

DEATHWALK

2nd Edition

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Author's Note: All characters in the adult fiction story are at least 18 years of age.

Chapter One

The kneeling young woman struggled desperately against the grip of the hands that held her immobile, her arms twisted behind her back with her hands and wrists locked in joint-breaking holds. She stared in horror at the glowing iron rod that swayed and danced around her breasts. She looked up at the tall, handsome woman holding the heated iron. "Please, please don't burn me. Why are you doing this? Who are you? I've never done anything to you. Let me go."

Hypatia Wolf, who was wielding the instrument of torture, smiled and said, "I'm sorry my dear, but think of it as serving a higher cause. Now smile for the camera and say hello to daddy."

The girl realised that there was a video camera in the room which, in her panic, she had not noticed before. She had the sudden hope that this was all for the benefit of the camera and that they were threatening her in order to pressure her father. Looking into the lens, she said, "Daddy, please, do whatever these people want. Don't let them hurt me."

Hypatia looked into the camera and said, "Now Daddy, we know that you are a loyal and dedicated man, and you wouldn't let threats to your darling daughter sway you from your duty, but this might be more persuasive." She touched the shimmering hot iron to the side of the girl's perfect young breast.

The sizzle of cooking flesh was clearly audible for the fraction of a second before the sound of the girl's frantic screaming and struggles filled the room

Hypatia said, "And just to prove that we are serious – "

The girl saw what was coming and shouted, "No! Not again. Momee!"

Humming happily, Hypatia pressed the red hot iron against the girl's other breast.

The girl screamed shrilly and kicked out desperately with her legs, putting the weight of her entire body on her arms. There was a sickening crack as her arm was dislocated from her shoulder. Her tortured screams barely sounded human as the woman holding her dragged her from the room.

Hypatia stepped in front of the camera and waited until the cameraman had zoomed for a close up, and said, "Now Daddy, unless you want to see your darling daughter skinned alive or her lovely virgin pussy impaled on a short wooden stake, you will follow our instructions to the letter. There will be no negotiation. If you go on TV and demand proof of life I will send you her clitoris. If you try to bring in a private hostage negotiator, we will saw off both of her arms. If the police are involved I will personally cut her womb out of her body and send it to you as a souvenir. You have one chance to get your daughter back relatively intact. Follow the instructions that accompany this DVD to the letter. You will not hear from me again unless you fail to obey, in which case your daughter will wish that she had never been born. Have a nice day."

News Report - On trial for the rape, torture and murder of sixteen female flight attendants, airline executive Mr Thomas Davies was acquitted by the Crown Court after the Senior Crown Prosecutor Clarence Wilkinson informed the court that a critical witness for the prosecution had been killed in a house fire, and that all the evidence linking Davies to the crimes had mysteriously gone missing.

Ted looked at his watch and smiled. It was time again. He went down into the basement, slide aside the rack of fake shelves, and opened the soundproof door behind it. His anticipation and sexual excitement grew as he made his way down the narrow corridor towards the glow of the secret room. He laughed softly, thinking about the newspaper and TV appeals and the frantic police searches. He had taken five young women so far, and they had not even come near to catching him. When you were rich and part of the old boy network, you were almost invulnerable. If a policeman

came sniffing around, a quick phone call to his friends in the Force soon had the stupid copper slinking away, his tail between his legs. A discreet lunch with a friend and the nosy journalist suddenly lost interest. Only the stupid and the poor were ever caught and punished. His breath caught in his throat as he stepped into the underground room and saw her again. Angie was his latest acquisition. He had taken her when she was on the way home from college. She was still wearing her pink T-shirt but was naked otherwise. He had also left her socks on because they looked cute and protected her ankle from the shackle. She whimpered when she saw him and tried to crawl away, only to be brought up short by the chain. He went to a cabinet that was mounted on the wall and well out of her reach, opened it and took two items out. Apart from a tap and hose and a small chemical toilet with a roll of toilet paper, the brick and concrete room was empty. There was a drain hole in the corner to allow water and other liquids to flow away.

With his hands behind his back, Ted walked up to the cringing girl and said, "Hello Angie. It's time for our little game again. I'm going to name a part of your body, and you get to choose which of these I use on it." He held out a small kitchen knife in one hand and a flexible steel whip in the other.

Angie's bare buttocks were covered with horrific cuts and weals which had been inflicted by a trimmed bramble branch. He had removed or blunted many of the thorns, but those that were left had inflicted terrible damage. However, the alternative that he had offered had been a blow torch, so Angie had chosen the improvised cane. She had learned days ago that pleading with this monster was useless, and only brought more pain and humiliation. He had already raped her several times, both in her pussy and in her bum hole, and her sobs and tears had only made him laugh. Now she waited for him to name the spot on her body that he was going to hurt next.

Using the metal whip as a pointer, he circled the tip around her body. "And today's selection is – your pussy!" he declared, sounding like a game show host.

Angie screamed, kicking frantically at the chain, but she brought herself under control a moment later. Part of the "rules" of the insane game was that if she refused to make a choice, he would use both items on her. In addition, if she cooperated, she got to "bid" the number of blows that she would receive. However, if she bid below or equal to a target number chosen in advance by Ted, he would apply double the target amount. He was "fair" in the sense that he would write the target number on a piece of paper before hand so she would not be bidding against a moving target. She was also expected to expose the selected body part and hold still while he beat or hurt her. If she flinched or tried to dodge, he would just start all over again.

Of course, Ted knew very well which item she would choose, but it was so delicious to watch her mental agony as she forced herself to select the whip and to offer up a number of blows.

Angie wanted to plead for mercy, even though she knew that he had none. But she couldn't imagine opening her legs to let him strike her sensitive pussy with that awful looking steel rod. Surely it would kill her? She could sense that he was getting impatient, and she could not give him the chance to use both the whip and the knife on her, with only his non-existent mercy to limit the damage. With a sob of despair, she said, "I choose the whip."

Ted grinned widely. "And your bid?"

She agonised over the number. She was pretty sure that it would be at least ten, and she began to say "twelve", but something in his eyes made her pause. It was too obvious, too easy. Shaking with fear, she said, "Thirteen".

Ted laughed, genuinely pleased at her cleverness. "Very good Angie. The target was twelve." He took the scrap of paper from out of his shirt pocket with the number twelve written on it in pencil and showed it to her.

Angie didn't know whether to gasp with relief or cry at the thought of being hit on her pussy thirteen times with the metal whip. She knew that it was going to rip her delicate pussy to shreds. And yet she had no choice. He had demonstrated to her the ropes and pulleys that would hold her in any position that he fancied if she didn't go along with his sick game. The chain rattled as she slowly and reluctantly moved her feet apart. She bent her knees and spread them wide as if she was preparing to be fucked by her boyfriend Charles. Despite knowing the futility of it, she was

compelled to beg. "Please mister, please don't hit me there with that. I just know it will kill me. How about this? I'll double the number of strokes if you'll use a belt or normal whip. Wouldn't that be fun? My pussy will last longer and you'll have more to enjoy. I'm very sensitive there, so a belt would hurt me terribly. Wouldn't that be nice, whipping my pussy twenty-six times?" When he didn't react, she became even more desperate. "Fifty then. How about fifty times? Isn't that awful enough? No girl could offer more."

Ted had no intention of giving in to her pleas, but he was enjoying her desperation. He let a flicker of interest show in his expression. "Well, fifty does sound tempting, but I've had my heart set on trying this metal whip on your pussy. Maybe if you could do something to make the offer a little more interesting?"

Angie frantically cast her mind around, trying to reach out for the lifeline that the man was seemingly offering. What could be worse than letting him whip her pussy fifty times? More? No, he could have just said that fifty was not enough. He wanted something else. What could make hitting her pussy more interesting? Angie was a smart girl, and when she lifted her head and stared down the length of her body at her pussy, she realised at once what he was hinting at. It felt like a huge lump of lead had landed on her chest and she had to strain to breathe. It took her two tries before she could say it. "Fi...fifty times with your belt and I ... oh god ... and I hold my p...pussy lips open for you while you do it."

Ted smiled widely. Her fear and shame was so sweet, and her desolation when he refused was going to be even better. The urge to use the knife was growing stronger and stronger, but for now he held it down. He said, "That's very tempting Angie. Perhaps if you show me what you mean, it will help to convince me?"

This was absolutely the most horrible thing that had ever happened to her in her entire life. It was worse than the beating of her bottom. That was just pain, but this ... this was making her feel like she was six inches tall and covered with slime. But a glance at the menacing looking flexible steel rod in Ted's hand gave her the impetus to go on. Her legs were already obscenely spread, so all she had to do was to reach down to her pussy and use her trembling fingers to pull her plump outer lips apart. She forced herself to say, "There, see, isn't that nice? Wouldn't you prefer to whip me like this with your belt? It would be so sexy."

Ted silently stared at her spread pussy and then with a wide, sadistic grin he said, "Well ... no. I'm still going with the steel whip."

Angie was crushed. After making her go through all that and giving her a flicker of hope, he had refused her. For most of her life, she had known that her pussy was the ultimate weapon. She knew men would do anything for her just to get a glimpse of it. But she had made the ultimate offer of her pussy to this man and he had just laughed at her. She sobbed, totally broken.

Ted let the wailing die down a bit and then said, "However, I'll make you a counter offer. Spread yourself wide for this," he swished the steel whip through the air, "and I'll reduce the number of strokes to seven. Lucky number seven. What do you say?"

Deep down, Angie knew that seven or thirteen, she was not going to be able to bear even one stroke of that horrific whip, and he was going to tie her up and beat her to a pulp. But she had to try. Feeling like she was signing her own death warrant, she gulped convulsively and said, "Okay. I'll do it."

Smiling benignly like a friendly uncle, he said, "Wonderful. Now open wide little Angie."

"Oh god," Angie moaned as she pulled her lips apart again.

Like a striking sword, the length of spring steel slashed down and struck Angie's wide open pussy with a vicious smack.

Blood spurted from between her thighs and Angie shrieked in agony, rolling onto her side and kicking wildly at the chain that held her captive.

Ted chuckled and waved the steel rod around in triumph. It was obvious that she was not going to be able or willing to spread her legs for another stroke like that, so in accordance with the rules of the game, he got to use the knife on her now, all fair and square. He was trying to decide how he should cut up Angie's pussy when he heard a soft sound behind him. He spun around and his face

paled as he saw the face of death.

The assassin and vigilante killer known to the public as Deathwalk stared at the scene through armoured goggles that were set above a gleaming black kevlar face mask. The scene was adequately lit, so the goggles were not on light amplification mode. It looked like a scene straight out of hell or some Hollywood slasher film.

Ted shouted in rage and charged at her with the knife held out at the end of his arm like the point of a spear. But before the point could reach the black clad figure, his arm was knocked aside with a sharp blow that numbed his hand and made him drop the knife, while at the same instant the heel of an armoured combat boot slammed into his knee just as he was placing his weight on that leg, and smashed the joint with a crack like breaking wood. His shout changed to a high pitched scream of agony and he fell, slamming his face into the ground, propelled by a gloved hand that hooked around the back of his neck and pulled forward and down. He screamed again as the heel of the boot crashed down on his hand, smashing knuckles and finger bones.

Through a swirling fog of pain, Angie stared at this sudden development in shock. It was obviously a rescue, but there were no uniforms or shouts of "police" like on the telly. Instead, a slim, black clad figure stared down at her from behind a science fiction looking mask. A woman's voice said, "Are you here of your own free will?" and rage gave Angie the strength to shout, "Fuck no! That crazy bastard kidnapped me and was about to carve me up like a Sunday roast."

The figure nodded and turned back to Ted, who was slowly and painfully crawling towards the door, his shattered hand leaving a trail of blood on the floor. Her hand blurred and a large strange looking pistol appeared in her hand. There was a sharp snap, and something hit Ted in the middle of his back.

Ted twisted around in surprise at the painful impact, and then his face twisted in horror as a strange, numbing pain flooded his body and he flopped to the ground totally paralysed. Several seconds later he was stone dead, every involuntary muscle action completely frozen.

Deathwalk turned back to Angie and said, "I'm going to get you a blanket, some food, drink, and some pain killers. Then I'm going to leave you chained up as you are so that there will be no question in the minds of the police that you had nothing to do with this man's death. I know it will be unpleasant, but it's for your own good. When I get upstairs I'll call the emergency services. They'll take care of you. Tell them everything just the way it happened."

Shocked, Angie said, "Aren't you going to take me out of her?"

The black clad figure shook her head and replied, "I'm no superhero. I'm like the pest exterminator. I just do the killing – and my job here's done."

Ten minutes later she was gone, and Angie sat wrapped in a blanket and sipping on a packet of Ribena with a thick gauze pad sprinkled with antibiotic powder squeezed between her thighs. She could hear the sound of sirens in the distance, and she looked across the crude dungeon at Ted's stiff contorted corpse and she smiled.

Hypatia smiled as she turned towards the video camera and said, "Doesn't your wife look absolutely delicious? You are a lucky man. Now I and your wife are going to play a little game just for you.

The kidnapped wife was pretty and looked to be in her late twenties. She was also stark naked and seated in a heavy steel framed chair with solid arm rests. Her arms were tied behind the backrest and her legs were draped over the arm rests and taped firmly in place above the knees and at the ankles. Her hips were right at the edge of the seat, and her tightly curled position pushed her pussy into bold prominence. Tears of shame and fear ran down her face, although she was obviously trying to be brave for her husband's sake. There seemed to be something odd about her pussy, and when the cameraman moved around and zoomed in for a close-up, it became clear that there was a large glass or clear plastic tube inserted into her vagina, stretching her sexual passage monstrously wide and making her cervix visible even without special lighting.

Hypatia picked up what appeared to be a colt 1911 .45 pistol from a table and held it up for the camera. She laughed at the bound woman's frantic struggles at the sight of the gun. "Relax, this is what is known as an airsoft pistol. It is powered by compressed CO2 and fires 6 mm plastic pellets. Your life is in no danger. However, the pellets travel at over 300 feet per second in this model and at close range, the pellets can leave a nasty bruise on bare skin." She looked into the camera lens and said, "While I was tying up your lovely wife, it occurred to me to wonder what it would feel like if I shot her cervix with it from a range of three or four feet. Who knows, I might be lucky and get one right into her womb. In the interests of science, and for your education, I am now going to try it. Note the way that your wife's vagina is conveniently spread open by the tube. We had a lot of fun getting the tube in. If you like, I can send you pictures of the process for your scrap book."

The captive decided that she didn't like the idea of being shot in the cervix at all, and was vigorously shaking her head and making incoherent pleading noises.

Hypatia knelt on one knee, took careful aim, and with the camera looking over her shoulder, pulled the trigger. The pistol fired with a spiteful snap. To the woman's relief, the pellet struck the back of her thigh, leaving an obviously painful bruise the size of a small coin.

The woman yelped in pain and surprise. "Ow! That really stung."

Hypatia pointed at the darkening bruise and said, "As you can see, the impact is no laughing matter, although it did not break her skin. However – " She smoothly took aim and fired again, the pellet this time darting into the gaping circle that was the woman's vagina and smashing into her cervix.

The heavy chair creaked and rocked as the woman struggled against the tape that bound her limbs. Her face was twisted with horror and shock as she screamed. She had been braced to bravely bear the pain, but the impact of the pellet on her cervix and the strange, ripping pain so deep inside her body terrified her.

Hypatia was impressed by the effect, as she had never tried this before. She fired again and again and again. Her ears actually hurt from the volume of the woman's shrieks. Hypatia shone a torchlight into her dilated pussy and saw that her cervix was bleeding. When the fuss had died down to an agonised sobbing, Hypatia smiled at the camera. "As you can see, your wife finds my shooting skills a bit distressing. Unless you follow the instructions that came with this DVD to the letter, the next DVD you receive will be of me trying out an air pistol that fires lead pellets on your wife's cervix. I'm sure that the results would be most impressive. If you ever hope to hear the pitter-patter of tiny feet, I suggest that you do exactly as I say. Show this video to any at all and "

Detective Chief Inspector Parker grinned triumphantly and slapped Detective Sergeant Evans on the shoulder. "We've got the bastard this time. Come on!" He ran eagerly up the stairs, followed closely by DC Evans. He burst through the unlocked door of the office unit in the commercial warehouse building and shouted, "Police! George Murray, you're under arrest. This time we've got you dead to rights." He pointed at the stack of large cardboard boxes, one of which was open and was filled with packets of white powder.

Murray smiled smugly and said, "DCI Parker, how nice to see you again. You were warned to leave me alone. If you want to preserve your career and maybe even your life, I suggest that pay attention to those warnings."

DCI Parker's face turned dark and he grabbed Murray by his coat. "I know you've got some corrupt coppers in your pocket, but they're not going to stop me from putting you in prison for selling that filth." He nodded at the crates of heroin.

Murray sneered and pushed DCI Parker away. "I don't need to bribe anyone – do I, Sergeant Evans?"

DCI Parker's head turned towards his Sergeant. "What does he mea...." His sentence was cut off when DS Evans hit him over the head with a length of pipe, crushing his skull and killing him almost instantly.

DS Evans turned to Murray, tears running down his face. "Get that stuff out of here and go straight to a pub or somewhere public with lots of witnesses. I'll wait an hour and then call in for help. I'll say he told me to wait outside while he met with a confidential informant. When he didn't come back, I came in and found his body like this."

Dmitry smiled thinly as he raised his glass of vodka to his guests. Most of the men seated at the tables arranged in a large hollow square in front of him were purchasing agents, and their own nationality often had no bearing as to where the weapons that they bought would ultimately end up. They might be buying for national intelligence agencies, military leaders planning coups, patriots or terrorists. Dmitry didn't care. At his table, representatives from Mossad might be sitting next to a buyer from Hamas, CIA black ops people next to China's GuoAnBu. His own country's FSB tended to avoid him so that they could deny knowledge of his actions. What all of them did have in common was a taste for good food, fine liquor and unusual and extreme sexual entertainment. "Gentlemen. Tomorrow you will have a chance to review what I have in stock and available for general purchase. In the evening I will hold the auction for the more ... desirable items that have come into my hands. But tonight, you are my guests, and I want you to have a good time. While the waiters are serving dessert, I have arranged a little entertainment for you." His guests applauded politely. They were all too experienced and jaded to be easily impressed. He pressed one of the buttons under his table. The other one would summon his men to kill everyone else in the room. He made sure that he was pressing the correct one, as a mistake would have been embarrassing.

In response to his summons, a single young woman came into the room. She was pale and obviously terrified, but showed something more than just fear. She walked to the middle of the room and entered the space bounded by the tables. There was an "X" marked on the polished wooden floor with two pieces of masking tape, and she stood precisely on the mark.

Dmitry allowed his guests to examine the girl, who was dressed in a conservative dress that fell well below her knees and wore socks and sensible black leather shoes. Her hair was tied up in a bun. All in all, she looked like a very unlikely candidate to be providing entertainment for a group of horny and very ruthless men. He stood up and waved his hand at the girl. "Gentlemen. May I present Sister Mary Brown. Yes, that's right, she's a real live nun, and she's going to entertain us tonight, aren't you Sister?"

Sister Mary was a good, devoted nun and would rather have died than do the kind of things that they were going to force her to do tonight, but after seeing Dmitry's men cut the throat of one of her fellow nuns, and being threatened with the death and mutilation of the entire nunnery, she had decided to martyr herself for the sake of the others. Bravely, she said, "Yes I am, and may god save your soul." Then she remembered that Dmitry had threatened to cut all the fingers from a nun if she protested or in any way criticised him or his guests. She paled in fear and clasped her hands together. "I'm so sorry. Please don't" Her plea faded off as she was also forbidden to suggest that she was under duress.

Dmitry glared at her warningly and said, "I forgive you Sister, this one time. But my mercy is easily strained, so do not test me." After she had bowed her head submissively, he said, "Tell us what you are going to do first Sister."

Sister Mary longed to have her rosary or her little bible to comfort her, but the horrified look in Sister Ann's eyes as her life blood drained out of the horrendous wound in her throat drove her on. It was almost physically painful for her to say, "I am going to remove my clothing and show you all my naked body." She tried to sound matter of fact, but the lascivious looks in the men's eyes made her skin crawl, and her distress was obvious to her audience.

The men seated at the table laughed evilly and murmured to each other, obviously speculating on how she would look naked, some even making bets.

Biting her lip, Sister Mary began to undress. She tried to ignore her surroundings and murmured a prayer under her breath, telling herself that she was doing this for the sake of others.

She took off her shoes and socks first, these being the least revealing items. She was grateful that the terrible man had not forced her to wear a habit. Being "out of uniform" somehow made it easier. Standing in her bare feet, she knew she couldn't delay it any longer and reached behind her to unfasten the hook and zip that fastened her dress. With the back unfastened, she closed her eyes and pushed the dress off of her shoulders. When she had stepped out of the garment, she folded it neatly out of habit and placed it to one side. Standing naked in front of all these men, save for her plain white bra and panties, Sister Mary began to shiver with shame and humiliation. Never in her worst nightmares had she ever imagined that she would be in such a situation. To her horror, she couldn't help worrying whether her audience would find her body attractive or ugly. She had thought herself beyond such vanity, but faced with this ultimate exposure, she discovered to her surprise and dismay that she still cared. With tears of shame running from her eyes, she unhooked her simple bra and allowed it to slide down her arms. She was horribly aware of the way her breasts swung as she bent over to set the garment down on top of her dress. She desperately wanted to cover herself with her arms, but Dmitry had told her that any attempt at modesty would cost the nuns at the convent dearly. For a second she wondered whether all her fellow nuns would not rather suffer or even die than to have her defiled in this manner, but the memory of Sister Ann's pleading eyes as her lifeblood drained from her body told her that she did not have the spiritual strength to be responsible for the torture and deaths of so many people, even if they would not have blamed her. Then there was only her panties left, and though they actually hid very little, the symbolism of baring her genitals to men who were gazing at her with such obvious lust made her freeze.

Dmitry knew that mental agony that the nun was undergoing and said, "Is there a problem Sister? Why don't you tell your audience what garment you are about to take off."

Sister Mary knew that his words were a warning that he was getting impatient. Although the words hurt her as if they physically burned her lips and tongue she said, "I ... I'm about to take off my ... under pants."

Dmitry said, "And tell us Sister, what will we see when you take them off?"

She had to choke back a sob of despair before she could speak. "When I have removed ... the garment, you will be able to see ... to see ... my genitals."

There was a rumble of complaint from the men and Dmitry said, "Come Sister Mary, we are simple folk and appreciate plain language. What will we see?"

She hunched over as if she was being struck by a shower of hail. Having gone so far, she could not stop now. "You will see my vulva," she said, desperately clinging to clinical description.

The ring of men booed, and Dmitry snapped, "Sister, you try my patience. I am sure that even nuns know the common name for what you describe. In fact, give me two names. Right now!"

She squeezed her eyes shut as she said, "Pussy and ... and ... "

"And?" Dmitry prompted, a wide grin on his face.

"and ... Cunt," she gasped.

Dmitry clapped mockingly. "Well done Sister. See, the skies didn't fall because you said 'cunt' did they?"

Sister Mary shook her head miserably. She knew that they were now waiting for her to show them what she had named. Her hands almost refused to obey her as she forced her thumbs under the waistband of her panties, and then she briskly yanked them down to her ankles, refusing to give them the pleasure of a striptease. Feeling truly naked, she placed her panties on top of her bra and then stood up straight like a soldier at attention, refusing to allow any suggestion of sensuality in her pose. She knew that her attitude would irritate Dmitry, but she had not actually been ordered to do anything else.

Naturally, Dmitry made her pay for her tiny act of defiance. "Well Sister Mary, now that you have graced us with your nakedness, perhaps you would be so kind as to let the gentlemen have a proper view of the item that we have been discussing. Move as close as you can to each table and turn around so that your back is facing the gentlemen. Then bend over with your feet wide apart and spread your buttocks as far apart as you can with your hands. Do it now."

