until, finally, he ordered her to stop.

Even that was not the end. Jake and Svenka changed places and Linda was confronted with the semi-hard penis, oozing with goo. Now she hated this thing that once she had been prepared to worship, but she cleaned it thoroughly, then licked around and under the testicles, tasting the woman’s fluids as well as his.

At last he was satisfied, pushing her face contemptuously away.

“A decent woman would have been whipped to death before doing that,” he sneered. Then another thought occurred to him and he squatted over Linda so she looked up into the shadowy murk of his anus. “Clean it,” he growled.

“Oooh - I bet it’s dirty,” Svenka mocked. “Ma’am doesn’t like dirty things. She’s always complaining-”

Tears filled Linda’s eyes but they had no effect on her tormentors. The boyish buttocks with their dark cleft poised threateningly above her face.

“You want another thrashing?” he muttered. “Do it!”

“Yes - lick his shitty arse, you snotty bitch. Get that nasty tongue in something nastier.”

Hopelessness engulfed Linda but she could not endure another beating. Her tongue was soiled and corrupted anyway. What they were demanding could hardly be worse than she had suffered already.

It was not quite as horrible as she expected because he was cleaner than she had feared. It was not as bad as the licking of Svenka's wet and slimy vulva had been. But the humiliation was overwhelming; she had just performed the most degrading services that human beings could demand of their inferiors. Or so she thought at that time.

Obviously excited by what they had done to Linda, Jake and Svenka had further sex, this time on cushions piled on to the floor. Linda listened to their moans, chuckles, obscenities - sometimes muttered and other times shouted - and the slap, slap of their bodies and the liquid gurgles as their bodies entwined and mingled. The thick odour of their lust permeated the room.

Afterwards Svenka donned a pair of frilly white panties, already darkening with wetness at the crotch. Jake stayed wholly naked though the thick penis, after its recent exertions, was quite limp. Svenka seemed unable to keep her hands off him, frequently caressing his testicles and licking his nipples. He took most of her groping in his stride but occasionally slapped her away, confirming Linda's impression that Svenka meant little or nothing to him.

They moved Linda to the guest bedroom, keeping her limbs manacled and thus removing any possibility of escape. Once there, Jake ordered Svenka to strip the bed and cover it with a rubber sheet. Then Linda was manacled to the bed, this time on her back, arms and legs splayed wide as before.

"Don't let her loose for any reason at all," Jake told Svenka. "Even if she needs to piss or shit, she can do it on the bed. And if she starts to shout or scream, just shove those knickers you're wearing into her mouth and tape it over. No one will hear her anyway but we're not taking any chances."

Svenka smiled, obviously liking the idea of her previously demanding mistress reduced to this humiliating state. "I'll be my pleasure," she murmured. She leaned across and whispered in Linda's ear. "And if I have to stuff my knickers in your mouth I'll make certain they're really filthy first."

Linda paled and turned her face away.

"I've some things to do," Jake said. "I'll be a few hours. Got to go to Linda's office and sort out a few things."

Linda's head jerked towards him.

"Why?"

He slapped her face casually though the force was sufficient to addle her mind for a few moments.

"Got to find out how much money's in the kitty. The Client Account—and yours."

"They won't tell you. It's confidential." Linda said desperately.

"They'll tell me," he grinned. "I'm banging your secretary. The horse faced old cunt. Fucking dog, but she'll tell me anything. Actually slavers when I tell her what I'm going to do to her. She's as easy as you were!"

It was horror after horror for Linda. If her secretary was corrupted then nothing was safe. Every confidential file she had would be open to Jake. He could strip every penny from the accounts.

“Please, Jake,” she begged. “I’ll do anything you want and I’ll make you a partner in the business.”

His laugh echoed round the room. “Partner! I bloody own the business.”

CHAPTER FIVE

The next few hours were hell for Linda. They would have been bad enough given that she knew that Jake was going to rob her blind, but Svenka made them decidedly worse. The Bosnian woman took her revenge for the strict regime that Linda had enforced upon her.

Within minutes of Jake leaving the apartment, the still virtually naked Svenka walked into the spare bedroom carrying the whip. She stood looking down at her erstwhile employer.

“Scraggy tits. Hairly cunt. Ugly face,” she snarled viciously. “From now on, when you speak to me, you call me Miss Svenka – no - even better - you can call me ‘Madam’. Understand?”

Linda had no intention of arguing. She was in no position to oppose the other, helpless as she was.

“Yes, Madam,” she replied praying that if she seemed compliant the other would give her some opportunity of escape.

Svenka sat beside her so close that Linda could feel the warmth of her body and smell the musky sexual odour that hung around it.

Svenka slashed the whip across Linda’s thighs, making her gasp with pain. It was painful but not as bad as the blows, which Jake had bestowed. The whip slashed down twice more, emphasizing Svenka’s power to inflict pain on her former mistress.

“Now we’re going to have some fun,” Svenka remarked. “Let’s try some deep kissing. Real stuff - not play.”

Linda’s stomach heaved. She was no lesbian and she loathed the thought of sexual acts with another woman. The thought of kissing this woman disgusted her. Nevertheless she made no protest.

Svenka leaned over her and her mouth fastened on Linda’s, tongue searching her victim’s mouth. Linda momentarily considering biting down but dismissed the thought quickly. Even if she damaged the other, there would be no way to free herself, for Svenka was not carrying the keys to her manacles.

So she submitted, feeling the active, obviously experienced tongue searching her mouth while a knowing finger quested her clitoris. Hating herself for her cowardice, Linda made an effort at responding, allowing her own tongue to entwine with Svenka’s. The girl was clearly an experienced lesbian and within a quarter of an hour, despite Linda’s attempt at remaining relatively passive, the first shuddering orgasm surged through her body. As she lurched in unwanted passion, Svenka was freely drooling saliva into her mouth and driving two fingers into her distended anus.

Only Jake’s return terminated the horribly unpleasant, lesbian experiences. Linda hated every moment of the ordeal though she forced herself not to show it. She had the faint hope that if she seemed co-operative, her captors might make a mistake and afford her some opportunity to escape. Thus she ground her pelvis against Svenka’s; nuzzled the proffered nipples with

fabricated eagerness and licked and sucked hard on the wet vagina when directed to do so. She even managed a lop-sided smile when Svenka started to massage her clit again.

“Learning quickly,” Svenka grinned. “Probably faking - but I don’t care!”

Nor had she the need to since her once haughty mistress was now thoroughly humbled.

As soon Jake returned, Svenka left her demoralized and humiliated victim and went to greet him. Linda could hear their mumble of voices but could not make out what they were saying. Later she heard an internal door slam and guessed that it was the master bedroom. She realized that they were probably having sex in her bed.

Time passed slowly and Linda lay in her helpless, spread-eagled position, her mind working desperately, trying to seek a way out of her seemingly hopeless situation. She was scared of what the future held and ashamed at her cowardice in giving way to Svenka’s approaches. After a while she slipped into a shallow slumber. When the doorbell awakened her, she had no idea how long she had been asleep. She guessed that it must be well on into the early morning.

There were muffled voices from the lounge but she could not make out what was being said. She could hear a deeper male voice alternating with Jake’s high-pitched whine.

An urge to urinate would not be denied though she resisted for as long as possible before her bladder surrendered. Then she suffered another trauma. Her weight on the bed caused an indentation and the urine collected within it. She found herself lying in her own pee.

Suddenly the door opened and the bedroom light was switched on. Momentarily dazzled she tried to avert her eyes. Several people entered the room.

“She’s peed herself!”

It was the hated voice of Svenka exulting in Linda’s further humiliation.

Bobo Sherham looked down at the naked woman spread-eagled on the bed. He was black, a few inches taller than Jake and in his mid thirties. His cheek was scarred from a razor-inflicted wound and he wore jeans, trainers, tee shirt and a loose fitting black jacket. He looked and was a brutal man and he regarded the helpless woman dispassionately. She gazed back with terrified eyes.

“How old is she?”

Bobo had a low-pitched voice with a menacing quality about it.

“Twenty five,” Jake whined glibly.

Bobo laughed. “Don’t fuck me about, Jake.”

He guessed that she was nearer thirty.

He leaned forward over the bed and prodded Linda’s breasts. “OK tits,” he murmured then, to Linda’s horror he bent forward, put his hand on her vulva and parted the meaty lips, sniffing at the odour. “Seems fairly clean. Not that smelly.”

Linda’s face burned with shame. They were talking about her as if she was a piece of meat. She had no way of protesting for Svenka had fastened a ball gag to her mouth. Any sounds she made would be incomprehensible.

Bobo’s experienced eyes roved over her body, noting the manicured fingernails and toenails and the hair that, despite being rumpled, had obviously been expensively styled in recent days.

Older than ideal for slaves, 18-26, but she had a reasonable figure and she was quite attractive. The whip marks on her breasts and thighs would probably disappear on the voyage to the Middle East but it did not matter anyway because she would be subject to vicious treatment on arrival.

"Thousand quid," he said.

Disappointment spread over Jake's face. "Hey, man. She's worth five times that."

"Not to me. Take it or leave it."

Jake's face was a picture of disappointment. He knew that he was being robbed but had no alternative buyer. Suddenly he turned on Svenka who was standing at the bedroom door wearing Linda's bathrobe.

"Get out of here, you bitch. Out!"

She scuttled sullenly out of the room.

"How much for her as well?" Jake asked.

Bobo shrugged. "Fifteen hundred for both," he said promptly. "This one's got a bit of class, the other one's fodder."

"Fuck!" Jake swore.

"As much as you want till you deliver them." Bobo murmured sardonically.

"Cash now?"

"Cash on delivery." Bobo grunted.

"Fuck!" Jake swore again.

"When can you deliver?" Bobo demanded.

Jake blew between his teeth. "There's a goods lift to a loading bay at the back of the building. The Janitor goes off duty at six am and doesn't return until eight. I'll have 'em in the loading bay at 6.30. The blonde won't know anything until she's handed over so you'll have to grab her then."

Bobo nodded, unconcerned. There would be a good profit in this. He thought of pointing out that if the woman on the bed was left lying in her own piss she would develop sores on her ass, then decided that it was not his business. Anyway, sores on her ass would be the least of her troubles.

Jake was angry that Bobo had not paid in advance for the two women tomorrow, if all went well, he would have plenty of cash but at present he was skint. He had found twenty pounds in Linda's handbag and knew that Svenka must have a bit of cash. It did not add up to much if anything went wrong. He was vulnerable until Bobo paid up.

