

WILD WHIPPED WOMEN

by
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CHAPTER 1

Claire Fairmont breezed into the Managing Director's outer office, as usual exuding both confidence and a heavy whiff of expensive perfume. She was dressed in a beautifully cut 'Donna Karen' suit whose midnight blue tone matched her sly eyes, a white 'Galliano' blouse and high heeled shoes which made her look taller than her normal 5' 6". She trailed a cloud of Yves St Laurent 'Opium' perfume in her wake.

"Morning, Butterball!" she addressed the MD's secretary, enjoying the annoyance that flashed across the girl's face.

The secretary was a short, tubby Eurasian girl in her late teens who resembled a Russian doll, with a small round head on a big round body and short stumpy legs. The contrast between her and the dark, glossy haired, long legged, slender but shapely Claire was as marked as the difference between a thoroughbred Alsatian dog and a mixed breed mongrel. The secretary's name was actually Eli Patel but Claire rarely addressed her as anything other than 'Butterball'.

The girl muttered something incomprehensible in reply and pressed a button on the intercom in front of her.

"Miss Fairmont is here," she said.

Claire was already on the way to the boss's door. "Don't eat any more sweets, Butterball, or you'll look more like an elephant than a pig— that's nearer your skin colour anyway."

She liked to bait the poor bitch - found it irresistible. The girl was the antithesis of everything Claire approved of; fat, plain, ill dressed, stupid—and of mixed race. She had no idea why Jack Fellows, who was a creep—but a clever creep—put up with her.

Claire swept into Jack Fellows' office with all the confidence in the world. She was in charge of the systems department of Fellows International and was good at her job. The systems she had recently introduced were all top rate and working well— particularly as far as she was concerned.

The office, on the third floor of the block, was large and spacious and furnished in modern style. It featured an impressive desk, handsome leather chairs and a highly polished conference table. One wall was completely mirrored. The windows looked out over the well-tended gardens, which surrounded the building. It was reputedly sound proofed and certainly the windows were not overlooked. It was an unusually private place in a busy building.

Fellows received her with a reptilian grin and his gaze, as usual, undressed her. Claire was used to that sort of look; she was a fine looking woman, less than beautiful perhaps but better than pretty. Usually she took it as a compliment. As far as she was concerned men could imagine her naked body as much as they liked but only the privileged would actually see and touch it. And Fellows was definitely not one of the privileged! Nevertheless he did slightly unnerve her. She found him creepy. Several times he had invited her to join him for supper or a show and on each occasion she had politely declined. Claire Fairmont never allowed her private life to become too closely correlated with her job. She was amoral and was perfectly prepared to use her body to

advance her interests; without compunction she would sleep with a man to clinch an individual deal, but never would she have sex with her boss. That was always dangerous. Claire liked to be in charge and sleeping with a man just to hold a job was not her way; she reckoned that she could do better than that. Moreover she quietly but actively disliked Fellows though she took care to avoid angering him.

He was of medium height wearing a well cut, pinstriped suit, a heavy cotton shirt that looked new and a traditional 'Gucci' tie. His features were thin and pointed with dark, rather dangerous eyes and near black hair that was brushed and brilliantined back from his forehead. He was using expensive and lavishly applied cologne. There was a slightly worrying, knowing grin on his face and she experienced a sudden ache in her belly though she outwardly maintained a confident demeanour.

He indicated a chair in front of his desk and she seated herself elegantly, crossing her legs and noting that he was trying to look up her skirt.

She began to speak but he waved her to silence, never losing that unnerving grin as he began a long monologue that ended in his passing several computer printouts to her.

At the end she was white faced and fighting down the panic, which seethed within her.

"You miscalculated both your intelligence and our security," he said. "I'd never trust anyone to introduce new computer systems without having a security expert checking out the work. You've tried to defraud this company of a considerable amount of money."

She looked down at the printouts, feeling shattered. There was no doubt that her crime was clearly revealed. Inwardly she cursed though outwardly she still appeared serene.

"I really ought to take these away and study them," she said airily. "There are some mistaken assumptions in these printouts -"

"Don't fuck me about!" Fellows growled. "You've tried the oldest game in the book. The computer deducts a small amount from every account we pay—such a small amount that nobody will bother about it - and pays the balance into an obscure account effectively owned by you. You're a thief, Claire."

She frowned. "That's a very serious statement, Mr Fellows. If repeated outside this room I would undoubtedly consult my lawyer -"

"Well—you better consult your lawyer now," he grunted. He picked up the telephone. "I'm going to ring the police -"

Claire was white faced and she held up a hand. "Wait a minute, Jack. Let's talk about this."

"What's to talk about? The proof is there—in front of you."

She swallowed and looked down at the damning printouts. "There must be some way—something—some way around this?"

In the way that women have, she moved her body and ensured that her skirt rode considerably higher.

He ignored her gesture and scowled; it was a very nasty expression. "D'y think I'm forgiving to people who try and steal from me?"

She shook her head. 'Forgiving' was certainly not a word that she would apply to him. Inwardly she was terrified. She was twenty-three years old with her whole promising career in front of her. A prison sentence would ruin that career. A criminal record would stay with her forever. Moreover she had heard what happened to attractive women in jail at the hands of female warders and other inmates.

It had all seemed so easy when she had conceived the plan. The risks had seemed minimal. Three or four years and she would have enough cash to set up her own company. Even if some minor functionary raised a query then it would be Claire herself who would have investigated the matter. Easy peasy.

So she had thought!

It had never occurred to her that Jack Fellows would have the whole system checked out by an independent security consultant.

“You were obviously thinking with what you sit on,” Jack said coarsely.

“There’s no need to be gross,” Claire flared.

“Oh! You want me to treat a thief like a lady?”

Claire straightened up and re-crossed her legs, allowing the skirt to ride well above her knees. They were shapely legs with narrow ankles and well formed calves. He always looked at her legs—and her boobs and her bum. She disliked the little creep but if he wanted a feel—and more—and it got her out of this mess—well, it would be a price worth paying.

True to form, his eyes focussed on her legs. She took immediate advantage.

“There must be - some way—to sort this out?”

Her voice had dropped a couple of octaves and her eyes were focussed appealingly on his face.

“There is,” he said idly, eyes suddenly leering at her breasts, which were rising and falling quickly—much more quickly than usual.

She touched her lips with her tongue. “Tell?”

“I want a full confession. This will do.”

He put a file containing four pieces of paper in front of her. Trying to control a slight tremble in her hand, she read it through carefully. It was a detailed confession of exactly how the system had been manipulated for her own benefit.

“I couldn’t possibly sign that!” she remarked tensely at the end. “It would put me in jail -”

He leered at her. “I don’t think a pretty girl like you needs to go to jail. Not if you’re prepared to be sensible. Let’s begin by you telling me some of your darker secrets. Just to lighten up the conversation. Tell me, Claire. Do you shave your twat?”

She pursed her lips in apparent annoyance and stood up. “I’m going home. I’ll risk the police if necessary. And, frankly, that’s sexual harassment.”

He laughed.

“You mean you’d rather go to jail than tell me if you shave your twat?”

Claire hesitated, recognising the delicacy of her position all too clearly and knowing that she had little choice but to listen to what he said—and however he said it.

“I want to know what you’re proposing?”

The answer came back pat.

“All the sex I want and how I want it.”

She swallowed but temporised. “We’d have to go into that in a bit more detail -”

“No detail! It’s a blanket demand. What I want—I get. Anything. Any way, any hole, anywhere. I own you. Savvy?”

Claire did not normally flush but she did so now. Nevertheless she forced out a sharp retort

“It’s too open ended. I don’t fuck just like that -”

His expression was even more reptilian than usual. Abstractedly she thought that he resembled a hungry crocodile.

“You really don’t seem to understand,” he spat. “ You can go to jail for ten years and be the plaything of a bunch of vicious, probably diseased lesbians or you can be my sex slut - until I get bored with you. You’ll keep your legs permanently parted for me unless I tell you to close ‘em. You’ll even whore for me if I tell you to.”

Claire flushed at the crudity.

“I’m not a bloody fool, Jack, ” she said. “OK. You’ve got me over a bloody barrel—but maybe jail would be better than what you’re offering.”

He laughed. “ So - do you shave your twat?”

She hesitated, looking into his nasty, dark, unblinking eyes. She decided to manoeuvre. Men often retreated if a woman returned crudity in equal measure. She forced a hard grin.

“I shave the edges of my pubic hair so that I can wear a cut away swimsuit and I shave just around the lips of my vulva. Does that turn you on?”

“Why the latter?”

She decided to give him both barrels.

“I think that men like seeing a woman’s sex lips closely defined. Clever shaving makes the lips look nice and plump and welcoming. Some women shave all their pubic hair but a lot of men don’t like that. So I shave away the concealing bits and give them the best of both worlds.”

He laughed. “Sounds as if you show your cunt off to plenty of men?”

“Very few, as it happens,” she said icily. “Now I’ve answered your question so perhaps you can answer mine. What do I gain from your projected deal?”

“You don’t go to jail.”

“I just become your whore?” she remarked sardonically.

“Oh, no, Claire. I’ll rate you well below a whore. Sex slave would be nearer the mark.”

She clenched her hands in anger.

“You must be bloody mad!”

“You’d be bloody mad to consider the alternative. My way you’ll be a sex slave for -”

He appeared to weigh the matter up carefully. “Say eighteen months. Then you’re free. No police record. Nothing. The alternative is to go to jail where you’ll be locked up with the scum of the earth and have a criminal offence forever on your record. You’ll never get another decent job—and you know it. Hey—if you fuck good I’ll even throw in a good reference.”

She picked up the paper and studied it. “If I sign this I’m admitting—everything.”

“That’s exactly right,” he said comfortably.

It was not much of a choice, Claire reflected. If he kept his word then eighteen months, as his whore would probably be the better deal although she guessed that it would be rough and unpleasant—and perverted. In her experience most men were perverted given a compliant partner—and she would have no option other than to be compliant. On the other hand Claire had always been able to handle men and although not particularly sex driven herself, she had developed a talent for pleasing them while blunting their darker desires.

But the unpalatable truth was that once she had signed the confession she would be wholly at his mercy. There was no avoiding a gamble.

With a sigh, she signed the paper. It was a shit deal but the best on offer. Jail and public disgrace, which were the only alternatives, would destroy her utterly.

“Good.” He took the paper and examined it carefully and with more than a hint of triumphalism. “Now we can begin.”

Events moved immediately and differently to anything that Claire had anticipated.

In front of her startled eyes, he pressed a button on the intercom and his secretary immediately entered the room, almost as if she had been waiting her cue.

Jack Fellows addressed her cheerfully and the words stunned and shocked Claire.

“This thieving bitch has confessed to trying to swindle me. Rather than go to jail she’s going to be my sex slut for the next eighteen months. I want you to instruct her in the way in which she must comport herself in future. It’s entirely up to you how you handle the matter, of course, but by the time I come back I want her bare arsed and respectful. Just for a start.”

“My pleasure,” Eli Patel intoned.

The horrified Claire saw an evil smile dawn on the Eurasian’s face and she realised that this scene had been pre-ordained. Her shock was intense. What was the relationship between the slug of a woman and the flashy Fellows?

“Wait!” Claire flashed. “I never agreed -”

“You agreed to be mine for eighteen months. A sex slave, no less. I own you for every second of that time. You’re mine to use exactly as I wish—and that includes lending you out when it suits me. And to whoever suits me.”

Claire stood up, enraged. “I never agreed to that. I’m getting out of here!” she snapped. “If you think that I’m going to be at the mercy of podgy Patel here, then you can think again.”

Jack shrugged then picked up the telephone and spoke to the switchboard. “Please connect me with the -”

Claire panicked and leaned across to cut the call off. She bit her lips helplessly.