Sister Mary had expected to be beaten, groped and even raped, but this was obscene beyond

words. She folded her arms and stared at Dmitry with a look of disgust. But before she could say anything, she saw his eyes look at the corner of the room where there was a flat screen TV showing a non-stop news channel. But now the picture changed from the synthetic smiles of the news readers to a jerky, badly lit transmission. At first she couldn't make out what she was looking at, and then she gasped in horror. It was Sister Agnes, the convent's expert in gardening and herbs. Her face was distorted in fear as she struggled against a strip of black leather around her throat that was obviously choking the life out of her.

Dmitry smiled and said, "Well Sister. Are we going to be graced with a view of your cunt?"

Sister Mary flinched from that word as if it was a physical blow. The vivid reminder of the peril of her fellow nuns cowed her completely. She forced a smile onto her face and said, "Yes, of course. I was just preparing myself. I am a nun you know. Until you described it to me, I had never even imagined the position that you require." She saw the frown on Dmitry's face and quickly added, "But it is most ingenious and I hope ... hope that all you gentlemen will ... enjoy the view." She almost threw up as she said it, and hid her feelings by choosing one of the seated men and stepping up to him. She forced herself to smile and then turned her back to him. She imagined that she felt his gaze as a clammy physical touch on her body as she stepped to the side to part her legs and leaned forward. She was not sure whether it was good or bad that she couldn't see the man's face as she reached back and drew her bum cheeks apart. The feeling of utter exposure was cringingly shameful. She knew that she had never been so humiliated before in her life. Then it got worse.

Dmitry said, "It's not every day that a nun offers to show you her pizda, her cunt. I think that you should invite each of the gentlemen nicely to examine your virgin cunt hole so that they will not feel uncomfortable. You are a virgin, aren't you?"

Sister Mary was a virgin, but having to declare it out loud while exposing her vagina and possibly her hymen itself was horrible beyond words. "Yes I am a virgin." she admitted. She took a deep breath, and then said, "Sir, I would be obliged if you would examine my ... " she was going to say vagina, but realised that Dmitry wanted her to use his exact words. "... examine my virgin c...cunt hole." The man behind her laughed mockingly, and she felt her anus contract in shame, as if it could hide itself from sight that way.

The man said, "Pull harder woman, I can't see that hymen you're so proud of."

Sister Mary wanted to scream in horror, but obediently adjusted her grip and pulled harder, feeling the opening of her vagina flex and stretch. She was sweating profusely and a drop of sweat ran into her eye, stinging and making her blink and shake her head, adding another torment to her situation. She jumped in shock when the man leaned across the table and blew into her vagina. After what seemed to be an eternity, the man chuckled and told her that she could move on to the next person in line.

Dmitry smiled at the success of this first item of the evening's entertainment and watched as Sister Mary made her humiliating round of the tables, displaying her vagina to all and sundry. He twirled his fork in his hand and chuckled as he imagined her expression when he announced the climax of her performance.

Sister Mary sighed with relief when she reached the last man in the circuit and returned to her starting point. By now, she was feeling numbed to the horror of the situation and just wanted it to be over. However, as she straightened up she saw the gleam in Dmitry's eye and she knew that he still had another torment in store for her.

Dmitry stood up again and clapped mockingly. "Our dear Sister Mary has been most generous with her charms, and I am sure that all you enjoyed her little exhibition. However, I am pleased to say that she has one more little offering for us. As the men cheered, Dmitry waved his hand and one of the servants brought in a glass bowl filled with folded scraps of paper. He said, "Gentlemen, please draw a slip from the bowl as it goes around. One of the slips is marked with a devil's trident and whoever gets it is the winner. Sister Mary has generously donated the prize, which is her hymen. The winner will have the honour of ripping it from her cunt using his fork."

This announcement was met with a roar of approval and the men began waving their silver forks and pounding them on the table as the bowl went around.

The fact that she had donated her hymen as a sick "prize" was news to Sister Mary, who reacted with predictable shock and horror. However, by now she knew Dmitry well enough to realise that he would have anticipated how she would feel and was ready to crush any rebellion on her part. She looked at him and he beckoned her over. Feeling like she was walking towards her executioner she obeyed, trying all the while to look casual for the other guests.

When she was near enough for a private conversation, Dmitri said, "Sister, you've held up very well so far. This is the final turn for you. I've got something else scheduled next. So just get through it like a good girl and your nun friends will be all right and so will you. Screw with me now and I will have you held down for the winner to do as he pleases, and there will be a terrible fire at the nunnery. Roast penguins could be in tomorrow's headlines. You decide."

Sister Mary's face twisted in disgust. "You are a really detestable man. Until now, I have always been able to see the spark of goodness in the soul of every person I met, but all I see is darkness when I look at you."

Dmitry said, "Save your superstitious babbling for those equally deluded as yourself. All I need from you is your obedience. Now, are you going to spread your legs like a good little whore, or shall I summon the guards – and notify the fire brigade."

Pride was the only thing left to Sister Mary, and she turned and walked steadily back to the centre of the square to await her fate, followed by Dmitry's evil chuckles. In her mind she wasn't sure whether she had faced up to the Devil, or whether she had sold her soul.

In the meantime, the draw had proceeded and a large black man, the representative of a group of South Asian "freedom fighters", had won the draw. He had been bargaining hard for a large shipment of anti-personnel land mines, and Dmitry had decided that letting him win would put him in a more pliable mood. Dmitry never left anything merely to chance. The servants were clearing the table in front of the winner, while the other men gathered around him, drinks in hand, curious to watch Sister Mary's unorthodox deflowering.

To Sister Mary, it was like watching the preparations for her execution, and she sympathised with the French aristocrats who had stood like this waiting for their turn on the guillotine. A servant brought a chair around so that she could easily climb up onto the table. Her blood ran cold as she looked into the merciless eyes of the waiting man, who brandished his fork mockingly. She knelt on the tabletop and said, "How do you want me?"

The large man grinned and said, "On your back, legs up and apart. I want you to see it coming. Open up your cunt nice and wide so that I can see that hymen."

Panic nearly overcame her as lowered herself into the obscene position that the man had demanded. She had been so preoccupied with her anger and shame that she had not actually considered what was going to be done to her. Now, as the moment neared, she realised that because the man would be using a fork, the removal of her maidenhead was not going to be a clean, surgical operation. The fork had no cutting edges and no way of gripping the tissue, so the man would basically have to rip her hymen to shreds with the tines of the fork using repeated jabs around the rim of her vaginal opening, and he would probably stick the fork deep into the walls of her vagina while he was doing it. Her face paled and she shook with fear. "Please don't hurt me badly," she pleaded softly.

The man laughed and repeated her plea to the surrounding men, who joined in his amusement. He said, "This might be my only chance ever to stick a fork into the pussy of a real live virgin nun, and one with a pretty hot body too. I'd be a fool not to make the most of it."

She started to shake her head and to roll off of the table. Then she saw the two men waiting at her sides to hold her down if she resisted, and she remembered that if she struggled, it would also mean the death of every one of the nuns in her nunnery. She sank back onto the table top with a sob of despair. She could barely keep her legs from quivering violently as she drew her knees up to her chest. She blushed when the man told her to spread her knees wide and to hold her pussy open. No one had ever seen her naked genitals before, and it was likely that he was going to grope and fondle her there before using the fork. The watching men laughed and joked about her thick bush of pubic hair, the nearest of them plucking several strands out for fun and making her cry out in shock. Tears

of shame ran down her face as she brushed her pubic hair away from the slit of her sex and gingerly pulled at the outer lips. She had never attempted to expose herself in this manner before and she had to imagine the dry illustrations of women's vaginas in the text books in order to find the right grip that would expose her hymen. In the end, she had to ask the man if she was doing it correctly, cringing as the words came out of her mouth. The man delighted in giving her very detailed and obscene instructions which she tearfully obeyed until finally the opening of her vagina was pulled open to an extent that she had never felt before, and her hymen was actually in danger of tearing.

Dmitry, who was standing nearby said, "Now nicely ask the gentleman to rip out your hymen with his fork. Tell him that you will stay still and hold your cunt hole open for him until he is satisfied. Tell him that he is free to hurt your cunt hole as much as necessary in order to get rid of that nasty hymen."

Sister Mary wanted to scream with frustration at her helplessness, but she knew that she had to carry on to the bitter end. Her mental anguish became even worse when the watching men laughed and pointed out the glistening wetness that was forming in and around her vagina.

"Look at that. She's actually enjoying this, the filthy bitch."

"I bet she's secretly a masochist. All of this is just turning her on."

"Maybe she'll come when she feels the fork in her pussy."

Dmitry hushed the chuckling men and said, "Let the Sister speak. She has something to tell us."

Wishing that she could die, Sister Mary lifted her head to look at the man holding the fork and said, "Sir, please r...rip out my hymen with your fork. I will stay completely still and hold my vagina"

"Cunt hole," Dmitry prompted.

Sister Mary corrected herself, "I'm sorry, I meant to say that I will hold my c...cunt hole open for you until you are satisfied. You have my permission to hurt my cunt hole as much as necessary in order to ... to get rid of my nasty h...hymen."

The man uttered a booming laugh and said, "It will be my very great pleasure Sister. Now hold very still and get ready, here it comes." He could clearly see her hymen, a broad filmy crescent that sealed approximately two thirds of her vaginal opening, gleaming wetly in the bright lights of the room. He took aim with his fork, holding it like a matador's sword with the tines curving down and pointed at the widest part of her hymen. Driving it forward like a spear, he punched the tines of the fork into Sister Mary's vagina.

For a fraction of a second her hymen stretched and resisted the pressure, but then the silver spikes pierced the thin veil of tissue, punching three jagged holes in the virgin barrier and going on to stab into the flesh of her vagina. Her mind blasted by the emotional shock of losing her virginity in such an awful way, as well as by the physical agony of having her hymen ripped and her pussy stabbed by the fork, forced a mindless forlorn scream of soul deep agony from Sister Mary's throat. Her fingernails dug deep into her pussy lips, drawing flecks of blood as she struggled to keep her pussy spread in the face of unbearable pain. Although pierced by the fork, she could feel that her hymen was still intact. She lifted her pale face to the man and begged, "Finish it, please."

The dark man grinned down at her and tilted his head in a mocking nod. "As you say Sister." With a twist of his powerful wrist, he tore the tines of the fork through her hymen, shredding the tissue and spilling her maiden blood on the tablecloth. Then he pressed the tips of the tines against her vaginal wall and drew the fork outwards, scraping the bleeding shreds of her hymen away.

Blood trickled from Sister Mary's mouth from where she had bitten the inside of her cheek as she went into convulsions of pain, her suffering so great that her screams were choked into low, growling moans.

The man held up the blood stained fork like a victorious gladiator and the surrounding men clapped and cheered, none of them paying any attention to the groaning woman on the table. All of them had seen much worse in the course of their lives and their ability to feel sympathy had atrophied long ago.

Dmitry clapped his hands sharply and his waiting men dragged the naked nun away while the servants replaced the blood stained tablecloth. He smiled at his guest's excitement and said,

"Gentlemen! Now that we have tasted that little entree, we go on to the main course, a lovely eighteen year old blonde who will be " His guests never found out what he had intended to do to the girl, as his voice faded away at the sound of two strange champagne-cork-like pops. The two guards who were dragging the semi-conscious Sister Mary away suddenly staggered and collapsed limply to the floor. Shocked back to her full senses, Sister Mary uttered a startled gasp and lifted her hands to shield herself from the new threat.

Deathwalk stepped into the room, parts of her black body armour glittering like the carapace of some deadly insect. Her amplified and electronically modified voice said, "I'm here for Dmitry. No one else will be hurt if you stay out of my way."

Even before she finished speaking, Dmitry and two of the men who were in seats that faced the door snatched pistols from variously positioned holsters and opened fire.

Deathwalk lithely dodged a bullet that slammed into the wall beside her head, while another went well wide, smashing a light fixture. The bullet fired by Dmitry hit the armour on the side of her chest and she used the momentum to dive to the floor where she was faced with a forest of legs and feet. Dmitry was already moving, so she fired at the legs of the other two men before rolling to her feet, the muzzle of her custom built high power air pistol searching for Dmitry.

The micro-darts fired by Deathwalk's pistol contained huge doses of Batrachotoxin, extracted from the South American poison arrow frog plus Etorphine, or Elephant Tranquilliser, both substances incredibly toxic and fast acting in humans. The short, plastic shielded needle at the tip of each bullet was designed to penetrate body armour, which was almost useless when it came to stopping sharp points moving at high velocity. Both of the men shooting at her were hit in the legs. If she had been using a normal gun like the HK MP7 Personal Defence Weapon strapped to her other hip, the wounds might have just been painful grazes. But instead, both men stiffened almost immediately as their nervous systems collapsed and they lost all voluntary muscle control. They fell to the floor in limp heaps and died seconds later. Even if the darts had somehow failed to penetrate, the Etorphine would have been absorbed through their skin within seconds and still resulted in a fatal coma.

All the remaining men were professionals. When they saw the fate of the two shooters they sensibly sat very still with their hands clearly in sight on the table top.

However, the distraction provided by the two dead men had allowed Dmitry to circle the table using the bodies of his guests as shields. He suddenly jumped up and threw a heavy silver candle holder at Deathwalk's head.

Her left hand snapped out and snatched the flying object out of the air before it reached her head, but as Dmitry had intended, it forced her to stay still for a fraction of a second.

Dmitry's pistol fired twice. One bullet missed, but the second hit her shoulder guard, the impact spinning her around and forcing her to drop her weapon. He took careful aim at the gap between her helmet and her torso armour and fired. However just as he pulled the trigger, his black clad opponent dropped vertically to the floor, her legs stretching out in an acrobatic split. His bullet scored her helmet and he quickly adjusted his aim. Before he could fire again, her torso twisted and her left hand flung a throwing knife at him. He dodged the slow moving projectile with a smooth sway of his body, letting it fly past his gun hand. Grinning, he brought the muzzle of his pistol back in line with her head. He said, "Good try, but now you die." But when he tried to pull the trigger, he discovered to his alarm that his hand was numb and unresponsive. Then he saw the long thin scratch on the back of his hand and he realised that her knife had not missed after all. "Shit ..." he gasped before his heart and lungs stopped working and he fell on his face.

Deathwalk leapt to her feet, her weapon back in her gloved hand. She snapped, "All the rest of you leave – now!" She would have liked to have killed all of them, but Pepper had convinced her that having almost every major intelligence agency and terrorist organisation pissed at her at the same time wasn't strategically sound, so she silently watched them scramble out of the room. When she was sure that they had all actually left, she fired another dart into Dmitry's body to be certain that he was dead, and then returned to Sister Mary's side.

The injured Sister was still lying on the floor, obviously in great pain. However, her eyes were

open and alert, and she stared fearlessly up at the strange black clad figure. With a voice hoarse from screaming she said calmly, "Are you going to kill me now?"

Deathwalk looked down at the Sister's naked, bleeding figure. "Is there a reason why I should?"

Sister Mary sighed. "I am grateful for to be free of the horrible man, but I cannot in good conscience approve of murder. Besides, in saving me, you may have doomed my fellow nuns."

Deathwalk shook her head. "They are safe. That was the reason I was late and you had to suffer like that. Things don't always go according to plan."

A great calm came over Sister Mary. "They are safe? Thank the Lord." Her face became sad again. "I suppose you killed all the men there too?"

Deathwalk nodded. "They were willing to kill a bunch of innocent nuns just so that their boss could have entertainment for his dinner party. I can't see any reason why they should have lived."

"Judge jury and executioner, just like that?" Sister Mary said.

There seemed to be a trace of sadness in the synthetic voice as Deathwalk said, "Once, I was just the executioner. But like your God, the Judge and the Jury seem to have taken an extended holiday, leaving me to cope on my own."

Sister Mary said, "You could just stop."

Deathwalk stared silently at the naked Sister for a long time and then said, "I am death. Can you honestly say that deep in your heart you didn't call upon me tonight?" When the Sister didn't reply, she shrugged and went to fetch the nun's clothing. She knelt down and took a single use pressure injector from a belt pouch and jabbed the needle into the Sister's thigh. "Morphine. The pain should go away in a moment. Get dressed and go into the next room where you'll find the sixteen year old girl – yes, I know he said she was eighteen - who was next on list of 'entertainers' for tonight. Call the police. It's up to you whether you tell them what they did to you." She turned and walked out into the night, leaving the confused Sister Mary alone with the dead.

The members of the Executive Liaison Group, coming from the Security Service (MI5) and the Metropolitan Police, gathered sombrely in the secure meeting room. Stella Jones, leader of the MI5 team said, "It has become obvious that there now exists a serious new threat to the nation. Although we haven't yet managed to obtain any firm intelligence, it is clear that someone has managed to suborn a large number of Police, CPS, Civil Service and even Security Service personnel. My team has been set up by the Security Service to investigate possible terrorist links, and we are instructed to cooperate fully with the Police "

Before she could go any further, a powerful explosive device comprised of a kilogram of C4 covered with ball bearings, which had been planted under the meeting table by a member of the security team assigned to sweep the room for threats prior to the meeting, detonated and killed everyone in the room. The news services subsequently reported an explosion due to a gas leak.

The Home Secretary stared disbelievingly at the head of MI5. "It's confirmed that they're all dead?"

The Director-General of MI5 Sir Vernon Smith nodded. "We still don't know how the bomb got into the meeting room, or how they, whoever 'they' are, knew about the meeting in the first place. What is obvious is that we have been penetrated to an incredible extent. Due to several suicides, particularly that of a Detective Sergeant Evans, who left a rather cryptic suicide note, we suspect that it is some form of blackmail, but that's all we know. The MI5 team set up to investigate this possibility were the very people who were blown to smithereens."

With a deep sigh, the Home Secretary said, "Then is it your recommendation that we ask her for assistance? Her Majesty has given me her consent in the event that we need to do it."

Smith nodded. "With this degree of penetration, we don't know who to trust. I didn't even tell

my secretary or my driver beforehand where I was going when I came here. She is the only one who we can be sure of, because she ceased to exist after the position of Queen's Assassin was abolished. The question is, will she still respond to the emergency call after we turned our backs on her."

The Home Secretary frowned and said, "I'm not certain that we are not jumping from the frying pan into the fire. I believe that she is now acting on her own accord these days as some kind of vigilante, like an American comic book character. Are we sure that she is even sane? On the other hand, Her Majesty still has absolute faith in her."

Smith nodded and said, "From the little we know of her activities, and it is mostly rumours at that, she is certainly still competent. The underworld call her Deathwalk, apparently because her targets are effectively the walking dead." He looked at the Home Secretary. "Then we are agreed?" When the Home Secretary nodded he said, "Very well. I shall activate the old Emergency Protocol to summon the Queen's Assassin. Let us pray that she responds, and if she does, I suggest that you start working on press statements."

The Home Secretary looked at him in surprise. "Press statements? Whatever for?"

Smith smiled thinly. "To explain all the corpses that are suddenly going to appear. None of the Queen's Assassins in their two hundred year history have ever been much concerned with limiting the body count."

Chapter Two

The bright moonlight cast deep, curving shadows over the naked, writhing bodies on the bed and made the silk sheets gleam like mother of pearl. Soft moans, the faint hiss of skin sliding on skin, and other liquid, less identifiable sounds floated across the room like the passing of watching ghosts. A twist of a hip allowed the moonlight to highlight the smooth pearl shape of an exposed clitoris and the sly, darting touches of a tongue and a sharp fingernail that teased and tortured. Clear feminine squeals and giggles erupted from the owner of the clitoris, and long, lithe limbs thrashed when merciless fingernails closed over the clit and squeezed.

There was a flurry of movement, and two heads dived simultaneously between parted thighs, filling the night with syrupy slurping sounds. The fingernails moved on to slide over firm buttocks and dived into the warm, sweaty crevice between, seeking fresh prey. They discovered the tightly, protectively, furled orifice hidden deep in the valley and scratched in vain at the sealed portal. However, the terrain surrounding the guarded portal was much softer and vulnerable, and the seeking, gleaming nails pounced. A female face muffled by pussy gasped in surprised pain, but then reacted by diving deeper into the female moistness in front of her.

Alexia locked her lips around Penny's clit and began a steady, butterfly light flicking of the trapped pearl with the tip of her tongue. At the same time her index fingers and thumbs closed around penny's inner labia and squeezed hard.

Penny writhed luxuriously in the dark of the room, gladly basking in the pain inflicted by her beloved mistress, while dutifully applying her lips and tongue to Alexia's pussy with all the skill and energy that she possessed, searching by touch and smell in the dark, she plunged her tongue deep into the tight, wet hole. She probed and licked, drinking the unending flow her mistress's juices, while inhaling her feminine fragrance deep into her lungs.

Alexia felt her orgasm approaching and she clamped her muscular thighs tightly around Penny's head, pressing her face into her pussy. At the same time she closed her teeth around her helpless secretary's clit, biting down harder and harder, until she felt the girl's body tighten in panic. The tip of her tongue scraped mercilessly over the trapped clitoris, rasping and rubbing until Penny exploded in agonised orgasm. The feeling of the girl's convulsions and frantic moans vibrating against her pussy triggered Alexia's own climax, and she released Penny's clitoris as she moaned her ecstasy into the silvery darkness.

They held each other, sharing the warmth and glow of the aftermath, two vastly different women bound by the light of love and the dark of shared secrets. Penny sleepily said, "What's that sound?" The buzzing was so high pitched as to be almost inaudible. She felt Alexia stiffen and she sat up. "What's wrong?"

Alexia reached out and switched on the bedside lamp. Her face had gone pale as she said, "No. It can't be." She flipped out of bed, landing on both feet like a gymnast dismounting from the parallel bars and dropped to her knees facing the wall. She pressed a hidden catch under the bedside cabinet, which slid aside to reveal a small wall safe which had a miniature speaker and an almost invisible LED light which flashed a slow, baleful red. Her hand reached out towards the twin dials and stopped before her shaking fingers touched the gleaming metal. "Bastards. They have no right ... " She faded off, because she knew that she could have destroyed the safe and its contents at any time, but instead, there it was. She took a deep breath, centred herself and rapidly spun the dials in a complicated alternating sequence. The heavy door swung open to reveal what looked like a pocket pc or a cell phone with a large screen and unorthodox shape. She lifted it out of the safe and pressed her thumb to an advanced biometric reader on its control pad. The screen flashed to life, displaying two lines. The first was a time and date, in this case, ten a.m. the next day. The second line was another time, three p.m. and a location, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park. The data had been transmitted as scattered data packages over the public television frequencies, mixed in with the regular programming and practically impossible to detect.

Penny knelt down beside her friend and said, "Surely you're not thinking of answering them?"

Not after they tried to kill you."

Alexia stared in silence at the cryptic message for several minutes, and then switched off the device and nodded her head. She said, "They sent out a summons to the Queen's Assassin, but they're going to get Deathwalk instead."

Seeing that Alexia had made up her mind, Penny just silently put her arms around her mistress and comfortingly pressed her warm naked body against her.

The crowds of tourists flocked around Buckingham palace as usual, cameras busily clicking away, tour guides babbling, and sullen teenagers looking bored. Alexia blended in with the crowd, holding what appeared to be an expensive SLR camera with a powerful zoom lens. As ten a.m. approached she focused on a particular window of the Palace, zooming in with the specially designed optics and electronics. When the digital clock in the viewfinder read "10.00 A.M" precisely, the Queen appeared in the frame of the window holding an old leather bound book about Guy Fawkes. It was open with the pages facing the window. Her Majesty paused for several seconds and then turned away. The camera clicked and buzzed a confirmation. If anyone examined the camera, they would find a rather poorly composed shot of the Palace facade. However, buried in the electronics of the camera was an image of the book. The text was far too small to read, but the unique pattern formed by the paragraphs was not. The Queen's fingers had covered the right side page, which meant that she was not acting under duress. The particular left side page, combined with the day of the month and the time of day provided the confirmation that the summons had been made with Her Majesty's consent, for only the reigning monarch in person had the authority and knowledge to activate the Queen's Assassin.