He glanced at his watch, then made a telephone call.

"Matt," he said when the receiver was lifted at the other end and a sleepy voice answered. "I know it's late but how would you like a really good fuck?"

The gag had been removed. Sobbing gently, Linda lay in the unlit bedroom, becoming more and more terrified as time went on. She knew that something awful was going to happen to her.

The door suddenly opened and the light went on. Jake came into the room looking particularly chirpy. Svenka and a hugely fat, heavily bearded man accompanied him. Jake looked at Svenka who was still wearing Linda's bathrobe.

"Get that rubber sheet from under her."

"It'll spill pee all over the carpet."

"Who fucking cares! It's not my bloody carpet."

Svenka was sullen. "I'd have rubbed her face in it," she muttered.

"If you don't shut your trap, I'll rub your face in it."

The fat man guffawed. "Tell 'er, 'er place eh, young Jake."

"Women's mouths have only got one proper use - and it isn't talking," Jake growled. "Anyway, Matt. Do you like the look of it?"

"Ow much?" the fat man asked cautiously and with horror Linda realized that they were discussing her.

"Twenty quid?"

"Come off it, Jake. Stinks of piss, she does."

At that moment the disgruntled Svenka grabbed the rubber sheet and yanked hard at it. It slid from under Linda's body and the urine flew about, some staining the bedclothes or raining down on Linda, the rest splattering on to the fitted carpet. A few drops landed on Jake and the fat man.

"You stupid, lazy bitch," Jake shouted and slapped the girl so hard across the face that she fell to the floor.

"Ow about that one?" Matt asked indicating Svenka who was lying with the skirts of her robe around her neck, showing off her thick thighs and hairy vulva.

"Well, you can have her for thirty."

Matt looked back at the distraught Linda. "Na. This one's better looking. 'Ow about untying her for me?"

"No. We're not risking her getting away."

"Just 'er legs?"

Jake pulled a face. "Ten quid more?"

"No way. I'm not payin' twenty any'ow. Ten - and that's me top offer plus two for pissing."

"Fuck off!"

Linda could hardly believe what she was hearing. There was no doubt that she was the offer and that they were haggling about the price. She shot a look at Svenka who was still lying on the floor nursing a bruised face, the disordered robe showing off her private parts.

Matt turned to leave but Jake caught his arm.

"Fifteen?"

The fat man considered. "An' I pee in 'er face when I've finished?"

"Christ, you want a bloody bargain! I don't want her all pissy again. Make's the place stink like a piss parlour. "

"Yer can clean 'er up after. Yer said I could do what I want. Don't fuck me about, Jake."

"Please, no," Linda whimpered hopelessly. "I've never done anything wrong to you. Please,-"

"More bloody fool you, darlin'," the fat man grunted. He passed some bank notes to Jake then he threw off his jacket and was already pulling down his oversized trousers to reveal the ugly, yellowed underpants beneath. "Women who trust Jake aller's end up in the shit."

Jake unfastened the manacles at her ankles. Desperately she kicked out at him. Jake laughed as he caught her ankles and flipped her on her side. Svenka had risen from the floor in the meantime and grabbed a thick, leather belt that Matt had discarded. She brought it down savagely on the already bruised and wealed buttocks.

Linda screamed as the blow raised another weal on the lacerated bottom.

Matt was now naked apart from his socks and he was gross figure. He was monstrously fat with a mat of greying hair extended from his chest down to his thick thighs. His genitals seemed tiny, embedded flaccidly in his huge bulk. His bottom was huge and hairy, sticking out like a table at the back while the huge belly rolled obscenely as he moved. Disgusting, he put a leg out to one side and farted long and noisily.

Linda screamed again but now it was with horror rather than pain. This was surely unendurable - becoming the sexual plaything of a monster that looked more animal than man.

The penis was rising but it still looked tiny. Grunting like a pig, he was on her, holding her helpless under his sheer bulk. The odious stink of stale beer and body odour filled her nostrils and his thick beard scraped across her face. Somehow, incredibly, he was penetrating her, though how the minimal penis found her vagina was beyond her ken. Still grunting, he was bouncing up and down, and each time his body descended it seemed to drive the air from her lungs. The pillage was merciful only in one sense - it was short lived. Soon he was finished and slobbering over her, his mouth seeking hers. She was far too defeated to resist and he drooled his filthy, beery saliva into her mouth at the same time that his spunk was draining slowly into her womb.

When he finally climbed off her she knew that she would not be spared her final humiliation nor could she resist it. She looked up at him helplessly as he levelled the little penis at her face.

"Please," she begged hopelessly.

Svenka laughed as the first drops of urine slapped down into Linda's face.

CHAPTER SIX

"A party! Jenny says that your parties are very droll. Very perverted."

The speaker was a dark haired girl of medium height with conventionally pretty, chocolate box features and an overtly voluptuous figure. She wore a figure hugging silver dress, cut very low to show off her large, soft breasts.

There were four people present, three women and a man, seated on comfortable sofas in the darkened room that was lit only by the flickering fire and a couple of candles, which were placed on the recently cleared table. They had enjoyed a lavish meal, impeccably served by pretty waitresses. Each cradled a brandy balloon containing a generous measure of rich old Cognac.

"Indeed, yes, Cleo, and this one will be particularly diverting." The speaker, Jasper Jenner was casually, though expensively, dressed in sharply pressed, dark blue slacks and a matching silk shirt, whose sheen glistened in the soft light. His feet were shod with dark blue 'Gucci' loafers. A gold 'Rolex' watch adorned his left wrist and he wore an exquisitely worked, filigree gold chain around his neck. His saturnine features were relaxed. He mingled easily in the outer reaches of Society simply because he seemed moneyed. He and his beautiful companion, Janine, lived in this town house in Curzon Street which everyone knew must cost a great deal of money but none knew whether it was owned or rented since it was held in the name of an offshore company. Observers noted that, in spite of his relationship with Janine, he had an eye for rich and pretty women and a few suspected that he was no more than an up-market gigolo.

The three women present were diverse in both looks and background. Cleo Brady, the girl who had last spoken, was in her middle twenties with an almost overpoweringly sensual quality about her. Her dark eyes were challenging and mischievous. Her body was big breasted, big hipped, curvaceous, fleshy; her skin was soft and white. She was the antithesis of the leggy, ultra slim, gym honed women who were currently fashionable but she attracted men like flies to

flypaper. She had many detractors. One admittedly aggrieved, suitor had described her as 'having developed muscles only in her cunt'. There were snide comments by female critics that she changed her lovers more frequently than she changed her panties and they carried a degree of truth. Cleo was notoriously lax on either bathing or changing her underwear and famously frank about the reason. 'Men like the smell of my body,' she proclaimed. 'Why should I wash it away?'

The admission did not stop her from swamping herself with that famous gentlewoman's scent, Patou's 'Joy', well knowing that perfume and body odour combined was a splendid aphrodisiac.

Cleo, who had met Jasper for the first time that evening, had recently divorced for the third time. Her women friends - which, was a very loose description of such relationships - were closing ranks to protect their own married status. Cleo always posed a threat to the constancy of other women's husbands but usually not to the marriages themselves. An illicit relationship with Cleo invariably resembled a shooting star, rising swiftly in an incandescent blaze before plunging quickly to abject disaster. Her constancy was usually short lived. Once she had made a conquest she quickly lost interest. She possessed no moral sense whatsoever and was heartily detested by most women in her circle. Whether one called Cleo a free spirit (Males) or a bloody menace (Females) no one could deny that she scattered wives like chaff and was a magnet for men.

For all her notorious flightiness, Cleo had been shrewd when it came to marriage. She only married the ultra wealthy. Moreover, the divorce lawyers whom she employed were the very best, so that with three rich husbands behind her, Cleo was very wealthy. Gossip had it that she sought a title in her next marriage and had a target in view.

The girl sitting next to her, Jenny Darvilla, was very different. She had streaked blonde hair cut fashionably straight to the neck and her blue evening sheath, though less showy than Cleo's dress, was cleverly cut to reveal the athletic body beneath. She was older than Cleo, in her early thirties, and she held herself much more in check. Her face was too long for real beauty but it had character and exuded intelligence. She had a diverting habit of arching her eyebrows when speaking and she possessed a sardonic wit. She was a high born aristocrat, being a daughter of the Duke of Brabant and married to Sir John Darvilla who was Chairman of a major clearing bank. Jenny never used the title of 'Lady' that was her birthright, claiming that such affectations were passé in the modern world. By virtue of both her birth and her marriage she was an immensely powerful figure in the realm of the rich and the famous, though she was known to be a lesbian.

The last woman present, Janine Coulther, was the most stunning in terms of sheer loveliness. She was a tall, platinum blonde, in her late twenties. Her faultless beauty encompassed a straight nose, dimpled chin, high cheekbones, lightly tanned skin and vivid dark blue, sloe shaped eyes. She wore a full-length, white silk dress, which suggested rather than emphasized the superb body beneath. She did not flaunt herself in the same way as Cleo, nor did she comport herself with the aristocratic confidence of Jenny but she was gorgeous in aesthetic terms. There was a certain aura of mystery about her; she was obviously Jasper's mistress but her background remained unknown. She spoke beautifully though she possessed the very faintest of Australian accents and certainly her long limbed, full breasted but athletic figure would have looked well, clad in a minimal bikini on Bondi beach. She possessed a pleasant, if slightly guarded personality and she had never showed the slightest sign of deviating from her relationship with Jasper - and that despite several approaches by highly eligible males.

Cleo, who was currently very friendly with Jenny, was notably cool towards Janine and had spoken little to her during the evening. She was, however, at her most kittenish towards Jasper. It was clear that she found him attractive and was not in the least intimidated by Janine's presence. Cleo had never yet failed to get a man who interested her and was not about to start now. It was personality, not looks that won men and Cleo had personality in abundance.

"We'd love to come, wouldn't we, Jenny?" Cleo cooed. In recent weeks the two women had become almost inseparable, a matter of surprise in the social circles in which they moved. Not only were the two women wholly different types but also there were rumours that Cleo was showing undue interest in Jenny's husband. A sexual relationship between the women was considered unlikely in spite of Jenny's known penchant for women, for Cleo was wholly male orientated. The puzzled by cynical movers and shakers in Society had dubbed them, 'the Lady and the Tramp'.

"Whatever you say," Jenny murmured languidly.

Jasper smiled. It was more or less what he had anticipated. He had heard that Cleo was a sexy little bitch who would always be game for crude sexual adventure. Jenny Darvill, whom he knew a great deal, better and who had been a major player in his social recognition, was more poised and circumspect.