“You’ve got me over a bloody barrel,” she said furiously. “All right. But you push it too far and I’ll go to the police myself and tell them of your bloody blackmail. You’ll be in jail as well.”

“I doubt it,” he sneered. “We’ve got your confession on record and anything you say against me will be treated with suspicion. They’ll mark you as a vindictive, scheming bitch.”

He rose. “Now I’ve a few things to do, but Miss Patel will look after you. She’ll look after you very, very, well.” His voice sharpened. “You’ll do exactly what she tells you. If she tells you to go down on your knees and lick her feet you do it—and afterwards you thank her for the privilege. Savvy?”

Claire glared him helplessly, resisting with difficulty an urge to spit in his sneering features. But he was right. The signed confession had rendered her helpless.

“Savvy?” he repeated threateningly.

Claire stared bitterly at him but then she nodded, keeping her eyes away from the triumphant faced Eurasian.

“Yes,” she said in a small voice.

It would be a different game with the woman; a much harder game. She had little doubt that Miss Patel hated her as a result of the constant barbs and insults that Claire had inflicted in the past. Claire badly regretted those insults now. The Eurasian, from her muddy complexion and disgusting figure, to the singsong voice and greasy hair was a slut in Claire’s eyes but she knew now that she should have kept her mouth shut. Now the biter was going to get well and truly bit.

‘Christ! What a bloody fool I’ve been!’ she thought bitterly.

Yet she was puzzled as to why the Eurasian had been brought into the matter. They were an unlikely duo.

She stood silent and resentful until the grinning, self-satisfied, Jack Fellows had left the room then she looked at the Eurasian.

“Well?” she asked challengingly in a sadly unconvincing attempt to keep a degree of the initiative. ‘I’m buggered if I’m going to kow tow to you!’ she thought.

The Eurasian girl went to a drawer and pulled out a large black plastic bin bag. She handed it to Claire.

“Put all your clothes in there.”

Despite what Fellows had said, Claire found it difficult to believe that she had heard correctly.

“What?”

“Your clothes. Mr Fellows wants you ‘bare arsed’ when he returns. That means naked, nude, starkers or whatever. I want everything in that bag except for your jewellery. That you can put on the desk.” She smiled. “If it’s that time of the month, I even want your tampon or whatever you’re using.”

“You’re bloody mad!” Claire snapped furiously. “No way, greaseball.”

At that moment the telephone on the desk rang. The Eurasian picked up the receiver.

“No,” she said. “She’s being very difficult. As we anticipated.”

Claire frowned, guessing that it was Fellows on the line. The ‘we’, confirmed that Miss Patel had been directly involved in whatever had been fore-planned.

With a triumphant expression the Eurasian handed the receiver to Claire.

“Listen, you cut price, cheating whore,” Jack Fellow’s voice crackled down the line. “I guessed that it wouldn’t be long before you started acting up. I’m not spending the whole day waiting for you to make up your mind whether to take your medicine short and nasty or long and crappy. Either do what she says—anything she says-- or get out of the building and wait for the police to arrest you. And you better be very respectful to Miss Patel ‘cause, as far as I’m concerned, she can beat your bare arse raw if she wants to. And I know how much you insulted her in the past, so she probably wants to very much!”

The line was disconnected and Claire was left red faced and looking helplessly at the receiver. She caught sight of herself in a mirror covered the far wall of the room. She looked positively ill.

Claire agonised over her position. The thought of having to strip in front of this fat slug was nauseating—but would it be any worse than performing the same act in front of grinning female prison officers? She knew little about prison but had heard horrible stories of the sheer bloody savagery that was applied to inmates who were either attractive or upper class.

“Look,” she said tightly. “I know that I’ve been bitchy to you and I’m sorry. I was rude and hateful. I really beg your pardon.”

“Granted,” Miss Patel snapped. “Now it’s my turn to be bitchy and I’ve nothing to apologise for - yet. So strip.”

Claire’s fingers flexed but after a moment’s consideration she surrendered. Maybe once the Eurasian had humiliated her a little, she might moderate her approach.

“All right,” she said tightly. “Have it your way.”

“I intend to,” Miss Patel said calmly. “I want to see you completely nude. Bare arsed! You can put your jewellery on the desk. I’m going to keep the bits that I like.”

“So you’re in for a bit of larceny too!” Claire gritted, failing to keep control of her tongue and regretting it immediately.

The Eurasian hissed angrily. “Get stripped, you gutter slut.”

Claire was filled with a combination of rage and frustration but she was helpless. She began to undress by first slipping off the jacket and starting to fold it. For the first time in her life she found herself totally nonplussed. There seemed no escape from this situation.

“I want you naked—quick. Just stuff everything in the bag and hurry up about it. It’s all going to a charity shop. You’ll not need clothes again for a while. You’ll be lucky if you get to wear a sackcloth sanitary towel in future,” Miss Patel rapped. Her eyes were alight with unholy joy at her victim’s helplessness.

Claire increased the speed of her undressing. She tried to ignore the dark gloating eyes leering at her as she fumbled with her waistband and dropped the skirt around her ankles, stepping elegantly out of it. The blouse went next, leaving her in a white lace bra, skimpy white nylon panties, self-supporting stockings and her ‘Jourdan’ shoes. Sullenly, she picked up the discarded clothes and pushed them into the plastic bag.

It was not cold in the room but she shivered at the idea of being totally naked in front of the other woman. She experienced a sudden fearful certainty that Miss Patel would be crueller than any man and she found herself hoping for the speedy return of Jack Fellows.

“We don’t have all day,” the Eurasian snapped. “You’ve got nothing special to hide. Your cunt’s no different from anyone else’s.”

Claire kicked off the shoes with a viciousness that sent them flying across the room.

“Temper!” said Miss Patel with quiet satisfaction. “Now get the knickers off first, then go get the shoes and put them in the bag. Back to me and bend right forward! I want to see your bum.”

Pink with embarrassment, Claire obeyed, obediently turning her back to the other and sliding the knickers down her shapely thighs. As she bent a second time to retrieve the shoes the Eurasian sneered.

“Big brown arsehole, I see. How many cocks have you had up that?”

Claire bit her lip angrily but did not answer. She pushed the panties into the plastic bag.

“I asked a question!” The voice was threatening.

“None,” Claire whispered sullenly. “That’s not my scene -”

Miss Patel laughed harshly. “Lying bitch. I saw it twinkle open. Nice bit of shaving you do with your cunt hair. Must take you a lot of time. Like looking at your cunt do you?”

Claire turned back to face the Eurasian who would have died immediately if looks could have killed.

“All right. Boob show time. Bra off!”

Claire bit her lip and tore at the fastenings at the small of her back.

Removal of the bra revealed a good pair of breasts that were reasonably firm though Claire would always need a bra. They resembled fruit on a tree, dipping low when released and swaying about easily as her body moved. The scarlet, large aureoled nipples pushed out like bullets.

“Droopy tits, eh? Worked up, are we?” Miss Patel mocked. “Excites you to be naked in front of another woman?” Her voice dropped in an obscene parody of seductiveness. “Bit of a lezzy, are you?”

“No!” Claire snapped. “None of those things, damn you. Of course, I’m embarrassed—any one would be in these circumstances.”

“Tits are a bit droopy, but I’ve seen worse,” the Eurasian said smugly. “Get off those stockings. You can hand me the knickers. I want a good look at those. You can tell a lot about a woman from the stains in her knickers. In the meantime, stuff the rest in the bag. Push ‘em down hard with your back to me. I like to watch that little brown twinkler. Looks as if it needs wiping, mind. Short of toilet paper, were you?”

It was obvious that the Eurasian was going to squeeze every vestige of humiliation out of this scene.

Her face angry, Claire slid off the stockings, then raked in the plastic bag and fished out the discarded panties. She passed the tiny garment over, noting that the Eurasian accepted it by holding it between her finger and thumb as if soiled and unpleasantly odorous. In fact they had been put on fresh that morning and smelled of Claire’s favourite scent ‘Opium’.

Claire bent and pushed the discarded clothing down as far as possible into the bag. As instructed she did it with her back to the other, but she tightened her muscles in an attempt to keep her nates as closed as possible.

Carefully Miss Patel studied the panties, clearly seeking small stains or marks on which she could comment. There were a few but they were minor and a flash of annoyance passed over her stolid features.

“I suppose you white women have to perfume your knickers,” she said bitingly. “It would be unbearable to be near you otherwise. But you’ll stink ripe enough in an hour or two. All right, you turn and face me, I’ve seen enough of that fat arse for the moment.”

Claire made no reply to the insults. She felt acutely vulnerable, standing stark naked apart from her jewellery in front of the fully clothed Eurasian woman but her common sense warned her not to provoke the other’s anger.

Miss Patel let her eyes rove insultingly over the bared white body for several minutes.

Like most women Claire was all too aware of her bodily flaws, the tendency to droop of her breasts and a slight heaviness in her hips. She was not an exercise fanatic and her muscles could have done with toning. Few viewers would have found such faults serious. It was a good body on an attractive girl, clean, sweet smelling and sexy.

Not that Miss Patel was going to pay her any compliments.

“Nothing special, are you? Ordinary!” Miss Patel grinned. “Now, I’m going to make an intimate examination of you for Mr Fellows. We’ll have your jewellery off first then I want you bent over the conference table with your legs spread wide—very wide. I want plenty of room to get my fingers right up both holes.”

Claire felt squeamish at the very idea of the Eurasian giving her an intimate examination—doubtless with the intention of inflicting further humiliation uppermost in mind. She was tempted to reply that Jack Fellows was capable of making his own ‘intimate examination’ but she bit the comment back. ‘You’ve got to think your way out of this,’ she told herself. ‘This bitch will get most enjoyment from resistance. Best swallow the humiliations—just keep cool.’

Miss Patel harried her.

“Get that jewellery off and stop looking like a constipated virgin. Hurry now. He might be back soon. Women like you are likely to be diseased,” she added insultingly. “We wouldn’t want Mr Fellows to catch something nasty from you.”

“Bitch!” Claire snapped, finally goaded beyond control.

“What? What did you say?”

“Nothing,” Claire said, immediately regretting her loss of temper. “It was just a grunt.”

“I heard exactly what you said. It earns a demerit.”

Claire frowned. “What’s a demerit?”

“I’ll explain later. First get off that jewellery and then bend over the table.”

Claire gritted her teeth but obeyed, stripping off her gold ‘Cartier’ tank watch, the small but expensive gold chains and the rings, which she wore on various fingers. It was an expensive haul though she doubted that Miss Patel would appreciate it; the bitch was probably into plastic bangles! Finally she slipped the heart shaped earrings from her shapely ears. The jewellery was placed on the edge of the desk.

“Get across the conference table. Legs spread really wide now.”

Biting her lips with vexation Claire bent across it. She could see herself reflected in the mirrored wall. Her shapely, rounded, if slightly over sized bottom was clearly and obscenely exhibited, the cleft of the buttocks spread wide and the plump sex lips, as was obviously intended, the focal point of her demeaning position.

The Eurasian giggled.

“What a grubby looking thing. All that disgusting hair and wet, saggy sex hole! Open your legs wider—I’ve never seen one as ugly! Uugh—it’s disgusting. And smelly.”

“Enjoy your fun,” Claire spat through gritted teeth.

“Another demerit. And I told you to open your legs wider. I imagine they usually part quite easily!”

And then, to her horror, Claire heard the office door open. She smelled the cologne that Jack Fellows always wore. Instinctively she started to rise but a hand touched the small of her back and pushed her back downwards.

There was a long masculine laugh accompanied by a feminine titter.

“You’re doing well, Miss Patel. And her cunt is just as she described it.”

“She’s ready for you. I haven’t had a chance to examine her properly—but my guess is that she’s got at least one type of VD. I shouldn’t take any chances.”