The fact that the Queen's Assassin was not accountable to the elected government of the day had been deemed intolerable to the current government, who had finally forced the Queen to consent to the dissolution of the two hundred year old position of Queen's Assassin. What the Queen had not been told, was that the Prime Minister had ordered the Security Service to kill Alexia in order to eliminate any possible source of future embarrassment. The attempt to assassinate the Queen's Assassin had failed, the sniper managing only to wound her. The sniper was found dead several days later, and the Home Secretary had found an unsigned letter in his home which read, "Alecto sleeps. Do not seek to wake her fury." The dead sniper's rifle served as a paperweight for the note. Shaken, the Home Secretary ordered all activities against the former QA terminated.

The camera confirmed that the activation was legitimate. In the past, Alexia would have met with her official contact for a briefing, but now the emergency alternative contact procedure was to be used.

It was chilly, and a fine light drizzle made standing at the side of the road rather uncomfortable. Terrence checked his watch impatiently. He had suddenly been pulled off all of his existing work without explanation and the Director General of MI5 had personally given him his new assignment. Liaison officer to a secret asset, a beyond top secret agent who had no ties whatsoever with the Security Services. He felt silly holding a teddy bear. It had to be the strangest identification device he had ever heard of. Precisely at three, a van pulled up in front of him, the side door slid open and the man inside said, "Get in." This was not part of the protocol, and Terrence felt a moment of panic.

However the man, who was holding a gun in his hand said, "This is just a precaution. Make up your mind." His hand reached to close the door.

Terrence made up his mind and jumped into the van. The door slammed shut behind him and the van pulled away, making him stumble towards the rear. The man with the gun barely rocked and the muzzle of his pistol didn't waver. The man's face was covered with a balaclava and he wore a

tactical black kevlar helmet. Calmly Terrence said, "What now?"

The man took a plastic cased instrument with a stubby antenna from a belt pouch and pointed it at the package in Terrence's hand. He pressed a button and a squeal of noise emitted from the device and a light flashed green. He put the device away and said, "Okay, it's not transmitting or recording. What's in the package?"

Terrence said, "A DVD and several sheets of paper."

The man tossed a pouch at him and said, "Transfer the contents into this pouch and then place the packaging into that box in the floor."

Terrence did as he was instructed. He noted that the lid of the box was heavy, probably steel armoured and lined with lead. The pouch seemed to be lead lined and made of kevlar. Someone was being very very careful.

The gunman's face twisted in a grin under the balaclava. "Now strip. Everything goes in that box too. We'll arrange to return your stuff to you."

Terrence was getting annoyed, but a total strip was not unknown with very paranoid contacts, so he began to undress. However, he could not help grumbling. "Aren't you overdoing this a bit?"

The masked man said, "I was told that the last time your people arranged a meeting with my client, they turned up with a full assault squad and opened fire without warning, so I'm taking no chances. I like my skin."

Terrence hadn't known this and he felt a pang of annoyance at the Director General's omission of this relevant fact from his briefing. Suddenly all the precautions made sense. When he was naked, he looked around for alternative clothing.

The masked man held up his hand and said, "In a moment. Now, I am going to play a microwave beam over your body. It won't harm you, but it will cause any kind of electronic circuitry to overheat and burn out. If you have something stuffed in your ear or up your arse, I advise that you get rid of it now. If you have implanted electronics, it might cause serious injuries."

Terrence sighed and reach behind his testicles. He winced as he pulled a piece of tape off and held it out.

The man pointed another device at it and the tiny tracking chip attached to the tape hissed and flared, burning out with a puff of smoke. He ran the device over Terrence's entire body and then nodded. He pointed at a package next to the box. "That's a pair of overalls. Put them on and then pick up your package and get ready to move."

Terrence got dressed with relief and moved to stand next to the door, his re-packaged items in his hands. The van came to a stop and the masked man slid the door open. To his surprise, Terrence found himself looking into the body of another van, which was stopped right beside the one he was in, with another armed, masked man inside. The man beside him said "Go!" and Terrence took a hop-step into the adjoining van. The door slid shut behind him and he felt the van move.

The new masked man pointed to a seat and a set of shackles bolted to the floor of the van. "Sit down and fasten the shackle around your ankle. I don't have the key, so if your people hit the van, it won't be good for you."

Terrence estimated that it was four hours later when the van came to a final halt, although without his watch it was hard to be sure.

The masked man got up and said, "We'll be leaving you now. The person you came to meet will turn up when we're gone." With that he slid the door open and jumped out and walked away.

From the movement of the van and the sound of a door slamming, the driver of the van was leaving as well. From what Terrence could see through the side door, he was inside a barn of some kind. There was silence for around twenty minutes, save for the soft hooting of an owl. Suddenly, silently, a figure clad entirely in black appeared at the open door of the van, making him jump in surprise. The figure was obviously female, although her head and face were covered by a kevlar helmet, goggles and moulded face mask. She wore a firearm of some kind on each hip. She studied

him silently for a second, and he had the uncomfortable feeling that she was thinking about shooting him and walking away. He said, "I didn't know about their attempt to kill you. I was just given this assignment today. I don't even know who you are supposed to be." There was another moment of silence as she absorbed this and then she tossed a key chain into his lap.

Alexia said, "Free yourself and come out," and glided backward into the shadows to give him room to step out. She knew that there was nothing in the van that could be used as a weapon, but this was a senior MI5 field agent, and she was taking no chances.

Terrence stretched his stiff body and then slowly stepped out of the van, keeping his hands well away from his sides and in full view at all times. His instincts told him that he was walking on very thin ice.

Alexia said bluntly, "What do you want? What made you think that I'd even respond to your summons?"

Terrence held out the bag containing the DVD and documents and said, "I don't know. They didn't tell me. They just told me to deliver these to you and that I would be acting as your contact if you agreed to help us." He stiffened in alarm as the odd looking gun on her left hip seemed to magically appear in her hand. He knew the names and specifications of every commercially made pistol in the world, but he had never seen anything like the weapon she held, and that worried him.

Alexia said, "Kneel down, slide the package across the floor towards me and then place your hands behind your head." She went down on one knee and picked up the bag without taking her eyes from him. Before she opened it she said, "This pistol fires high velocity darts containing a mixture of neurotoxin and paralytic that kills almost instantly and has no antidote. A scratch anywhere on your body from one of the darts and you will die in a quite unpleasant manner. Make any move and I will open fire without further warning."

Terrence froze, hearing death in her flat, emotionless tone.

There was a work table near to her and she went over to it. Sitting on the table was a very small notebook computer with a built in DVD drive. She flicked the bag open with one hand and poured out the contents onto the table top without taking her eyes from Terrence. She inserted the DVD and then picked up the notebook, holding it in front of her so that she could see the screen and watch Terrence at the same time. Through all this the muzzle of her weapon never wavered from the centre of his chest. She said, "Are you authorised to hear this or will there be a 'kill the messenger' instruction at the end of it?"

Terrence began to sweat. He said, "God, I hope not."

Alexia pressed the "Enter" button on the keyboard with her thumb, and after a moment the DVD began to play. The face of the Director General of MI5 appeared on the screen. "Greetings QA, or should I say Deathwalk. I know that we have no right to call upon you in this manner, but to be blunt, we are desperate." He went on to explain the situation.

Terrence felt another shock hit him. He had no idea who or what QA meant, but he definitely recognised the codename Deathwalk. Standing instructions were that this person was to be considered extremely dangerous, and oddly all field agents were given strict instructions to avoid contact with Deathwalk at all costs. Any agent attempting to investigate or approach Deathwalk would lose their jobs and their liberty. Of course, this didn't prevent the spread of rumours, which said that Deathwalk was a woman and that she was the deadliest assassin in the world.

The image of the Director General continued. "I know that you have little reason to trust us, but if you agree to help us, we will reinstate all the powers, authority and immunities of the QA, which shall remain in force for a period of one year, regardless of the outcome or date of completion of this mission. The documents enclosed with this disc confirm what I have just said and include a warrant card that will be recognised at any government facility, public or covert. You may give your answer to agent Terrence Knight, who has been given full clearance to hear about the QA and who will be your contact point with Her Majesty's Government during the period of this mission." Alexia was about to switch the notebook off when the Director General spoke again. His tone changed from that of the senior government official to that of a normal man. "Her Majesty had no knowledge of the attempt to terminate you. It was a decision made by the Prime Minister and

known only to the Home Secretary and myself."

Alexia knew that he was playing on her deeply ingrained, almost genetic loyalty to the Crown. "Damn you, old man." However, she knew that she would accept the mission. This was not a normal threat, but something that could completely destroy the ability of the Government and Civil Service to run the country, and would harm every person in the realm.

Terrence stared at the black clad figure in puzzlement. He was horrified by the threat that he had just learned of from the DVD and was puzzled to the references to the "QA". He said, "Can I get up now?"

Alexia hesitated one more time, and then nodded. She was committed, although that did not mean that she trusted the MI5 or the Prime Minister, and even though it hurt to think it, not even Her Majesty. Once she had done their dirty work, she would revert to becoming an embarrassment and an anachronistic threat to the authority of the elected government. She picked up the Royal Charter, which was covered with seals and signatures, and read the contents of the document carefully. Satisfied that they had not added any weasel words or loopholes to the text, she handed it to the confused agent. "Read this, while I give you a little history lesson."

Terrence gingerly took the thick vellum document and read the oddly modern text. It seemed natural to expect the words to be written by a quill pen. However, these petty concerns disappeared as he began to read, and his jaw dropped in amazement. He shook his head. "This is impossible. It's something out of a fantasy novel or comic. No person would ever be granted such powers!" He now knew that QA stood for Queen's Assassin, and according to the document that he held in his hand, the QA was given the powers of judge, jury and executioner. It went far beyond the fictional "license to kill" given to James Bond. The QA could commit mass murder and slaughter innocents as she pleased without fear of retribution. The QA's authority was not limited by rank or political position, save only the reigning monarch and her immediate heir. No wonder the Prime Minister had tried to have her killed. She could walk into Downing Street and put a bullet between his eyes and technically no one was supposed to lift a finger to stop her. He knew that in reality some of the police and his bodyguards would try to protect him, but nevertheless the authority granted in this document was insane. The very fact that they would try to re-activate the Queen's Assassin meant that they were truly desperate, and Terrence felt a chill of fear.

Alexia gently took the document back from his numb fingers and began her story. "About two hundred years ago, there was a woman by the name of Lady Anne "

Terrence protested as Alexia forced him back into the van and made him re-fasten the shackle.

Alexia said, "I'm going to place the key in this box. The electronic time lock will open an hour from now. I'm still not sure that this isn't some elaborate plot to kill me, so I'm going to leave first. I'll be in touch when I have something. I will also arrange for a message to be sent to you in the event that I am killed." She locked the key in the thick steel walled box, which she handed to Terrence. She reached into the driver's compartment of the van and picked up a Thermos flask. "Here's some hot tea to keep you going in the meantime." Without another word, she faded silently into the night.

Terrence wondered what she looked like. She had a sexy voice.

Chapter Three

George Murray was celebrating. He had finally managed to get that stubborn copper off of his back – permanently, and had saved a multi-million dollar shipment of heroin from confiscation and himself from being arrested. He had sent the staff of his legitimate import-export company home early, and he was alone in the Canary Wharf office that occupied an entire floor of the building except for Arthur, his bodyguard and driver. He leaned back in his luxurious leather chair and sipped a glass of Laphroaig Quarter Cask Scotch Whisky and watched the news on the large plasma screen TV on the wall, while he waited for his visitors. He chuckled when the stern faced news reader announced the death of Detective Chief Inspector Parker, killed in the course of duty by an as-yet-unknown assailant. Served the bastard right, may he roast in hell. His smile grew wider as the downstairs doorbell rang, and the image from the security camera appeared as a small overlay in the corner of his TV screen. Sure that they were his expected guests, he pressed the intercom button and said, "Welcome. Please come on up. I'm in my private office. He pressed the door button to buzz them up."

Shortly afterwards, Alfred tapped on the office door, and said, "Mr Matthew Lau and friends."

Knowing that it would be extremely bad manners to stay in his seat, George stood up and said, "Come in."

Alfred opened the door and ushered the Triad representative and his companions into his employer's office. He glared distrustfully at the hard looking Chinese man that was obviously Alfred's counterpart.

Lau smiled and turned to his bodyguard. He said in English, "You may wait outside with Mr Alfred."

The bodyguard glanced suspiciously around George's office before nodding and stepping back to allow Alfred to close the door.

Lau shook hands with George and sat down. He smiled genially and said, "My superiors are most pleased with the way that you handled the import of our shipment. He discreetly did not use the word "heroin". "You have justified my faith in you. When we met in Singapore, some of my brothers favoured your competitor, and were not pleased when he er, disappeared."

George poured a large full glass of Hennessy XO brandy and added several ice cubes, knowing his Chinese guest's tastes, and handed it to Lau with both hands. He said, "You are too generous. I am honoured that you saw fit to place your trust in me and to support my selection." He went around his desk, sat down and sipped his whisky. After a suitable pause, he slowly reached into a drawer in his desk and brought out an elegantly wrapped package. "Please accept this as a token of my gratitude." Again, he held the package out with both hands, and was relieved when Lau accepted it with both hands, demonstrating his respect in turn.

Lau opened the gift and smiled at the diamond encrusted gold Rolex watch. He said, "You are too generous. Thank you," and slipped it into his pocket. He would probably give the thirty five thousand pound watch to his assistant, as he had many much more expensive and tasteful ones in his closet. However, it was the gesture that mattered. Now it was his turn. He gestured with his hand, and the two women who had been waiting silently next to the door all this time came forward to stand at his right side. He took a gulp of the brandy and smiled widely. "Now I have something for you. In appreciation of your fine work, I present to you Linda and Lisa. Their father carelessly became heavily indebted to us and was unable to keep up with his repayments. As good filial daughters, the sisters have agreed to work off their father's debt. Please feel free to use them as you will and for as long as you wish. I think that you will find them exceptionally obedient and willing. Their father is Chinese, from Shanghai and their mother is Vietnamese Eurasian. As you can see, the result of the union is most pleasing."

George was stunned by the unexpected gift. The girls were tall, fair complexioned, almost Caucasian looking except for the oriental shape of their eyes and their black hair. Lau had not mentioned that the girls were twins, and the effect of the pair of them standing side by side in front

of him was breathtaking. They wore identical, expensive looking dresses with hems just above their knees, and matching medium high heels. They looked like the daughters of a successful businessman, which is what they were. Lau told him they had just turned twenty-one, but their slim Asian features and build made them look seventeen or eighteen. George was no stranger to escorts and to party girls who would fuck anything for a vial of cocaine, but these two were different. They had an innocence and dignity that told him they were "good" girls.

Lau knocked back another mouthful of brandy as if it was orange juice and said, "They are here to pay off a very large debt. You two, tell the gentleman what you are willing to do."

The twins looked at each other and then Lisa said, "Anything, Mr George. We will do anything that you want."

Lau grinned and said, "Are there any limits to what Mr George can do to you?"

This time Linda replied. "No Mr Lau, he can do anything that pleases him. We will be good girls."

Lau nodded. "Very good. If I get a good report from George, your father's debts will be erased and the members of your family will be safe."

Both girls bowed their heads and shoulders in acknowledgement of his generosity.

Shifting back to business, George said, "Can I help you ship anything else, Mr Lau?"

Lau leaned back in his seat and tapped the rim of his glass with his finger. "Can you handle hardware?"

George raised an eyebrow. "How hard?"

"AK-47's. Two hundred of them plus two hundred rounds of ammunition for each," Lau replied.

George whistled. "That's difficult cargo. The costs will be much higher. People who might turn a blind eye to some powder will balk at automatic weapons."

Lau's eyes focused on George. "But you *can* move them?"

George smiled. "For the right price I can move anything."

Lau relaxed and said, "Good, good. But a word of warning. This shipment is very important to my people. Do not accept it unless you can guarantee safe delivery."

George felt a chill run through him. When Lau said "guarantee" he meant "with your life". Exuding confidence, George said, "Leave everything to me."

Lau nodded, downed the rest of the brandy and stood up, holding out his hand. "In that case, you will be hearing from me shortly with the details of the shipment. In the mean time, enjoy," he said, indicating the twins with his eyes.

George shook Lau's hand and escorted him to the door.

The twins held each other's hands and waited patiently for George to return.

Penny smiled and pushed her glasses up on her nose. She neatly jotted a note on the pad in front of her, underlining the words "AK-47" and "guarantee" several times. As usual, Alexia's instincts had been bang on target, and bugging George Murray's home and office was paying off handsomely. Penny was much more than a secretary or girl Friday. She was Alexia's business manager, technical and logistics expert, tactical advisor and head of intelligence.

In the course of two hundred years, the successive Queen's Assassins had amassed a huge fortune through various methods including the confiscation of enemy assets. Although the Government had abolished the position, they had no grasp of the size and complexity of the financial, social and political network the QA had controlled, completely independent of the elected government of the day, and which Deathwalk had inherited.

When Mr Lau departed the building, Penny started typing a summary report for her boss while simultaneously snuggling down into her seat to listen in on what George Murray was going to do with his unexpected "gifts".

George shut and locked the door to his huge private office and returned to his seat. He sipped at his whisky and studied the two young women who waited to serve him. The realisation that they were not prostitutes, or casual sex partners but literally sex slaves made his cock stir. They had been standing silently in front of him for over ten minutes now and they showed no sign of impatience or boredom. Both girls smiled at him shyly whenever he met their gaze and he couldn't help but smile back. He said, "Can you speak English?"

Two identical heads bobbed and Lisa said, "Yes Mr George, we both speak English. Also Mr Lau arranged for special classes to teach us all the English sex words and what men like to do to girls.

Linda giggled and said, "Pussy, cunt, fanny, twat, beaver, fuck hole."

George said suspiciously, "For two girls who are being forced to be sex slaves, you seem awfully cheerful."

Lisa's face turned solemn and she shook her head. "Oh no Mr George. When we first heard of it we both cried most bitterly, didn't we sister?"

Linda nodded in agreement, eyes wide and guileless.

Lisa continued, "But when we understood that we could save our families from disgrace and death, we were not so sad any more. Better that only the two of us suffer than our entire family. That is why we are happy."

Linda said, "It would have been terrible if we had been born ugly."

George had a daughter of his own whom he loved dearly, but he couldn't imagine his Zoe ever volunteering to suffer in order to save him. However, he was familiar with Asian cultures and knew that they often looked at the world very differently. He licked his lips and said, "All right then, why don't you both undress, so that I can fully appreciate the gift that Mr Lau has given me."

The twins had obviously been expecting this, and obediently began to undress, neatly folding each item of clothing and setting it on the floor beside them. They had good figures, with the pink and pearl skin and long legged build of the northern Chinese, and a neat fan of pubic hair that did nothing to hide their pussies.

It was like looking at a girl who was standing beside a tall mirror. Their double barrelled nakedness made a striking tableau as they posed before him, with delicate blushes decorating their cheeks. Linda tried to shade her breasts and pussy with her arms, but her sister nudged her and shook her head. She said softly, "There must be no modesty with Mr George. He has the right to see anything that he wishes."

Linda's head dropped in embarrassment at this rebuke and she quickly uncovered herself. Peeking up at George she said, "I am sorry Mr George. I hope that I did not offend you."

George had a mean streak and her submissiveness made it flare to life. He smiled and said, "I'm not angry, but I think that you should be punished for your rudeness. Lisa, I want you to slap your sister's breast, hard. I want to see a nice clear red hand print on that white skin. Can you do that for me?"

A flash of sadness passed over Lisa's face as she realised that their trials were commencing. However, Mr Lau had made it clear that their repayment of their father's debt was to be made in pain and suffering, so in a way it also meant that they were taking their first step towards freeing their family from the grip of Mr Lau and his people. This thought renewed her determination and she bowed to Mr George and turned to her sister. She held her hand out with the palm facing to the side and made a fanning motion. "Like this Mr George?"

George grinned. "Exactly. Remember, nice and hard."

Linda turned so that her breasts were facing her sister and leaned her upper body forward slightly. Her breasts were not huge, but certainly large enough to be easily slapped. "Strike hard sister," she said.

Lisa, who was the elder by twenty minutes, dutifully took careful aim at her twin's breast, bit her lip and swung her hand hard. She imagined that she was trying to kill a wasp that had landed on

her sister's breast. She had never seriously struck her twin before in her entire life and the impact of the blow shocked her. The pain and shock on her twin's face tore at her heart and she wanted to throw her arms around Linda and beg her forgiveness.

Tears sprang to Linda's eyes and the pain in her breast was worse than almost anything that she had ever felt, but the look in her sister's eyes was worse. She could not bear the look of guilt and sorrow on Lisa's face, so she clenched her fists and forced herself to straighten up and smile. She said, "I'm all right sister. You did well." Then she turned to face George and proudly displayed the bright red hand print on her breast. She said, "I beg you to accept this token as my apology to you Mr George."

George had not missed the interplay between the twins, and their mental suffering was delicious. He crooked his finger and said, "I am pleased with your offering. Now lean over the table towards me Linda. I want to examine your breasts."

Both twins smiled happily and Linda pressed her hips against the front edge of George's desk and leaned her upper body forward, supporting herself with her hands on the desk top. Despite her innocence, she shrewdly guessed that he was going to hurt her breasts, and she hoped that her sister would not do anything foolish by trying to protect her. She smiled at him and said, "Here are my breasts Mr George. Please enjoy them."

George slid his chair closer to the desk, bringing Linda's breasts within comfortable reach. He stroked the back of his fingers over the darkening hand print on the side of her left breast. "Did it hurt?" he asked, curious to see how she would reply.

Linda nodded earnestly. "Yes Mr George. It hurt very much. I have never been hit on my breasts before, and it was quite frightening. Does my pain please you Mr George?" she asked curiously.

He toyed with her nipples as he considered her question. He gave them a firm squeeze and said, "Do you really want to know?"

Linda nodded energetically. "Oh yes Mr George. It is important to us that we please you. Mr Lau suggested that you might enjoy hurting women, but we thought that he might just have been teasing us. Would you like to be very very cruel to us Mr George?"

The guileless way that she had asked the question almost made George come on the spot. "What if I said yes?" he asked.

Linda looked down at her breasts and said with a tiny smile, "I am completely in your hands Mr George."

He almost burst out laughing when he realised that she had made a joke. Her nipples felt good to the touch and he enjoyed toying with them, knowing that he could inflict pain on her simply by increasing the pressure exerted by his fingers. He said, "Indeed you are. Well Linda, I would enjoy very much treating your bodies very cruelly." He suddenly crushed her nipples in his grip. "I would like to beat and burn and cut your beautiful bodies. I would like to hear you scream and moan, and to fuck you while you cry in pain."

Linda moaned softly, her arms shaking as the pain of her crushed nipples spread through her body. She bit her lower lip and her fingers clawed at the table top, but she made no effort to pull away from his punishing grip.

Lisa's face had paled when George admitted his desire to torture them, but she moved to stand beside her sister and stroked her back as she said, "Then we are yours to do as you wish. We will try our best to be brave for you, and we offer every part of our bodies to you for your enjoyment. Mr Lau told us that men most enjoy hurting a woman's sexual parts, her breasts, her nipples and those ... those parts between her thighs. He showed us many pictures and videos of how a woman's vagina can be stretched and torn, her secret lips crushed, and pierced and cut. He took great pleasure in showing us many many ways in which that most sensitive spot ... ah yes, the clitoris, could be made to feel much pain. Would you like to do such things to our breasts and cunts Mr George?" Two pairs of shining black eyes stared at him trustingly.

Although George felt no remorse or embarrassment at the prospect of abusing these women or any woman for that matter, such open and uninhibited willingness to accept punishment by two

such beautiful girls was slightly overwhelming, even for someone like him. He gave Linda's nipples a final vicious squeeze and then got out of his chair and waved at the girls to follow him over to the side of the office where there was a low wooden coffee table, a sofa, and a couple of comfortable armchairs for informal meetings with important clients. He moved the table aside and made them stand side by side in front of the sofa, so that he could examine and touch their sleek bodies before getting down to more painful activities. He stood behind Lisa and put his arms around her. She was soft and warm and smelled of clean, healthy woman with a touch of Christian Dior.