They were the type of women he liked to have attend his special parties, attractive, rich and well groomed, unshockable and responsive to the perverse. And in this case, there were other considerations.

There was no problem with Janine of course. She was his- in every sense of the word. Generally accepted as his mistress, she was actually far more than that.

"So, are we invited, Jasper?" Cleo asked him and leaned forward so that her heavy breasts were even further revealed.

Jasper avoided answering the question, knowing well enough that a show of reluctance on his part would only make her more determined to attend. He said. "Not everyone appreciates such affairs. Some think that they're a bit tawdry."

"We'll appreciate them, darling Jasper," Cleo giggled, grasping Jenny's arm. "We're very broadminded and I rather love a tawdry touch."

"Yes," Jasper said thoughtfully. "Let's have some more brandies."

He poured from a cut glass decanter and nobody refused. Cleo was watching him closely, obviously awaiting his decision. Janine, sitting primly by his side, was exchanging meaningful smiles with Jenny.

"It will be," he hesitated. "A little more extreme than usual. Eclectic in fact."

Jenny tore her eyes away from Janine. "Last time," she said. "A woman was gang banged in front us - how much more extreme can it be than that?"

Jasper recognized Cleo's immediate frisson of excitement but he shrugged. "Perhaps I should say that there will be more variety this time. And we're hoping for participation from more of the guests."

Jenny asked sharply. "You mean us?"

"Ah!" Jasper spread his hands wide. "Always the realist, Jenny. Well, anybody attending will see quite extreme sexual acts. That is why they're going. I don't want to hear a lot of moralizing afterwards."

"You won't hear it from me, darling," Cleo said throatily. "It all sounds so delightfully morbid."

“More than that,” Jasper murmured. He looked straight at Cleo. “Will you come with bare tits?”

Cleo blinked. “You want me to be part of the show, darling?”

She did not sound particularly disturbed.

Jasper shrugged. “You must understand that this is not an exhibition put on for your benefit, but a party which is aiming at the enjoyment of a group of people with diverse sexual interests. I’d like you to be ready to participate if you get turned on.”

There was a long silence in the room as the women digested his words. Jennie was frowning but Cleo was open-mouthed and rubbing her inner thigh sensually.

“You won’t be alone in throwing off your inhibitions.” Jasper murmured. “Let me demonstrate.”

He beckoned to Janine. She looked momentarily nonplussed but then rose from the sofa and stood beside in front of him.

“Pull up your skirt!” he ordered in a harsh voice. “Show us your cunt.”

She was clearly taken aback and glanced nervously towards the other women, both of whom were looking surprised, before turning her gaze once again to Jasper.

For a few moments she hesitated; then, lips pressed together in obvious annoyance, she hoisted the skirt up around her waist. She was not wearing underclothes and her private parts had a unique character that made the other two women gasp.

Jasper ran an exploratory hand between her legs, which opened obediently at his touch. Lewdly he pushed his fingers deep into her slit, then pulled them out and sniffed at them. The women still open mouthed, stared intently at the bared, dark haired crotch. Both women showed amazement as they viewed Janine’s pink inner vaginal lips, which were poking through the thicker than normal outer lips of the vulva. It was like a wet, opening pink flower forcing its way to prominence and it was intensely sexual. The area was surrounded by thick, black hair carefully trimmed to not to impede the view. Cleo giggled slightly and bent forward for a closer view.

Jenny slid back on her sofa and her eyes narrowed to slits but she also gazed avidly at the fully displayed sex.

Janine’s head was bowed and her cheeks were flushed. She made no attempt to avoid the fingers that were probing into her body but she was biting her lip in obvious embarrassment.

“Take it all off. Show our friends what you’ve got.”

Again the voice was harsh and domineering. The voice of a Master to his slave.

Janine glanced towards the two women for whose curiosity she was suffering this humiliation, as if hoping they would protest on her behalf. There was no such reprieve. With an abrupt movement she slid the dress up over her head and flung it away from her. She was totally naked except for her high-heeled shoes and glittering jewellery.

She was a magnificent creature; a dream come true, managing to combine a tall, slender figure with full, slightly swaying breasts, tiny waist and swelling hips. Her body resembled the drawing of a sex pin up with endless legs, perfect, slightly tanned skin, deep pink nipples and those remarkable, unusual, pink sex lips pushing through both the vulva and the thick, black mat of glossy pubic hair.

“Her only flaw is that she’s a bottle blonde,” Jasper murmured. He spoke about Janine as if she were merely an object. “I occasionally get her to bleach her cunt hair or even shave it off but mostly I prefer the natural dark hair - as tonight.”

“Why are you humiliating her like this?” Jenny asked in a taut voice and Janine shot her a grateful look.

“Because she needs it. Some women crave humiliation. It is necessary to their mental health.”

“I don’t see much enjoyment on her face,” Jenny snapped. She fumbled in her handbag, pulled out a packet of cigarettes and lit one, inhaling quickly and blowing out a stream of blue smoke.

“I didn’t mention enjoyment - I said ‘needs’. That’s wholly different.”

Jenny frowned and puffed again at the cigarette.

Cleo shuddered and for a moment it looked as if she was going to have an orgasm. There was no doubt that she was enjoying the scene.

“But her - well, between her legs?” she began to ask.

“You mean her cunt?” Jasper asked raising his eyebrows. “Interesting isn’t it? Unique even. Not a young girl’s virgin slit, nor even a grown woman’s gash. Positively individual! See how the inner lips force their way outwards-”

“But there is a purpose to this demonstration, interesting though it is?” Jenny enquired tartly.

“Indeed. I wanted to give Cleo a practical demonstration of what sort of thing happens at my parties. The humiliation I have just visited on Janine is paltry compared with what can happen to others. But let me this slut show you one of her party tricks. Let me borrow your cigarette, Jenny.”

Jenny frowned and handed it to him though she quickly lit another. He dropped on one knee and fitted the filter end firmly between the sprouting, pink inner lips of Janine’s sex. The blonde was stony faced but made no protest as he pressed it deeper into her body.

Cleo’s mouth was wide open again, her red tongue flickering in and out like that of a watchful lizard.

Jasper slipped back onto his heels and looked up into Janine’s face.

“Not enjoying this are you, darling? And you know what - nobody cares a flying fuck. Now - smoke it!”

Janine stood for a moment like a statue though there was a nervous tick in her cheek. Then she leaned forward slightly and adjusted the cigarette, pushing it further deeper into her body. She took a deep breath and pushed her head backwards; the others saw her diaphragm first dilate then retract and her belly tightened. There was a moment’s pause and then Janine bent and removed the cigarette from her body. She widened her legs slightly then a thin trail of blue smoke trickled out from her vagina.

She glanced quickly at Jasper, who nodded; she replaced the cigarette and repeated the trick twice more. The smoke during the second and third episodes was more intense.

Cleo gasped in amazement. “Incredible!”

Jasper waved a hand nonchalantly. “Just practice, darling. Do you want to try?”

“Spare me the invitation,” Jenny said but her eyes were bright.

“I pass too,” Cleo murmured. “For the moment,” she added meaningfully.

Jasper sipped at his cognac. “That’s really all I have to say. So are you interested? I mean really interested?”

“I’ll give you my answer now.” It was Cleo who was speaking and there was a sparkle in her eyes. She rose languidly from her chair and approached Jasper. She stood in front of him for a moment then she dropped to her knees - an action that was difficult given the tightness of her

dress - and, bending forward, kissed his crotch. He already had an erection but it stiffened under the pressure from her lips.

Grinning, he touched her head. "You are accepted, my child. I think we shall do it here. We will have our own sex party. And one does not get the best out of a sex party without indulging in sex."

"Oh Christ!" said Jenny, sounding as if she was bored but her eyes were still devouring Janine's body.

Cleo frowned up at Jasper for a moment then she broke into a smile. She looked enquiringly at the distracted Jenny but was ignored. Giving a brief shrug she unzipped her dress and with a long but lascivious movement somewhere between a wriggle and a slither, she dropped it from her body revealing a half bra, which pushed up her heavy, red tipped breasts and a white thong whose crotch was yellow stained and damp. She kicked off her shoes then looked slyly up at him.

He bent and scooped her breasts out from the inadequate bra. They were large and floppy, aesthetically dubious but distinctly sexy. Her dark red nipples were stuck out like thick nails and the aureoles were wide and thick, their crinkled texture contrasting with the creamy skin.

"What an enthusiastically wet cunt," he remarked. "And such a sexy smell!"

There was a murmur of quiet satisfaction from the sofa and Jasper and Cleo glanced towards it. Janine was bending over Jenny and their lips were locked in an open mouthed kiss; he could observe the tongues already exploring each other's mouths. Jenny's hand was searching between the spread legs of the naked blonde.

Cleo expelled her breath in a deep sigh, then she neatly and efficiently unfastened Jasper's waistband and rolled down his slacks and underpants in one practiced movement. Equally deftly, her miniscule thong came off as she rose again to attend the thick, blood-gorged penis and heavy testicles. Clad only in silver, self-suspending stockings she sniffed wantonly at his crotch, inhaling its thick odour. She peered at Jasper's rigid, jutting member, which she then licked, catlike, at the tip, absorbing the tiny blob of jism, which had appeared there.

She settled back on her heels and again looked up at his face rolling her tongue around her open mouth as if tasting some rare delicacy.

"It's lovely," she said wickedly. "And I love that man smell."

Jasper pulled her face gently up against his penis and she made no protest.

"Use your mouth for what it was provided for," he suggested and he noticed Jenny momentarily take her mouth from Janine's and glance across at him with a lopsided grin on her face.

His wiry, pubic hair grated across Cleo's face and the erect organ was close to her nose. From somewhere she had produced a condom and she fitted it with practiced skill. For a moment he considered taking it off and hurling it across the room but did not act on the impulse. She turned her head, opening her mouth wide and reaching for the stiff prick like an attacking shark; skilfully, her teeth barely touched it as it entered her mouth. She let out a little yelp as he jerked on her hair but she did not let it interfere with her technique. She swallowed hard as the thick, erect, blood-gorged gristle filled her mouth and tested the back of her throat.

Her hands entwined his waist and then clutched his hairy buttocks. Her fingers caressed the deep cleft seeking the button of his anus, finding it and teasing it with a long, red fingernail.

There was a deep moaning sound from over by the sofa and the musky smell of sexual activity began to fill the room. An odd sound of lapping came from the same direction but Jasper and Cleo were now far too engrossed with each other to care what was happening elsewhere.