Jack Fellows laughed. “She certainly looks ready enough. And wet too.”

“I think she’s the kind of woman who’s usually wet. But wear a condom. Don’t take chances with a slut like her.”

Claire, lying naked across table, her most intimate parts open to inspection, swallowed in anger.

She tensed as his finger probed into her vulva and found it difficult to resist wriggling away from the touch.

“No—I’ll take a chance. She’s a reputation for being easy but I’ve never heard that she’s given anyone a dose.”

Claire wondered once again about the relationship of the Patel woman with Jack Fellows? The conversation was hardly normal boss/secretary stuff.

She heard a zip rasp down and the soft impact of his trousers hitting the floor. With anger she realised that he was going to use her as she was, stretched face down across the table. Nor did he seem concerned at having the Eurasian woman watch. He had merely dropped his trousers and was preparing to thrust into her as if dealing with a sluttish, drunken girl at a dance.

“Look -” she began in protest.

“Shut up!” he said contemptuously. “You’re just a whore to be fucked. I don’t need or want conversation.”

The smell of his cologne became stronger; his bare thighs pushed against her naked bottom; she felt the roughness of his pubic hair, then his penis thrust into her vagina. Despite the obscene jibes the others had made, Claire was not fully lubricated and the penis grated on her tender inner membranes. She gasped out in pain and the other two laughed, deliberately misreading her reaction.

“Hardly touched her and she’s wanting more,” Fellows said, his penis pushing deeper. “They usually gasp like that when they’re going to come.”

Claire gritted her teeth against both the verbal barbs and the discomfort but after a couple more strokes her lubricating juices began to flow normally and the hurt first eased then ceased altogether. Miss Patel moved around the table, dropped on her thick haunches in front of Claire and peered straight into her face. There was no doubt that her purpose was to humiliate. Claire tried to look away but the Eurasian took her face between her two hands and stared into her eyes from a distance of only some six inches. Unpleasantly, Claire could feel the other’s hot breath.

Fellows’ hips were now slamming regularly against her bottom and she could hear his breathing becoming faster. He began to berate her.

“Come on, you bloody slut. I’ve wanted to do this for quite a time. Move your fucking arse. I want a bloody performance, not a dead body!”

Unable to avoid looking into the grinning face of Miss Patel, Claire reddened but obeyed and moved her body in time with Fellow’s thrusts. Most men would ruthlessly exploit any power they possessed over an attractive female. It was the nature of the beast - and anyway Claire was in no position to complain. She was pledged to give Jack Fellows sex, whatever, whenever and however he wanted.

But she had not known that the Patel woman would be involved and that made things a lot worse.

Once again, Claire cursed herself for her stupidity. The cruel baiting, which she had inflicted on the Eurasian had been unnecessary and there was no doubt that she had made a serious enemy.

‘Slup, slup, slurp!’

The briskly active penis rammed into her with clockwork regularity and the erotic sloshing sound plus the slap of his thighs smacking against her bare bottom echoed obscenely around the room.

His jism spat into her womb and she jerked her bottom rhythmically, as always wondering how what felt like a torrent was, in reality, so minimal in volume. The whole thing had been too quick. She had not orgasmed herself, nor even been close to it, but she had mewled as if with delight when he came.

Her performance was marred by the sarcastic laughter of Miss Patel who was clearly not impressed.

Jack Fellows on the other hand had obviously come fulsomely. Claire felt that she had notched up her first minor success and, despite the presence of Miss Patel, she decided to try and bend him to her will. ‘Damn it,’ she thought, ‘I’m a lot more attractive than the fat bitch.’

Languorously, she slackened her mouth as if with lust and turned her face towards him simulating lust.

“God. That was good!” She muttered, thickening her voice as if from passion.

The Eurasian laughed. “She’s pretending. I was looking in her eyes—she never came.”

“You’re wrong. I did enjoy it!” Claire said softly. “I’m a woman and I’m certainly not frigid. I don’t like being blackmailed but I might as well enjoy the sex.”

Miss Patel laughed and Fellows laughed with her. A chill ran down Claire’s back. They were obviously not impressed.

“Look at me!” Miss Patel ordered. She was still crouched level with Claire’s face.

Claire obeyed reluctantly. She peered into the fathomless eyes and felt the other’s hot breath on her face.

There was the sound of a door closing and with a shock Claire realised that Fellows had left the room. He had treated her like a whore—and done it in front of the Eurasian woman. Claire’s naked body had been conveniently stretched across the conference table and he had fucked it as if was of no value—then left. Worse, her implicit invitation had been contemptuously spurned. Her cheeks burned with a combination of shame and annoyance.

Miss Patel stood up and moved back around the table to stroke Claire’s all too exposed bottom with her hand. She finished by giving it a slap. It was a proprietorial gesture of contempt. Claire could feel Fellow’s semen seeping out of her vulva and sliding down her inner thighs; worse, she knew that the Eurasian could see it. The white girl bit her lip in vexation for she had been comprehensively humbled.

“Stripped off and fucked, you’re nothing much,” the Eurasian sneered.

Claire felt a finger touched her vulva, which was leaking Fellow’s spunk. The finger sought the swelling bud of her clit, ignoring the oozing sperm. She shuddered nervously.

She hated being touched there by the Eurasian woman but she controlled herself with a considerable effort. ‘This can’t go on for long,’ she told herself. ‘The fat bitch is going to get her pound of flesh and I’ll just have to put up with it. Being touched up is no big deal.’

“Dirty slut!” the Eurasian hissed. “I suppose you’re all sexed up—but examining your filthy body gives me no pleasure.”

The finger suddenly changed its target and drove hard and unexpectedly into Claire’s rectum. It pushed painfully into the soft, spongy interior.

Claire yelped with shocked disgust and her self-control evaporated.

“No!” she said sharply and stood up, swinging her body away and displacing the probing finger.

She was a sexually active woman and in no way a prude. Apart from one lesbian fling in the past she had remained heterosexual. For a brief moment her mind flickered back to the uninhibited relationship she had enjoyed with Ilsa Koch, her old boarding school roommate, but even those excesses had occurred within a framework of mutual ardour and excitement.

This was different. A female finger crudely and unexpectedly stuffed up her anus went beyond her limits, even in current circumstances. Somehow a framework of acceptability had to be established.

“Another demerit,” Miss Patel hissed. “Be reminded of your new status, miss slut; if I want to touch you—anywhere that I choose-- then you show pleasure and gratitude. Eh?”

Claire was determined to make a stand. Her jaw thrust out aggressively.

“My deal was with Jack Fellows. I made no agreement about dykes. I want to discuss this whole thing with him.”

“That is worth two more demerits.”

“Fuck demerits!” Claire snarled. “And fuck you too, you greasy fat slut!”

Then she felt her stomach heave as she recognised the triumph dawning on the other’s face.

CHAPTER 2

Claire Fairmont was frightened. Her tempestuous outburst had gained her nothing but further distress.

Picking up the telephone, Miss Patel had summoned Fellows and told him that Claire was being grossly insulting to her. Within minutes Fellows had arrived, his face filled with anger.

"I told you to treat Miss Patel with respect," he had screamed at Claire and, without warning had punched her viciously in the belly.

Retching and sobbing in pain and surprise, Claire had slumped to her knees.

Taking advantage of Claire's helplessness, the Eurasian woman had produced some manacles and insisted on cuffing her hands behind her back before securing her ankles with manacles which had a chain attached, not much more than twelve inches in length.

Claire had demurred vocally but had been able to offer only minimal physical resistance.

"Now she's all yours," Fellows told the Eurasian as his ill humour evaporated. "Enjoy."

He spent a few moments lasciviously fondling Claire's helpless body, then left the room.

As the door closed behind him Claire experienced a new sense of fear. She had suffered physical violence, was stark naked, had been sexually assaulted and was chained like a criminal. Now she was being left to the tender mercies of Miss Patel.

"Get up," the Eurasian snarled and obediently Claire staggered to her feet and stood in front of her persecutor, acutely conscious of the snail like trail of jism sliding down her inner thighs.

She felt utterly demoralised.

Her mind seethed with doubt. She realised that she should have demanded more time and assurances before signing the damning confession. Nor should she have allowed them to take control of her on their territory. She was now was physically in their power and that they were using that ascendancy over her without the slightest moral compunction.

Confirming the worst of her thoughts the Eurasian girl slapped her face hard.

The blow was of such force that Claire rocked on her feet and only narrowly prevented herself from falling to the floor. The second blow, delivered with the back of the hand, also staggered her; it was followed by a vicious punch to her breasts that drove her once again to her knees, tears spilling from her eyes.

Blood dripped from a split lip. Fear and outrage surged through her at the confirmation, if any had been necessary after Jack Fellows blow, that she was to be subjected to casual violence.

"I prefer," said the apparently disembodied voice of the Eurasian. "That you always kneel like that in my presence unless instructed to the contrary."

"You can bloody sod off!" Claire shouted infuriated by the other's savagery. "You fat little half breed!"

"Ah," Miss Patel expelled her breath in a manner that resembled the hissing of a cobra. "Now listen to me, white trash. One demerit is worth five lashes. I recall that you had merited three before your master shagged you and I will add only two more for your recent insults. Twenty-five lashes— very hard lashes - that I will now inflict on that pampered white body. And I will also add what I consider appropriate for all the insults you've subjected me to over the past months."

"You stupid uncivilised little cow!" Claire was incandescent with rage. "In this country people go to jail for using violence.! You touch me once more and I'll scream the place down!"

The Eurasian squatted and pulled the chain linking Claire's ankle manacles tighter. She took a padlock from her pocket and used it to effectively shorten the chain so that movement would be further restricted.

"You may scream as loud as you wish. It'll please me to hear you. I'm going to cause you pain—a lot of pain—before I'm through with you. This office is thoroughly soundproofed. And my Eastern outlook differs from your Western softness. To me, screams are a welcome lullaby—when issuing from the throat of a white racist slut."

Claire flinched at the uncompromising threats spoken in a tone that sent a shiver down her shapely back. She caught sight of herself in the wall mirror, naked, chained and cringing—visibly

frightened despite her recent moment of rebelliousness. It was unsurprising given her vulnerability to Miss Patel's lightest whim.

'Someone save me! Please, please get me out of this,' she prayed to whatever Deity might be listening.

Miss Patel walked over to Jack Fellows' desk, opened a drawer and extracted something from it.

When she turned to face Claire, she was holding a long thin pliable whip. It was a vicious looking implement, something over three feet long, leather covered and tapering down to a narrow pointed tip.

Claire shrank back, her curvy white body curling in on itself, red tipped breasts bouncing violently. "You can't—can't possibly use that on me. Jack—er—Mr Fellows -"

"Your master," the Eurasian woman prompted and swished the whip meaningfully through the air.

Claire swallowed, torn between fear and defiance. She decided to adopt a measure of discretion. "My m-master—he wouldn't want that used on me -"

"He doesn't care what I use on you," Miss Patel said acidly. "You're just shit to him and he's happy for me to have my fun. And it wouldn't matter even if he did disagree."

Claire had no time to conjecture the meaning of the last sentence.

The whip slashed across her full, white buttocks. It moaned softly as it cut through the air and hit its target with a sickening, thudding sound, a little like a wet towel hitting a door. Her body convulsed and she shrieked as a terrible pain burned across her bottom.

The shock of the lash was psychological as well as physical. Claire was a modern, feisty, confident woman and the notion of being whipped by another person would have previously seemed medieval. Never in her life had she contemplated being subjected to such barbarity.

"Tck, tck!" Miss Patel grinned looking at the great red weal discolouring the violently vibrating white buttocks. "Howling at only the first blow. And you've twenty four yet to come."