She wriggled sexily under his touch and said, "You like my body Mr George? I promise I will try hard to be a good girl for you."

"Me too," Linda added with girlish enthusiasm.

Under her feminine softness, he could feel that she was very fit with firm, well defined muscles. This was a good as it meant greater endurance and ability to take punishment without collapsing. He squeezed her buttocks and she giggled with embarrassment at the intimate touch, especially when his fingers slid between the cheeks to probe her hidden secrets.

Lisa turned her head towards him and said, "Mr Lau said that a girl can be fucked in the hole that you are touching now." She giggled again. "I always thought that it was only used for one thing. Why would a man want to put his thing inside that hole? Is it not dirty?"

George scratched at her arse hole with his fingernail and said, "Men like it for several reasons. It is different, it is much tighter than the pussy, but most importantly, it hurts the girl very much to be fucked there, especially when they are doing it for the first time."

Lisa nodded and said, "Very good reasons, but what about making your ... cock all dirty?"

George chuckled. "Porn actresses and women who often perform anal sex sometimes wash themselves internally using a douche. But for girls like you, there is an easier solution."

Lisa frowned prettily. "What is this solution. I would like to learn it so that I can take care of you."

He laughed out loud this time, making both girls look at him in confusion. "It's very simple. After I've fucked your arse, you clean up my cock with your mouth and tongue."

There was shocked silence from the girls, and Linda looked distinctly ill at the thought of licking shit from a cock that had just been in her arse hole. Lisa shuddered, took a deep breath and reached out to squeeze her twin's hand. She pressed her bottom against his hands and said, "If that is how it should be done, then we will be happy to do it for you Mr George. Won't we sister?"

Linda squeezed her eyes shut as if trying to hide from the mental image, then nodded stiffly. "Yes sister. If Mr George requires it of me then I will do it gladly."

George was having great fun pushing the twins into agreeing to accept ever greater horrors, and Lisa's body felt wonderful under his hands. He wrapped his arms around her waist and ran his palms over her flat belly, sliding his hands up to her breasts and down to the stiff strands of her pubic hair. He gave her breasts a final squeeze and then released her to move over to the sofa. He sat on the edge of the seat and held out his middle finger of each hand with the rest folded back into a fist as if he was making a rude gesture. He said, "Come over here and rape yourselves on my fingers. Let me see some real energy. No hands."

The twins looked at each other, nodded and stepped up to his out-thrust fingers. They had never had to impale themselves on an unmoving object before, and they looked back and forth from his finger to their pussies, trying to figure out the best approach. Lisa straddled her legs and waddled forward until his finger touched her pussy. She pushed her pussy against it and winced as it jabbed her labia painfully. She realised that her first obstacle was to get the tip of his finger between her inner labia so that they would not get painfully folded or pushed into her vagina. Without the use of her hands, she was obliged to slide her pussy against his finger by rocking her hips and moving up and down on her toes. Finally she sighed with relief as the tip of his finger wormed its way between her lips. However, it was too high and at the wrong angle for her to just walk into it. She stretched up on her toes and moved her hips backwards and forwards, waving her arms to maintain her balance, until at last his fingertip lodged in the opening of her vagina.

Linda had been watching carefully and quickly replicated her sister's movements. She gasped

when she lowered herself off of her toes and her weight drove George's rigid finger into her dry, unready vagina. An identical gasp from Lisa told her that her sister had just had a similar experience. Gritting her teeth, she pushed down on the intruding finger, forcing it into her hole. Rough cuticles and untrimmed fingernails felt like thorns or claws as they scratched painfully against her delicate insides.

Lisa's fingers gripped the sides of her thighs as she felt George's finger rasp its way into her body, and she sighed with relief when his knuckles pressed against her pussy. She glanced at her twin and paused for a moment to allow Linda to achieve the same degree of penetration. Their eyes met and then they both looked at George, smiled dutifully and began to enthusiastically rape themselves on his fingers.

George adjusted the height of his fingers so that they wouldn't have to get up on their toes to fuck themselves, and then watched in amazement at the two young women energetically raped themselves. The girls drove themselves against his fingers so hard that his fists were practically punching them in the pussy with every down stroke, flesh slapping loudly against flesh. The girls had interpreted his instructions to rape themselves literally, and were trying to make the penetration of their vaginas as rough and painful as possible, without consideration for their own comfort.

Both girls panted and gasped as the muscles of their hips, thighs, and calves strained to drive their pussies up and down on George's unyielding fingers. Their vaginas finally began to exude juices and the impact of his fists against their pussies became wet splats. Beautiful twin faces grimaced in pain when George curled his fingers, forcing his fingernails against the top of their vaginal walls, scratching and gouging the sensitive tissues even as they obediently continued to roughly fuck themselves.

With an evil grin, George shifted his thumbs so that the nails were positioned right where their clits landed each time their pussies slammed against his knuckles.

The effect was immediate and drastic. Linda was the first to ram her clit into the tip of his thumb and caught by surprise, she uttered a sharp yelp of pain. Lisa followed a second later when her clit too crashed into an unyielding object. Both girls bent over to discover the cause of the sudden sharp pain.

George chuckled and said, "Is there something wrong girls?"

Lisa saw that he had deliberately positioned his thumb so that she would have to ram her clit against it with every down stroke. She reached out and touched her sister's arm. She nodded at Linda to let her know that she shouldn't try to avoid the impact. "Mr George wants to see you hurt your bazi – your clitoris – on his thumb."

Linda looked at George, as if seeking confirmation, and then bobbed her head, determination written all over her face. Both sisters resumed the movement of their hips in unison, but this time aiming their clits at his thumbs. Despite their determination, they were unable to maintain a steady up and down fucking motion due to the tremendous pain caused by the violent collision of their clits with the sharp edged and rigid thumbnails at the end of every downward stroke. Each twin would pull upwards, ripping her vaginal wall against the nail of his index finger, gather her nerve and then slam her hips and pussy down hard, smashing her clitoris against the waiting thumb. Her entire body would quiver with agony as she panted harshly and hunched her shoulders, fighting the pain which paralysed her. When she had regained control, she would inhale with a gasp and begin the tortuous cycle again.

George was in heaven as the lovely twins repeated rammed their clits against his thumbs. With their writhing, sweating bodies just inches from his face, he could see every ripple of their muscles and the shudder that ran through their bodies each time the unbearable agony of a crushed and battered clit blazed in their loins. He could smell their pain and fear and sex and feel the heat of their straining bodies. It was incredibly intimate and savage, like some kind of tribal blood ritual. His cock demanded even closer contact, so he said, "Okay girls, you can stop." He pulled his fingers out of their cunts and noted the flecks of blood on his thumbnails. The backs of his hands were coated with their juices and he wiped it off on their thighs.

The twins sagged against each other, panting from their exertion. Linda rested her head on her

twin's shoulder and whispered something into her ear.

"What did she say?" George demanded suspiciously.

Lisa said, "My sister said that she always thought that her clit could only give her pleasure. Now she knows that it can also give pleasure to someone else." She pointed her chin at the bulge of his cock under his trousers.

George smiled and said, "And how does her clit feel now?"

Linda smiled shyly and said, "My ... cli-to-ris is hurting very much. The pain makes my legs feel weak, and I must try hard not to cry and shame myself."

He pulled on his tie as he said, "And does this make you angry with me?"

She shook her head, eyes wide in surprise. "Oh no, not at all. I only hope that my hurting ... my pain ... is pleasing to you. I tried very hard to hurt my cli-to-ris for you." In her excitement and desire to express her feelings, her native Mandarin Chinese accent began to tinge her English. "Please believe me Mr George, my sister and I, we do not feel the angry ... anger towards you. You give us the chance to pay off our family's debts. We are grateful to you."

Lisa saw that he was trying to undress and hurried to help him, quickly joined by her younger sister. They gently undid the buttons of his shirt and kissed his exposed skin as she pulled it off of his shoulders and arms. Lisa pointed at his belt and trousers and said, "May I?" When he nodded, she dropped to her knees to work on his belt buckle. She slid his belt out of the loops of his trousers, sliding the gleaming leather sensuously and suggestively through her fingers. She unhooked his waistband and both twins helped to pull his trousers down. Linda dropped to the floor to remove his shoes and socks, kissing his bared feet, while her sister carefully tugged his underpants off of his hips. They both gasped respectfully when his cock was revealed, politely complementing him on the size and girth of his penis before paying homage by planting kisses all over it and tickling his balls with the tips of their tongues.

When he was finally naked, George pulled the giggling twins onto the sofa, filling his arms with luscious girl flesh and burying his face in their smooth firm bodies. He kissed one twin and then the other, while his hands danced from one feminine treasure to another, overwhelmed by an embarrassment of riches.

They clung to him, always soft warm and compliant, even when his touch was less than gentle. Linda smiled and breathed warmly into his ear even as he gripped one of the inner lips of her pussy and pinched hard, while Lisa's lips were soft and moist against his, even while his finger roughly probed the secrets of her arse hole. Linda moved her breasts up so that he could suck and chew on her nipples, lovingly stroking his hair as his teeth turned her pink nipples raw and red, and Lisa slid down to lick his cock.

George was in a sexual dream world, filled with smooth, young, willing female flesh, and his mind raced with a multitude of ideas, each one more outrageous than the other. He tried to remember what he had in the various drawers and shelves of his office that he could use to beat and torture the twins. He pulled Linda's hips up to his face and she obligingly straddled his shoulders to let him bury his face in her pussy. The smell of clean fresh female filled his nose as his lips and tongue explored her cunt. Everything was soft and moist. He dragged his teeth over her inner labia and jabbed at her bruised and swollen clit with his tongue, making her tremble in his grip. Then his tongue slide down, past her piss hole and on into the opening of her vagina. As he explored her vagina, images of horrific, jagged, spiked objects being rammed into that soft, sensitive hole flashed through his mind and he almost came in Lisa's warm, sucking mouth.

He gasped when Lisa suddenly changed positions, straddling his thighs and carefully sliding his cock into her wet pussy. Instead of fucking him, she sat on his lap with his cock buried deep inside of her and made small twitching motions with her hips while the muscles of her cunt massaged his cock.

George pulled his tongue off of Linda's vagina and moaned. He said, "Bloody hell, where did you learn to do that?"

Lisa giggled and said, "I read a magazine in a hairdresser's shop in Shanghai. Ladies' magazines are very educational, no?" Her muscles rippled like massaging fingers.

He gasped and said, "God that feels good." He pushed Linda's hips away from his face so that he could study her pussy.

Linda looked down at him and said, "You are thinking about something you would like to do to my pussy? Tell me. Maybe I can help."

He looked up the length of her lovely body and said, "You two are so beautiful and have such great bodies that it would be a shame to mark them up badly. It would spoil the image, if you know what I mean. But on the other hand, I really want to do things that will really hurt you."

Linda's eyes widened as she followed his explanation. "Ah, I think I understand. If you do these hurtful things to the inside parts of our pussies you can make much pain for us but we will still look beautiful. But if you do much damage to the pussy, how are you going to fuck us?"

As a reply George reached around her hip and prodded her arse hole with his finger.

She smiled widely. "Very clever. You have a good idea. You can – how they say – fuck up my pussy and fuck me good while I still look beautiful for you." She frowned prettily. "Did I say that right?" She lifted her leg and climbed off of his body. "Let me talk to my sister. Girls know how to hurt girls. We will find good things for you to use to fuck up our pussies yes?"

George sighed regretfully as Lisa lifted her pussy off of his cock, but he smiled and said, "Yes, sure. Go ahead." He watched as the twins huddled together to whisper. Linda pointed at her pussy and made twisting, ripping, hitting motions with her hand. He saw Lisa's eyes widen and her head nod in understanding. The two of them made little bowing motions and Lisa said, "Please wait a moment Mr George while we find interesting things for you to use. May we open the desk?"

He smiled indulgently and leaned back on the sofa to watch the slim identical bodies move industriously around the room, his cock kept hard by thoughts of the tortures that he was going to inflict on their innocent pussies. Linda saw him watching her as she bent over to rummage through a drawer and mischievously wriggled her arse at him. Lisa ran over to the bar and picked up a tray normally used to serve drinks. She selected a container of cocktail sticks and placed it on the tray along with several other items that he could not see from his seated position, and returned to his desk where Linda was waiting with more stuff that she had found. She dumped her discoveries on the tray and then the two of them returned to where George waited, smiling proudly. He gazed at the jumble of unrelated items and smiled. "What's all this then?" he asked.

Lisa sat down beside him and said, "Much fun for you and much pain for Linda and myself."

George rubbed his hands and said, "All right. Show me."

Lisa hopped up to stand beside her sister. She said, "Which pussy would you like to hurt first?" The twins put an arm around each other's waists and stood smiling as if posing for a postcard, each with a finger pointed in the direction of their pussy.

The younger Linda seemed more innocent and vulnerable, and so was an irresistible target for George's lust and cruelty. He pointed at Linda. "You first."

Lisa said, "We have an idea how you can fuck Linda and torture her pussy at the same time. Do you want to see?"

Intrigued, George smiled and nodded.

The twins brought the tray over and placed it at his feet. Lisa held up a circular coaster taken from his desk. It was made from a flexible layer of rubber or plastic with a layer of absorbent material bonded to the top. Lisa folded it in two and cut a semicircle from the centre, creating an "O" shape. Then she began to push thumb tacks through the bottom.

Meanwhile, using two lengths of white parcel string and four small binder clips, Linda created a harness that went around each thigh and clipped on to her outer pussy lips, spreading her pussy wide open. She explained it to George and let him have the honour of fastening the clips onto her pussy.

When she stood back to let him see the effect, George was startled by the patch of bright pink that glowed from between her thighs, as if someone had pasted a hibiscus blossom on her pussy.

Once Lisa had stuck a ring of thumb tacks into the rubbery "O", she used masking tape to fasten the bases of the pins to the modified coaster. She held the end result up proudly for George's approval. She demonstrated how it worked by pushing her finger through the hole in the centre

from the bottom up. She wriggled her finger and said, "This is your cock. See, you wear this around your cock close to your body. Now you have a ring of spines ... no, spikes, around your cock. You lie down and when Linda fucks you, she sits down on all the pointy things every time she comes down.

George now saw the diabolical way that the crude clip harness kept her pussy spread open and vulnerable to the ring of brass thumb tack spikes that would be lying in wait at the base of his cock. Due to the thickness of the coaster, only an eighth of an inch or so of the thumb tack spikes protruded from the surface. This way, Linda would not immediately rip herself to shreds, but instead receive dozens of tiny pricks and piercings every time she pressed her pussy against the torture ring. The damage would naturally grow progressively worse as she continued to fuck him. He looked at Linda, who was already in considerable pain from the strong metal clips on her pussy, and his cock sprang to full erection.

Linda said, "I think Mr George likes the idea," and smiled as she watched her sister slip the spiked collar around his cock, pushing it down until it rested flat against his belly.

Lisa said, "Wait!" and ran off to the small adjoining bathroom, returning with a large hand towel. She said, "Maybe Linda bleed," and placed the towel on the seat of the sofa. She guided George onto the towel, and then knelt down to stroke and kiss his cock. She waved at her twin to come over. She looked at George and said, "Maybe Linda will scream. Do you want me to tie ... gag her mouth?"

George shook his head. "This floor of the building is all mine and no one is working. Besides, my office is fairly soundproof with the door closed. No one will hear." The idea that Linda was going to be in such pain while fucking him that she would scream loudly made his heart race, and he reached out impatiently to her.

Linda touched her sister's hand and then moved forward to straddle George's legs and positioned her pussy right above the quivering tip of his rock hard cock.

Lisa leaned over to apply a coating of spit the knob, and then helped Linda balance and aim as she lowered her wide spread pussy onto George's waiting cock. With one hand on the small of her sister's back and the other on his cock, Lisa guided her sister's obscenely gaping vaginal opening into position.

When Linda felt his knob pressing at the elastic ring of her vaginal opening, she took a deep breath and pressed down with her hips, driving his shaft into her moist passage.

George sighed with ecstasy as he felt her tight warmth engulf his cock, making that most intimate of contacts between a man and a woman. Their eyes met as he slid deep into her body, possessing her completely. She held her arms out to him and he took her hands.

Linda's fingers squeezed hard as she lowered herself that final half inch and she very deliberately pressed her pussy against the waiting pad of spikes. Her mouth opened in a silent moan as the sharp metal points jabbed into her most intimate of places. Using his grip for balance, she let her legs relax and lifted her feet from the floor, shifting her full weight onto the point where their loins met, driving the forest of sharp metal points into her pussy flesh and even her perineum, that delicate stretch of skin between her pussy and arse hole.

The frantic squeezing of her vaginal muscles around his cock in response to the terrible pain being inflicted on her pussy was the most delicious thing the George had ever experienced, and he could have sworn that his cock managed to grow even larger inside her.

Panting in pain, Linda gently freed one of her hands from his and pointed at the upper part of her pussy. Sitting erect, the uppermost part of her pussy including her clitoris was not in contact with the spikes. In order to press her clit onto the deadly pointed metal, she would need to lean forward. She moved her hands to the front of his chest and said, "I'm going to kiss you now."

George realised that in order for her lips to meet his, she would have to lean forward and firmly press her clit and the surrounding tissues into the tacks. He nodded and placed his hands on her shoulders to help her.

With moan of horror, Linda let her upper body fall forward all the while keeping her feet off of the floor and slowly bringing her face close to his. With terrible inevitability the curve of her pussy

rolled over the spikes until finally her clit touched the sharp tips. Panting with fear, she threw herself forward, pressed her lips to his and wrapped her arms around his neck. Three of the brass spikes pressed into her clit, two of them scraping the sides of the little pearl and one driving directly into it.

George felt a sheen of sweat spring up all over her back and her arms locked desperately tight around his neck as Linda fought to keep herself from easing the pressure of the spikes on her clit. Her tongue probed his mouth as she kissed him with a fierce passion. Tiny whimpering sounds issued from her throat and her entire body vibrated from the agony of her impaled clit.

Linda pressed her cheek against his and moaned, "Oh Mr George, it hurts so much. My poor pussy ... I can feel all the sharp points pushing into my sex, hurting my soft beautiful pussy like some terrible small animal biting and chewing. Just for you Mr George, I am suffering so much pain just for you. Am I pleasing you Mr George? Can you feel my pussy being torn and pierced? A spike is pushing right into my clitoris, and the pain is so awful Mr George that I thought that I would die or faint from such suffering, but instead it just goes on and on. Hold me tight Mr George, I am going to fuck you now, and it will drag my pussy across the horrible spikes and drive them deep. I am going to make my pussy bleed for you."

George happily wrapped his arms around the suffering girl as she began to writhe and grind her hips like a demented lap dance, simultaneously sliding and twisting her vagina over his cock like a masturbating fist. The only difference was that she was not grinding her pussy against his lap but against a ring of short brass spikes, doing terrible damage to the delicate tissues of her pussy. He felt her blood drip down over his balls and buttocks before soaking into the towel. He looked over Linda's shoulder and saw tears of sorrow glistening in Lisa's eyes as she watched her sister rip her pussy against the pad of spikes. The intense pain made Linda's vagina incredibly tight and the sensation was better than with any other woman that he had ever fucked. He felt her body shake as she screamed when her clitoris scraped across one of the spikes, and it was the final touch that triggered his orgasm. His hips drove upwards with all the strength of his body, driving his cock deep and ramming all the spikes hard into her pussy as his semen sprayed into the depths of her vagina, accompanied by Linda's high pitched shriek of agony.

Linda lay on top of George, sobbing and shivering, but she did not lift herself off from the spikes or touch the clips that held her pussy obscenely spread. His semen dripped slowly out of her vagina, stinging her torn and cut pussy where it touched her flesh.

George felt a vast contentment as his cock throbbed and twitched in the aftermath of his orgasm, clasped warmly in the soft embrace of Linda's vagina. Finally, he kissed Linda's cheek and said, "You can get up now, but don't take the clips off yet. I want to see how your pussy looks."

With a gasp of relief, Linda lowered her feet to the floor and took the weight of her body off of her pussy. With a groan of renewed pain, she peeled her impaled flesh off of the spikes and stiffly stood up. She remained where she was, straddling his thighs and obediently pushed her hips forward, so that he could have a good look at her pussy. Her arms and legs still shook with tiny, rapid tremors and she was suffering intense pain as witnessed by the way she was biting her lip and clenching her fists.

George stared in fascination at the damage that the tiny thumb tack spikes had done to her pussy. Her labia were badly swollen and covered with bleeding punctures and jagged tears, and a bright red drop of blood welled out of her clit. Her entire pussy was a mass of bleeding cuts and looked horribly painful. The sight of her tortured cunt made accelerated his cock's recovery, and he already felt it start to regain its stiffness. He saw Linda look at her sister as if needing her support for something, and he was surprised when Lisa spoke.

"My sister is in terrible pain, as you can see. She would like to know if it excites you."

George grinned and said, "It's the hottest thing that I've ever seen. I don't think that I've ever come so hard."

His words seemed to revive Linda, who straightened up with renewed energy and displayed her torn cunt with pride. She looked at her sister again as if asking permission, and then turned back to look straight at George. Softly she said, "I know that you have already come, but would it please

you to hurt me one more time?"

George felt his cock spring to immediate attention and groaned as it ached from the sudden surge of blood. He nodded eagerly and said, "Yes, it definitely would."

Linda held out her hand and her twin put something in it. She took a deep breath and then held it out to George. "Here you are, Mr George. Please enjoy my pain. You should be careful, because I'm not sure that I can stand still when you do it."

George stared in wonder at the paper packet of salt, the remnant of some take away lunch or packet of crisps. It was obvious what he was supposed to do with it, and he marvelled at Linda's bravery. He reverently tore the packet open and carefully sprinkled the white granules all over his hand and then discarded the empty packet. He held out his other hand, and once again Linda placed her small hand in his grasp and squeezed tight. His salt covered hand reached out towards Linda's grotesquely stretched pussy and he saw her thighs tense as she braced herself. Gently, almost tenderly, he covered her bleeding pussy with his hand and pressed firmly against the soft, swollen flesh.

Linda's loud, shocked, scream rocked her slim body and she stiffened, as if the victim of a violent seizure. Her hand clamped down on his with surprising force and she threw her head back, exposing the quivering tendons of her pale delicate throat as she continued to utter raw, agonised shrieks of pure pain. Even her amazing will and determination gave out and her legs went limp. She fell over backwards, only to be caught by Lisa, who had been expecting her sister's collapse.

Lisa helped her move to one side and lie down on the carpet, where she curled up in a ball of misery, her hands clamped tightly over her pussy. She tenderly removed the clips from Linda's pussy and kissed her sobbing twin's forehead. Then she returned to George's side. She smiled at him and said, "I am sorry, but you will have to be satisfied with torturing me for a little while. She knelt between his legs and gently kissed the tip of his reinvigorated cock.

George was still feeling mellow from his orgasm and stroked her sleek black hair. He said, "So, do you have something as dramatic to offer me?"

Lisa licked his cock like a lollipop and said, "Perhaps not so dramatic, but I think you will like it." She swivelled on her knees and picked up some items from the tray of stuff and laid them out on the floor in front of him. There was a disposable lighter, a long slim candle, a chrome plated paper clip and an empty aluminium tube of the kind used to store effervescent vitamin tablets, in which Lisa had carefully punched many holes with an ice pick from the bar.

George grinned and said, "I think I can see where this is going, but tell me anyway. I want to hear you say it."

Lisa bowed in acknowledgement and picked up the perforated metal tube. It was about an inch and a quarter in diameter. She held it up and said, "First, this goes inside my hole, my va-gina, like this." Leaning back on her heels and spreading her knees wide, she pushed the closed end of the tube into her cunt hole and worked the entire tube into her vagina until only the smooth metal rim of the open end showed. "Second, I put this paper clip on my clitoris – like this." She spread the end of the paper clip open with her fingernail and worked it over and around her clit, and then let it close. This left her clit with a little metal extension, protruding outwards from the top of her pussy.