Had they looked they would have seen a partially clothed Jenny head to tail against the naked Janine and each sucking the streaming orifice of the other.

Jasper pushed Cleo back on the floor and she instinctively accepted her submissive role. She raised her knees and opened her legs; he thrust his thighs between hers, jamming his penis into her soaked vagina. Again she fingered his anus and his shudder confirmed that he was anally sensitive; she raised her body slightly, managed to insert a second finger while wrapping her legs tightly around his body. Then he was spurting inside her like an erupting volcano and keeping up a stream of insulting obscenities.

“Fucking whore! Piss bitch! Stinking cunt!”

Cleo sucked at Jasper’s cock and her eyes briefly met those of the Janine. She managed a sneer while not missing a stroke and the blonde turned her head away while still masturbating the now virtually naked and moaning Jenny. Cleo enjoyed separating men from their women and she delighted in showing the lovely Janine that there was more to sex than beauty and sexual conjuring tricks.

A few moments later, Jasper came, his jism thinner and less profuse after several orgasms. Cleo swallowed, though carefully she dribbled a bit out of the sides of her mouth so that there should be no doubt of what she had done.

Jake had fucked Cleo three times in various positions. He had been a fairly brutal lover and her body was aching and bruised but she did not care a jot. Very few men could manage three times in a row and she had actually orgasmed twice from the fucking and once from oral stimulation. He was good and she decided that she wanted more of him. Sod Janine!

Meanwhile Cleo and Janine had also squirmed and writhed, though they had been much quieter than the heterosexual action with its bursts of male and female obscenities frequently interrupting the laboured breathing.

Cleo hoped that the next one would be as enjoyable and nobody in the room would have disagreed. Eventually the urgency subsided and all the participants began to relax. The heavy breathing became less laboured.

The discarded condom, filled with his spunk, lay forlornly and obscenely on the floor. Cleo had been so excited that she had made no attempt to replace it with a fresh one after her initial fucking.

All of them were sweaty and near satiated. Apart from jewellery and watches nobody was wearing much. Jenny was sprawled on a sofa, her only clothing a pair of self-suspending stockings. She was looking flushed and a little agitated. In contrast, Janine was now wholly composed; she squatted, legs apart on the floor in front of them, naked and sipping brandy. The position she had assumed effectively and obscenely revealed her exciting sex gash.

Jasper, also naked except for a pair of blue socks, pushed Cleo away and straightened up. His chest, belly and buttocks were a mass of damp, tangled, dark hair. The thick penis had retained much of its size probably as a result of Cleo’s oral ministrations but it was no longer wholly stiff.

“Well?” Cleo asked Jasper. “Did I pass?”

He crossed his legs and the thick, hairy penis and heavy testicles heaved like a minor rock fall. Cleo let out a shuddering sigh at the sight.

“With honours,” Jasper grunted. “Did you enjoy it?” he asked Jenny and she flinched slightly and reached for her discarded panties making a hopeless attempt at dignity.

“Janine was very persuasive,” she murmured lamely but she did exchange a small smile with Janine.

Jenny had a good body; long, slim and taut; the thatch of hair on her pubis was quite sparse, contrasting with the thick growths on the other two women. Her breasts were smallish, high and firm in contrast to the fleshy, heavy mammaries of Cleo.

Jasper eyed them contentedly. They were all gorgeous in different ways.

After a brief moment Jenny fumbled for a packet of cigarettes, lit one and took a long draw. Her eyes met those of Jasper squarely.

“Yes,” she admitted. “I enjoyed it. And yes, I would like to come to your party and equally yes, I’ll dress the part.”

Without waiting for a reply she began to dress.

Cleo giggled. She was sweating freely and giving out a musky sex smell. “And I’ve given my answer.”

Jenny finished dressing and stood up. She appeared very poised. “One question, Jasper?”

“Anything, darling.”

“Is Janine just your mistress?” She avoided looking at the blonde who tensed and gazed at Jasper.

“She’s my slave, darling. She’ll do anything I tell her. Anything!”

Janine flushed but Jenny nodded expressionlessly as if her suspicions had been confirmed, then she made for the door. She hovered there, looking pointedly at Cleo. Reluctantly the brunette began to dress though she frequently glanced at Jasper and wiggled her body in a way that was so extravagant as to be almost a parody. It was clear that she would have welcomed an offer to stay.

Jasper, however, made no objection to them leaving. But he threw one final surprise. “The party is tomorrow night. I’ll telephone tomorrow about the venue. I’ll ring you, Jenny, and you can tell Cleo.”

Jenny showed no surprise at the imminence of the party. Cleo gasped and smiled like the cat getting a saucer of cream.

CHAPTER SEVEN

When Jenny and Cleo had finally departed, Janine, still naked, looked at Jasper who had pulled on his underpants and was seated on one of the sofas with a glass of brandy in his hand. He looked pleased with himself.

“Was it really necessary to humiliate me like that?” she asked coldly.

He laughed at her. “You could have refused.”

She clenched her teeth. “Yes,” she said slowly. “I could have done. I must remember that next time.”

Jasper recognized the signs; she was close to rebellion. It had been coming on for some time.

He determined to bring her to heel.

She had been a good bargain. He had difficulty in reconciling this lovely woman with the brutally used, filthy, diseased, hardly human creature that he had purchased for five US\$ way back in the jungles of Indonesia.

She had not looked much of a bargain then. She was an Australian by birth who had once been married to an Australian planter in Indonesia. Harried by the local Indonesian authorities,

the plantation had been pushed to bankruptcy and her husband had disappeared. Whether he had died or fled she would probably never know. A pretty white woman without means of sustenance and in a place where she was unprotected by law, she had been seized by the local military and kept as a sex slave. Used first by the officers and then by ordinary soldiers, her degradation had been total. When they had finished with her, she had been sold off as a slave to a tribe deeper in the interior. It was there that Jasper had found her. He had been on an expedition, selling small arms to the natives who were conducting an intermittent guerrilla war with the government.

She had been in an appalling condition and at the outset it had been a low-key transaction. Jasper had intended to let his bearers use her sexually on the way back to the capital, Jakarta, then to sell her to a local brothel. For a white woman, even in her condition, he would make a handsome return.

Once back in Jakarta, where she had been bathed properly for the first time in years, he realised that she was both younger and potentially prettier than he had first thought. He decided to keep her.

Her reconstruction had been a long business and had been carried out under the auspices of an Egyptian Madame whom he had known well for many years.

Madame Zia had immediately recognized the girl's potential and had done a magnificent job. The body that had been diseased and badly beaten had been carefully nursed back to health. The distended and distorted sexual orifices had been repaired by plastic surgeons who had aimed not merely at returning her body to normal but at actually enhancing her sexual charms. Thus her vagina was tightened somewhat but the inner lips of the vulva were given collagen implants so that the glistening, damp, pink interior was always visible. Her anal orifice was carefully gauged to allow easy penetration, gaping very slightly in a way that men found fixating.

Surgery had also straightened a previously crooked nose, enlarged her already expressive, dark blue eyes and thickened her lips to a new promise of sensuality; clever adjustments that had changed her from being merely pretty to becoming a striking beauty.

Zia had rigorously schooled the Australian girl in the arts of deportment, culture and sex. Particular care had been taken in teaching her how to effectively use her vaginal and anal muscles. Voice training had introduced an attractive, husky timbre into her voice and virtually eliminated the harsh Australian twang. She moved like a model.

The creation was perfect. She was a wet dream come true; a woman possessing the body of a whore but with the mannered, outward style of a real Lady. And to complete the transformation, her birth name had been discarded and she had been renamed, Janine.

At the end, the biggest difficulty had been how to keep her enslaved while living and travelling within societies that would have no truck with the institution of slavery. The approach had been two-fold.

Jasper had bribed the Indonesian authorities to issue a warrant for the arrest of Janine - in her real name, of course - for the murder of her husband. The warrant had been circulated widely through Interpol and Janine knew of its existence. Jasper had made it clear that as long as she was submissive to his will no one would ever know who she really was, but that if ever she crossed him he would denounce her immediately. Janine knew that her innocence would be no protection if she were returned to the country of her worst nightmares.

But Madame Zia had suggested a second prison, this time of the mind. She had imposed a subtle control on her protégée; the surgeons had expertly worked on her nerve ends to ensure that Janine was highly susceptible to sexual stimulation. She was very close to nymphomania.

Zia had supplied Jasper with some powerful aphrodisiacs, which she suggested he should periodically supply to Janine in a surreptitious way. The aphrodisiacs would drive Janine to desperation in slaking her sexual needs and Jasper should take the fullest advantage of the circumstances by humiliating her in the grossest ways he could think of. When she had recovered from the effects of the aphrodisiacs and recalled the things she had done, Janine would be deeply ashamed and convinced that she was suffering from some extreme form of nymphomania. Believing that she was some form of sexual pervert, said Zia, Janine would stick with Jasper because he understood and assuaged her sexual excesses. She would dare not try and fit herself a more critical world.

Janine was angry though she fought to repress it. She well remembered the jungle horror of her past, which even now gave her nightmares. She also remembered that he had allowed his bearers and guides free sexual access to her on the trek to the capital. Her treatment at that point had been little different from that she had endured in the jungle village. She knew that only the good fortune of having a recognizable prettiness had saved her from permanent life in a brothel. What he had done had been for his own benefit.

In the beginning she had no alternative but to accept his mastery. His blackmail was wholly effective. She knew from practical experience what real degradation was and thus she had complied with any demand he made upon her. He was able not only to slake any lust that he fancied upon her but also employed her as a virtual prostitute in pursuit of his interests.

But recently, particularly during the last six months, she had begun to rebel. Jasper's business was now very successful and he was able to administer it from afar through a web of employees and associates. He spent more time at leisure in London and New York and his wealth gained him some entrance into the upper reaches of society in both cities.

Janine, poised and gorgeous, had been a perfect companion, aiding his social progress in public and serving his depraved sexual demands in private. She had played both parts to perfection but she had been brought into close contact with the sophisticated, rich women of those societies and had been befriended by some of them. Janine, who was always expensively coiffured, jewelled and dressed became used to being attended by maids, fussed by headwaiters and courted by rich young men.

She had begun to see herself as a real lady!