The second blow slashed across Claire's breasts, hitting her left nipple, which seemed to explode with pain. The resulting scream was positively inhuman.

The third lash criss-crossed the first, across the lacerated buttocks and Claire began begging for mercy. She tried to rise to her feet but the chains impeded her progress and she fell sideways onto the floor.

"Please," she shrieked. "Please. No more. Plea—ee—se!"

The fourth blow caught her on the inner thigh and her whole body seemed to jump into the air and hang there for a moment before shivering back on the floor in spasms of unbelievable pain.

Claire lost control of her bladder and urine shot out in a thick, odorous yellow stream that coincided with another vicious cut across her swinging breasts. Her body juddered and undulated as a result of the searing agony and a stream of urine was thrown around like a berserk fountain, soaking her body from the thighs down and even spotting the Eurasian's clothes.

"Incontinent white bitch!" Miss Patel sniggered and aimed two more fast cuts across the heaving buttocks, provoking more unintelligible screams and barely recognisable pleas for mercy.

Changing position slightly, Miss Patel cut upwards, aiming at the underneath of the flailing breasts and hitting the target with pinpoint accuracy. On the downswing she unerringly hit the untouched nipple. Claire collapsed on the floor, howling like an animal and curling herself into a ball. The chains that secured her limbs clinked tumultuously.

There was no escape. A further, carefully aimed slash across Claire's mutilated buttocks caused her to straighten her body in agony and open her tender inner thighs to the next vicious kiss of the lash.

Reflected in the mirror, her twisting, anguished body writhed and dipped; performing a pain induced ad hoc ballet.

Her screams were hardly human, but occasionally words and phrases that sounded like ‘mercy’, ‘please’ and ‘I’ll do anything’ were vaguely recognisable. Miss Patel began to sweat from her efforts for she was determined that the punishment should be fully and effectively delivered. And so it was.

The beating had stopped some minutes previously but Claire was still crying and moaning with the agony of her thoroughly thrashed body. Mind and body had lost all semblance of co-ordination. She was lost in a haze of fear and pain. Every one of the blows had been delivered with the full force of Miss Patel’s vindictive arm and the white body was criss-crossed with red whip marks that were swiftly blossoming into multi-hued bruises.

To underline the extremity of her humiliation, Claire lay in a pool of her own urine. She sobbed uncontrollably, utterly beaten, humiliated and ashamed.

The Eurasian contemplated her handiwork with satisfaction, swishing the whip about and clearly having enjoyed the thrashing that she had just meted out. She was sweating though it was as much from excitement as from the considerable effort, which she had just expended.

“Cry baby,” she intoned softly. “You have the weakness of your race. No backbone. All mouth. I like to see you suffer.”

There was a dangerous euphoria about her. Inspired by her own words the whip lashed through the air and fell again on Claire’s heavily lacerated bottom. Claire screamed in a combination of immediate pain and the terror that her tormentor was about to administer yet another severe thrashing on top of the first.

“Plea—ease!” Claire screamed. “No more. I’ll do what you want—anything you want but don’t beat me any more!”

The Eurasian nodded with apparent satisfaction. “Good,” she remarked calmly. “That’s a much better attitude. You must keep it up. Now you’ll lick up your urine, your ‘piss’ as you white trash call it.”

Claire gurgled with repulsion, as she understood what was being demanded.

“Oh God! Please -” she moaned.

Miss Patel leaned forward and gripped Claire’s hair and pushed her face down on to the wet floor. There was a brief moment of resistance until Claire contemplated the alternative, and then the brunette’s face was rubbed on the urine-pooled floor.

“Lick it all up,” the Eurasian instructed. “Lick it.”

Sobbing with pain and humiliation Claire complied, tasting her own urine, hating yet fearing her persecutor. She gagged piteously.

Miss Patel’s voice sharpened.

“Don’t be so stupid. Drinking your own piss is no big deal. Some people do it all the time for health reasons.” She chuckled. “Now, drinking another person’s pee is a different matter. You’ll be doing that later.”

Hating what she was being forced to do, Claire kept licking the floor, trying to avoid the worst by concentrating on the dryer parts.

The whip whistled down and another choked scream echoed around the room.

“Don’t cheat, cow. I want big licks. Use the whole width of your tongue! It’s your filth and you’re going to clean it all up. We’ve plenty of time so you’re going to make a really good job of it.”

A ruthless hand thrust Claire’s face into a wet patch, rubbing her nose and mouth into it.

“Get down on your belly. Rub your tits and cunt into your piss. Come on, slut. This’s a different sort of perfume—but it suits you better than what you were wearing.”

Tearing pouring down her face Claire obeyed. Horrible though the task was it was preferable than suffering the unbearable pain of the whip. The metal chains securing her hands and feet clanked as her tortured body writhed on the fouled floor, breasts and thighs soaking up the filthy liquid. She was made to grovel on the wet floor until every inch of her body was dampened. She was even forced to use her previously glossy hair as a mop.

The soft, penetrating laugh of Miss Patel assaulted her ears, hammering home the enforced lesson in humility.

The Eurasian was enjoying her revenge. For over a year she had smarted under the verbal lash of Claire Fairmont's gibes and sarcasm. Now she paid the white girl back with the unstinting lash of her whip combined with the depraved imagination of a sadist.

It was even better than she had hoped. Worth waiting for!

Eli Patel had not one forgiving nerve in her body!

Her relationship with Jack Fellows was an easy one for her and a special one for him. When she had first joined him as a personal secretary he had been interested solely in her excellent secretarial skills. Although Fellows was unmarried, few if any could have suspected that the relationship would metamorphosise into something deeper and darker. With her plump, round face and plumper, rounder body she had not seemed the sort of woman that would stand any chance of snaring Jack Fellows whose tastes had seemed to run to slinky, sexy females.

Yet if Miss Patel lacked physical attractions, her mind was shrewd and her judgements of character accurate. Very quickly she spotted that he was often bad tempered and dissatisfied after evenings with glossy beauties, even when it was obvious that he had bedded them. Nor did such relationships last for more than a couple of dates. She guessed that he had unusual sexual tastes.

One day, while he was out of the office, she had searched his desk. The drawers were locked but the Eurasian knew a thing or two about locks and quickly had them open. As she had expected, he had a hoard of sado-masochistic illustrated books with an emphasis on Female Dominant themes.

Calmly and deliberately she had filled the drawers of her own desk with similar sex magazines and made certain that he would catch sight of them.

He had risen quickly to the bait, at first ribbing her about the magazines and then gradually volunteering his own deeper interest in them. She had coolly indicated her own urge to dominate and he had become white faced, uncertain and confused as he recognised the implications. The relationship moved fast from that point. She had brought him a coffee one morning then ostentatiously locked the door and produced the very whip that she had just used on Claire. Brusquely she had ordered him to drop his trousers and underpants and bend across the desk. He had obeyed with an alacrity, which had told the Eurasian all she needed to know. She had drunk the coffee intended for him while he grovelled naked at her feet. From that moment she had been in complete control of the relationship.

She had encouraged her employer to identify and enjoy his deepest and basest lusts—sometimes employing other females and paying them through the medium of the petty cash.

Eli Patel had become indispensable to him. For the first time in his life Jack Fellows experienced real sexual satisfaction but the cost lay in submitting his will totally to that of Miss Patel.

He had sold his soul to a particular type of Devil—and had never regretted it.

Eli Patel enjoyed domination and despite her unprepossessing appearance she had never had any difficulty in attracting submissive partners both male and female. The truism that it is performance, not appearance that is important in most sexual relationships and particularly those involving Sado Masochism was proved very accurate in their case.

The relationship was naturally kept confidential. Outside this private, soundproofed office Eli Patel acted as a respectful private secretary. But inside the office, whenever she chose to lock the door, Fellows succumbed to her domination.

Totally and completely!

Miss Patel did not come cheap. She had induced Jack Fellows to fork out large cash bonuses, which she had squirreled away into a variety of offshore bank accounts and the petty cash accounts had burgeoned alarmingly. He never complained.

Miss Patel put her foot at the back of Claire's slender neck and pushed her face down into another pool of urine, ignoring the gasps of disgust, which resulted.

Rubbing the tear stained face of the previously haughty Claire Fairmont in her own piss gave the Eurasian a particular pleasure both emotionally and sexually. She found it much more enjoyable abusing a victim that she really, really disliked.

Claire was still tearfully licking the floor when the Eurasian kicked her invitingly curved, if badly marked buttocks, sending her sprawling across the floor like a piece of meat that had dropped from its hook.

"We've only just begun," Miss Patel gloated. "The things I'm going to make you do will turn your stomach. Now get up!"

It was not easy for Claire to obey with her ankles chained so closely together and her hands manacled behind her back, but finally she succeeded, taking a few painful slashes from the whip in the process. Finally she stood swaying uncertainly in front of the other, her face damp and the strong taste of urine fouling her mouth.

Claire's bearing and appearance was markedly different from the confident assurance she had displayed when she had first entered this room. There was a dispirited, hangdog look about her. Her previously glossy, neatly coiffured hair was a damp mess and her make up was badly smudged. Her mouth was swollen and puffy from the punch she had received from the Eurasian. There was a wet sheen to her face and body where she had writhed and grovelled in her own urine—whose smell was blending oddly and none too pleasantly with the remnants of her expensive perfume. Her nude, white body was criss-crossed with red welts that were fast being surrounded by ugly yellow and blue bruises.

"Aaaa-ahh!"

The shriek rang out in response to another vicious slash across her tortured breasts. Claire fell once again to her knees and bent forward, trying to protect the heaving orbs from the cruel whip.

"We'll have some rules, sow. You understand rules?"

"Yes—yes," Claire gasped, desperate to avoid any more punishment. "Yes. Whatever you say."

"You will always address me in future as 'Goddess'."

Not long ago, Claire would have laughed at such a demand; now she cringed in submission.

"Yes, Goddess. I understand—Goddess."

Claire well understood that it was better to debase herself than be subjected to further pain. She had little doubt that the Eurasian would beat her bloody if sufficiently provoked.

"I shall call you 'sow'. Why do you think I call you that?"

Claire's dazed mind sought for an acceptably grotesque explanation. It was immediately obvious to her that she was being told to add to her own humiliation.

"Goddess—I—I have large breasts -"

The lash caught the 'large breasts' with devastating force and another shriek echoed through the room.

"Whores are expected to use gutter language all the time. Understand, sow."

Claire swallowed. "I have big tits—big udders - Goddess."

“You’re beginning to learn, sow. You’re a whore and later I shall put you out for the fuck use of my male friends. You’ll work hard to please them won’t you, sow?”

‘One day I’ll strangle you, you fat bitch,’ Claire thought with a momentary revival of her normal belligerency—but she dared not put the wish into words. Out loud she stammered: “I’ll—be honoured to do whatever pleases you, Goddess.”

“You’ll do ‘French’. You know what ‘French’ is?”

Claire licked her lips.

“Yes, Goddess. Sucking a penis and swallowing sperm -”

She saw the whip twitch and quickly corrected herself. “Sucking men’s cocks and swallowing down their spunk, Goddess.”

“You obviously understand that very well, you dirty, disgusting bitch! You’ve done it often, of course, sow?”

‘Sucking yes— and swallowing only once without a condom,’ Claire thought, but she dared not give that answer, accurate though it was. The Eurasian was laying the humiliation on thick and fast now but Claire was in no position to resist. She had no alternative other than to confess to performing whatever foulness Miss Patel’s imagination conjured up. Without much conviction she reminded herself that words were merely words. And such words were far better than pain.

Claire shivered. Fellatio was not one of her favourite acts though, like most women, she felt impelled to perform it on occasion. Men’s penises were hardly the most sanitary or sweet tasting part of their bodies but current sexual mores made fellatio an essential tool of modern female sexual technique. With a condom it was just about bearable and only in extremely exceptional circumstances would Claire consider performing it without.