She turned completely around and leaned forward on her knees, lifting her bottom high to expose her arse hole. "You lie down on the floor and I get on top of you. I suck your cock and you play with my cunt and clit with the candle. The candle is non-drip and if you put a towel on your chest, no wax will touch you. Because of the tube in my vagina, you can put the candle right inside my cunt. The metal tube will get hot and all my vagina gets burned and the fire will also go through the holes and burn my cunt directly in small spots. If you hold the candle flame near the paper clip it will get hot and burn my clit, but not quick like if you put the fire directly on my clitoris, so you have good control as you burn my clitoris." She turned back to face him and smiled hopefully. "You like?"

It was a very clever idea. George had always wanted to burn a woman's pussy, but the problem was that the naked flame would cause too much damage too rapidly, and it was impossible to burn her vagina except by shoving the tip into her opening and snuffing the flame. The close contact with

the fire and the boiling wax on the tip of the candle would quickly cook her flesh with more than a couple of repetitions. But with her vagina held open around a conductive metal tube, he could play the flame over the inner walls of her vagina with very fine control on the degree of damage he was doing. He grinned widely and gave Lisa a kiss on the lips. "I like it very much. Let's get going, I can hardly wait to try it out."

In the meantime, Linda had recovered from the pain in her cunt sufficiently to watch the preparations to torture her twin's pussy, and once again they briefly touched hands, sharing their strength and love.

George lowered himself onto the soft carpet and grinned when Lisa spread the hand towel over his upper chest, and then handed him the candle and disposable lighter.

Lisa patted her pussy and then turned to face his feet and stepped over his body to straddle his chest. She knelt down and lowered her upper body, supporting herself on her hands. Mindful that he was not going to eat her pussy, she kept her hips as high up as possible to give him room to work. She didn't want to be accidentally burned on her thighs. With everything in place, she lowered her head to his cock. She kissed the tip of his foreskin, licking around and over it, and then very gently used her lips and tongue to slide his foreskin off of the head of his cock. She let her warm breath play over the sensitive skin and then began to tickle his cock with the very tip of her tongue. She didn't have to do anything except to hold her pussy still in order to facilitate her own torture, so she concentrated on giving him the best blow job that she could. She knew that it would be much harder once the pain began, so she wanted to accumulate some credit right at the beginning by stimulating him as much as she could.

George looked up at Lisa's pretty pussy and at the metal rim that formed the mouth of a dark tunnel leading into her vagina. He slid a finger inside and felt the warmth of her body coming through the thin metal. To his surprise, he felt a layer of slick moisture coating parts of the tube and realised that it had seeped into the tube through the small holes that Lisa had punched in it. He withdrew his finger and traced the edge of an inner labia down to her clit and its odd metallic extension. The thin metal wire of the unpainted paper clip was too weak to place very much pressure on her clit, but it transmitted the slightest vibration directly to the clit that it held in its grip. He brushed the clip with his fingertip, and the resultant vibration made her quiver. He sighed happily at the marvellous sensations coming from his cock and balls, and carefully lit the candle with the disposable lighter, which he placed at his side in case he needed to relight the candle. Carefully holding the lighted taper upright, he brought it between her thighs and waved it under her pussy as a warning to her.

Lisa felt the candle flame send a gentle wave of heat rippling over her loins, and she braced her thighs, tightening her muscles so that she would not reflexively move her pussy away from the flame. She had invited him to burn her pussy and now she had to bear it as best she could. The sensitive tissues of her pussy could feel the glow of warmth as George lifted the candle towards her metal lined vagina. She clenched her fists when she felt the sting of the flame on her pussy as he brought the tip of the candle up to the opening of the perforated metal tube. She felt the temperature rapidly rise as the candle went into the tube. The metal above and around the flame rapidly heated up to a painful degree, and the deadly flames sought out the small perforations and struck through them and directly at her inner flesh.

George slowly moved the candle in and out of her vagina, spreading the heat of the flame along its distended length and gradually increasing the level of discomfort. For the moment, he took care not to hold it still at one spot for too long and create a hot spot which would singe her flesh. Because the end of the tube was higher than the open end, he knew that the heat would accumulate at the top where the end of the tube pressed against Lisa's cervix, and that the mouth of her womb would be the first to suffer real pain from the heat. He continued to play the flame up and down the length of her vagina, turning the tube itself into an instrument of torture as it grew hotter and hotter.

Lisa forced herself to ignore the feelings of panic that chilled her breast as the burning sensation in her vagina steadily increased from being merely uncomfortable, like sipping at tea that was too hot, to acutely painful as the tube heated up and the flame burned at her vaginal walls

through the perforations. Her cervix cringed as the closed end of the tube grew hot enough to burn and the natural fear of having her genitals destroyed by the flame made her shake with fear. She concentrated on the cock in her mouth, using the task to distract her from the pain and terror. She felt the centre of the heat shift to the outer end of the tube, and she realised that George was aware that a woman's vagina was most sensitive at the first inch or so from the opening, and he was deliberately concentrating the heat on that most sensitive area to maximise the pain. Her thighs and buttocks began to quiver violently as the pain rose to unbearable levels of agony.

George saw the signals and pulled the candle out of her vagina. He did not want to inflict serious burns on the flesh of her vagina, which would be incredibly painful for her, but which would also render her pussy insensitive to any further torture and effectively end the game. Taking care not to burn the areas of her pussy between her vaginal opening and her clit, he lowered the candle and shifted the flame until it was playing over the tip of the paper clip which extended diagonally towards his face, letting the most damaging part of the flame's heat rise past the curve of her pussy. Only the metal of the clip which was close to the flame soaked up the heat, which then travelled by conduction up the wire frame of the clip to where it held Lisa's clitoris captive like the bars of a miniature grill.

Lisa flinched violently at the sudden and intense pain from her clit, but thumped her fists on the floor and then re-positioned herself, all without pausing her sucking of his cock. She prayed that the use of the clip would prevent him from searing her clit beyond recovery, since there was too little metal in the paper clip to retain very much heat, and she hoped it would cool as soon as he took the flame away.

George dipped the end of the clip into the candle's flame again and gloated at the almost immediate pained response from Lisa. It was as if the clip was a short fuse that led to a tiny explosive inside her body. He would touch the flame to it, there would be a brief pause as the heat travelled up the metal wires and then her hips and pussy would convulsively jerk. The experience was topped off by her cock-muffled groans, which added a delicious vibration to her oral efforts. Juices dripped out of the tube in her vagina onto the towel, and he re-inserted the candle. He found it almost unbelievable that he was using a live flame to burn the woman deep inside her body, and combined with the enthusiastic sucking and licking of his cock, he was unable to hold off his orgasm, despite wanting the experience to go on forever. He pulled the candle out of her vagina and returned it to her clit. He waited until he felt the mind numbing contractions of his climax began and held the flame to the paper clip. Lisa's frantic screams coincided precisely with the spraying of his come into her throat.

Lisa's face turned red as she tried to scream and choke at the same time. Her clit was on fire, sending blasts of pain shooting through her body, while her heart pounded and her mind went blank with sheer panic. Combined with the suffocating effect of his semen being drawn into her lungs as she tried to inhale, it felt to her like the ground had opened up and she had dropped straight into hell. With a supreme effort of will, she kept her lips wrapped around his cock until his orgasmic spasms ended and then she leapt from his body and fell to the floor, coughing and screaming at the same time. Her hands clawed at her pussy, ripping the clip from her burned clitoris, which only increased her torment.

Linda scrambled over to her screaming twin and tried to comfort her, cradling her in her arms as she gasped and coughed.

George blew out the candle and lay flat on his back, physically and mentally drained by the two intense orgasms in quick succession.

A little while later, the three of them were cuddled on the sofa, the twins still in considerable pain, but dutifully affectionate. George shook his head and said, "I still don't understand how two lovely girls like you could put yourself through stuff like this just to pay off a debt."

Linda smiled and tickled his cock. "We are not finished paying yet, Mr George. You have still not fucked our behinds, our arse holes, as you said you wanted to."

More seriously, Lisa said, "Mr Lau is a frightening man. He knows everything. There is no way for us to escape him. We are not rich and powerful like you Mr George." She huddled against him

as if for shelter.

George was flattered, and Linda's petal soft touch on his cock was bringing erotic thoughts back to his orgasm numbed mind. He puffed up his chest and said, "That Lau and his people are not that powerful or smart. I got the better of him and he never even knew it. Ha! The way he thanked me and gave the two of you to me in gratitude for getting his drugs into England. Well he should be grateful. They could never do it by themselves. It's only fair that I get a little extra out of the deal."

Eyes wide and listening raptly, Linda kissed his nipple and said, "Of course it is Mr George. That is why we are so happy to serve a great man like you."

George nodded, basking in her admiration. He grinned. "That fool Lau never even realised that I had skimmed a tiny amount of heroin from each bag. You see, the amount taken from each bag was too small to be seen on the scales even if they weighed it. You would have to weigh the entire shipment as a whole to see the difference." He eyed the twins lustfully. "Why don't you two stay with me. I would take good care of you."

Lisa shook her head sorrowfully. "Linda and I would like nothing more, but we must think of our family. But we are grateful for your offer."

Linda prodded George playfully and said, "Enough of such serious talk. Let's fuck."

Penny had been enjoying the erotic antics of the trio immensely. She had masturbated as she had listened and had come twice. She made a note to clean the stains off of her seat. Then she frowned as she studied the digital readouts of her monitoring equipment. She licked her juices off of her fingers and leaned forward to touch the controls, even as she heard George admit to skimming from the Triad shipment. She made a note of it on her pad. Perhaps Alexia could use it as leverage against George. Then her eyes widened as she read the frequency displays. There was another transmission source in the room! She chuckled out loud and reached for her cell phone. The twins were carrying bugs somewhere in their clothing or on their bodies. That meant that Mr Lau had just heard George's confession too. The smuggler and possible murderer was in a lot of trouble. Alexia picked up her phone and Penny said, "Hi, it's me. Listen, you'll never believe what I just heard."

Alexia arrived at the surveillance van just as the twins exited the office building. She noted that they were walking somewhat gingerly, as if it pained them to move. She was checking her weapons and custom built body armour in anticipation of a visit from a Triad hit team sent by Mr Lau to punish George for his dishonesty. If she kept George alive, she might be able to force him to reveal who had blackmailed DS Evans into killing DCI Parker and how they did it. To her surprise, Penny pressed a button and a telephone ring tone sounded in the speakers.

Penny said, "He's got a call." The phones were bugged too, so they were able to hear both ends of the conversation.

George's voice said, "Hello, who's that?"

Lau's voice said, "Good evening George. Did you enjoy yourself with the girls?"

They could hear the smug grin in George's voice. "Oh yes. The twins were quite delightful. I must thank you for the experience."

Lau said, "There is no need to thank me. They were performing a most useful service for me and will be rewarded accordingly."

Puzzled, George said, "What do you mean?"

Lau replied, "Perhaps this will explain." Then George's recorded voice repeated his explanation of how he had cheated the Triad by skimming their shipment."

All the smugness had gone from George's voice as he said, "What the hell is that? Is this some kind of joke? I don't know what you're playing at, but I never touched your goods."

Calmly, Lau said, "Don't bother denying it George. We have had the shipment re-weighed. I am

most disappointed with you my friend. We could have done much business together. Now I fear that you will never have that opportunity."

George said, "Is that a threat? I'm not afraid of you and your thugs. Try anything and I'll have the authorities ship the lot of you back to China."

Lau chuckled and said, "I was born in Malaysia, not China. But I don't know what you mean. I don't have any thugs, and I'm not threatening you. It's only that I've just received news that the Singapore police have found new evidence linking you with the murder of your competitor in that country. Apparently they are going to request your arrest and extradition to Singapore for trial."

George laughed. "The UK will never extradite me to hang. This is a civilised country."

Lau laughed back. "True, but the Singapore government are going to promise to replace the death penalty with life imprisonment. They have done this before. I hope you like warm weather George. I hear that their prisons don't have air conditioning. It's a pity that they don't cane murderers. Oh, I forgot, you like to do the beating. By the way, we have a number of brothers in the Singapore prisons, and I'm sure they will give you a warm welcome." Lau was laughing merrily as he hung up.

A lump of ice formed in George's belly. A life sentence in a foreign prison filled with fellow inmates who had been instructed to make his life hell. He'd never survive. He cursed Lau, he cursed the deceitful twins, and mostly he cursed himself for having a big mouth. He knew he only had one chance. With shaking hands, he picked up his cell phone and dialled a number. When the other end picked up he said, "Is that Fred? Oh, sorry I dialled the wrong number," and hung up. Now he would have to wait for Hypatia's people to call back.

Penny pointed at the speakers and said, "Did you hear that? I think he's calling for help."

"It does," Alexia said, leaning her hands on Penny's shoulders. "This could be our opening. One way or another we should be able to get a lead to whoever is behind this."

Penny brushed the back of Alexia's hand with her cheek. She loved the feeling of her lover's strong hands on her body. She wished that they were back in the house rather than in this cramped van.

Hypatia laughed when she was informed of George's call. "He must really be in trouble to call again so soon. Let's make him stew in his own juices for a while. In the meantime, see if we can find out what kind of trouble our friend has gotten himself into." It always impressed the clients when they realised that you already knew about their problems, and let her judge more accurately how much she could squeeze out of them. In the meantime ... she turned and smiled at the attractive naked woman tied to a metal frame in a tight "X".

Jenny struggled against the painfully tight cuffs and ropes that held her obscenely stretched out. She had no idea what these people wanted of her. She was single, wasn't rich, and neither was her family. Her brother worked in the civil service, but he wasn't rich either so it was unlikely to be a kidnapping for ransom, unless they had taken the wrong person. She was doing post graduate studies in biochemistry at the local university, so she wasn't anyone important. There were too many people involved for it to be something sexual. On TV crime shows they always said that it was a bad thing if they let you see their faces. No one here seemed to care who or what she saw, and a chill of terror turned her aching body cold.

Hypatia loved seeing the fear and confusion on their faces. She reached out and scratched her fingernail gently down the front of the girl's belly. She said, "I suppose you're wondering why I've asked you here. The fact is that your brother has been lying to you about his occupation. You think that he's a boring civil servant when actually he's a senior officer in MI5. Isn't that exciting?"

Jenny laughed hysterically. "My brother is a spy? That's crazy. I love him, but he's the most

ordinary, boring person that you could want to know."

Hypatia shook her head. "There's no mistake. We know exactly what he does. We even know where he sits in Thames House."

Jenny was disturbed by the woman's confidence. She said, "Even if that's true, what has that got to do with me? Why am I tied up naked like this. Are you some kind of pervert?"

Hypatia smiled. "Actually I am. But that's just incidental. You are here, because we need you to give a message to your brother. Normally, we would film this part and send it to him, but as an MI5 agent, your brother is trained to respond to the kidnapping of a family member according to the book. What we need to do is to get his attention, and to convince him that it would be a very bad idea to get his colleagues at MI5 or the police involved. To do this, we need to make a big impact with our very first communication."

Jenny began to get really frightened. "What do you mean?"

Hypatia's smile widened into a feral grin. "What I mean is that I need you to look to be in a really bad way, and for you to sound convincing when you call out to your darling brother for help."

Jenny's eyes widened in terror when she saw the evil looking whip. "No," she whispered.

Hypatia walked around to face Jenny's back. Her tightly stretched body looked absolutely yummy. She ignored the girl's frantic pleas and concentrated on the rippling muscles of her back. The whip swung lazily in her hand like the tail of leopard as she savoured the moment. Then her body blurred into motion as she twisted from the waist and the whip lashed out to strike Jenny's back with sickening force.

Jenny screamed, not just from the terrible pain, but from the realisation that there was nothing at all that she could do to stop her torture. Her body rocked from the impact of the whip and she whimpered in shame when a trickle of pee dripped from her pussy and splashed on the concrete floor. The second blow caught her before she had time to inhale and she choked, struggling and gasping desperately to escape the streaks of flame that painted a red "X" across her back.

Hypatia felt a warm glow and a delicious wetness spreading from her crotch as she continued to lay the whip on the screaming girl's back, spreading the strokes over the tanned expanse of her skin. The whip cut deep bleeding welts in her flesh with every stroke, and her tight shapely buttocks looked startlingly unmarked in contrast to her ravaged back. She regretted the need to cause so much damage so quickly. Jenny was a very nice specimen and she would have liked to play with her for much longer. She tilted her head and studied the image for style and artistry, and nodded. She would leave Jenny's bottom alone, as it made her overall appearance look more shocking than a solid mass of welts and bruises. "And now for the front," she said, humming happily.

Jenny's sweat damp head had been hanging limply, exhausted by the pain of the merciless beating of her back, but she suddenly looked up in renewed terror when she realised what Hypatia had said. She looked down at her breasts and belly and cried, "No! Not my breasts, please, you can't "

Hypatia leaned close to Jenny's face and said, "Oh, but I can darling – and I'm going to."

Jenny found the energy to renew her struggles as she watched Hypatia position herself in order to whip her breasts. She twisted her sweating torso from side to side as if she could somehow spoil Hypatia's aim, while making senseless pleas and promises. Unfortunately for her, Hypatia had a specific purpose in whipping her, so her pleas and offers were of no relevance.

Hypatia studied the woman's bobbing breasts critically. While she was no supermodel, Jenny was young and healthy, and had managed to keep her figure after leaving school. Her face was pretty rather than beautiful, but all in all she was an attractive package, especially when she was naked. She mentally composed a pattern of stripes and weals on the struggling girl's breasts that would show up to greatest effect in a video. When she was satisfied that she had the design she wanted, she gave the whip a flick of her wrist to straighten it out, stepped another foot to the side, and then let fly with the first stroke. Ignoring Jenny's screams, she nodded with approval at the almost perfectly horizontal stripe that ran just below her nipples like an underscore to those two reddish brown points. "Now hold very still dear. I'm going swing the whip vertically, and if your face gets in the way, you might lose an eye or get a nasty scar on you cheek."

Despite the pain she was in, the threat of losing an eye made Jenny freeze, and she watched in horror as Hypatia took careful aim and swung the whip straight down from her shoulder and snapping the tip against Jenny's breast, painting a neat vertical line that ran through her nipple and down to meet the first, horizontal, stroke. The pain was atrocious and Jenny threw herself about madly, making her breasts bounce like weather balloons caught in a hurricane. Such exertion couldn't be maintained for long and she soon had to pause for breath. As soon as her body stilled, the whip slashed out again to catch her other breast with an identical vertical stroke across her nipple. Lacking the energy and breath to repeat her maddened flailing, Jenny was limited to high pitched screeches and wails as she tugged at her bonds.

Now that she had established the basic design, Hypatia switched to a lighter whip to add what she thought as "shading" to her creation. Using the light whip, she began to beat Jenny's breasts with a rapid back and forth motion, painting her breasts with bright pink weals until her twin mounds fairly glowed.

Jenny sobbed in pain and frustration, unable to escape the painful, stinging impacts that turned her breasts into one vast ache.

Hypatia brushed her hair back from her face and dabbed her own perspiration from her forehead. She said, "And now for the final touch." Demonstrating tremendous skill with the whip, she flicked her arm and wrist to send the leather lash shooting out horizontally like the tongue of a chameleon to strike precisely on Jenny's nipples.

The intense and accurately placed punishment of her nipples drove Jenny half mad with suffering and she shouted and screamed hysterically, threatening one moment and pleading the next. Her nipples swelled to double their normal size and sent harsh throbbing pain shooting through her entire torso.

Finally, Hypatia nodded in satisfaction and set aside the whip. She smiled and said, "And now for one last garnish before we start the cameras and you can make a heartfelt appeal to your brother. She opened a wooden case and produced a short metal bar that had clips mounted on each end and two sturdy metal loops nearer to the middle. She knelt down, and without warning grabbed one of Jenny's inner labia and fastened one of the tooth lined clips on it.

Jenny yelped as Hypatia forced the rod between her labia and clipped the free end to the other labia, thereby stretching her pussy lips wide apart. Her yelps increased in urgency when Hypatia hooked a heavy brass weight to each of the sturdy metal loops that were attached to the rod near to each of the end-clips, thereby dragging her inner labia out and down in a dramatic upside down "V".

Hypatia stood back to study the overall effect and nodded happily. "I think that will do just fine. Time for the camera." She snapped her fingers and the technician turned on the video lights and shouldered his video camera, while she picked up a menacing looking riding crop. "Hello to Jenny's brother. Say hello to your brother Jenny," she said and struck the girl's pubic mound with the crop. "As you can see, your dear sister is having a rather rough time of it. However, it can rapidly become far worse, like this – " The folded leather striker of the riding crop slammed into Jenny clitoris, forcing an inhuman shriek from the suffering girl. "You are going to obey the enclosed instructions to the letter or your sister is going to find out how it feels to be whipped with barbed wire. Are you listening, mister MI5 agent?"

Chapter Four

Pepper pushed her glasses up on her nose and continued reading from her notes. "Your armour is 100% ... ouch ... again. The new modular components make ... ouch ... repair and maintenance much easier ... ouch ... even though the overall cost is 20% higher. The latest ... argh ... modifications to your pistol combined with the new ... ouch ... heavier ammunition, give an equivalent ... ouch ... performance to a .22LR subsonic round. This means ... ouch ... greater penetration and ... ouch ... some degree of damage to the ... ouch ... target even if the ... ouch ... toxin is not deployed. Fully automatic bursts ... ooh, ow, my pussy ... of three rounds is available for ... ouch ... snap shots. She shuffled her feet wider apart and leaned down low on the table, lifting her naked bottom higher into the air. She indicated that Alexia should aim for her pussy by arching her back and pushing her clean shaven mound up and out.

Alexia snapped Penny's new single tailed whip into the girl's wriggling pussy, making her jump and gasp.

With the whip darting in to sting her pussy like an amorous hornet, Penny panted, "You have a model audition tomorrow for the electrical torture website. She looks good and claims to really enjoy pain."

Alexia smiled and smacked Penny's pussy again. "What, like you?"

Penny wriggled her bottom and said smugly, "No one is like me."

Alexia leaned over to kiss her personal assistant's smooth buttock and said, "It's true you have a great arse." She stepped back and lashed out again, the tip of the whip striking Penny's vaginal opening with a wicked snap.

Penny's head flew up, making her glasses drop down to the tip of her nose again. "Ooh, good one! Do it again." Alexia obliged and Penny made fucking motions with her hips as she absorbed the sting of the whip. "Do my clit, do my clit," she pleaded, like a child asking for candy.

Careful not to do any damage, Alexia took precise aim at her wriggling target and snapped the lash out to slap the tip on Penny's clit.

From the sounds that Penny made, it wasn't clear if she was in agony or ecstasy, perhaps both. But the when Alexia's lips closed over her throbbing clit, there was no mistaking her scream of pleasure.

Alexia sucked and licked busily until Penny exploded, coming lustily and with extraordinary enthusiasm for such a small girl. She grabbed her assistant's thighs and clung on, continuing to lick and suck.

The sensations produced by Alexia's attentions on her hypersensitive clit were excruciatingly strong, and Penny could never decide if it hurt horribly or felt indescribably good. Her thighs trembled violently as she pushed her pussy into Alexia's face and she pounded on the table top with tightly clenched fists. She came again with belly cramping force, and her knees gave way, leaving her upper body lying flat on the table. They had destroyed more than one notebook computer that way.

Alexia straightened and picked up the new whip that they had been trying out. She pushed a thumb button on the stock and a tiny electrical current ran up the length of the whip and activated the memory plastic that formed the tip, which hardened into a spear-like point. She flicked the whip with her full strength and the hardened point darted out to slam into an empty beer tin sitting on a nearby chair, punching through both sides of the thin metal cylinder.