Tonight had been a shock to her. In the early years with him, she had many times used her sexual expertise in his interests. She had done whatever he desired of her. Often that had involved sex with other men who had demanded acts, which were sickening even to a woman who had once felt that she had suffered every possible degradation at the hands of her Indonesian captors. She learned the hard way that the sophisticated mind could dream up obscenities that made even the worst primitives seem positively repressed. She had overcome her repugnance and refused nothing that he demanded of her.

But in recent years he had been rich enough to hire professional whores for such tasks and had kept her for his own use. In the deep recesses of her mind she had fantasised that he might actually marry her.

The respite had not actually been easy for her for she needed sex badly and often; even Jasper, a highly sexed man, was not sufficient for her needs. She had fallen back on masturbation using dildos and vibrators, realizing that the overcoming of her gross sexual needs was the price of a

more normal life. She had never taken a male or female lover on her own volition though the need had often driven her to distraction.

Now she realized that her self-control had been wasted. There would be no marriage. She would always be no more than his slave.

He crossed his legs comfortably.

“Janine.”

“Yes.” There was a definite throb of resentment in her voice.

“That used condom. It’s untidy.”

She was very, very beautiful, he reflected. He had never seen a more beautiful woman particularly when she was either angry or sexually roused. But she must be brought to heel.

There was an apprehensive look on her face as she looked at the used condom with its load of cooling spunk.

“Pick it up.”

Her wonderful breasts heaved. She stood like a statue though he noticed that her jutting pink nipples were like bullets.

She yielded suddenly, almost unexpectedly, but she could not resist an expression of distaste as she picked it up and held gingerly it by its open end.

“I’m trying to decide,” he said slowly. “Whether to syringe it up your shit hole or make you lie on your back and drool it into your cunt.”

Her eyes dropped a little though she knew better than to avoid his gaze.

Jasper looked at her wonderingly. So beautiful, so sophisticated, so faithful - so obedient. His mind flew back to their first meeting when she had been a filthy, diseased slave in the troubled jungles of Indonesia. He had saved her and he had recreated her. She was his. It was a fact that she obviously needed to relearn.

He snapped his finger as if making a sudden decision.

“Now. Swallow it down. All of it. Condom and all!”

She was pale and he could recognize the refusal hovering on her wide, sexy lips. Surreptitiously he clenched his fist and looked at the faintly convex belly that he would hit first. Then, as she was rolling in pain on the ground, he would put on his shoes and kick her into obedience. Not too many marks, of course because he needed her to continue entertaining Jenny. He had enjoyed the sex with Cleo and he thought that a bit of rough play would end the evening very satisfactorily.

Suddenly she capitulated. She peered at the disgusting thing in her hand. Then, with a quick movement she threw back her head and put it into her mouth. She swallowed it quickly though an expression of disgust flitted across her face.

“And tomorrow,” Jasper murmured, a little disappointed. “When you’ve shat it out of yourself, you can bring it to me all nice and cleaned.”

CHAPTER EIGHT

Jasper awoke slowly and became aware of the heavy and irregular breathing a few feet away. His eyes flickered open and he breathed in deeply, inhaling the precious odours of expensive perfume and aroused femininity.

A bedside lamp was on.

Janine was sitting by the wall a few feet away from him, almost within touching distance. As so many times before, he was struck by the marvellous sexuality of her naked body. Her back was pressed firmly against the wall and her legs were loosely crossed in front of her. The index finger of one hand caressed the blood engorged tip of her stiffly erect clitoris, while the other alternately stimulated and encircled her left nipple. Her face looked slightly upwards rather than directly at him, its expression slack lipped and wanton. Her mouth was half open, showing the glittering teeth. A tinge of saliva dribbled down the side of her mouth and her lips were wet. Her normally beautiful face seemed swollen with lust and there was a somewhat dazed look in her eyes as if she were not wholly aware of the slutish image that she was projecting.

She was in a mood of complete abandon, sweating, occasionally shaking and mumbling obscenities to herself. He positioned himself carefully to enjoy the show, knowing that it should be a good one. Before coming to bed he had insisted on her drinking another large brandy but, surreptitiously, he had fortified it with an over-large dose of a powerful aphrodisiac. It was not that he particularly wanted sex with her at this point; he did however intend to demean and degrade. He wanted her to know that leaving him would be like a junkie losing its source of drugs. By the end of this night he intended to impress his absolute mastery upon her.

She came copiously; the lust distorted face convulsed and her head wobbled about as if it might become disengaged from her body. The heavy breasts swung sensually and the thickly haired pubis was thrust forward as the legs opened wider showing off the wet, pink, inner chasm of her vulva. Her sodden, dark pubic hair was flecked what looked like globules of white foam. Her caressing hand fell away from the obscenely oozing, sex lips and her body slipped forward as she scrabbled to reach her anus, driving the wet index finger up into it with a degree of force that made him, the watcher, shudder.

For a brief moment only the whites of her eyes showed and the stream of saliva grew more intense as her wide lipped mouth opened wider.

“Ohhh – ohhh - fuck my wet cunt - aahh shag me - fuck me - fuck me!”

The voice dribbled off into a confused mumble but the body jerked about as if she was suffering a convulsion. The already strong odour of sex became even more intense.

He watched her, clutching his erect penis under the bedclothes, marvelling at the strength and duration of her orgasm.

But the aphrodisiac would ensure that she would remain on heat even after she had come so copiously. She would continually ache for satisfaction yet have no chance of fully achieving it until the aphrodisiac wore off. Each orgasm would increase her desire and drive her to more desperate measures to relieve herself. And at the end, when it was all over, she would retain the memories of her degraded acts and disgusting needs.

She was squirming like a hooked fish, the amazing body flecked with perspiration, her face a lust-ridden panorama of sexual desire. Suddenly her eyes flicked open, sensuous and aware, and she looked into his. The index finger slid out of her anus and she drew it slowly across her breasts, leaving a distinct brown line across the lightly tanned flesh and adding the faint smell of excrement to the exotic blend of sexual odours in the room.

The drug had her firmly in its grip. She wanted to abase herself for him; wanted to do the most disgusting things for his pleasure.

Grunting, he flung back the bedclothes, exhibiting his own naked, muscled, hairy chested masculinity.

As he straightened up on the bed she seemed to drift towards him, hands reaching eagerly for the rampant penis, slipping on to her knees before him, the drooling mouth open and wanton.

A sort of keening sound came from her; her desperate need for humiliation had to be assuaged. Grunting he put a hand to the back of her head and pulled the eager mouth on to his penis.

He jerked upwards as she sucked eagerly, then she ran her tongue over his engorged penis and licked at the heavy, hairy testicles. Her fingers caressed his nipples and he began to moan; the erection intensified. With gentle but persistent pressure she pushed him backwards so that he lay across the rumpled bedclothes.

For a few moments she teased the thick testicles with her mouth while her hands gently caressed his penis forcing it to maximum size. Then she moved her mouth lower, searching between the hairy buttocks for his anus, breathing deeply so that she missed nothing of his odour. Finding the small slit she drove her tongue firmly into it, her muffled expression of triumph blending with his cry of pleasure. He came, the gushing thick jism soaking her blonde hair while his body convulsed in ecstasy.

Her body twisted as she switched her mouth to the jetting penis and drove two fingers up the now open anus. It prolonged his orgasm and his body twitched and shuddered, totally out of control.

“You fucking whore,” he growled. “I own you, you shitty bitch and don’t you ever forget it.”

Then it was over and the two sweating bodies clung together, her finger still up his anus, her mouth still around his collapsing penis, his fingers clutching her heavy breasts.

The intensity of her orgasms was always a turn on for him. She was sexually wanton with that calculated infusion of nymphomania which he and Zia had induced in her. He felt a trace of self-satisfaction. Even if she left him she would soon come crawling back because the itch in her pussy would overwhelm her.

She was smiling at him, her stained fingers stroking the growth of hair on his chest, titillating his nipples watching keenly as his penis began to harden. He had taken stimulants himself; Cleo and Janine would, under normal circumstances, be too much for any one man in the course of one night.

Grinning, he gripped her hand and forced it up to her mouth.

“Clean your fingers,” he ordered. In her drug induced haze she would be obedient to his will. Later, when she recovered from the aphrodisiac she would hate what she had done - but she would remember it. And he wanted her to remember it, for one day soon he would make her repeat the act without the benefit of any mind numbing drug. That would be even more enjoyment.

She ran her wet, pink tongue over her lips, then she bent and then licked at the brown stained fingers that had penetrated his anus a few moments before. She did it very well. She did not make the mistake of doing it too quickly but allowed her pink tongue to lap delicately at the excrement like a cat drinking cream

He enjoyed making perform disgusting acts and he had a night of it in front of him. His sophisticated mind considered the long list of possible things that he could make her do. Tomorrow morning, recovered from the aphrodisiac, she would suffer self disgust from the acts she had performed this night without ever realizing how he had bypassed any sense of decency.

She had to be broken in again until she was as obedient as she had once been. It was quite stimulating to allow her a certain amount of freedom but he had allowed it to get out of hand. After the party he decided that he must give her regular thrashings and more doses of the aphrodisiac until he had returned her to the frame of mind where she did what he wanted despite any feelings of her own. Perhaps he might even put her into a cheap brothel for a few months. Slavery, after all, was about doing things that the slave did not want to do.

In the midst of his pleasurable contemplation he suddenly wondered what it would be like to have Jenny in his power. Certainly she was not as beautiful as Janine but she was a spoiled aristocrat and that was a stimulant in itself.

He visited on Janine the ultimate degradation. While using her in the most disgusting ways that he could conceive, he fantasised about another woman.

“We’ll have to give her a bath or a shower. Maybe put some cream and powder on her arse and back,” Jake grunted drunkenly when he noticed Linda’s condition. The combination of the urine and ugly red weals caused by Jake’s whip had made Linda’s bottom very red and sore.

“Can’t hand her over like this.”

In spite of her sorry state, Linda noted dully that she was to be ‘handed over’.

“She deserves all she gets,” Svenka said sullenly, seeming concerned only that Linda suffered to the maximum.

“I’m not interested in her,” Jake snarled angrily. “I just want her off our hands now. We can’t keep her here forever.”

Linda’s mouth worked frantically as she tried to think of something to say but no words came out.

Svenka, wearing only a pair of frilly panties, had a bruise on her cheek and several more on her body. It was clear that she had suffered a brutal night with Jake even though she did not appear in the least subdued.

“When are they collecting her?”

“Soon. When the hall porter goes off for breakfast. We’ll use the goods lift. We need her in reasonable condition by then.”

Svenka slapped Linda’s breasts until she again turned awkwardly on her side, exposing the angry red bottom.