Nevertheless she replied in the manner that she knew was demanded.

“I—I always do it when asked, Goddess.” The next words were added to hastily embroider the lie. “I—I like doing it, Goddess.”

“You like the taste, sow?”

“Very much, Goddess.”

The Eurasian sniggered.

“How much do you charge for ‘French’, whore?”

Claire struggled with the answer. She had no idea what prostitutes charged.

“Ten pounds, Goddess,” she gasped at last and the other snickered again.

“Cheaper than I thought, even for a slut like you. How about ‘black kissing’?”

That foxed Claire. She wondered if the other meant ‘French kissing’. She had never heard of ‘black kissing.’

“I—I’ve never done it—but I would if it was wanted - Goddess,” she faltered hoping wildly that the reply would suffice.

“It means licking the anus, stupid sow. A sort of deep French kissing in that smelly, dirty spot, pushing your tongue right up, plus lots and lots of licking. You must have done it?”

Claire knew that ‘no’ would be an unacceptable answer. God, how she hated the other woman!

“Oh - arse licking, Goddess. Yes, yes I’ve done that—Goddess.”

‘I hate her. I loathe her,’ she thought deep within herself. ‘How dare she treat me like this? I was a nasty bitch towards her but this is sheer sadism!’

The whip seemed to burn her thighs and she howled and squirmed in agony.

“I can see the hatred in your eyes, sow.” The Eurasian laughed. “And it really pleases me! Now, let’s see if you can contort your body sufficiently to lick your own cunt.”

Claire was reasonably fit but neither double-jointed nor particularly athletic. Moreover the tight chains stuck agonisingly into her brutalised body when trying to adopt certain positions. That did

not prevent Miss Patel from forcing Claire to twist her body into a series of excessively painful and obscene poses. Yet despite every effort and many sharp blows, she just could not force her mouth to reach and lick either her own crotch or rectum as the Eurasian demanded.

At length, Miss Patel was reluctantly desisted. By that time, every muscle in Claire's perspiring body felt overstrained and agonising. Her once elegant white body smelled of stale urine and sweat and flopped helplessly about like some obscene, beached sea creature. The mouth that had once uttered so many cruel words at Miss Patel hung open and she resembled a simpleton. She was drooling, vacant eyed and looked broken.

The Eurasian glared disparagingly at Claire, clearly searching her mind for new humiliations that could be inflicted upon her.

"You've still got your master's spunk up your cunt," she accused belligerently. "Get your fingers in and spoon it out and drink it. Come on, you pissy prostitute."

A faint groan came from the exhausted white girl and was rewarded by another slash of the whip across her tortured breasts, which produced a sharp howl of agony.

Grinning, the Eurasian unlocked the wrist cuffs and removed them. For a moment Claire considered hurling herself on her oppressor but quickly realised that, weak as she was and with her ankles still chained, she stood no chance of gaining the upper hand.

The ubiquitous whip slashed again.

"Do it!"

"Aaah!" Claire shrieked, then she raised herself painfully and fumbled her fingers down to the hairy wet gash.

The whip whistled down again, bringing another scream of anguish. Face convulsed with disgust, Claire removed the goo-covered fingers and pushed them hurriedly into her mouth.

She felt immediately nauseous but was given no respite.

"There's plenty more where that came from," Miss Patel jeered. "You like slobbering down stale jism, don't you, slut? Let's see your tongue work at it."

"Yes—yes, Goddess," Claire moaned and clawed again into her vagina with her fingers, bringing forth another mess of grey slime, which she licked at vigorously.

She was sickened at what she was being forced to do but her only thought was to survive this ordeal. To that end, she would comply with whatever was demanded.

Miss Patel was in a state of near hysterical exultation. She was swaying backwards and forwards, giggling and muttering to herself in a language, which Claire did not recognise.

Claire stuck her tongue towards her fingers, lapping steadily at the revolting filth, which covered them.

Inwardly she prayed for deliverance.

CHAPTER 3

Claire lost track of time - but her ordeals had continued.

Miss Patel's malevolent mind had devised yet another 'game', which, like its predecessors very effectively dovetailed pain with humiliation. There was little resistance left in Claire. She was terrified; terrified of the other woman's seemingly insatiable cruelty; terrified of being marked for life as a result of the vivid welts and bruises that disfigured her body; terrified that she would not leave this room alive.

Kneeling on all fours on the conference table, Claire was vainly trying to hold a pencil in her rectum by tightening the muscles of her sphincter. It was not easy, the muscles were not suited to such a task; each time the pencil had slowly slipped from her body. Each failure had attracted a sharp cut of the whip.

And worse!

“Clean it,” the Eurasian had ordered on the first occasion. “Suck it clean.”

Horried and disgusted, Claire had shaken her head in a feeble flicker of defiance and had immediately suffered yet another thrashing. She had been speedily reduced to writhing on the polished table and screaming for a mercy that she well knew would not be forthcoming. Nor, as usual, did the additional pain spare her anything. She had ultimately been compelled to suck the pencil clean anyway.

She had been forced to repeat the process several times since and always with the same result.

“Like the taste of your own shit, do you?” Miss Patel mocked. “That’s why you keep letting the pencil fall out, is it?”

“Yes, Goddess,” Claire moaned, having learned the hard way that it was best to agree with the other’s suppositions, however foul and derogatory they were.

“We’re going to continue until you can do it properly,” Miss Patel smiled. “And later we’ll find something bigger than a pencil—perhaps a hollow steel bar so I can pee down it.”

She smiled delightedly at the thought and her eyes roved around the room as if looking for such an implement. “A piss enema. You’ll love that.”

Claire moaned piteously.

She did her very best to succeed. She struggled hard, trying to exert control on anal muscles that previously she was hardly aware existed. Yet however much she tried she could not prevent the pencil slipping very slowly from her body. Fortunately she had excreted that morning and the soiling of the pencil was minimal. Even so, the unpleasant odour and faint but sharp taste revolted her.

It became worse when the Eurasian deliberately wiped the soiled pencil across Claire’s face, just under her nose. It left a tiny brown line.

“Now you can smell yourself,” she giggled. “Why should I be the only one to suffer your stink?” Her face hardened. “But if you drop it again, you’re going to be very, very sorry.”

Claire believed her. She prayed frantically for the return of Jack Fellows. She would willingly – Oh, so willingly - succumb to any sexual demand he might make. Anything—anything at all, was better than suffering this constant physical pain.

The Eurasian had long since lost interest in the charade of applying ‘demerits’ and was now using the whip indiscriminately. If assistance did not arrive soon then Claire was sure that she would be beaten to death.

The hissing, slightly snickering laugh that she had come to hate whispered in her ear.

“Oh, I am going to do such things to you, you bitch. You have no idea what I have in store for you.”

The door opened suddenly and Jack Fellows entered the room. He stopped short as he saw what was taking place. His eyes scanned the viciously whip-marked body with its ankles chained and a pencil protruding from its anus, kneeling on the conference table. He drew in his breath sharply. An expression of concern crossed his face. The poor bitch looked as if the Spanish Inquisition had been dealing with her.

He forced a nervous laugh.

“Oh, you are having fun, Miss Patel. I’ll bet that bitch wishes she’d stayed an honest woman. But I’d go steady on the whip now—she looks as if she’s had plenty of punishment.”

An uncompromising snort issued from the Eurasian.

“Nothing like enough. She’s strong and young. I’m nowhere near finished with her. You can fuck off if you don’t want to watch.”

Eli Patel sneered at him—defying him to intervene. The whip slashed downwards and hit the sole of Claire’s left foot. The tortured female body undulated in such writhing agony that she nearly fell off the table. Yet somehow she retained the pencil in her rectum.

Fellows’ face whitened but he failed to press any further objections.

Because he was nearly as intimidated by Miss Patel as was Claire Fairmont.

Fellows’ entrance had initially triggered off a surge of hope in Claire but the exchange of words drove her to utter despair. She realised the terrible truth that the Eurasian was wholly in charge here.

Fellows was merely Miss Patel’s acolyte. It was a realisation that filled her with despair.

The Eurasian’s voice was resonant with glee.

“She’s enjoying our little games—aren’t you, sow?”

The lash hit the tortured female buttocks, bisecting several raised, oozing red welts and bringing forth another scream of pain. This time the pencil slipped from Claire’s rectum and clattered on to the table.

Claire was now more terrified than ever. She believed that the Eurasian was an extreme sadist and was probably mentally unhinged. Now it seemed that even Jack Fellows could not control her.

‘God!’ Claire thought. ‘What am I into here? She could beat me to death and he’d probably just watch.’

She was on the verge of uncontrolled hysteria but managed to pull a few shreds of her old resilience about her. ‘Survive’ she told herself with desperate urgency. ‘Just survive. Live second to second. Do whatever she wants. But survive!’

She forced strength into her voice.

“Yes, Goddess. I’m enjoying what I’m doing.”

“And what are you doing, sow? Tell the gentleman.”

Claire’s mind raced.

“Keeping—trying—I was trying to keep a pencil up—up—my arsehole, Goddess.” Claire’s face burned with shame.

Fellows snickered cravenly though he looked none too happy.

“But you failed, sow. So what’s the punishment?” Miss Patel demanded.

Claire’s face convulsed in an agony of humiliation but she forced out the necessary words.

“I—I—have to suck it clean, Goddess. I dirtied it—made it shitty - and it’s right that I should clean it.”

“Good, good. We’re going to change the game soon,” the Eurasian said with a meaningful look at Fellows. “You and this male slave are going to have a contest as to who can keep a pencil up your arseholes for the longest time. But you, sow will suck all the pencils clean if they fall out. His and yours. And his arsehole is always shitty!”

Claire shuddered with horror. Out loud she said: “It will be an honour, Goddess.”

Miss Patel cackled with laughter and glanced at Fellows. “Get your clothes off, pig. Hurry, hurry!”

Claire was startled at the eager, fawning expression which dawned on Fellow’s face. She realised that he was relieved at lapsing into the role of slave and thus ridding himself of responsibility for what was going on. Reality was lapsing into fantasy before her eyes.

‘Christ!’ she thought. ‘He really is a fucking masochist. And she’s his Dominatrix!’

Tears sprang to her eyes. She had been trapped. All along the real intention had been for the Patel woman to get her revenge. Fellows had hardly figured in the game that was being played. Claire had been tricked into this mess. Now she was helpless and at the mercy of the Eurasian.

She was certain now that prison would have been infinitely better than life at the behest of the Eurasian!

Miss Patel was addressing her.

“I’m sure you’ve got a filthy taste in your mouth, sow. So we’ll get rid of it. I think that this male pig would like a blow-job. You would, wouldn’t you, pig?”

“Yes, Madame,” he said and commenced undressing. He removed his jacket, trousers and underpants and slipped off his shirt and tie. His penis was erect.

Miss Patel giggled.

“It’ll be a great honour for you, sow. Won’t it?”

“Yes, Goddess,” Claire said helplessly. Inwardly she told herself that she would prefer to kick his balls rather than suck his cock.

“Because if you don’t perform a good blow job, I shall really whip you. None of this gentle stuff you’ve enjoyed so far. Your arse will be really bloody if your performance is anything less than excellent. Understand, sow?”

“Y-yes, Goddess.” Claire had every intention of doing her best. It was nothing compared to the humiliations that she had suffered already. She slipped from the table and knelt abjectly before him. The chains securing her ankles clinked as she did so.

“Right. Start working.”

Fellows looked ridiculous wearing only his shoes and socks but his penis was as taut as a bowstring. Whatever his general reservations he was sexually excited. It was clear that he was used to being naked in the presence of the Eurasian woman—and used to being abused by her. Claire again cursed herself for her stupidity. It had never crossed her mind that these two might have a sexual relationship—and certainly not one in which the woman was the dominant partner. Without knowing what she was doing, Claire had stirred up the proverbial hornet’s nest—and now the ‘hornets’ threatened to sting her to death.