Penny had recovered from her orgasmic limpness and was sitting on the edge of the table, her legs dangling and swinging playfully. "The second button, the one with the safety slide lock, can send a dose of your pistol toxin up to the tip through a capillary feed from the handle. If you snap the whip with the button depressed, you can send a tiny spray of the toxin out through the tip if you don't want the whip to get tangled up with the target by actually touching it. The whip is made of a new kevlar fibre, so it won't cut and can be used as a defence against blade attacks or as a very strong garrotte. It comes with a quick release holster, so you don't have to wear it coiled on your

belt like Indiana Jones." She hopped off the table and kissed Alexia's shoulder. "Your turn," she said. She reached into the carrying bag that had contained the whip and the upgraded pistol, and pulled out another item. It looked like a normal plastic dildo. She held it up and said, "It's made of the same memory plastic." She pushed a button, and the surface of the dildo suddenly grew small blunt spikes. She held it out to Alexia with a suggestive smile.

Alexia took the spiked dildo and pointed at the floor with it. "Get down there and spread those legs wide."

Penny took her glasses off and put them on the table so that her mistress could comfortably sit on her face. Then she obediently lowered herself onto the floor and drew her knees up and wide apart. She looked up at her mistress and said shyly, "I'm ready for you Alexia."

Alexia smiled fondly at her friend and pulled off her panties from under her skirt. She planted her sleek, booted feet on either side of Penny's head and slowly dropped into a deep squat.

Penny watched as her mistress's pussy came down towards her face while her naked pussy tingled in anticipation of the pain that it was about to receive. She took a deep breath just before Alexia's wet pussy pressed down onto her lips and nose, drowning her in female scent, flesh and juices. She fought her instinctive fear of being smothered and concentrated on giving pleasure to her lover. Her tongue reached out and dived into Alexia's depths, tasting the unique musky female flavour that she recognised as belonging to her mistress. Just as she thought she was about to suffocate, the pressure lifted from her face as Alexia leaned forward and let her full weight rest on Penny's body.

This move freed Alexia's hands to work on Penny's pussy while at the same time immobilising the smaller girl under her own lithe, muscular frame. She smiled as she studied her friend's helplessly exposed pussy and stroked the tips of her fingers over the soft bulge of her outer pussy lips. She sighed with pleasure as Penny began working busily on her pussy. She could feel the delicate touch of Penny's lips and tongue and even her entire face as it rubbed against her moist nether lips. Alexia set the dildo down on the floor and used both of her hands to spread Penny's pussy open, making her rose tinted inner lips blossom and spread, and revealing the secrets of her clitoris and vagina. Using her fingernail, she scratched at the girl's clit and she felt Penny's entire body quiver. She gripped her inner labia between her thumb and index finger and pulled outward, stretching the soft lip to its limit, her nails digging into the delicate crinkled tissue.

Pinned helplessly beneath Alexia's body and with her face pressed tightly into her mistress's pussy, Penny felt a delicious panic as Alexis worked on her sex. The pain in her pussy steadily increased as Alexia's finger became rougher and rougher, pinching, stretching and scratching with ruthless female knowledge. Penny strained to push her pussy up towards her mistress, the delicious suffering filling her with a burning erotic heat. Her neck and jaw ached as she furiously ate Alexia's pussy, using all her skill to pleasure her mistress even as Alexia gleefully tortured her pussy. She gasped as Alexia slapped her pussy hard, her fingers scratching at the carpet as her mistress began to spank her pussy.

Alexia grinned as she watched her friend's pussy turning bright red under her merciless spanking. She loved the splat of Penny's soft pussy under her stiff fingers as they slammed down over and over, and the way the girl's thighs trembled from the strain of staying spread against her instinctive desire to protect her pussy from the punishment.

Penny had a genius level IQ and was more than capable of running both Alexia's public web porn enterprise and the clandestine operations of Deathwalk. She dealt firmly with banks, ISP's and legal harassment, as well as the oddball group of armourers, IT experts and intelligence operatives that kept Deathwalk going. And yet when it came to sex, she was a total masochist and devoted to giving Alexia pleasure. This was even stranger since she wasn't even a lesbian. She liked fucking men and had no interest in other women. But Alexia's caresses and torments equally drove her wild with a lust that they both had long ago given up trying to understand.

Alexia began to alternate the spanks with long, lingering strokes of her tongue and the alternating sensations were driving Penny wild. She could feel the girl panting and wriggling beneath her and it made her hot. Sexually, Alexia was even worse off than Penny. Due to her

constant and lifelong training to become the perfect assassin, she had never developed a normal sex life. Totally devoted to her craft, she was like a medieval nun as far as sex was concerned. Only her childhood friend and constant companion Penny was ever able to pierce the shield of iron hard discipline, perhaps because she had always been inside the shield as it had been forged. She often thought that Penny was the reason that she was still human and not purely a soulless death machine. Shaking off the introspection, she plunged her tongue into Penny's vagina and wriggled it playfully inside the tight wet hole, before giving her pussy another slap.

Suddenly, Penny felt the smooth blunt tip of the memory plastic dildo nose against her vaginal orifice. Alexia had switched on the vibrator, and the buzzing waves of motion rippled through her entire pussy. However, her entire body tensed not from the enjoyable sensations being produced by the vibrator, but because of what she knew was coming. Sex shops sold loads of "spiked" vibrators, but they were all designed to look frightening, but in reality the spikes were soft and flexible. It was almost impossible to find a true torture dildo – until now. On a whim, she had asked the workshops to create one out of the new memory plastic that they had developed for Deathwalk's arsenal. The spikes were real, hard and sharp. The controls only adjusted the size and length of the spikes, giving anything from tiny spikes that provided a sandpaper-like roughness, to long, terrifying spikes resembling something out of the African bush. She trusted Alexia not to rip her vagina apart, but that did not mean it wouldn't hurt. Quite the contrary.

Alexia grinned as she experimented with the spike settings. She wrapped her fist around the shaft and squeezed down on the spikes as she ran through the settings, until she found a setting that would give Penny something to think about without actually injuring her. She noted the setting, retracted the spikes and then smoothly slid the dildo into her assistant's pussy.

Penny gasped happily as the dildo worked its way in and out of her wet pussy humming busily, and she redoubled her own efforts on Alexia's pussy, working her tongue until it threatened to cramp. Suddenly entire body spasmed and the back of her head hit the floor as a tearing pain shot through her pussy. Alexia had activated the spikes, and now the slightest move of the dildo was agony. Even just sitting still it hurt because of the vibrator, which worked the spikes against the wall of her vagina with a sharp grinding motion. After a moment she realised that her pussy was not being ripped to shreds after all, and the pain subsided from intense agony to mere burning pain as her body adapted to the sensation. The feeling of intense vulnerability, of being totally subject to Alexia's desires, made the throbbing pain start to feel different, and exciting. Instead of resisting the pain, she opened herself up to the sensations generated by the spiked dildo and the raw, aching pain in her vagina transformed itself into an enjoyable kind of ache. She abandoned herself to this feeling and returned her attentions to Alexia's pussy.

Alexia felt her friend accept and adapt to the painful intruder in her vagina, and she began to carefully slide the dildo in and out again, dragging the spikes through the girl's tight pussy as she began to lick at her clitoris. She pressed her pussy down onto Penny's face just a little harder, held it down until she felt the girl begin to struggle for breath and then lifted it up enough so that she could actually catch a breath, and then immediately lowered her pussy again. She watched as the sticky, spike studded shaft drove in past the clenching orifice and deep into Penny's body, scraping and jabbing at her intensely sensitive flesh, making her body writhe in a slow motion dance of pain. The movement of the girl's body under hers was intensely erotic and she rubbed her pussy vigorously against Penny's face and tongue. She felt the girl's busy tongue on her clit bring her ever closer to her climax, and as she neared the peak she pumped the dildo harder and faster, pushing Penny to the limits of her endurance. When the girl screamed into her pussy Alexia came, hard and fast, showering her friend with the essence of her pussy.

Penny's cell phone rang, and the girl, who was still blindfolded by Alexia's pussy, slapped around the floor beside her in search of the device. When she finally found it, she slipped it between Alexia's thigh and her ear. "Yes? Great. You're sure of the place and time? All right, I'll tell the boss."

Alexia rolled off of Penny's body and sprang to her feet, energized by her recent orgasm. She held out a hand to help her friend to her feet and said, "They've contacted George?"

Penny grinned, wiping sticky moisture from around her lips. "Yes. They've sent a copy of the phone conversation to my computer, but basically there's a meeting scheduled for tomorrow. I'll arrange for a surveillance team to be there. Do you want to take the representative or tail him or her after the meeting?"

Alexia frowned and brushed at her hair. She shook her head. "These people are very professional. The messenger won't know anything. If I were them I would just deliver a disposable cell phone or encrypted walkie talkie. No, let's see what comes of the meeting. He's going to have to make payment for whatever services these people offer. That's when we have a definite target."

The meet was to be at Westfield London shopping mall. George drove up an hour early to make sure that he was not being followed. He knew that the police were not at all happy with him and there was a good chance that he was still under surveillance. After many random turns and reverses of direction, he finally drove up to the Mall, where he handed the keys over to the valet parking and strolled around the shops, keeping an eye on the reflections in the glass of the shop fronts. As the time for the meet neared, he made his way to The Balcony and managed to grab a table at the pie shop specified in the message. He ordered a steak and Guinness pie and a coffee and nibbled at it as he waited. The place was full of screaming children poking at their pies and flustered parents trying to stop food fights. The chances of being overheard or even being noticed by anyone was really low. Precisely at three fifteen p.m. a teen-aged girl with iPod buds stuck in her ears and blasting music loud enough to be heard yards away walked past his table on the way to the counter. She stopped next to him in order to adjust her music player and then walked on, having dropped a disposable cell phone in his hands.

Five minutes later, it rang. George pressed it to his ear and said, "This is Murray."

Hypatia's mocking voice said, "I hear that you're thinking of an extended stay in the Tropics."

George was shocked that she had found out that much about his problem, which he knew was Hypatia's intention. "Can you help me?" he said.

Hypatia said, "It would involve influencing a lot of people in the Home Secretary's office in order to knobble an extradition. Not the same as your last problem. It'll cost you five hundred thousand pounds."

"What!" George exclaimed. He smiled apologetically at the startled people occupying the neighbouring table and lowered his volume. "I can't afford that!"

Hypatia said, "I wonder what a lifetime of board and lodging in Singapore would cost? Not to mention the legal fees. If money laundering gets mentioned, the anti-terror people might get involved and then your assets would get frozen. I think half a million is very reasonable in light of the alternatives. It's your fault for getting caught with your fingers in the biscuit tin. The Triad have very long memories and an even longer reach."

George ground his teeth in helpless rage and stabbed his pie viciously. "All right. Agreed. How do I make payment?"

Hypatia said, "As before, only cash. The notes and packaging will be checked. If the notes are marked then you would be well advised to make your funereal arrangements. We will collect from your home this time. How long will you need to raise the amount?"

George did some calculations and said, "Four days. Come at seven p.m." The line went dead. He made a show of finishing his coffee, and strolled into one of the gents lavatories where he dumped the phone in the bin after wiping it clean while seated in a stall.

The waiter handed over the micro-recording unit that he had just removed from George's table and smiled at the hundred pounds that he received in exchange.

The surveillance technician plugged the tiny passive recorder into a player, checked that

George's conversation had been recorded and made a copy, which he surreptitiously dropped on the floor and which his partner picked up a moment later when he dropped his jacket. The technician smiled and headed back to his car. His bodyguard started the car and drove off, while the technician used his own phone to dial Penny's number and said, "This is Unit One. Got it. I'm coming in now. Unit Two has got a copy and is transmitting now." He slipped the recording into a hidden compartment in the body of the car.

At the same moment, his partner, codenamed "Unit Two", was logging in with his mini notebook and transmitting an encrypted copy of the recording over the net, watched over by his bodyguard. Penny had no idea how good the enemy's security was and she was taking no chances.

Half an hour later, Penny walked into Alexia's office in the building which housed her web porn business. There were entire rooms filled with servers and technicians, accountants and bookkeepers, and studios busily filming s&m porn. She waved a flash drive triumphantly. "Here it is. I just finished decoding it after it came in over the net."

Alexia looked up from the model photos and scripts for a new show and said, "Any trouble?"

Penny's face darkened. "We've lost contact with Unit One and his driver. There's a report of a traffic accident along Unit One's planned route. They won't find the recording, but it looks like their security is very good."

Alexia nodded. Losing one or more of her people was bad, but getting upset about it would only help the enemy. As she plugged the flash drive into her PC she said, "Have you listened to it?"

Penny nodded. "As we expected. He wants help to get out of the extradition, and it will cost him half a million pounds. Payment to be made in cash at his home in four days time. What do you intend to do?"

Alexia smiled savagely. "Get a little payback and some bait at the same time."

Penny pressed her body against Alexia's back. "Be careful. These people are dangerous."

Alexia leaned her head back against Penny's firm belly and said, "They're going to learn that there's only one result when you dance with the Grim Reaper."

Chapter Five

George answered the doorbell nervously, making sure that the metal suitcase wasn't visible from the street. He was pleasantly surprised to see a pretty, dark haired woman wearing a suit and tie. The two hulking goons behind her were not so pleasant to look at.

The woman smiled and said, "Good evening. Are you Mr Murray?"

Out of habit George started to smile and then changed to a scowl when he remembered the reason the woman was standing at his doorstep. "Yes, I'm Murray. What can I do for you?"

She didn't seem to notice his chilly attitude and continued to smile as she said, "I believe you have something for me. They told me to mention Singapore."

George shrugged and said, "Wait here," and closed the door. Stepping into the living room he lifted the handle of the aluminium suitcase and towed it towards the door. Recalling what was inside the suitcase, he paused for a moment. Half a bloody million pounds. This would almost wipe out his working capital. He would have to borrow heavily or sell some of his properties to get back into business. Reluctantly, he opened the door again. The woman and her muscle were still waiting patiently on the doorstep. She was still smiling too. He pushed the suitcase towards her. "It's all there," he said, and then felt stupid for saying it.

The woman nodded. "I'm sure it is. Naturally, if the amount is short, we will not take any action on your behalf until the shortage is made up." She stepped aside and one of the men picked the suitcase up without seeming to notice the weight. The woman said, "Thank you Mr Murray. You should be receiving some good news very soon."

"I should bloody hope so," George said ungraciously. "I don't suppose I get a receipt."

The woman's smile seemed to contain a trace of mockery as she said, "Unfortunately, we're not registered for VAT Mr Murray. Good evening." The trio turned and marched away towards their waiting car. There was one more man standing by the vehicle and the driver was still in his seat. The mist from the exhaust indicated that the engine was still running. The suitcase was locked into the boot and the woman got into the back of the car. The men made a final suspicious scan of the area before boarding.

George watched the car drive away down the road. Five hundred bloody thousand pounds.

Alexia knew that there was no chance that they would be able to plant a tracker on the enemy's car, so she had authorised five tail vehicles, one driven by Penny, plus herself on a motorcycle. The five cars alternated from leading and tailing the target, minimising the chance that a sudden turn off would lose the tail. Alexia was wearing a motorcycle courier's jacket and was the backup, as she could jump lanes and completely reverse direction without making a visible mess of the traffic. The plan was not to follow the target car back to its base. Their opponents would be utterly stupid to drive straight home. It was more likely that they would find a safe place to wait out the night and then deposit the money in a bank or safe deposit box. Alexia could not risk her people being spotted, as a single phone call back to their opponent's base of operations and they would all just disappear. Alexia knew they would be hard pressed to get another chance at finding Hypatia since George was their only clear lead, and especially if Hypatia knew that someone was on her trail.

When the car they were following finally turned into a road that was empty of any other traffic, Alexia gave the signal and the tail car in front of the target vehicle suddenly stopped, forcing the target car to crash into its rear. The driver of the crash car was a woman, who was wearing a grey wig so as to appear harmless as possible. She had timed it so that the impact had been quite severe, and she now staggered out of the vehicle, looking stunned and possibly injured.

The driver of the target vehicle was unhurt, and slowly climbed out of the car to inspect the damage. The man in the front passenger seat appeared to have hit his head and was slumped in his seat.

Alexia rolled up silently behind them and leapt off of her bike. Her dart pistol was in one hand and the HK MP7 loaded with armour piercing ammunition in the other. The "old lady" produced a suppressed Colt 1911 .45 pistol and shot the driver twice in the head at close range, which avoided his body armour if he was wearing any, and then shot the injured passenger twice in the chest through the shattered windscreen. This had the effect of encouraging the two men in the back seats to kick open their doors and step out of the car, guns drawn.

Unfortunately for them, they were facing the wrong threat, as they had not noticed Alexia coming up behind them, and she shot each of them with twice, killing both of them nearly instantaneously.

Another two of Alexia's men ran up to either side of the target car. One man held a Taser pistol in each hand and he fired a set of darts towards the woman's body the moment he was in range. However, the woman was able to dodge the darts by dropping down in to the leg space and shielding herself with her coat. But the darts from his second Taser caught her in the shoulder and she went down, jerking and yelling in pain.

The other man ran up to the opposite door and leaned into the car. He injected the quivering woman with a dose of Pancuronium, the paralysing drug that was until recently, used as part of the lethal injection process in many parts of the United States. Two minutes later, she went limp and he put a black hood over her head and tied it around her neck.

Alexia fired a dart into the front passenger just in case he was wearing armour, and then summoned Penny's car with her radio.

In the meantime, the men had replaced the target vehicle's license plates with fake ones and loaded the four corpses into their own vehicles. Both of the cars involved in the collision were able to move, and they drove off, while one man poured bleach onto the blood stains on the pavement and another swept up the larger shards of glass.

Penny's car pulled up and the men loaded the drugged woman and the suitcase into the back of the car, and Penny drove off, followed by Alexia on her motorcycle.

Minutes later, the road was empty, with only a wet stain on the pavement and some broken glass remaining to indicate anything at all had happened.

Tamara felt the drug induced paralysis wearing off, and she was able to move her head and fingers. Unfortunately, her wrists were strapped together and shackled to the middle of what felt like a steel bar that was also attached to her ankles at either end, and her elbows were strapped to each other. Her knees were forced wide apart and strapped to a wooden surface, probably with Velcro straps. The result of the combination of bonds was to force her hips and back to arch painfully upwards with her arms pulled rigidly in a straight line behind her shoulders. Something was supporting her head so that she was facing the ceiling rather than hanging backwards between her cramped shoulders. The drug they had used had not put her to sleep, so she remembered everything that happened after the crash and she knew that she was not in the hands of the police. Hypatia had informants in every major intelligence organisation in the country and there had been no indication that action of this kind had been authorised. So it had to be some kind of black ops group or even mercenaries.

Terror made her painfully strained muscles quiver, and the stifling darkness of the hood suddenly felt suffocating. A door slammed, and she jumped in fright. She shouted, "Who's there? What do you want? You are making a huge mistake. My employer is very powerful, and unless you let me go, you're all dead." Something cold and hard touched her side and then she screamed as an agonising charge of electricity jolted the muscles of her tightly strained waist. The cattle prod touched her inner thigh, her shoulder, foot, buttocks, belly and then her pussy, each time sending a blast of pain shooting through her body. The silence of her torturer, the random nature of the attacks and the hood over her face made the punishment terrifying as well as painful, and after half an hour she was panting and shaking violently, putting intense strain on her joints and spine. Her knees were

hurting badly too due to the enforced and extended kneeling on the hard surface. All her pleas and attempts at communication had been ignored, and she screamed in frustration. "What do you want? Why are you doing this? You already have the money."

Terror froze her heart when a soft female voice whispered near her head, "Why? Because I enjoy torturing women to death. My employer has already taken the money and paid my fee. You are just a bonus."

Tamara was shocked as a powerful vibrator was suddenly shoved against her pussy. Despite the pain and fear, it did not take long for the vibrator to force an orgasm out of her, making her scream in anger. The scream changed to a shriek of agony as the cattle prod was applied to her clitoris. Then the vibrator started again.

The voice returned and hissed, "After a couple of days of this, most women that I play with completely lose their ability to enjoy sex. Of course it didn't matter to them as they all died within a month or so. You'd be amazed how creative they got in pleading to be allowed to die towards the end." A finger stroked her taut belly and the voice said, "I have these special instruments that will let me push fine electrical wires up through your vagina, into your womb and finally to your ovaries. You know how men often scream like little babies when they get hit in the balls, well you'll find out why when I apply a small current to your ovaries. Some women have actually snapped the bones of their arms and legs trying to escape the pain. Oh, we're going to have so much fun, you and I."

Tamara screamed and cried in horror. "Please, don't do that to me. I beg of you. Look, I know things, important things. You can sell the information for a lot of money. Don't hurt me and I'll tell you everything."

The voice came back again. "Silly girl, in the end you'll tell me everything anyway to try to stop the pain. They always do. You'd be amazed at the things that girls tell me hoping that I will let them die."

The cattle prod touched her clitoris again and Tamara screamed as tendons in her shoulder tore under her maddened struggles. "No! Please, I really have important information. Even the Government will pay you anything you ask for it. Please, please, I beg of you."

The voice sighed in her ear, sounding bored. "Look, if you really have to get all this nonsense off of your chest before I can get back to torturing you without all this incessant babbling, why don't you just say what you have to say right now, so that I can tell you that I don't give a shit. People under torture come up with all kinds of rubbish in order to stop the pain. Then when you've run out of lies, maybe you'll just scream nicely when I use the blowtorch on your nipples and the power sander on your clit. Screams have such a basic purity, don't you think? Oh all right then, tell me your fairy tales. Just don't take too long about it or I might cut off your tongue instead, just so I can be free of your interruptions."

The cattle prod visited her nipples, the unbearable pain straining Tamara's spine to the breaking point. Absolute terror broke Tamara's will completely. "Please, just listen to me. I do contract work for a woman named Hypatia. She's part of a world wide organisation that sells influence to criminals and politicians. They kidnap and torture relatives, and then offer to stop if their loved ones will do things for them. I hear Hypatia likes to personally handle the attractive women ..."

Tamara went on for nearly an hour, babbling everything and anything that she thought might be of interest and value. Penny looked up from listening to the recording and said accusingly, "You enjoyed that, didn't you?"

Alexia smiled. "Of course I did. It was the fact that I was utterly sincere about enjoying the thought of torturing her, and my very real willingness to kill her that made me convincing. A person can be trained to resist torture inflicted by an expert who is trying to extract information, but a manic who doesn't care what you know and only wants to hear you scream for as long as possible before you die is utterly terrifying."

Penny said, "Pity she didn't know where we could find this Hypatia and her crew. What are you going to do with the information that she gave us?"

Alexia said, "Put a package together and I'll arrange a meeting with our MI5 contact. I will take out Hypatia and their other leaders, but it will require ordinary police work to clean up the rank and file."

Penny said, "Do you trust them? MI5, I mean."

A rare flash of anger passed over Alexia's face. "Not at all."

"So what now? Hypatia will likely be missing Tamara's group and the money by now," Penny said.

Alexia nodded. "Indeed. When she realises that the money has disappeared along with Tamara's entire group, the obvious starting point for her to find out what happened will be George Murray, who will be the obvious suspect, since theoretically no one else knew about it. So that is where we need to be. But to draw Hypatia out, we also need to simplify the playing board."

Penny looked levelly at Alexia and said, "So George Murray has to die."

Alexia nodded. "With him dead, they will have no choice but to capture and question the not-too-bright girl that George had picked up just before getting killed, in the hopes that she will know what happened to the money. Given Hypatia's tastes it is likely that she will want to see her in person." She shook out her hair into a loose, tousled cloud, struck an exaggeratedly sexy pose and rather vacant expression, her jaw working on a piece of imaginary chewing gum. "What do you think?"

Penny giggled and said, "I think the gum is a bit too much. George could afford a better class of tart, or he at least he could before Hypatia got her claws into him."

Alexia made a tossing motion. "All right, no gum. But seriously, we need to get moving. I'll arrange with Terrance of MI5 to pick up a package at the arranged drop spot. Have someone who doesn't know anything about us to make the drop. Then take the money to the empty lockup in Dagenham and set the place up as we discussed. Give me the estate agent's details and the title deeds to the lockup, and I'll go and visit Mr Murray."