“If we shower her, rub some skin cream well into her arse and then powder it, it’ll do.” she said.

“It’d better,” Jake said gloomily. “I don’t want to reduce the price.”

CHAPTER NINE

Jasper was pleased with the way things were shaping up. Participants were pouring into the club. They were a motley array, dressed in a manner that ranged from the near conventional to the extremely bizarre. The club was crafted to resemble a series of stone caves, with walls and floors painted black. There was a profusion of wall mirrors and the ceiling was completely mirrored. Lighting was generally dim but carefully sited, continuously swivelling spotlights

randomly illuminated most areas. It was intended that there would be no certainty of absolute privacy in this place tonight.

Already there was a palpable air of excitement in the air. Jasper and his team had gone to great lengths to stimulate an atmosphere which encouraged excess. The intention was that the guests should find it natural to shed any inhibitions and allow free rein to their id.

Guests arrived at a forbidding looking door, which was not opened until their invitation cards were passed through a small slot and verified. Then the door swung quickly open to admit them. Two young women in leather cat suits, flanked by a number of powerful looking men in slacks and T shirts, clearly bouncers, greeted them and indicated a flight of steep, stone stairs leading downwards. As the guests descended the steps they could hear the sensuous, rhythmic throbbing of drums punctuated by the periodic clash of cymbals, which grew louder as they approached the scene of the action. A mixture of smells drifted upwards: incense, cigarette and cigar smoke, a blend of perfumes and colognes, alcohol, sweat, sexual excitement and, very faintly, sewers. At the bottom of the steps a short passage turned sharply to the right and the descending newcomers could see the reflection of strobe lighting throwing a macabre illumination on the opposite wall. It was like descending into Hell and seeing the reflection of the flames before being pitched headlong into them. From the short passage they emerged into the first room.

Jasper, wearing only semi opaque, red pantaloons, was standing in a position from where he could monitor arrivals, smiled as he watched Cleo and Jenny enter the room and then stop in astonishment. He had seen the same reaction from most of the arriving guests and it gratified him.

The room was already packed with people and Cleo's eyes were flared wide with excitement, for this was an unashamed Bacchanalia in full swing. People of both sexes thronged the area, most dressed in outlandish, sexually provocative clothes with quite a few either nearly or completely nude. A group who stood together wore leather, latex or rubber though several of them held naked men or women on steel studded leashes. In the far corner two naked men were enjoying oral sex surrounded by a clutch of voyeurs consisting of both men and women. In the middle of the floor, body sheened with perspiration, a naked, auburn haired beauty in her mid twenties was contorting her body lasciviously in time with the throb of the drums. She had a much larger audience than the mutually fellating males. The strobe lighting flashed erotically and the room was warm, almost unpleasantly so but the reason was obvious given the briefness of much of the clothing.

This was a place where sensuality ruled supreme and society's rules on decency were suspended. Those in leather, latex or rubber, perspired particularly heavily and the rancid smell added to the already compelling decadence of the fetid atmosphere.

Even those who were technically clothed frequently displayed their bared genitals. A tall, thickly built woman of indeterminate age was wearing an exquisitely cut latex suit, which clung to her ample figure. But the garment was cut in such a way that the sagging breasts and hairy crotch were completely revealed; at the rear her heavy buttocks were equally exposed.

Over against the far wall a crouching young man was wearing only what looked like a pair of frilly pink women's knickers. A lissom young woman clad in a latex bikini, wielding a thronged whip, was beating him savagely. His body was red and bruised and he was howling though it was difficult to say whether it was from pain or excitement. In another corner there was a line of waist high cages containing nude or semi nude people of various ages, sexes and colours. The occupants clasped the bars of their cages, peering out at the exhibitionists outside as if genuinely frightened.

Other rooms led off from the main chamber through wide arches. The nearest room, to the right of the entrance, was slightly better lit than the others. Six small holes were set in the floor and men and women stood or sat crouched over them, urinating. Clearly any form of privacy was a no-no in this place. For the more thoughtful it was obvious that six toilets for this crowd might suffice for the moment but would be clearly insufficient as the hours passed, particularly as trays of drinks were in free circulation.

The drums beat out their thickly erotic message; the drummers, six males in all, were crouching on the floor at the far end of the first chamber though amplifiers broadcast their message throughout the club. They knew their business for the throbbing rhythm was undeniably rousing. The drummers wore only brief black loincloths and black headbands and they sweated profusely. Three young girls, bare breasted but also wearing black loincloths and headbands stood close, undulating their bodies and periodically clashing cymbals.

Jasper made his way over to Cleo and Jenny. Jenny was wearing a full length, flowered, chiffon creation but she had kept her promise to dress for the occasion, though in this company she was hardly extrovert. The skirt was lined but the bodice was not. Her small but shapely breasts were clearly visible under the thin material. She was smoking a cigarette, which was embedded in a long jade holder

"I'm glad you could make it," he murmured and kissed her hand with a show of old world courtesy, which contrasted oddly with the bizarre scenes around them. Jenny was glancing around and he guessed that she was seeking Janine.

Cleo was quite provocatively dressed; wearing a nipple revealing, low cut, red brocade cocktail dress. It would have been very daring at a conventional gathering but was wildly conservative here and her stunned expression as she surveyed the scene showed that she realised it. Even so, her natural animal sexuality had men looking at her lecherously.

"If you fancy a man you merely get on your knees and kiss his crotch," Jasper said calmly.

She surveyed his bared torso and then her eyes lingered on his crotch. The erection was clearly visible through the thin material and it was obvious that he was not wearing underpants.

"I can see what I want," Cleo leered. "But I'll view the scene first." Her gaze was sweeping around the room and there was an undeniable brightness in her eyes.

Jasper nodded and touched his thinly covered penis in a way that made it jerk out perpendicularly.

"I kept my word," Jenny interrupted with a wintry smile at Jasper. "I'm giving a boob show as you can see. I trust you're going to keep yours and show something really different?"

A waiter wearing a black loincloth and headband arrived with a tray of champagne and presented it to Jenny and Cleo, both of whom accepted a glass.

"I always keep my word to pretty ladies. And I think your tits are lovely, Jenny. You should show them off more often."

Cleo butted in with a furrowed brow as she recognized that Jenny and Jasper were sharing some private knowledge. "Am I missing something? What has Jasper promised?"

"The dear man has a lovely surprise for both of us," Jenny nodded.

The buxom, dark haired girl laughed gaily and put a finger to her mouth. There was much of the little girl about Cleo - the greedy little girl it might be said!

"Tell?" she simpered.

"Later. I promise it'll be something completely new to your experience," he said.

But Cleo's attention had already been taken by something else. She was gazing opened mouthed at the naked, still gyrating, sweat soaked auburn haired girl who was surrounded by an ever-growing crowd.

"Surely that's-?"

Jasper nodded in confirmation

"I do not normally identify our guests but the lady is not shy. Lady Margaret is the Countess of Blantyre. She's twenty-five and the Earl is seventy-five. She's said to be the most enthusiastic fuck since Messalina who, you may remember, was both the wife of Claudius, the fourth Emperor of Rome and granddaughter of Mark Anthony. Messalina once challenged the most notorious Roman whore, a famous prostitute named Scylla, to a fucking contest. The whore gave up after the twenty-fifth man, but the Empress continued for the rest of the night. Personally I think that Lady Margaret would have beaten the hell out of Messalina."

Cleo was uncertain. The Countess of Blantyre was a famous raiser of charitable funds. The Nursing Sisterhood, which she had founded, appeared regularly in the world's most dangerous hotspots and the Countess was invariably involved personally

"Come on, Jasper. She looks a bit like the Countess, but-" Her voice trailed off uncertainly.

"I told you you'd see all sorts of people here," Jasper murmured. "But you believe what you will, my dear. Like anywhere else, part will be truth and part will be illusion. But just because a woman is a famous benefactor and charity raiser does not mean that she does not have the same sort of sexual needs as the rest of us. Now, I have one or two things to see to. I'll be back shortly then we'll deal with your surprise."

He turned but as he walked away he heard Cleo's plaintive remark.

"I just don't really know. She looks similar - but different -"

And Jasper grinned to himself. Who did not look different tonight?

There was plenty to see and hear. As the minutes rolled on the atmosphere became increasingly liberated. Perspiration beaded waiters rushed about serving trays of drinks and the rhythmic beat of the drums never flagged, sending their ancient message of abandon to all the inhabitants of the cave like rooms. Incense burned at various sites and its aroma spread through the throngs.

The gyrating Countess was finally exhausted and she sank to her knees to immense applause. She bowed her forehead to the floor as if in acknowledgement but in doing so, she raised her shapely buttocks into the air. The lewd posture emphasized her sexual orifices.

A tall Negro, wholly naked, stepped beside her and ran a hand over the sweat soaked bottom. She glanced over her shoulder then smiled invitingly at the man before resuming her previous position, overtly offering herself in submission. Stone faced, he stepped forward, his massive, jutting penis guided by one hand; he bent and rammed it into the freely offered orifice.

Her mouth flew open and her body convulsed at the force of his entry. There was a concerted gasp from the crowd of watchers, which intensified when they realized what he had actually done.

"He stuck it up her arse!"

"He's buggering her!"

"The randy bitch is being arse fucked!"

However surprised some of the comments were, it was obvious that the Countess, after the early shock, was revelling in what was being done to her. She began moving her hips backwards and forwards in line with his thrusts and the ease with which he was entering her indicated an anus trained to accept this mode of entry.

“She must have a shithole like a bloody cavern!”

A female voice spoke. “I couldn’t manage a cock that size up my pussy - and it would split the other thing open.”

“Just practice, dear. Let’s go over to the shadows and see what can be done.”

“Oh - fuck off, Harold. If you had something like that Negro I’d take a chance-”

Laughter rolled around the room.

Another female voice said. “Someone said that he’s her chauffeur.”

“I don’t suppose she’s interested in his driving license, darling - just how he can drive up her arsehole.”

The Negro’s eyes rolled and his frantic bucking intensified. Some of those who were standing close to them said that they could hear his spunk shooting into her like a gush of water from a hose. Aristocrat and black servant slipped over on their sides, sweaty white and black limbs entwined and somehow their mouths were together, frantically exchanging saliva.

And even then the Countess was not finished. She raised herself to her knees, wiped her hand between her drooling legs and showed a spattering of spunk in her palm. Then she smiled and licked the hand clean.

“God. She’s a dirty bitch!” a man’s voice shouted.