She studied his body. When he had fucked her previously, he had entered her from the rear and she had had no opportunity to view him. Now she could see his penis, erect and jutting aggressively, thought it was unexceptional in size. A mat of dark hair ran down from his chest to the thick thighs. He was in good physical condition, muscular with slab-like pectorals, quite wide shoulders and a narrow waist.

It was a not bad body and Claire again found it difficult to understand why he had given himself so utterly to the unprepossessing Eurasian woman.

With obviously accustomed familiarity Miss Patel took the blood-engorged penis in her hand, hefting it gently and smiling at him. Suddenly and viciously she jerked it and he yelped in pain. With a satisfied grin she released it and stepped backwards, swishing the whip viciously through the air and hitting his buttocks with a full-blooded whack.

He yelped and twisted his body but made no protest.

“Now, slaves. You’ll give me an exhibition—and it had better be a good one.” She looked at Claire. “You may start, sow. Rub it with your udders first,” she ordered.

Fellows seemed to relapse into a semi daze, his mouth half open, his eyes glazed and regarding Miss Patel with what looked like adoration. Claire was further astonished; she would never have believed that the smart, articulate and ruthless businessman that she had known could become so cringingly submissive.

But submissive behaviour was something that she was still learning about.

The pitiless whip slashed across her agonised buttocks, reminding her that she was there to perform not philosophise.

She yelped and shuffled closer to the man, smelling his sharp odour blending with the pervasive cologne. The chains that imprisoned her ankles clinked as she positioned herself, then she leaned forward and rubbed the jutting penis with her breasts, shuddering slightly as glutinous moisture

oozed out of its tip. By hunching her shoulders she was able to grip his penis between her soft orbs and masturbate him gently. The slow, oozing jism began to spread over her breasts.

Fellows moaned softly and Miss Patel hissed. Claire was learning to react to the Eurasian's slightest hint of displeasure. She slackened her breasts and slowed her movements.

"He's leaking," the sibilant voice warned. "Clean him."

Claire's breasts were already damp with his emissions; she had no difficulty guessing what was expected of her. She bent forward and licked clean the tip of his penis. It was, at least, better than the stale filth that she had eaten from her own vagina earlier.

Not that it was at all pleasant. Fresh jism was not supposed to taste of anything but she definitely detected a faint fishiness as well as the tang and odour of stale urine. She shuddered slightly with disgust.

"Good little whore. Now perform!"

To Claire's rage she felt her head stroked as if she were some pet animal being complimented for performing a trick. The whip passed lightly over her body, stinging where it touched her welts and bruises and implicitly warning of severe retribution if she did not please.

Gulping back her distaste she took the penis in her mouth. Impetuously he pushed forward hard, driving the organ to the back of her throat and threatening to choke her.

And came immediately.

She felt his thick discharge slithering down her gullet even as she moved her tongue to caress the rigid organ. She heard his moan and fear surged through her as she realised that that she would be judged to have failed. It was not, of course, her fault. He had been excited and unable to hold himself back. But although she had tried not to over-stimulate him she still would be held to blame. The trickle at the back of her throat increased and became a flow, the thick, creamy, evil tasting grunge slipping down into her belly like some unpleasant, thick semi-warm soup.

"Fuck!" shouted Jack as he came. "Oh, fucking hell -"

"Bad girl," said the soft, threatening voice. "So disappointing for the gentleman. But probably you did it on purpose—because you like being punished."

Tears poured down Claire's face. It was so unfair! The now slack penis dropped out of her mouth, dripping the remnants of jism over her breasts and thighs. She could feel spunk trickling down the sides of her mouth.

But her most conscious awareness was of the Eurasian leaning down towards her with the whip flicking backwards and forwards and an icy smile on her face.

CHAPTER 4

The photographers took their farewell photographs as Margaret, Countess of Blantyre descended the steps of the plane.

A long line of well-dressed men and women waited on the tarmac and she briefly but pleasantly shook hands with each before walking quickly towards the waiting Rolls.

An immaculately uniformed black chauffeur saluted her and opened the rear door of the car. She acknowledged the salute with a radiant smile, then turned and waved to the photographers posing slightly to make it easier for them to take their pictures, the sun shining on her short dark red hair. She wore a simple khaki safari dress that failed to conceal her splendid figure and over her shoulder was slung a large 'Hermes' bag whose gold motif sparkled in the sunlight.

"She's a bloody good sort as well as being a real beauty," Ralph Jones of the 'City News,' grunted admiringly. "You'd never think that she'd been in the bush for three weeks living in a small tent."

Jack Henly of the 'Southern Media' nodded. "Everyone says the same. She's a great girl. Since Diana died she's the number one Charity fundraiser and she gets seriously involved. She's fun too. No side—and beautiful with it!"

"Well, I wouldn't mind her doing a bit of charity for me," chuckled a tall, thin photographer who was listening to the conversation. "She's got a body that makes a fitness freak look gravity fed. Gorgeous hips, big tits, unending legs—and I'll bet something really nice and slushy between her thighs. Never mind first class travel - she looks as if she pees champagne. Why the hell does her husband let her stay away so long? Hell, I'd keep her naked and locked in a chastity belt if she were mine. And with a body like that - what does she do at night in the bush, all alone in her hot little truckle bed? Is she frigid or does she wank? Jesus Christ—there must be a bloody story somewhere."

Ralph Jones looked annoyed. Like many of the Media accredited to the Countess of Blantyre's charity trips, he was known to be an ardent admirer. "She's dedicated to her charities. She's the nearest thing to an angel that I've seen on this earth."

"Balls! A woman with a face and figure like that can't be a bloody nun. It would be against nature. Anyway, she loves dirty jokes and that's not angelic."

"I never said that she's a nun. I said she's bloody close to being an angel. She raises more money for charity than anyone else in the world and she'd swim in shit to help the children or the old and sick. How many other great ladies would go to Kenya for three weeks, live in a tiny, bloody tent, mix all day with people with God knows what awful diseases and keep being sympathetic and good humoured all the way? Most of the gracious people who raise funds for charity just give a few camera opportunities then disappear to the nearest five star hotel. Christ! Margaret will pee behind a tree rather than get behind her in her schedules."

"Probably satisfies some need in her. Maybe she's an exhibitionist," the thin photographer sneered. "Hell, I didn't see her pee—"

"Fuck off. You wouldn't understand. It's called decency!" Jack Henly grunted turning away.

"What, peeing behind a tree?"

"Fuck off!" Henly repeated angrily.

But, reluctantly his mind turned back a few nights.

Margaret, Countess of Blantyre, was popular with most reporters because she worked hard with her charities and co-existed happily with the press. Since she was also a noted beauty she had become an icon with the world media.

Whether sweating in a tropical jungle wearing one of her functional khaki dresses or dressed in the height of fashion at some glittering London fund raising occasion, she was famously co-operative and even tempered. Even at her most regal there was always a naturalness about her that was rare in such a beauty. That sheer niceness, combined with her natural loveliness, made her widely popular and her image often fronted the cover pages of fashionable magazines.

She worked tirelessly for her charities and could be reduced to tears by the plight of a sick child or the often-dreadful local living conditions she encountered in third world countries. Eschewing luxury on such trips, she always lived in a small tent and made use of whatever primitive infrastructure existed within the area.

Yet there was a healthy femininity about her as well. After supper she would happily sit with reporters around a fire, usually drinking indifferent white wine. She often took her simple meals with alternating groups of media hacks and was a chatty, if not particularly informative, conversationalist. When she did speak of anyone it was in non-controversial terms. She seemed devoid of spitefulness and it was obvious that no reporter was ever going to scent any sort of scandal from her comments.

It was true that she enjoyed dirty jokes, though, out of respect, the ones recounted in front of her were usually clever rather than crude. She loved the sun and when she had a few minutes' respite she would sunbathe. Photographs of her magnificent body clad in a bikini were often published and she never objected. What did remain a secret between her and the media hacks was that she often sunbathed topless—and sometimes even naked; photographs of her in that state never appeared in the press though the press corps knew that they existed.

Stories of the good works, which she embraced so enthusiastically, coupled with the glamorous photographs and a high social profile, had served to raise her profile to the point where a recent survey had indicated that she had become the nation's most respected and popular woman.

The media broadly respected her privacy because they both liked and admired her. Her nude sunbathing was accepted with minimal peeking and often she strolled alone out of the camp apparently intent on viewing the surroundings. It was a matter of honour amongst the Media that no one followed her on such occasions.

Yet there were rumours ...

A few nights previously, Jack Henly had been unable to sleep in the stifling humidity. He had pulled on his shorts and walked down towards the nearby river where he had hoped it might be marginally cooler.

The route had taken him by some Masai huts where the long thin herdsman who looked magnificent but smelled unbelievably awful, slept.

Smoking a cigar, largely to ward off mosquitoes, he had wended his way down a winding path when a figure had emerged from one of the huts. He had stopped and his mouth dropped open in surprise.

The figure was Margaret, Countess of Blantyre. She was wearing just a thin cotton wrap that gaped open at the front. By the light of the moon her magnificently bared body was fully revealed, the heavy jutting breasts, slender waist and rounded splendid hips centred by a thick, trimmed tuft of pubic hair. He could even make out the beads of sweat dotting the lush body and the gleam of something glutinous on her inner thighs. There was little doubt that the Countess had recently been comprehensively fucked. He had experienced an immediate erection.

She saw him at the same moment. She froze and her forefinger immediately touched her lips, begging for silence. He peered in fascination at her perspiration sheened body, the wetness at her thighs, the disarranged hair. She made no attempt to close the robe. He could even smell the sour smell of the herdsmen, which clung to her body. It was perfectly clear that she had not visited the Masai for a social chat.

She had slipped past him with a quick smile but without a word and disappeared into the shadows.

Henly had told nobody of the episode and had no intention of doing so. Yet it disturbed him. Margaret had been playing with fire in more ways than one. Despite his defence of her there were plenty of whispers about her private sexual activities even though no one ever doubted her dedication to her public role. So far the faultless public persona had been so predominant that no one had really wanted to look beneath it.

He had shrugged. There was no way it was any of his business; he was not in the paparazzi –nor wanted to be. If she desired to step out of line sexually from time to time it was her own business.

But Masai herdsmen?

Margaret St James, Countess of Blantyre relaxed in the comfortable leather upholstery at the back of the Rolls which purred its way towards the Blantyre estate at Little Orton in Surrey.

"I hope it was a good trip, ma'am?" the chauffeur said in a deep bass voice.

"Very good, Hal. A bit tiring and terribly sad. There are so many people living in poverty. It makes one ashamed -"

"It's not your fault ma'am. Everyone knows that you do your best."

She bit her lip. "It's just never enough, Hal. God—if only we could put all the money we spend on silly things into those countries -"

"Then their rulers would have the lot within twelve months!" Hal turned and glanced back at her. "I'm black, ma'am, so I can criticise those governments."

She nodded. "Yes. That's a lot of the problem. But we helped put a lot of those rulers there; we still support them and let them get away with what they do."

There was a silence then Hal spoke again. His tone was very respectful.

"Do you wish to stop at the cottage, ma'am?"

Her face slackened as she considered the question. She was quite tired. It was never easy to rest on airplanes and it was worst during long flights. She pressed her thighs together, feeling the warmth and wetness between them. The desire was welling up within her.

She licked her lips.

"Yes," she said.

"Usual place, ma'am?"

"If that suits you, Hal?"

He laughed. It was a crude and cruel sound and it sent a shiver of excitement running through her. "It suits me fine, ma'am."