Alexia cautiously approached George's home. It was nearly one a.m. and the street was silent and empty except for parked cars. After watching the street for ten minutes, she began to walk towards the house. She was in Deathwalk's armour and fully armed in case Hypatia's people had beaten them to the punch and reversed the ambush. The black, knee length duster she wore concealed the weapons and equipment without being hampering her motion, and her helmet, goggles and face guard looked sufficiently like a full face crash helmet not to draw too much attention from a casual passer-by. She checked the street one more time, especially the parked cars, and then strode quickly towards George's front door, keeping to the shadows as much as she could.

She was about fifty yards from the house when a snap of sound made her spin towards the opposite side of the road, but it was too late. A hypodermic dart struck her upper thigh just as it cleared the duster. Her suit was made of kevlar, but was practically useless against the coarse hypodermic needle. She grunted in pain as the sliver of metal stabbed into her muscle. She dived for the ground, rolled and drew her pistol while simultaneously ripping out the dart with her other hand. Since she wasn't already dead, she assumed that it had to be some kind of tranquilliser. She triggered the infra-red vision in her goggles as she dived over the low fence of the house that she was passing and simultaneously slapped an automatic injector into her thigh, dosing herself with flumazenil, an antidote to many benzodiazepines like the "date rape" drug Rohypnol. She scanned the road but saw nothing suspicious, even when she switched to night vision mode. The sniper had either left, or was skilful enough to shield against infra-red detection.

When she didn't die or fall asleep after three minutes she assumed that the antidote had worked. She had informed Penny about the dart, and now reassured her frantic assistant that she seemed to be all right, and then silently made her way into George's front garden. Since no one had come out

to try to capture her and the sniper had not resorted to more deadly ammunition, she had no choice but to continue with her mission and hope that whoever it was had left after the dart had failed. She would deal with them later, whoever they were.

She flexed her leg make sure that it was working properly and then flattened herself against the wall beside the front door of George's house. When she was sure that he didn't have a security camera that could monitor the doorstep she reached out and pressed the doorbell.

It took George nearly five minutes before he came to the door and suspiciously peered through the gap permitted by the security chain. "Whose there?" he asked, sounding annoyed. From his voice it was obvious that he had been drinking.

It didn't sound like George had someone behind him with a gun so Alexia removed her helmet and stepped up to the door. She said softly, "Hypatia sent me."

Annoyed and alarmed, George unfastened the chain and peered out at her. "What the hell do you want? You've already got the money."

Alexia looked grim and said, "That's exactly the problem. We haven't received the money."

George's face paled in shock. "What! That's impossible. I gave it to the woman and her goons hours ago."

Alexia pushed him back and said, "Let's discuss this inside, shall we?"

Still in shock at the thought of losing half a million pounds, George let Alexia into the house and closed the door. He said belligerently, "Look, I've given you the damned money. It's not my bloody problem if your own people have double crossed you."

Alexia said, "That's true. I'm sorry. I just need your help to find out what happened."

George relaxed a little at her apology. "As you should be. So what do you" His voice trailed off and his eyes widened in shock. For a second he stared at the dart that protruded from the centre of his chest, and then his face went slack and he fell to the ground dead."

Alexia dodged his falling body and said, "I'm sorry I had to kill you." Then she remembered the dead policeman, the other policeman who had been blackmailed into becoming a murderer and pushed to suicide, and the way that George had treated the twins. "On the other hand, perhaps not," she said with a small smile. She holstered her pistol and then, with an amazing display of strength, lifted George's limp corpse and carried him upstairs and tossed him onto his bed. She quickly undressed and rolled around on the bed, getting some of her hairs on the pillows. She lay on her back and pushed a finger into her pussy and frigged herself vigorously in order to simulate a "fucked" look and to produce some sex juice. She grabbed the bed sheet and rubbed it on her pussy, getting the smell of her sex on it, and rubbed some of her juices on George's flaccid cock and pubic hair, as well as on her own thighs and belly.

Then she stuffed her Deathwalk clothes and gear into a black elastic mesh bag, which had a string and metal hook attached to it. She went to a window facing the rear of the house and hung the bag from the sill and closed the window. It was unlikely that Hypatia's people would find it when they searched the house for the money. She kept the black calf-high boots and tossed them, along with a skimpy red dress which she had taken from a pocket of her duster, onto the floor next to the bed. Then she placed the deeds to the lockup on a writing table. The final touch was to grab a second glass and to rinse her mouth with George's whisky, letting some dribble down onto her breasts. Then she got on the bed and waited. When the searchers arrived, she would appear to be drunk and hysterical from having George drop dead next to her after they had both dozed off after sex.

Unfortunately, she had not taken the unexpected tranquilliser attack in the street into account. The antidote had a shorter half life than the benzodiazepine that had been injected into her, and moments after she lay down on the bed, the antidote wore off. The deadly combination of stress and the Rohypnol took effect and she fell into a drug induced doze even as she was wondering who had taken the shot at her. She had just mentally fastened on the most likely suspect when everything went dark.

Chapter Six

Alexia was unpleasantly dragged back to awareness by a sharp stabbing pain in the sole of her foot. As she stirred, someone slapped her in the face. A lifetime of discipline prevented her from trying to strike back. She made herself mumble drunkenly, "Whaa ... ow, that hurt. Stoppit. George, is that you? Stop fucking around. Any kinky stuff will cost you extra."

A female voice said, "Wake up you stupid tart, and shut up until I tell you to talk."

Alexia struggled to sit up and found that she was lying on some kind of padded examination table, and she was still naked. She glanced around and said, "What is this place, and who the hell are you? Is this a hospital? Where's George? I think that bastard slipped me a roofie. I want to make a complaint. Where are my clothes?" She uttered a shocked gasp and fell back clutching herself when the woman punched her hard in the stomach. She had been expecting something like that, and it was only because she had tensed her abdominal muscles in anticipation that prevented more serious damage. However, she curled up and whined, making sick noises.

The woman slapped Alexia's face and said, "I'll break your fingers if you throw up on the furniture."

Alexia whimpered and said, "Don't hurt me. I'm just an escort. I don't have any money. I'll do anything you want. Just don't hit me again." She twisted and dodged fearfully, shielding her face with her arm, which hid the way that she was examining the room. She spotted her red dress and boots sitting on a chair. There was only one exit and no windows, and the room was lit by harsh florescent lighting like a morgue.

The woman shouted, "Sit still and stop wriggling like a bitch in heat. What's your name and how did you wind up in George Murray's bed?"

Alexia snivelled and said sullenly, "My name's Allie, Allie Jones. As I've already said, I'm an escort. That George person called my agency. Urgent outcall. Offered extra if a girl could get there within half an hour. The manager said that he sounded like trouble and charged him fifty percent over the going rate, but he didn't seem to care. A lot of the girls didn't want to go, but I needed the cash, so I put my hand up for it. He was in a strange mood and dragged me to the bed as soon as I arrived. No chat, or foreplay. But he did offer me some whisky and he had some too. Good stuff. Bastard must have put the roofies in it. Then we got right down to business. We fucked, missionary, really boring, he only lasted a couple of minutes and then fell back on the bed like they always do, muttering to himself."

Naturally, Alexia was making all of this up, but there was something very wrong. She couldn't clearly remember what had happened after the time they had intercepted Tamara and her guards. She realised that she was suffering from short term amnesia caused by the Rohypnol. This was a serious problem since she remembered enough to know that the plan was to lure Hypatia to the place that they had hidden the money, after bravely holding out for a reasonable time under their questioning, and to kill her there. Unfortunately, Alexia really couldn't remember the address of the hiding place of the money, which was not going to please Hypatia at all. On the other hand, if Hypatia came to the conclusion that Alexia didn't know anything about the money, then she would probably just have her killed offhand. Alexia's only option was to make them think that she knew something but was trying to keep the money for herself, and to endure whatever torture they might inflict until her memory returned. She mentally sighed. It promised to be a long, painful night.

The room's door opened, and from the way her interrogator behaved, Alexia guessed that this new arrival was Hypatia who, according to Tamara was the head of this part of their operation. She was tall, confident and looked like a sexy corporate executive. Since the interrogator made no attempt to brief her boss, Alexia assumed that she had been watching on a security camera on the side of the room that she hadn't seen yet.

Hypatia walked briskly up to Alexia, studying her curiously. Her eyes ran over Alexia's naked body with a more than academic degree of interest. She said, "Old George certainly had good taste, if you like them young and athletic." She smiled. "And I do." She reached out a brushed Alexia's

cheek with the backs of her fingers.

Alexia smiled back hopefully. She said, "What do you want from me? I'll tell you anything you want." She let her voice drop and added, "I'll do anything you like too." She looked up at Hypatia through her eyelashes and gently rocked her breasts, hoping that she was doing a believable imitation of a scared and not very bright prostitute. It was obvious that Hypatia was playing nice for the moment, but Alexia knew that the woman's attitude could change in the blink of an eye.

Hypatia nodded thoughtfully and said, "Well why don't you start by telling me what he was muttering about before you both fell asleep."

Alexia tensed. This was the critical moment. She frowned, obviously in unaccustomed deep thought. She said, "Well, he told me how tight my fanny was and how good it ... Ow! What was that for?" She pressed her face to her reddened cheek where Hypatia had slapped her.

Hypatia said, "I don't give a flying fuck about your cunt or your arse hole. Did Murray say anything about my money?"

A rather dim bulb lit up over Alexia's head. "Oh, money. Why didn't you say so. He did say something about getting his money back and how clever he'd been." She let a look of low cunning pass over her face, making sure that Hypatia caught it before she reverted to her hopeful smile. "That's all I remember. My memory's all blurry like. Maybe it's the roofies."

Hypatia paced around the examination table, hands behind her back. When she was in front of Alexia again, she said, "Are you sure that's all you remember?"

Alexia nodded eagerly.

Hypatia said, "You know what? I don't believe you." Her hand shot out and grabbed Alexia's ear and twisted hard. "So you want to fuck with me? All right. I tried to be nice. Instead, we're going to have some fun." She glanced at her watch, turned to the interrogator and said, "Get her ready. I'll attend to her myself." Her people had removed George's body, so whoever had helped him take back his money from Tamara would waste their time looking for him for instructions, and it was possible that they wouldn't even know what was in the suitcase.

Alexia bent over, trying to ease the pain. "Ouch! Ow! Stop that. I'm telling the truth. I can't tell you what I don't know."

Hypatia's grin was shark-like. "You'd be amazed what people discover they know when the pain gets bad enough." She knew that as an intelligence gathering method, torture was not very reliable at all, but in a simple, provable matter such as this one, torture could be very effective. If she really didn't know anything, then no amount of torture would get her to talk. On the other hand, if she did, there would come a point where the pain became greater than her greed. Besides, Hypatia enjoyed torturing pretty women and even if the prostitute really didn't know anything, beating the shit out of the stupid cow would help her get over the frustration of losing half a million pounds, whether to George or to some unknown adversary.

The nameless interrogator slapped a pair of handcuffs on Alexia's wrists and hooked them to a carabiner which was in turn attached to a nylon rope that dangled from a pulley on the ceiling. It was obvious that the room was designed for this kind of work. The careless way in which she handled her captive indicated that they did not consider her dangerous. Either that, or they were deliberately tempting her to try to escape.

Alexia stood docilely as the woman went over to turn the crank of the winch that was attached to the wall. The rope shortened and gradually lifted her arms while she kept up a steady stream of pleas and moans to stay in character. The woman stopped winding the crank when Alexia's arms were straight over her head, but leaving her still able to stand flat on her feet. She was also able to see more of the room now and discovered that rather than a video monitoring system, there was a large glass window in the wall behind her, leading into an adjoining room. She saw several comfortable chairs and a camera tripod through the window, which made the purpose of the room obvious.

The woman slapped Alexia on the bottom and said, "You just hang around like a good girl. The boss will be back in a while to play with you."

It appeared that they were going to leave her hanging for a while so that her own fear would

soften her up, a standard interrogation technique. She had not expected this stroke of luck, but she was going to take full advantage of it. She checked the room once more for cameras and that the adjoining room was still empty. She also listened for any sounds coming from outside the room. When she was certain that she was going to be left alone, at least for a few minutes if not longer, she reached up and grabbed the rope with both hands and pulled her legs up off of the ground. With a grunt of effort, her shoulder and abdominal muscles rippled and she lifted her body up, curling her legs over her head until her ankles locked around the rope just above her hands. With the strength and flexibility of an Olympic gymnast, she straightened her body and arms so that she was doing a handstand on the rope. Gripping the rope with her legs and feet, she unhooked the carabiner from the handcuffs and then reversed the climb to drop onto the floor. Freed from the rope, she dashed to her boots and pulled out from a seam a tiny lock-pick designed for handcuffs. She glanced at the viewing window to make sure that she was still unobserved, and then with a wince, she lowered her hands to her pussy and forced the pick up into her urethra. The bent end of the pick scratched and jabbed painfully and would probably give her an infection later, but it was unlikely to be found. Torture of the urethra was usually done for fun rather than interrogations as it was fiddly and it was difficult to judge the amount of damage being done. If Hypatia decided to shove a catheter into her, then the pick would be driven into her bladder and she would need micro surgery to remove it, but it would not be fatal. Then she activated the high powered GPS trackers built into a decorative button in the dress and the heel of her boot, hoping that the batteries would last long enough.

With that done, she hurriedly returned to the dangling rope, jumped up to grab the end of it and repeated her handstand. She re-attached her handcuffs to the carabiner and lowered herself to the ground. Her entire body glistened with sweat and she was panting from the effort. She hoped that she would have enough time to cool down before Hypatia came back or the woman might get suspicious. With nothing else left to do for the time being, she closed her eyes and dozed.

Penny saw the GPS trackers come on line with relief. She had watched them carry Alexia's limp and naked body out of George's house on the video camera that Alexia had attached to a lamp post and she knew something had gone badly wrong. It would have been too dangerous to try to tail the team that Hypatia sent after George, as they would be suspicious and on the alert, so their plan had relied on the GPS trackers to allow Penny to track Alexia's movements. But when Hypatia's people brought her out, the GPS trackers had not been activated, and Penny watched helplessly as they took her away. When they were gone, she drove into the road and ran to the neighbouring garden where Alexia had hidden. She hopped over the fence and scanned the ground with a shielded torchlight. It only took a moment for her to find the discarded dart exactly where Alexia had said it would be. She ran back to the car and rushed back to headquarters to see if she could trace the source of the dart, and to wait for word from Alexia. Now that the signals were on, she worked frantically to locate them on the map and to make plans. Alexia was alive and had some degree of freedom to act. Penny smiled. The game was on again.

Almost hour later, Hypatia returned, grinning in anticipation. She examined Alexia's well toned body and marvelled at the amount of time the whore must have spent in the gym. Apparently keeping the money making machine in good condition required as much dedication as it did to be a professional athlete. She hoped that the woman would not be too stubborn, as she would prefer to leave her in reasonable condition for the time being so that she could keep her around and have fun with her. She had a few of the hostages, who had become useless because the blackmail targets had become non-functional, either through suicide, illness or being killed while trying to carry out their instructions. A few had even gone mad from the stress. However, none of those hostages looked as good as this particular specimen and they had all been badly damaged in the course of

"encouraging" the targets to cooperate.

Hypatia stood in front of the frightened and tired looking woman, holding her hands behind her back and with her legs braced and apart. She mentally licked her lips as she studied her firm, perky breasts and taut, flat belly. The tart was clean shaven, so Hypatia had a good view of her pussy. Her inner labia and clitoral hood were well developed and stood slightly proud of her outer labia, rendering them nice and vulnerable to a simple whipping. She reached out and gave one of her nipples a flick with her fingernail. "Ready to tell me about my money? Or at least about the suitcase."

Looking miserable, Alexia said, "What suitcase? I don't think George was going anywhere. You think I stole his luggage? I'm not a thief. I'm an honest woman."

Hypatia grabbed the nipple and squeezed hard. "Shut up you stupid cow. I don't want to hear any more stupid babbling unless you have something useful to say. Understand?" She emphasised each word with a pinch of her nipple and punctuated the sentence by twisting and lifting her nipple up in a painful stretch.

Alexia went up on her toes, making frantic faces of pain. "Ow, ow, yes I understand. Quiet. No talking." She pressed her lips tightly together and nodded her head.

Hypatia sighed. "All right. Let's try again. Where is my money?"

Alexia shook her head. "I don't know. I remember he said something about money, but the rest is a blur. I can't believe that the cheap git gave me roofies. Flash house and expensive furniture and all, and the bastard is too cheap to pay me. Either that, or he was some kind of perv and was going to do things to me while I was out. Good thing he dropped dead before he got around to it."

Hypatia slapped Alexia's breast hard, making her groan in pain. "I warned you about that mouth of yours." She continued to beat the suspended woman's breasts, each slap making a sharp crack and leaving a dark red bruise, only stopping when her breasts were sorely bruised and battered, with black and blue marks forming where her hands had struck with particular force.

Alexia's memory of the hiding place for the money still showed no signs of returning, and she resigned herself to just hanging there and absorbing the punishment until something changed. She had to make an effort to deliberately appear suspicious to keep Hypatia's interest, otherwise they might decide just to dispose of her. Hypatia had strong hands and the beating of her breasts was leaving deep bruises that made her breasts feel like they were on fire, so she had no problem making the appropriate noises of distress.

Hypatia grew bored with slapping the whore's breasts, and selected a cane from a box full of the flexible rattan rods. She grabbed Alexia's shoulder and spun her body around so that her arse was at a suitable angle, and then slashed the cane across her cheeks hard. The kiss of the cane made the whore dance and twist amusingly, and she held on tightly to her shoulder as she laid on another six of the best.

Alexia yelled in pain. "Ouch, ow, stop that, I don't know anything about your sodding money. He didn't tell me where he put the half million, I swear."

Hypatia pounced on the titbit at once. "Half million? I never mentioned that figure. I think that somebody's fibbing." She cracked the cane across the back of the whore's thighs. "And you know what naughty girls get, don't you?" she said, adding another five strokes across the woman's kicking thighs. She stepped around to her front and began beating that side of her thighs, timing her strokes to catch a thigh whenever she placed her weight on that leg, thereby immobilising it.

The beating of her bottom and thighs really hurt, but it was preferable to lots of other things that Hypatia could be doing to her, so Alexia tried to be as amusing as possible, letting Hypatia toy with her. Unless her memory made a sudden recovery, things were going to get much more unpleasant soon enough. This prediction came to pass within moments when Hypatia rapped her hard across the shin with the cane, inflicting a throbbingly painful bone bruise. It made her wobble and forced her to suddenly throw her weight on the handcuffs, which dug into her wrists hard enough to abrade the skin and to wrench at her shoulders. The loss of equilibrium was a shock to the system as well as to her body, making her heart pound and her extremities go cold. Alexia realised that the woman was very skilled in torture, perhaps even professionally trained. The tip of

the cane slammed down on her foot, which was agonizingly painful and which once again threw her balance off and wrenched her arms and shoulders. She wailed, "I don't know anything, I really don't or at least I can't remember anything right now."

Hypatia chuckled and said, "Well I'm sure that if I keep giving you these little reminders, your memory will improve soon enough." Without warning, she shifted her aim to Alexia's breasts. The cane whacked hard across her nipples with dire precision, forcing an unfeigned scream from her victim as flecks of blood glistened from torn skin. She continued to cane the whore's nipples, skilfully and ruthlessly laying the cane precisely across both nipples again and again.

Alexia saw no reason to be stoic, so she screamed and screamed, shouting hoarsely for mercy and throwing her torso from side to side in frantic attempts to dodge the cane. The damage to her nipples was not in any way disabling, but it hurt like hell. When the beating stopped, she hung limply from her wrists, panting and sobbing.

Hypatia was visibly excited, and unashamedly rubbed her crotch and squeezed her thighs together as she studied the sobbing woman's welt covered breasts. Her gaze shifted to the prostitute's pussy and she grinned and turned to a plastic case that looked like a folding tool box. She lifted the lid and ran her finger down the row of neatly packed items until she found what she wanted. Holding it in her hand, she turned back to Alexia, who was back on her feet, but still sobbing with pain. She prodded her in the belly with the tip of the cane. "Spread your legs, wide."

Alexia shook her head frantically. "No, no, not there. Please."

Hypatia rubbed her chin and said, "Well, if you really prefer, I can go back to caning your nipples, although you won't have much left by the time I'm finished." She prodded Alexia's nipple and then her lower belly. "Well? Which is it to be."

With unfeigned reluctance, Alexia groaned and shuffled her legs apart. In order to adequately spread her legs, she had to go up onto the tips of her toes, adding more discomfort to her list of pains in the form of aching calf and thigh muscles. Her taut body quivering with strain, she watched apprehensively as Hypatia knelt down between her thighs. She was surprised when instead of the fire of the cane, she felt her tormentor's fingers probing gently between her pussy lips. She soon found out why when a long, serrated clip closed its jaws tightly over her clit. It felt like Hypatia had cut her clit with a knife or scissors and she yelped in panic, not daring to move in case she cut herself worse. To her relief, she realised a moment later that it was a powerful steel clip that was biting her clit. The clip had a strange design, with a short rod sticking perpendicularly from the grip, which ended in a closed loop. She soon realised the purpose of the rod when Hypatia hooked a small lead weight onto the loop. The clip was long enough so that the rod did not droop to hang vertically between her legs. Instead, it stuck out horizontally like a tiny penis, with the weight adding a painful drag against the sharp teeth that bit at her clit and prepuce.

Hypatia stood up and smiled. "Move your hips. Go on, shake your arse." She enforced her command with a threatening wave of the cane.

Alexia did as she was told and gasped in pain when the movement of her hips made the lead weight swing like a pendulum, yanking the clip from side to side, and like the biting motions of a shark, sawed the teeth of the clip against her clit. She realised that any violent movement of her hips could cause serious damage to her clit, possibly even cutting it off. Once again, the torture was designed to inflict fear as well as pain. Alexia was pretty sure what was coming next and gritted her teeth.

Hypatia pointed at the clit attachment with her cane and said, "Are you sure you don't have anything to tell me before we start? I've had girls cut their own clits off with that thing."

Alexia let her fear show on her face. "Don't do this. Look, I think my memory coming back. I seem to remember George saying something about sending a suitcase somewhere."

Hypatia tapped the dangling weight. "Were?"

Alexia gasped and tried to shrink back from the cane. "I can't remember. I was so sleepy and high from the roofies and I was only thinking of going to sleep."

Hypatia shook her head. "Not good enough. Now listen carefully. Here's the game. I'm going to cane your pussy, and you're going to keep your legs wide apart just as they are. If you move or try

to dodge, I will hit the weight instead, like this." She gave a lead pendulum a hard tap.

The impact made the clip's sharp teeth rock and bite into Alexia's clit like the fangs of a gigantic insect and she screamed in horror. She shook her head rapidly and said, "I won't move. Don't do that any more."

The cane dropped towards the floor and Hypatia said, "We'll see about that after you've had a few of these." On the last word, the tip of the cane shot upwards to bury itself in Alexia's pussy with a muffled thwack, driven by Hypatia's powerful wrist. She laughed as the suffering prostitute's entire body quivered, struggling to absorb the horrible, intimate pain without shaking the lead weight dragging at her clitoris. She said, "Well done! You saved your clit that time. Let's see how long you can keep it up." The cane dropped, paused and then shot upwards again to slash into the helpless pussy with agonising force.

Alexia's teeth squeaked as they ground against each other, and the muscles of her jaw bulged and writhed as the awful pain of her caned pussy exploded into her abdomen. Her feet flexed and twisted from the pain, making the lead weight rock and the steel teeth dig further into her clit and labia, sending a separate jolt of agony tearing through her body. The terror of having her clit completely severed was worse than the pain of her beaten pussy, especially since the movements of the pendulum were unplanned and totally dependent on her own ability to hold still and allow her pussy to be caned. She screamed as the cane struck again, the tip driving right into her vaginal orifice and punishing the immensely sensitive parts hidden within. She could feel her inner labia swelling from the beating, making them even more vulnerable targets for the cane. Two more strokes came in quick succession, making her hips involuntarily twist and writhe in agony, and sending the lead pendulum into wide swinging arcs that pulled and jerked the metal fangs of the clip and sawed at her clit. The metal teeth had cut through the delicate skin around her clit and was digging into the flesh and nerves, creating blinding pain that made her vision go red and her body shake uncontrollably, which in turn added to the motion of the weight. The combination of the steady beating of her pussy and the tiny blades cutting into her most sensitive flesh resulted in unbelievable agony. Her mind scrambled madly in her skull, seeking a means of escape from the horror, and suddenly it was as if heavy velvet curtains had been drawn aside in the theatre of her mind, and all was revealed. She took two more of the vicious cane strokes to her pussy before she was able to sort through her jumbled memories and find the particular scrap of information that she needed. She yelled, "Wait! Wait! I remember now. I remember what he said. Don't hit my pussy any more. I remember."