The Countess turned towards the speaker and smiled. It was a wonderful smile from the face of a gorgeous woman and it was completely without shame.

“If you thought that was dirty,” she enunciated in a crystal clear, cultivated voice. “Just watch this.”

She took the semi hard black penis in her hand and wiped her hand gently over it. Then she again raised her palm to show a brown streak across it, before bending and cleaning the penis with her elegant, red tongue.

CHAPTER TEN

Jasper strolled through the complex, apparently relaxed quietly taking an intense interest in the various activities. Several rooms, all resembling caves, radiated from the entrance area. The place was like a warren and each part had its own ‘entertainments’.

The centrepiece of one such room were two solid, black painted wooden stands between which was held a naked, brown haired girl who could not have been more than eighteen years old. Steel manacles secured her arms and legs and she was splayed like an X between the stands. She was quite pretty in an undramatic way, but the real novelty lay elsewhere.

Her nipples, the inner lips of her shaved pubis and the sternum of her nose had all been pierced. A small diameter chain ran from one of the stands, through the pierced nipples, to the other stand. A parallel chain secured her sex lips between the stands and a third parallel chain ran its course through the pierced sternum of her nose. Completely helpless, she was fondled and abused by whoever happened to be passing. Standing close by was her intended boyfriend, clad only in a miniscule thong, happily carousing with a curvaceous, bikini-clad blonde. The story was that the abused girl had fallen desperately in love with the boy and for a time had been his

lover. Ultimately he had rejected her because she resisted his more extreme demands. Hopelessly infatuated, she had promised to do anything for him if he would take her back into his affections. Slyly he had agreed but only if she agreed to accept the body piercings and attend the party as his partner. She had resisted for a short while but, finally and tearfully, desperate to regain his favour and promised marriage as her reward, she had assented. Once at the party she had been seized by his friends and secured in the manner described. Then the boyfriend had produced his real girlfriend as her chief tormentor.

Now the tearful girl had to watch as the boy she loved desperately caroused with his mistress while she herself was subjected to obscene fondling, taunts and ridicule.

Worse still, she had been sold as a slave. From this place she would be bundled, like several others present, into a waiting van and transported to a boat moored in the docks. In a week or a little more, she would stand in the slave pens of the Middle East.

Philosophically he reflected that slave transportation, though not as profitable as arms trafficking, was a rewarding and enjoyable activity and much easier. Pretty women and - to a lesser extent - young men, never went out of fashion or were replaced by technical advance. The incremental profit was actually substantial. His container ships, cheaply bought rust buckets that they were, carried containers of arms on their decks and a cargo of slaves below. Wastage was minimal.

This would be his second shipment and estimates were that it would be even more profitable than the first. The thing that had surprised him was how easy it was to obtain flesh cargo once slavers knew that he had transportation available. With one exception, he was not directly involved in the kidnap of the unfortunates and merely supplied the shipping space. He also took a hefty commission on the sale price ultimately fetched by the flesh cargo.

He continued his stroll and entered another room. This was his most important venue of the evening.

The centrepieces were two waist high, marble slabs, some six feet long and three feet wide. Only one was in use. Adjustable manacles were attached to each corner of the table. Janine was naked, wrists splayed wide and manacled to the top of the slab. Her ankles, also well apart, were pulled back over her head by the use of ropes suspended from ceiling pulleys. She was secured in what must have been an uncomfortable 'U' shaped position, the small of her back resting on the table while her eyes looked up at her own spread crotch.

His eyes met hers for a brief moment then she looked away with an expression of what looked like contempt. He smiled but his eyes were merciless. Hopefully, after today, they could resume their previous relationship of master and slave but he had no intention of allowing her the same leeway as in the recent past. This was the third part of her punishment, which had begun with her humiliation before Cleo and Jenny and continued in the bedroom where the aphrodisiacs had driven her nearly mad with lust. Here she would be held helpless, to be used in any way required by any person in this depraved community. If she was not brought to heel by then, then back to Indonesia she would go.

For a moment he lingered, looking at the other, empty, slab. As he did so a middle-aged man in a conventional suit and tie wandered up. He and Jasper smiled at each other though they did not exchange any words. Unhurriedly the older man unzipped his thigh and extracted a thick, rolled foreskin penis; calmly he began to masturbate over the face of the helpless woman. He took his time and after a while his eyelids closed and his movements became more frenetic. Then he came, the thick, creamy spunk shooting over Janine's face. Instinctively her eyes closed but

she did not move her head. She knew well enough that this was what she was there for and that far worse would befall her before the night ended.

Jasper wondered if it would have been as well to have fed her another large dose of aphrodisiac but decided it was too late to worry about now. He nodded pleasantly at the masturbator who was now exploring Janine's anus with a prying finger, then continued his stroll.

The evening was hotting up.

A heavily tattooed man was standing by the drummers. He was immensely fat, with a beer belly that drooped down over his thighs and, as was usually the case where a man was so corpulent, his penis looked tiny.

Myriad tattoos stretched from the thick shoulders, down the thinly haired shoulders and heavy breasts, over the big belly and descended the thighs. Tattoos almost covered the shelving buttocks. His head was shaved, with obscene tattoos on the cranium but he had a thick growth of pubic hair.

In everyday life most women would have regarded him as an object of derision, but tonight he held a court of his own. A line of kneeling women stretched in front of him, all patiently waiting for his attention. Each woman in the line sought degradation. It would have been impossible for a man to sexually satisfy so many women, nor was that expected. The women, waiting on their knees, some naked, some partially clothed waited only to perform a public obeisance to degeneracy. Some women would lick or suck the flaccid penis, others would black kiss the thick, odorous, hairy bottom; a few would be content to lick the flaccid nipples or the sweaty, hairy armpits.

There were also a number of tattooed women and they too seemed to have a particular place of honour in this extraordinary community. Most carried whips and, like their male counterpart, they attracted more than their share of obeisance from submissives. One nude young woman whose originally black skin was now largely covered by exotic, multi-coloured designs and whose pubic and underarm hair was profuse, affected both a Mohican hairstyle and an extremely heavy body odour. She had a long line of men crouched in front of her, desperate to pay homage. One by one they crept forward and when they reached the front of the queue they would grovel and kiss her feet while awaiting her instructions regarding which area of her body should be 'worshipped'. Depending on her whim, the mouth of the supplicant would be used accordingly. Favourite areas were the vulva and anus, breasts and armpits. Often, several supplicants worshipped different parts of their mistress at the same time.

"Come with me. I've something you'll find interesting."

Cleo gazed around her in confusion but showed a flash of relief in seeing Jasper. She had allowed herself to be separated from Jenny and she was feeling a little insecure. It was very noisy and the crowd around her looked odd by any definition, especially the males. She felt threatened though the feeling was tinged with a frisson of sexual excitement.

Jasper took her gently by the arm and led her through a series of room to where there was a hugely busy bar. Semi naked waiters and waitresses wearing black headbands, swept past carrying trays of drinks and Jasper expertly grabbed a couple of glasses from one of them.

He handed a glass to Cleo. Then he explained. "The people with black headbands are staff. They can be felt up but they're the only people here who are forbidden to fuck or suck during the evening. Keeping the drink going is more important. The more alcohol that's drunk, the more people relax and join in the action."

Cleo gulped down her drink and he grabbed a replacement for her. They were having to speak loudly because of the near deafening babble of noise.

"This could get out of control," she almost shouted.

"Maybe - just a little," Jasper shrugged. "But don't you like being a bit out of control, Cleo?"

She changed the subject. She was determined that he should fuck her again this evening but it was too early to play up to him yet. Nevertheless she could feel the wetness between her legs.

"You took advantage of me last night," she said with a frown of wholly simulated disapproval.

"You enjoyed every moment of it," he said cheerfully. "You wanted me to give you a good fucking and I certainly wanted to fuck you. And we had a good time. Didn't you enjoy doing it in front of Janine and Jenny?"

"Don't give yourself too much toffee," she pouted. She cocked her head and looked at him appraisingly. "Do you actually whip Janine?"

"When she deserves it," he confessed airily.

"You could be taken to court for doing that."

"I can imagine the headlines," he grinned. "Society beauty shows battered bottom in Court."

"You really are a chauvinistic pig," she shouted above the din, though the sparkle in her eyes showed that she was not really upset.

"Then I must make amends," he murmured. "I told you that I'd make this evening memorable for both Jenny and yourself."

Cleo looked around the room.

"Where is Jenny?"

"She may well be ahead of us," Jasper said and led the apprehensive Cleo through several archways. She tried to hazard a guess at how many people were at this party and guessed that it must be more than three hundred. Certainly the noise was deafening though it did not drown out the ubiquitous throbbing of the drums. Every room was wired for sound.

Cleo's eyes bulged in amazement and she gasped in surprise.

The room was similar to the others with black painted walls, mirrored ceiling and some mirrored panels on the walls. On one of the two marble tables a platinum blonde woman was helplessly strung up in a most humiliating position. Her wrists were manacled to the top far corners of the table and her manacled ankles were pulled upwards and then backwards over her body by ceiling pulleys. Little more than her shoulders actually rested on the table. Gooey lumps of what looked like mucus disfigured her face and the smell of urine was particularly sharp, hardly surprisingly since she was lying in a pool of it. A very hairy, naked man was pushing what looked like used condoms between her sex lips and some of the contents were dripping down onto her lower face and breasts.

She recognized Janine but she also saw the peculiar expression on Jasper's face. Some sixth sense warned Cleo of impending danger; she turned quickly with the intention of making a quick escape through the crowd of drunken revellers. It was hopeless. Directly behind her were two of

the semi-naked young men with black headbands. They grabbed her and flung her on her back across the previously empty table. Her legs and arms were outstretched and manacled; each limb fastened to a different corner of the table. She laid, limbs splayed, in the centre of the wide, slightly concave table. The quick rise and fall of her considerable bosom indicated her sudden, sickening fear but she did not cry out.

Jasper stood over her, smiling wolfishly and someone handed him a knife. He drew off her shoes and sniffed them lasciviously. Then, expertly, he cut away her clothes until he had reduced them to her filmy underwear and stockings. The bra was no more than a necessary platform to push up the soft, fleshy globes of her breasts. A gathering crowd of watchers showed their pleasure by glinting eyes and lewd comments as the rip of fabric echoed through the room.

“Plump little partridge!”

“Great tit show!”

“Look at the stains on her knickers.”

“I can smell ‘em or maybe it’s her. Very whiffy!”