She leaned back in the cushioned exterior and tried to relax - but she could feel her limbs trembling and her thighs wetting.

They did not speak further until they reached their destination.

Forty minutes later the car drew to a standstill. It had pulled off the motorway some time before and taken further turns into minor roads before entering a wooded driveway, which could only just accommodate the width of the Rolls.

The car lurched its way down the broken unkempt drive at the bottom of which was situated a small cottage, surrounded by thick woods. There was no sign of life in either.

Hal parked just short of the building, got out of the car, removed his peaked cap and jacket and then opened the back door for Margaret to alight.

The ground was rough and muddy with pools of stagnant water dotted around.

As she stepped out of the car his demeanour changed from respect to aggression.

"Now, you fucking slut! Get that dress off and anything else you happen to be wearing underneath."

Her reaction would have been startling to Jack Henly had he been able to see it. Margaret no longer looked the poised aristocrat. She was trembling. Her expression was almost sluttish and her mouth hung half open as if breathing had suddenly become difficult. Half sitting, half laying in the back of the car, her legs were stretched wide; she was revealed as a woman in sexual turmoil and her hand was up her own skirt and working between her spread thighs.

It came as no surprise to him. Several times during the journey her grey sloe eyes had met his in the driving mirror and he had carefully placed a vanity mirror so that he could watch the feverish movement of her hands under her dress. She had orgasmed at least once. Just before he had stopped

the car, she had drawn the skirt up about her waist and pulled the crotch of her soaked knickers to one side, exhibiting the wet, agitated, hair surrounded sex lips that were soon to be at his disposal.

Her hot, musky, lust smell blended with the expensive perfume and her face indicated a woman near demented with lust.

“Y-yes, master,” she quavered.

She slid out of the car and her uncertain fingers fumbled clumsily with the buttons of the safari dress but she finally unfastened them and dropped the garment carelessly to the muddy ground.

He drew in his breath sharply at the sight of her now barely concealed body. He had seen it before plenty of times but it never failed to move him with its sheer sexual opulence; big breasts, narrow waist, sexy hips, marvellous legs. And that marvellous dark red hair that marked head and crotch. His penis tightened against the thick serge of his trousers.

She unhooked the plain white bra, releasing the heavy, pink tipped breasts that sagged only slightly and whose large pink aureoles were centred by thick, thrusting nipples. Her panties were of sensible white cotton, wet and faintly yellow stained at the crotch; she pushed them quickly down her thighs as if anxious to bare herself completely for the pleasure of her black employee. She was wearing no stockings and she carelessly kicked away the sensible shoes, her bare feet squelching as she stood naked on the muddy ground.

“That’s better, white slut. On your knees. Get down in the filth where you belong.”

Unhesitatingly she obeyed, knowing that he had placed her in this boggy area deliberately. Obediently she knelt in the mud and lewdly displayed herself to him. Her thighs were wide apart so that he could view her thick-lipped vulva. Her shoulders were pulled back so that her fine breasts were thrust aggressively towards him. Deliberately she opened her generous mouth and ran her tongue around her lips in obscene invitation. Her gaze fixed adoringly on his crotch.

He opened his fly and, after some fumbling, pulled out his penis, long and black but pink at the tip and almost painfully erect.

“Suck, whore!”

Gasping as if for breath, she leaned forward and took him in her open mouth, her hands pulling the zipper down further, pushing aside his underpants and caressing his testicles with eager fingers.

She could smell him, heavy and pungent and a faint moan of desire escaped her full lips.

“Do it properly, white cow.”

She took the heavy black penis further into her mouth, tasting sweat and strong urine, knowing that, as usual before such sessions, he had deliberately soaked his tool in his piss. Her hands reached out and cupped his testicles, one finger searching to enter his anus.

While avidly sucking his penis, her hands unfastened his belt then released the buttons supporting his trousers. They fell around his ankles. Withdrawing her mouth from his penis, she pulled down his underpants and whinnied softly at the unrestricted view of the splendid, rampant woman breaker only inches from her lips. She pushed his shirttails aside in order to gain access to his penis and testicles and worshipped him as a pagan would worship a God of Nature, recognising and adoring the black male genitalia as the most precious and powerful thing on earth. Her forefinger embedded itself gently into his rectum and she heard him growling in his throat.

He managed to divest himself of his shirt and even, somehow, to kick off his trousers and underpants. It was difficult, for she struggled to keep her mouth around his penis and her finger in his anus but, after a struggle, he was divested of all but socks and shoes.

For a few moments the only sounds were of her glutinous sucking and their combined heavy breathing. Then he emitted a faint moan of uncontrolled passion while swearing crude and insulting obscenities at her.

“Dirty, filthy perverted bitch! Fuck whore! Stinking cunt -!”

His body surged forward, pressing her backwards and he came in her mouth in long, gushing spurts. She gulped down his essence greedily and without any attempt at evasion, draining his body

of its sex elixir. Grunting, he thrust her backwards and they slipped and writhed on the muddy ground exploring each other's mud soiled bodies with avid fingers.

His wet mouth came down on hers, tongue raping the willing gateway, tasting his own sperm in her mouth; their tongues entwining like mating snakes, each spitting saliva into the mouth of the other, muddy fingers exploring, holding, twisting on and in each other's bodies.

Suddenly he flung her on her back with a force that seemed to expel all the air from her body; he reared above her holding in his hand the huge black phallus which was seemingly unaffected by his recent orgasm. Savagely he scrabbled at her trimmed pubic hair, yanking it so hard that she screamed out in agony---but parted her legs as wide as any professional whore could have managed.

With a grunt he positioned his penis at the mouth of her slack, wet vulva and drove it roughly and hard into her.

Had there been anyone watching they would have witnessed a viciously decadent scene. The pair rutted like animals in a barnyard, naked bodies covered with mud. There was no sign of tenderness---just the total mastering of a white woman by a black man, primitive, intense, brutal!

The plunder of a female animal in rut by a male animal that had caught her musky sex odour.

Without any stylised attempt to achieve it, they came simultaneously. He lurched forward and back against her wanton body, pumping his thick hot, jism into her. Her hands scrabbled in the filth, her face contorted lasciviously, mouth open and muttering obscenities.

“Oh fuck me, fuck me, fuck me---fuck my cunt, fuck my mouth, fuck me, fuck me -!”

Afterwards they lay, side by side, exhausted on the dirty ground. She was holding his drooling penis with one hand and caressing his testicles with the other; he had two fingers stuffed into her vagina. Gradually, as minutes passed, their breathing became less laboured.

It was Hal who moved first. He rose and squatted over her, face, his penis still large even in its detumescent, dripping state.

She gazed up at his shadowed under- body, the dangling sac of the scrotum, the still thick penis, the matted pubic hair, the vibrating pink bud of his anus. She was slack faced and randy, far from satiated.

“You need a bath, white slut,” he spat, and urinated into her face. The hot, odorous liquid struck the lust-bloated features of the Countess with considerable force, spattering over her face and soaking the mud soiled, red hair. Her lust dilated eyes flinched momentarily and then she opened her mouth, swallowing great draughts of his urine, forcing herself to ignore its unpleasant taste and odour. He moved slowly backwards, playing the stream over her body as if hosing down some inanimate object. Her breasts and crotch were soaked and the thick yellow droplets seemed to cling like spots of oil on the white skin. Blowing flecks of urine from her mouth she slowly and erotically massaged the liquid into her breasts and belly as if it were some expensive body lotion.

She lay in the urine soaked mud, not attempting to avoid the flow, the fine body and gorgeous face wholly debased for his pleasure. Her nipples stuck out like bullets and the odour of her lust was discernible even over that of the urine.

Afterwards, excited at her passivity and receptivity he fucked her again. Her body squirmed under his heavy thrusts and there was a blankness in her eyes but she responded with equal passion. As he ejaculated into her vagina he bent and spat full in her face.

“Whore!” he snarled.

Her curling tongue reached out from her open mouth and licked at his spittle.

A few minutes later the dirt encrusted, thoroughly debased and naked Countess crawled towards the house on hands and knees. Hal, followed at a leisurely pace still nude but for his shoes and socks.

Periodically he kicked her full, shapely buttocks, sending her sprawling forward into the mud but she was now so filth splattered that further soiling hardly mattered. Walking behind her he had a splendid view of her most intimate parts, her anus and sexual orifice. Pleasurably, he could see his spunk dripping out between her thick, sex lips. He found it a marvellous sight; her gorgeous breasts hanging downwards, swaying like a cows teats while her bottom jiggled tantalisingly as she moved, every bodily secret revealed for his delectation.

Few men given such a position of power over someone of the other sex, particularly when that person was so enormously their social superior, would have failed to make the most of it.

Particularly when he knew that it was what she craved for!

Hal was no exception.

“You’re disgusting, you white slut,” he jeered. “I’m treating you like shit because you like being treated like shit. You like me peeing on you—don’t you, you filthy perverted cow?”

He kicked her again, feeling the force of the blow through his damp shoes and hearing her yelp in pain.

“Yes—yes, master,” her voice grovelled back at him.

“Before you went away you asked me if I had a friend who might like an obedient piece of white cunt for a plaything.”

Her head, which had been rolling about drunkenly suddenly turned towards him. There was a great crust of wet mud across the bottom half of her face but her interest was immediate. She stopped moving.

‘God!’ He thought. ‘She really is insatiable!’

“Yes, master.”

“I’ve a couple of guys in mind. They’re a pair of dirty-minded bastards and whores often won’t do the things they want. But I’ve told them that you’ll do anything. I haven’t told them who you are, mind. They’ll think you’re just another prostitute”

“Thank you, master. I’ll please them. Whatever they want.” Her voice was hoarse.

He bent and slapped her soiled buttocks and she began to crawl forwards again though her head was cocked as if eager to catch anything else he might say to her.

“You won’t be thanking me when they’ve finished with you, you piece of woman shit. They’re both pigs individually but together -,” he gave a strangulated laugh. “Together they’re like a ravish mob. But you’ll like that—won’t you, you bitch?”

Not waiting for an answer, he quickened his step and put his shoe in the small of her back. He pushed her body down in the mud, laughing at the squelching sound she made as she writhed about.

“Get your stinking arse up in the air—open your legs!”

She obeyed, her fingers scrabbling in the muddy ground. She stuck her backside into the air like a bitch looking for rut, displaying the thick, mud flecked, sex lips even more prominently.

Grunting, Hal knelt and scooped up a pile of mud from the path. He shovelled it into her vulva, pushing the residues hard in with his fingers.

Her jaw dropped in surprise and she gazed over her shoulder at him.

“Pull your cunt open,” he snarled. “You like filth, bitch. Now I’ll stuff you with it.”

Her eyes were glazed as she realised what he was going to do then she put her hands behind her and pulled the sex lips so far open that they gaped obscenely. Literally a hole! Hal stuffed it with debris, mud, small stones; he even found some pieces of urine soaked cardboard.

“Now—start crawling again,” he snarled as he finished and slapped her filth ravaged derriere. “Next time we stop you’ll get the same up your stinking shit hole.”

In the final stages, Hal dragged her by the hair towards the cottage. The pain was awful and tears ran down her face. She tried to regain her feet but was unsuccessful though occasionally her knees gained a temporary purchase on the marshy ground.

Just outside the concrete yard that surrounded the cottage he stopped and sat on her face, obscenely grinding his buttocks into the flawless features that had fronted so many magazines. Her mouth opened and her tongue thrust up between his nates, seeking the thick orifice of his rectum; his odour filled her nostrils and his taste was strong in her mouth.

She worshipped him with the long and ardent black kiss until he groaned savagely and his penis was once again erect.

“Get moving, slut! Fuck animal! Prostitute!”

They reached the cottage and he drove her through a small kitchen and into a damp and unused looking bedroom with a three-quarter bed. Hanging over a small chair was a thick leather strap.