Hypatia tapped the cane against her leg, staring sceptically at her victim. "All right then, tell me. I warn you, if you give me more of your bullshit I'm going to start hitting the clip instead."

Gasping with pain, Alexia said, "It was just as I was drifting off to sleep. That fucker George was chuckling, telling me how he had drugged me and that he was going to chuck me out in the street without paying me a penny after he was done. Then I remember he was talking to himself. He said something like, 'As soon as I'm sure that bitch Hypatia isn't watching, I'll pop round to the lockup and get the suitcase back,' and then he went on and on about how smart he was and how he was going to fuck my arse hole until "

Hypatia jabbed the cane into Alexia's pussy impatiently. "Lockup? A shop house? What shop house? That's no good to me you stupid bitch. I'm going to "

Alexia yelled desperately. "Wait, wait, there's more. When I first arrived at his place, I had a little wander round as I always do. It helps to see what kind of bloke the punter is. What music he likes, any trophies for golf or tennis or something so that I can get him talking about himself. Anyway, I saw this bunch of papers on the table, with a photo. It was a shot of an old clapped out lockup, and the papers were some kind of legal documents, property deeds and such. That kind of stuff is good too, as people are always proud of their new properties and love to talk about it." She saw Hypatia raise the cane threateningly and she twisted her hips. "I'm trying, all right? Don't hit me. I remember ... I remember this letter from the estate agent, and it had an address on it. Somewhere in Dagenham. Look, you can go back and check if you don't believe me. It must still be on the table."

Hypatia's face blazed with triumph. She snatched up a pad and pen and made Alexia recite the address for her.

Alexia smiled hopefully and said, "Is that it? Can I go now?"

Hypatia slapped the pendulum spitefully with the cane and said, "You're coming with me. If I find out that you've been telling porkies, then I'll rip your clit out of your whore cunt right there and burn the place down with you inside it. Understand?"

Alexia nodded earnestly. "I'm telling you the truth, on my mother's grave I am."

Hypatia opened the door and summoned her nameless assistant. "Get her down from there and take the clip off of her clit. She's coming with me on a little trip."

The woman said, "Should I give her back her dress and boots?"

Hypatia laughed and shook her head. "No. A whore must be used to walking around starkers, and she's less likely to try anything bare arsed naked. Toss her stuff in the bin."

Penny stared worriedly at the GPS display. There had been no further indication of life from Alexia since the trackers had come back on. The labs had analysed the contents of the dart and she knew that her mistress had been dosed with Rohypnol. It was possible that she badly confused and helpless. She glanced at the dart that lay on the table in front of her in a labelled plastic bag. There had been a tiny manufacturer's mark on the inside of the cylinder, and she had managed to track the maker and their major clients. Penny was sure that Alexia would be most interested in the list of clients.

The tracking indicators finally moved and Penny stared intently as she called the team watching Hypatia's headquarters. She said, "She's moving. Get ready." The she frowned in puzzlement. The GPS signals had moved, although with an error factor of anything from one to ten metres depending on prevailing conditions, TV show style accuracy was impossible. However, they had definitely moved about ten metres or thereabouts, and then stopped again. Based on satellite images of the area, the trackers appeared to be just outside the building. She gave the information to the team, who sent out scouts to check.

A minute later the encrypted cell phone buzzed and Penny's Bluetooth ear piece said, "Bad news. We've found the trackers in a rubbish bin just outside of the property." Before Penny could say anything, the watcher said, "There's a car coming out of the building. One of the occupants looks like D, and she's er.. she's topless."

Penny grinned at the mental image and nodded. "They must be on their way to the lockup. Follow with maximum caution. The other tail vehicles will join you in about three minutes." She dialled another number and spoke to the team waiting near the lockup in Dagenham. "They could be on their way to you. Is the place set up as I instructed? Good. Be on your toes. I'm leaving for Dagenham now."

Alexia was jammed in the back of the Toyota Avensis T Spirit between two hulking guards, who took every opportunity to give her breasts a grope. Despite the pain of her torn nipples, she endured the manhandling without protest, their molestation giving her an excuse to keep her hands modestly over her crotch. It took about ten painful minutes for her to dig the lock pick out of her urethra and to cautiously get to work on the handcuffs in the darkness. It was nearly five a.m. according to the car's clock. When she managed to get a lock open, she loosened one cuff enough to let her slip her hand out easily whenever she wanted to. Then she replaced the pick into its intimate hiding place. She felt blood on her fingers and she took a certain vicious pleasure in wiping the blood on the seat cover.

The car slowed as they approached the address that Alexia had recalled and Hypatia grunted. "At least the address exists, and it is a shop house. Your skin is safe for now." With the car parked at

a discreet distance down the road, Hypatia sent one of her men to perform a reconnaissance. The remaining occupants of the car watched tensely as the man strolled casually towards the old lockup. Everyone, including Alexia, hoped that no police patrol would inconveniently pass by and become curious.

The street was quiet and there were no lights in the windows, although it would be dawn soon. The man examined the doorway and display windows, and then disappeared into the dark lane beside the shop. A couple of minutes later he reappeared and waved his hand.

The driver moved the car to the front of the lockup and Hypatia looked over the back of her seat and said, "All right, you bring her and follow me." She pointed at the driver. "You stay alert. Circle the block if anyone becomes nosy. Right, let's go."

The men dragged the naked Alexia out into the street and she shivered from the sudden chill.

Hypatia and all of her men were armed, so she was confident that they could handle anything that they might run into as she strode towards the side door of the shop house.

Her man waved a small crow bar and pointed at the door, which was splintered and broken around the lock. He said, "I can't hear any signs of life."

Hypatia frowned and said, "I can't believe that George would leave half a million pounds lying around unguarded. Watch out for a trap." She drew her pistol and waved the man forward.

Alexia's guard gripped her arm painfully tight and drew his gun. He waved the muzzle under her nose and said, "You behave yourself or I'll bash your brains in, got it?"

She nodded obediently and shivered. She stepped carefully in her bare feet, watching out for broken glass or nails.

The little party moved silently into the dark, damp smelling building. The front shop area was covered with crumpled balls of wrapping paper and packing material. Piles of packing cases stencilled with the word "Toys" filled the room along with some new metal display racks backed with wire in a chain link pattern. On the racks were many half opened cartons of footballs, skipping ropes and large, colourful water guns, which lay scattered randomly about on them. Everyone tensed when there was the sound of something thudding on the floor upstairs.

Hypatia pointed at Alexia's guard and whispered. "You stay here with her and keep an eye on the doors in case we have visitors. Don't be afraid to shoot if anyone turns up, as they're most likely to be Murray's people. We'll go up and take care of whoever's there." She tapped the other man and the two of them silently made their way towards the stairs.

Alexia's guard looked around the crowded room and pointed at the display racks. "Go over there and face the corner. Don't give me any trouble or I'll give you a good kicking." Then he moved into the shadow of a stack of wooden crates. He was carrying a Colt 1911 and he professionally racked the slide to load the gun, pushed the thumb safety up and held the gun pointed towards the corridor in both hands.

Alexia did as she was told. As soon as her back was to the guard, she slipped her hand out of the handcuffs and slipped the bracelet over the fingers of the hand that was still cuffed, forming a crude set of brass knuckles. She silently flexed her muscles in the dark of the musty, dust filled room, preparing her body for sudden and violent action. She would have to spin around and take two long strides towards the guard in order to get within striking range, and she would have to put him down without making enough noise to alert the two upstairs. Difficult, but not impossible. Then something caught her eye. The skipping rope on top of the opened carton looked unusual. She glanced around the side of the room that she could see from her position standing in the corner formed by two heavy metal display racks, and there seemed to be an unusual number of boxes of skipping ropes scattered around the shop, all of them ripped open. Moving very slowly, her hand crept towards the exposed skipping rope. As soon as her hand closed around the handle, a large grin spread across her face. Her fingers immediately recognised the feel of the new kevlar whip that she had tested so effectively on Penny. Her assistant must have scattered whips all around the shop, in the hope that Alexia might have a chance to use one. Her finger touched the lock stud that indicated the whip was charged with a pressurised container of neurotoxin, which also meant that the memory plastic tip was attached. She pulled the whip free of the carton and slowly let it unfurl

and hang down the front of her naked body, confident that it was nearly invisible in the hard shadow cast by the street lights through the shop's front windows.

She began to rock from foot to foot, wriggling her buttocks. She knew that the movement of her pale buttocks would be an irritation in the man's peripheral vision. Men were hard-wired to notice that specific movement and he was particularly straining to detect the slightest movement in the dark building anyway.

Sure enough, a moment later the man grunted, "Stop that. It's distracting me."

In an embarrassed voice, Alexia said, "Sorry, but I need to pee. Really bad."

The man turned to glare at her and returned his gaze to the corridor. "I don't care if you've got the shits, you're not going anywhere until the boss gets back."

Alexia made a whimpering noise and resumed rocking on her bare feet and squeezing her thighs together, obviously in great distress, glancing hopefully over her shoulder at the guard.

The man took another look at her writhing bottom and then forced himself to ignore her movements and to concentrate on the job in hand.

With time running short, Alexia rocked a few more times, using the movement to brace her feet and then her right foot suddenly stepped back and across behind her left and she spun her body around, using the momentum to propel the whip. The hardened spear shape of the memory plastic tip stabbed into the man's cheek and the toxin in the handle was propelled by compressed nitrogen up the super fine tube at the core of the whip to spray out into the wound and over the gunman's face, mouth and eyes.

The neurotoxin began to paralyse him almost immediately, but because most of the toxin was applied to his skin and mucus membranes, it took longer to work and he managed to snap his pistol around to bear on Alexia and to pull the trigger. Unfortunately for him, in the desperate haste to fire before the poison overcame him, he forgot to lower the thumb safety and the hammer didn't fall. His thumb tried to flick the safety off, but it was too late and he crumpled to the floor, stone dead.

Alexia was tempted to pick up the man's pistol, but he had been holding it in front of his face and there was a chance that drops of the toxin had landed on it. Then she noticed the tiny intense red spot of light of a targeting laser coming through the shop windows and shining on one of the boxes of water pistols. She flicked open the cardboard cover and saw the gleaming black handle of her dart pistol and the smaller shape of a Taser. Penny had obviously decided to give her some options. She checked that the dart weapon was loaded and charged and then ran silently down the corridor towards the doors leading to the kitchen and toilet so that she was at the opposite end of the corridor from the stairs. She hid in the malodorous toilet which had obviously been used after the water supply had been cut off. She had barely made it in time, as moments later there was the sound of footsteps on the stairs and she saw Hypatia's feet and long legs coming down, followed closely by the man, who had holstered his gun and was carrying a large aluminium suitcase.

Hypatia said, "The fucking place is full of rats. I hate bloody rats." Then she laughed. "I can't believe that George was stupid enough to leave the money unguarded."

The man said, "Perhaps he didn't trust whoever took the bag not to peek."

Hypatia nodded. "You might be right." She raised her voice and said, "Hey Joe, it's me. Don't shoot. We've got what we came for. I'll take the suitcase back to the car. You and Charlie can do whatever you like with the girl, and when you're done, break her neck and burn this place down with her body in it. I don't want any traces left for the police to work on. Joe? If you're fooling with the bitch instead of watching our backs I'll have your ..." Her voice tapered off when she caught sight of Joe's hand, still clutching his Colt.

Charlie saw the same thing a second later. "Shit!" he exclaimed and dropped the suitcase to grab for his gun, but it was far too late.

Alexia fired a precise double tap, one dart striking the ceramic plate in his body armour at an angle and bouncing off. The second struck the kevlar at the side of his chest. The plastic cap shattered and the thick needle punched through the multiple layered kevlar and his shirt to pierce his skin. A massive dose of toxins enough to kill a score of men was forcefully injected into his body.

His nervous system collapsed and he fell to the floor, completely paralysed. His heart stopped before he reached the floor.

Trapped in the corridor, Hypatia fired blindly in Alexia's direction when she heard the two odd snapping sounds and saw her bodyguard collapse. The multiple flashes and the punishing blasts of noise from her pistol in the confined space of the corridor stunned and blinded her. She staggered and blinked, rapidly squeezing the trigger until she had emptied the magazine. She ejected the magazine and reached to her belt for the spare. There was another odd snap of sound, and something ripped the spare magazine from her belt.

"Drop the gun and stay absolutely still."

Hypatia recognised the prostitute's voice. She let her empty gun drop to the floor and said, "You're not an escort, are you?" In reply, two Taser darts flashed out and struck her body. She had time to grunt in surprise before the current knocked her down, jerking and convulsing helplessly.

Chapter Seven

Hypatia woke up, her head buzzing from the injection of Flumazenil and caffeine that had counteracted the effects of the benzodiazepine tranquilliser Alexia's people had used on her. She wasn't surprised to find that she was naked and that her arms and legs were tightly tied. She was seated in a heavy wooden chair that seemed to be bolted to the floor. Her arms were tied behind her and her thumbs ached from what felt like thumb-cuffs and her legs were bent and lifted up and apart, exposing her pussy. She started to explore her mouth with the tip of her tongue.

"Don't bother," Alexia said, stepping around into the woman's field of view. "We removed the suicide pill."

Hypatia smiled and said, "I see I got you in the corridor." She was referring to a long scratch on the side of Alexia's upper arm.

Alexia glanced at the wound and nodded. "Ricochet off of the stove in the kitchen. Serves me right for not just doing my job."

This last confused Hypatia and she said, "Who you do you work for? MI5? CIA? ArmorGroup? I'm not going to tell you anything. You better let me go if you want to live. You have no idea what you're playing with."

Alexia smiled. "Oh but I do. Tamara was most cooperative."

Hypatia scowled and struggled against her bonds. "It's hard to get good help. That bitch is dead once I get my hands on her."

Alexia picked up a large transparent plastic tube and another device also made of clear plastic. She said, "It may be amusing to let the two of you meet later but first I have a few questions."

Hypatia said, "Go fuck yourself. I should have cut your clit off. I'm not going to tell you anything."

Alexia chuckled grimly. "Well, my assignment was just to identify and kill you and everyone that works for you. It occurs to me however that any information that you have such as a list of who you have blackmailed would be worth money to HMG. If you're really brave and don't talk, then you'll just die. Either way, my job's done. Now open wide and say Ahh." Instead of pushing something into Hypatia's mouth, she roughly shoved the tip of a plastic speculum into her vagina without bothering with little niceties such as lubrication.

Hypatia stoically endured the mechanical rape, expecting no mercy from the woman that she had tortured. She forced her face to stay expressionless as Alexia roughly shoved and twisted the plastic beaks of the speculum deep into her vagina until it bumped up firmly against her cervix. The discomfort rapidly increased as Alexia twisted the screw knob that spread the jaws of the speculum, not stopping until the device had reached its full extension, forcing Hypatia's vagina agonizingly wide. "Very kinky," she said, trying to sound nonchalant, although she was actually quite alarmed, as she was horribly exposed and vulnerable. Having done the same thing to many women, she was well aware of the terrible damage that could be done to her reproductive organs without killing her.

Alexia didn't respond, and continued to work. She dragged an adjustable bar stool in front of Hypatia and spun the seat until it was level with her gaping pussy. Then she picked up the large transparent plastic tube, which had a hinged cover at one end. The diameter was large enough for her to put her fist into it, and when she brought the open end towards Hypatia's pussy, it was clear that it would just barely fit into the opening of the speculum. Alexia aligned the tube and shoved it into Hypatia's vagina, the rough end of the tube painfully scraping her vaginal walls where they bulged in between the jaws of the speculum. Holding it like a battering ram, Alexia drove the cylinder right up to then end of the woman's vagina.

The rim of the tube scraped her vagina raw as it was forced deep into her body, and Hypatia's face twisted, unable to disguise the pain she felt from such intimate damage to her genitals.

Alexia placed the far end of the tube on the bar stool, and loosened the screw on the speculum until it closed around the tube. Then she slid it all the way down and took it off the tube at the other end, leaving Hypatia with a gigantic hollow dildo shoved into her pussy. She looked into Hypatia's

eyes and said, "This is my one and only offer of mercy. Tell me what I want to know."

Hypatia quivered from the pain of her monstrously dilated vagina, but she spat defiantly at her torturer. "I'm not going to squeal like a little girl like you did. If I talk, my people will kill me and my loved ones in ways more horrible than you can imagine."

Alexia shrugged. "Your choice." She picked up a shoebox sized container with an opening at one end with a plastic collar that fit into the tube. She removed the cap from the end of the tube and pushed the collar in place, and then pulled the slide partition that covered the opening in the box up and gave the box a shake. Blinking in the bright light of the room, a large brown rat hesitantly climbed into the tube. Alexia removed the box and replaced the cap to the end of the tube. She smiled at Hypatia and said, "Fred hasn't been fed yet today. Rats don't normally attack people unless trapped or threatened, but when they get hungry enough they will nibble on soft bits like lips and ears, and vaginas." She gave Hypatia a pat on the cheek. "I'm going to have a nice hot bath and a late breakfast, and then I'll come back to visit. Have fun."

The end of the tube was closed behind him, and Fred the rat sniffed the air hungrily. He was normally fed quite regularly and was puzzled why his nice owners had let him get hungry. Perhaps this strange passage was his meal? He could smell meat and it was not the scent of his owners. Seeing that there was no threat in sight, he scrambled eagerly forward.

Hypatia was terrified of rats, and she went deathly pale as the huge rodent made its way up the tube towards her cervix and womb. She held out until Fred disappeared into her body, leaving only his pink, naked tail visible. She felt the soft, delicate touch of his nose and whiskers against the back end of her vagina, and the painful sting of the first tiny hesitant nip of sharp rodent teeth on her cervix. Then she began to scream.

Penny waited five minutes and then peeked into the interrogation room. "What is it? My boss is busy. Did you want something?"

Hypatia was half mad with pain and terror, and a small trickle of blood was running out of her vagina and down the plastic tube. "I'll talk, I'll tell you everything I know. Take it out, please!"

Penny rubbed her chin and said, "Well, I'm really supposed to wait for my boss, but I guess I could take some notes first."

She went to the bar stool and spun the seat until the outer end of the tube tilted down, wrenching painfully at Hypatia's internal organs, although Hypatia barely noticed the discomfort, relieved beyond words at the sight of the rat indignantly sliding backwards down the tube.

Alexia said, "Do you think she's told us the truth? She could be just making it up."

Pepper shrugged. "She's given us a name and contact details. According to her, this is her only contact with the rest of the organisation. They use a cell system. But she also said that she had already made a preliminary request for cooperation with their South East Asia cell for George's matter, so he should be expecting to hear from her."

Alexia nodded. "Prepare a snatch team. Set up a communications block to be activated after we use Hypatia's contact instructions. If she's given us booby trapped instructions he will try to run or send out warnings. Tell our people to make sure that he doesn't get a chance to commit suicide."

Six hours later, Penny walked into Alexia's bedroom with a smile on her face. "He accepted the signal and made a proper acknowledgement. The snatch team have taken him, his wife and his daughter." She sat on the edge of Alexia's bed and studied her mistress's bruised and battered body with concern. "Are you going to pursue this matter?"

Alexia nodded. "These people are too dangerous. They'll just rebuild the London operation if left alone. The government and their agencies are still too vulnerable to their kind of attack to leave it in their hands. Besides, I'm certain that they'll be looking for me. I'm going to have to kill all of them." She kissed Penny's lips and said, "But first, there's another matter to take care of." Her eyes went to the plastic bag with the hypodermic dart and Penny's report that lay on the beside table.

The Director General of MI5 closed the front door of his house, humming a tune. He had just come back from a charity performance at the Royal Albert Hall. He was a widower, and apart from several servants he was alone in the house. He hung up his coat and made his way to the study to do a final check of his messages before turning in for the night. His hand was reaching for the handle of the study door when he froze. He suddenly realised the watch car that was usually parked across the road had been empty. Cold fingers gripped his heart. A female voice came through the study door. "Do come in Director General. Don't worry, you're in no danger." The DG had not reached his position by being a coward, and his hand was steady as he opened the door. Despite his determination, he gasped and paused in the doorway.

The agent assigned as the QA's contact, Terrence, was lying in the middle of the room, obviously dead. A set of documents, photographs and what looked like a tranquilliser dart in a plastic bag lay on his chest. Seated in his armchair was a naked woman with a ball gag in her mouth. She was covered with bruises and what looked like electrical burns. Her hands were fastened behind her and her ankles were fastened with plastic handcuffs. Standing behind his desk was a slim figure, covered head to toe in black and with holstered guns on each hip. He stepped into the room and closed the door behind him. He pointed at the dead agent and said, "What is the meaning of this?"

Deathwalk said, "He had been turned by the enemy. He tried to drug and capture me. This is the second time that MI5 has turned against me. What was it that ex-President Bush said, 'Fool me once' However, I am giving you the benefit of the doubt in this case, which is why you and the Home Secretary are still alive. Since he was my only official contact with HMG, I decided to pay you a visit. This woman is a rather minor member of the organisation that you asked me to destroy. Transcripts of her interrogation and the location of their headquarters in London are on the table. The senior command of their London operation are dead or will soon be. Do what you will with this one, but I suggest that she never come to trial."

Tamara's eyes widened in shock at this and she began to tremble.

Deathwalk continued. "Unfortunately, their organisation appears to be world wide, and if left alone, they will quickly rebuild their London branch. Therefore I intend to kill them all. Do you have any objections to this?"

The DG stared numbly at the dead agent on the floor and then shook himself. His voice was a cold and emotionless as he said, "No. I have no objections. I won't offer the assistance of MI5 or MI6 as you have good reason not to trust our security, but I will make every effort to ensure that we and our allies turn a blind eye to your actions." He pointed at the corpse of Terrence. "If your evidence hold up, and I have no doubt that it will, there will be no repercussions from his death."

Deathwalk said, "Just don't get in my way. Sticking your hand under the headsman's axe is a good way to lose some fingers." Her hand moved and the house was plunged into darkness and the emergency lighting failed to activate.

By the time the DG had restored the lights he was alone with a corpse and a very frightened naked girl, and he heard his security detail shouting his name from the front door.

Steven Clark ran his hand over the naked, spread-eagled form of the nineteen year old girl and smiled genially at her. His soft, Southern accent was at odds with his words. "As you can see Mr

Manetti, your lovely daughter is in our hands. If you call in the FBI or your colleagues in the CIA, or any other of those agencies with amusing acronyms, you will have the pleasure of seeing Jenny disembowelled. We do not negotiate or give second chances. Screw with me in the slightest degree and you can say goodbye to your daughter. We can always find a replacement for you, but can you say the same for your little girl? Now, before I give you your instructions, watch carefully as I spend a little quality time with your daughter. I'm sure that it will appropriately incentivise you to cooperate."

Jenny struggled with the ropes that held her arms and legs. "What the fuck do you think you're doing? My dad will kick your ass for this. He's got contacts like you wouldn't believe. You'll let me go right now if you know what's good for you."

Steven smiled and said, "Sure thing Jenny, just as soon as your father does me a favour." He picked up a rectangular plastic box, the contents of which rattled metallically when he shook it. "But right now, you have an important job to do for me too."

Suspiciously, Jenny said, "What job?"

Steven grinned and said, "Scream." With a single motion, he lifted a slim meat skewer out of the box and skilfully stabbed it into straight into her nipple.

The End