Cleo was panting hard through clenched teeth. Her fleshy boobs were fully revealed as Jasper cut away the bra strap and the scanty briefs which were no more than a near backless sliver of transparent white lace. The thick mat of her untrimmed pubic hair spread out beneath the inadequate covering. Jasper sliced off the bra so that the soft, full breasts flopped lewdly like a couple of dumplings. Sadistically, he slid the blade of the knife down over her body so that she screamed with fear. Contemptuously, he slit the sides of the thong and the bits fell away from her body. She was left with only a pair of red stockings as covering. He put the fragment of the panties to his nose and sniffed. Then he made a face and exhibited the discoloured gusset to those close by.

“Dirty bitch. No wonder she stinks. See the shit stains?” he said.

There was a guffaw of laughter from the increasing number arriving to watch the scene. And amongst the arrivals was Jenny though Cleo did not at first see her.

Jenny was smoking from her elegant cigarette holder and seemed not in the least put out to find her erstwhile friend stretched, virtually naked, on the marble slab. Indeed the nipples on her shapely breasts were stiffly erect indicating her sexual excitement. She did however frown and shoot a disapproving glance at Jasper when she realized that the woman on the other table was Janine. For a moment it looked as if she might protest but Jasper put a finger to his lips and she heeded the warning.

Cleo was distraught “Please,” she begged those who surrounded her. “Please - this isn’t right. It’s illegal. Fuck you, Jasper. I’ll have you bloody jailed for this!”

Then she noticed Jenny and tried to raise her body. Men were already groping her milky white, soft-fleshed, voluptuous body. Cleo had the reputation of being something of an exhibitionist but in the past she had always been able to choose the time, place and circumstances. This was wholly different. She cried out in obvious panic. “Jenny - help me! Look what that swine Jasper has done to me. Get me out of this.”

Jenny sauntered over to the pinioned woman and the faint, sardonic smile on her face, plus the strut in her step should have warned Cleo that she was no Angel of mercy.

She leaned over Cleo. “I told you that Jasper had a surprises for us. Different for each of us though. Nice for me - awful for you. This is your surprise. You’re going on a nice, long boat trip to a warm and - for some - pleasant land where you’ll entertain as many men as you can handle - and more. But certainly not my husband any more, dear Cleo. Nor will anyone have marriage in mind. You’ll stay here for a few hours until you go on board a slave-ship. You’re going to be

transported in the same way and in the same conditions as slaves were transported in the nineteenth century. You'll be chained sitting between the legs of the slave behind you and with the slave in front of you sitting between your legs. You'll be on board for up to fourteen days and you'll stay chained the whole time. You'll get filthy food and the crew will probably spit in the water they give you. The stink will be horrible but it'll be a most suitable place for you. Cleo literally in the shit. And with time to consider whether trying to steal my husband was really worth it. "

Cleo gazed up at her, fear in her eyes as she realized the extent of her danger. "I wasn't going to - not your husband - Jenny -"

"You lying bitch." Jenny said. "You've already fucked him. I know that because I've had a private detective following you for weeks and I've got tapes of many of your conversations. I could live with the fucking - men fuck about all the time and I prefer women anyway. But you actually have the bloody nerve to ask him to divorce me and marry you, just because he has a title and you want to be called 'Lady', you stupid, lowlife bitch. "

"No - it's not like that, Jenny. I'd never have tried to get him to divorce you ..."

"I told you - I've got tapes, you lying bitch."

Cleo's eyes filled with tears of horror. "I'm so sorry, Jenny - I promise that I'll never speak to him again. I made a mistake. And we're friends - you and I-"

Jenny just laughed, turned away and embraced Jasper who was sniffing delicately at the fragments of Cleo's thong.

"I bet yours smell even stronger," a middle aged, moustachioed man wearing a gold coloured sarong shouted to Jenny.

She smiled and gently pushed Jasper away. She bent, pulled up the long skirt of her dress and with a sensuous wriggle she divested herself of a pair of white silk panties. She tossed them, plus the remnants of Cleo's thong, towards the barracker.

"Decide for yourself," she drawled in a melodious voice which flowed like hot chocolate.

Cleo was screaming for someone to help her but one of the black head banded functionaries contemptuously shoved a ball gag in her mouth so that her cries turned to incoherent spluttering.

Jenny turned back to Jasper. There was a steely look on her face.

"Now you've got Cleo, you don't need Janine. Free her, please!"

It was a demand rather than a request and Jasper was not disposed to argue. He snapped his fingers towards one of the attendants. "Let her go!" he said indicating Janine and the man obeyed.

"And since she's a slave, I think I'll buy her," Jenny said. It was clear once again that 'ifs' and 'buts' were involved. Jasper shrugged but he knew that he was beaten.

Released, Janine had difficulty in standing after suffering a cramped position for so many hours. She looked expressionlessly at Jasper but shot a smile of gratitude at Jenny. Somebody handed her a large piece of cloth and she wiped her soiled face and body, getting rid of as much of the disfiguring mess as possible before throwing the sodden rag onto the face of the helplessly writhing Cleo. Unheeding of the gathering crowd she carefully pulled the used condoms from her vagina and tossed them to the floor.

When she had done all that she could, she still badly needed a shower but Jenny stepped forward and embraced her. They exchanged a long, passionate kiss with tongues passionately entwining. Long streams of spittle trailed from their mouths when, finally and reluctantly, the embrace came to an end. Jenny's dress was marked with ugly wet patches but she showed no sign of noticing. Then arm in arm the two women strolled away.

Jasper looked after them wanly. He guessed that he had lost Janine forever. Jenny was obviously smitten by her new lover. The humiliation ploy had worked against him. He could not afford to fall out with Jenny who owed him a hefty sum for ridding her of Cleo and was his essential passport into British Society.

A short but burly man in jeans and a denim shirt stepped close and nodded at the unfortunate Cleo who was having the used condoms, discarded by Janine, stuffed into her vagina by a muscular man with heavy tattoos on his biceps. A scrawnier man was masturbating into her face.

"She's ours I think. When can we have her?"

Jasper nodded. "Leave her here for as long as possible. The boat sails at seven."

"Plenty of time then." The man grinned and pulled off his shirt. "Well, I might as well have a go at her while I'm waiting."

"Might just as well," Jasper agreed pleasantly and went on his way, leaving Cleo and a thickening crowd of spectators behind him.

Cleo had plenty of time to reflect on how badly she had under-rated Jenny and how stupid she had been to allow herself to be trapped in this horrible place. Great blobs of jism were running down the sides of her face and coating her heavy breasts and thighs. Nor did the soiling prevent her frequent assault. Drunkenness was rife now and aesthetics took a minor role in events. A thickset man, streaming with sweat, climbed on the marble slab gripping his erect penis purposefully. Given her splayed thighs it was impossible for Cleo to close her legs and the stiff prick drove into her, exuding a soft, squelching noise as it shoved the filthy, used condoms deeper into her vagina.

Rough hands were slapping at her breasts and searching under her buttocks for her anus. She screamed though the sound, muffled by the gag, served only to provoke laughter from those enjoying the entertainment.

The drums kept up their hypnotic beat as the Alley Cat of society was given over to the devices, desires and humiliations of the most perverted gathering in London.

Epilogue.

It was relatively quiet in the stinking hold. The slaves could hear the throb of the engines and feel the steady forward motion of the ship. At first there had been frantic cries of despair and even a few shouts containing threats and anger. But that had been twenty-four hours previously when some hope had still existed. Now each slave was silently contemplating its future.

Hope had now evaporated. The ship must long since have left British waters.

There were forty of them, including five males. Spirited from their normal way of life into a future of slavery.

For slavers, such as Jasper Jenner, who had organized this shipment, there was little problem in getting the victims out of a country without discovery. It was only a matter of good organization and a little selective bribery. Jasper had long ago discovered that Western countries were far more interested in stopping illegal smuggling into their jurisdiction rather than worrying much about what went out.

Most modern day slavers used airfreight but that was comparatively expensive and although margins per slave were more than healthy, everyone wanted to achieve minimal costs. Jasper had decided to use the much cheaper shipping. Being able to utilize space on the container vessels that he used for arms shipments helped him. The main difference from the past was that previously the slaves had been black and shipped to the West whereas now they were mostly white and shipped to the East.

Experiment had soon resolved that the old packing techniques were the most economical. Thus slaves were shipped naked, sitting each between the legs of the one behind, chained at neck, ankles and wrists and fed on hard biscuits and water whenever a convenient time occurred - which might be infrequently

There was no point in dividing the sexes. If the opportunity occurred in mid voyage, slaves were brought up on deck, still chained of course, and hosed down. Their quarters were hosed at the same time. It was done solely for the benefit of the crews who disliked the stench that the slaves generated. No one cared about the slaves themselves.

It was all very efficient apart from being much cheaper. Usually slaves needed a great deal of breaking in when they arrived at their destination. Slave ships induced a mood of hopelessness that no other method of transport could equal. Sitting in their own shit for days on end taught slaves a lot about their new station in life.

Jake was in a mood of despair. His hopes of cleaning out Linda's bank accounts had been dashed. The bank cashier had frowned when Jake had produced the cheque that would have emptied the client account and referred the matter to the manager. The manager, immediately suspicious, had told Jake bluntly that he was not prepared to cash such a large client account cheque without further authorisation from Linda in person. Having unsuccessfully attempted to telephone Linda both at her home and her office he had finally dictated a letter to her and instructed that it should be delivered to her office by hand by one of his staff. He also refused to cash the cheque clearing out Linda's personal account until he heard from her.

Nor had the sale of Linda and Svenka gone to plan. The somnolent Linda had been drugged, dressed and smuggled out of the flat by way of the goods lift early that morning. The unsuspecting Svenka had been quickly overpowered when she entered the kidnap van.

Both had thus been delivered to their buyer but the brutal Bobo, backed up by two nasty looking ' heavies ' had only paid him five hundred pounds rather than the fifteen hundred agreed. The black had laughed in Jake's face when he protested.

All Jake had gained from his plotting was the reduced amount of money earned from selling the two women to the slaver and the money he had earned prostituting Linda the previous night.

Balked by circumstances Jake knew that he would have to disappear. Within days the authorities would be looking for him and the vigour of that enquiry would increase when it became clear that Linda had vanished as well. He knew that Linda's secretary would not help even though he had been banging the old bitch silly and she had given him loads of confidential information. Once she realized that the police might be involved she would rat on him without compunction.

In the space of a few hours his hopes and ambitions had come to naught. He was a fugitive, short of money and with no immediate place of refuge.

He thought that life was brutally unfair.

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