Without any word from him she threw herself, face down on the bed. He thrashed her with the strap until she howled for mercy.

Her screams echoed around the sparsely furnished room. The magnificent, if filthy, body rolled around like a rag doll and great red welts appeared at random across it. Tears had poured down her cheeks, making runnels in the congealing mud.

At length he had flung the strap to one side and collapsed into an armchair.

The floor and bedcover were badly soiled as a result of their activities. They had trampled plenty of dirt inside in their passionate and uninhibited progress but there was more to than that. Pieces of mud and small stones had leaked out of Margaret’s orifices and flecks of semen and urine marked the bedcovers.

She sobbed on the bed for some time but the beating had not been unduly severe though she would carry its marks for a few days.

Finally she had thanked him in a way wholly appropriate to a situation where the man had thoroughly satisfied his woman. She had crawled to him and once again taken his penis into her mouth. She had sucked him slowly, gratefully and expertly, her hands caressing his throbbing penis and gorged testicles, fingers teasing his anus with the expertise of an experienced whore. It had taken a long time because she performed her task with unusual skill but in the end he had been unable to restrain himself and had ejaculated violently, shooting his thick cream down her eager throat. Then, dazedly, satiated by her performance he watched as she had masturbated the thick bud of her clit, driving herself into a paroxysm as she climaxed screaming obscenities.

“Fuck, fuck me, fuck my dirty evil cunt -!”

At the finish, each was exhausted both physically and mentally. She lay on the floor, debris seeping from her misused orifices; he slumped in a somewhat saggy armchair in front of the empty fireplace, the heavy penis relaxed and gleaming wetly between his thighs.

After some ten minutes passed, Hal stood up and walked into an adjoining bathroom. It was sparse but adequate and he stepped under the shower, relaxing as the cleansing hot water poured down on his black skin.

The woman was not allowed the same degree of luxury.

Margaret dragged herself painfully up from the floor. First she obtained a broom and thoroughly cleaned the floors of the cottage. She stripped the bed of its bedcovers and put them in a plastic bag for washing by the cleaning woman who visited the house weekly.

Then, still naked she left the house and made her way, walking slowly. She was acutely aware of the mud and stone debris still contained in her body which were slowly seeking an exit. She made her way through a small back yard and followed a beaten track through the woods until she came to

a small, fast flowing river. For a moment she hesitated then she stepped into the flow, gasping at the shock of the cold water and made her way to the middle of the stream where it was deepest. There she sat, shivering and wincing as the water stung her welting skin.

She washed herself as thoroughly as possible in the primitive circumstances, using her fingers to scoop out the filth buried in her vagina and rectum and ducking her head under the water to cleanse her hair of the clinging mud. It took much time; the conditions were the opposite of pleasant or comfortable.

When she had finished she was shivering unrestrainedly. Naked and still wet, she made her way back to the small farmhouse.

Hal was nowhere to be seen but fresh clothing, identical to that she had originally worn, was laid out on chair and an electric hair dryer was connected in the bathroom. Carefully she dried her hair, luxuriating in feeling the warm air on her shoulders and breasts as she did so.

She dressed quickly and finally glanced at the mirror. She looked pale but composed and she was apparently clean though there was a gritty feel sensation within her vagina and her anal passage felt raw.

She walked slowly back to the car and saw Hal, fully clothed, in the driving seat. As she approached he got out and opened the rear door respectfully.

Their eyes met and hers flashed mischievously.

She climbed in. "Thank you, Hal," she said decorously. "I think we can go home now."

"Yes, ma'am," he murmured.

Elegantly slumped back against the luxurious leather upholstery of the Rolls, the Countess of Blantyre looked beautiful and tranquil.

Relaxed as she so obviously was, there was now a sort of fragility about her.

After a long silence she spoke. Her voice was languid.

"Thank you, Hal. I don't know what I'd do without you."

He nodded. No wordsmith, he could not conjure up a suitable reply. He recognised even if he did not understand the fiendish sexual needs that afflicted her. Once the irresistible urges descended on her she changed character as completely as the fictional Dr Jekyll became Mr Hyde.

She raised her head a little and her eyes met his in the mirror. "Dear Hal. I suppose servants do all sorts of things for their employers, but I do go a bit far, don't I?"

Her tone of voice was level, warm and very human.

"I'm asked for nothing I don't do willingly, ma'am." He smiled. "A lot of people would regard me of being very privileged."

It was true. Such a relationship was a fantasy come to life. That periodically he, a poor Caribbean immigrant, could have this gorgeously desirable and aristocratic woman in any way he wanted as long as it involved extreme humiliation.

"Your two friends. The ones you mentioned," she prompted. "Tell me about them -"

His eyes met hers once again in the mirror. 'Surely,' he thought. 'She can't be getting randy again already?'

But she was.

CHAPTER 5

The van rumbled through the night and Claire, legs and wrists chained, lay naked on the cold, bare metal floor, her body jolting painfully with the motions of the vehicle. There were no windows in the compartment of the van so that she was confined in total darkness. She groaned periodically,

mostly because of the pain afflicting her bruised and battered body, but also in despair at the realisation of her utter helplessness.

Apart from other consideration she was hungry and thirsty. During the day Miss Patel had refreshed herself with glasses of water and both she and Fellows had enjoyed a plate of sandwiches before leaving the offices. Claire had been given nothing.

There had been plenty of time for the Eurasian to continue the sadistic games that had commenced that morning for she, Fellows and Claire had stayed in the office until darkness fell and all the staff had departed the building. No similar period of hours had ever seemed longer or more terrifying to the thoroughly abused Claire.

The Eurasian woman, eyes glittering with pleasure, had delighting in driving her victim into further screaming frenzies by the use of that terrible whip. The presence of Jack Fellows as a male slave seemed to have stimulated her to even greater excesses. Fellows had periodically looked concerned at the harsh treatment being vented on Claire—particularly when her screams were at their most hysterical-- but he had done nothing to intervene. It was abundantly obvious that the successful, middle-aged entrepreneur was completely under the influence of the fat, charmless Eurasian who was probably only just out of her teens.

Once the building had emptied, Claire had been set to work to clean up the mess in Fellows' office. She had been compelled to scrub the tiled floors, removing all traces of the smell of urine.

It seemed that Miss Patel could not punish Claire sufficiently for her past misdeeds. She stepped up the humiliations, removing her own knickers and compelling the white girl to tongue her clitoris while Fellows watched. Claire, depressed and obedient, did what she was told without demure though the tears had scalded her eyes. Inevitably, the sexual stimulation roused the Eurasian to further flights of sadistic fancy and almost lovingly, she had put them into words while Claire serviced her.

"Spit in her face. In her mouth. I'll make the sow open it for you. Hawk up some real, nasty goo and drool it into her mouth very slowly."

"Next time you want to pee, do it in her cunt. We'll make her hold it open for you. Or we could stick a funnel up her arse and you can piss in there. A piss enema; that'll flush the shit out of her."

"Why don't we staple her cunt lips? It'll be like a modern chastity belt? With an office stapler. No one will hear her scream in here."

"Let's find a really dirty, smelly, diseased tramp and make her have perverted sex with him while we watch."

"I've listened to plenty of filth from her mouth. How about using it as a lavatory so that she can really taste shit?"

Terrified of what was being suggested, Claire had worked hard with her tongue of Miss Patel's clit and had managed to give her a series of mountainous orgasms.

Jack Fellows had laughed uproariously, if somewhat nervously, at the suggestions but had made no attempt to implement them. Claire surmised that he was becoming increasingly fearful of the consequences if what was happening ever came to light. It was the most tenuous of hopes but all that she had to cling to.

The worst moment had been near the end, when Miss Patel had triumphantly flourished an office stapler; Claire, fearing her intentions, had screamed with fear, prostrating herself and promising to perform any obscenity rather than suffer the permanent mutilation of her vulva.

Graciously, Miss Patel had spared her and, in return Claire had energetically licked the fat, bared bottom, urgently pushing the pointed end of her tongue into the filthy crevices.

Once night had fallen and the building had emptied of people, the Eurasian and Fellows had bundled their distraught but helpless victim, still naked and chained at wrists and ankles, into the

compartmentalised back of a small blue van. Fellows had dressed and was now conversing with Miss Patel in a near normal manner though his deference to her was still apparent.

Claire lay in the darkness on the uncomfortable, bare metal floor of the van, filled with terrified foreboding about her future.

The van drove for a couple of hours before entering a long gravelled drive leading to a large if gloomy looking three story house. The front of the house, including the drive, was well lit and several males in white overalls were awaiting them outside.

Fellows greeted them familiarly.

“Package for you in the back of the van. One of the cells in the basement will do for her. She’s not to be fed or watered until further notice.”

“But enjoy yourselves with her,” Miss Patel said sibilantly. “She’s mad for sex—can’t get enough.”

The men laughed.

“No sooner said than done, ma’am,” said one. “We’ll give the lady everything she wants—and much more.”

Claire was dragged from the van. She had regained a small amount of composure during the drive, but was shocked to find herself naked in front of several strange men who began mocking her immediately. She dropped on her bottom and tried to cover her private parts with her knees but she was pulled to her feet and subject to close scrutiny with rough hands pawing at her.

The men noticed, but showed no sympathy for, the bruises and whip marks that desecrated her body treating her with loutish contempt.

“God! Her cunt stinks!”

“Come on, bitch. We’ll give you all the fucking you want.”

Instinctively she hit out at the men but her chains impeded her and she only succeeded in unbalancing herself and falling back on to the gravelled drive. Some of the sharper stones cut into her already lacerated buttocks and she squealed in agony. Someone grabbed her hair and she was then literally dragged up the steps leading to the front door. No one showed the slightest sympathy at her tormented howls of pain. Three of the men in white overalls accompanied her

Fellows looked ironically at Miss Patel. “I hope you’re satisfied. The poor bitch will have a hell of a time with those three thugs.”

She laughed quietly. “I’ve a long memory and she’s going to suffer a lot more for the insults she inflicted on me.”

He shrugged. For the first time he showed his real concern. “Don’t take it too far. We don’t want a dead body on our hands.”

Miss Patel laughed. “She’s young and tough. She can take a lot more yet—a lot more! She’ll have to because, when I’ve finished with her we’re going to sell her off as a white slave. Don’t worry, Jack, she’ll never be around to embarrass you. But I’m going to be choosy. I want a proper hell hole for her.”

Fellows looked a bit happier. “Yeah. We can’t risk her getting free now. If the police got to know about what we’ve done to her -?”

“It wouldn’t do you or your business any good at all,” she said maliciously. “But don’t worry. She’s going east—on the filthiest slave ship I can find.”

She gurgled with laughter at the thought and then they entered the house together.

CHAPTER 6

The white-overalled men hustled the fearful Claire into the house. The entrance hall was comfortably furnished and well lit. The décor resembled a three or four star hotel though an observer would have been struck by the fact that the paintings on the walls all had erotic themes. A tall, outstandingly attractive blonde dressed in a décolleté full length green dress was talking to a short, thickset man in a dinner suit. Both gazed curiously at the struggling, chained, wholly naked and severely whip marked brunette, as she was dragged past them.

Desperately, Claire screamed out to them. “Please! Help me! I’m being kidnapped!”

The blonde leaned forward, displaying a lot of bouncing white cleavage and said something to the man. She looked taken aback but the man was grinning.

One of the white-overalled men shouted out. “It’s just another a sex game. She’s a masochist -”

Claire was frightened and dazed by the experiences of the past few hours but she had quick wits and realised that this might be her one chance of getting away.

“No!” she screamed. “Look at me. I’ve been beaten—really beaten. Please help me -”

The man laughed. “Don’t worry, dear. We’ll probably see you later. Dinner first though for us—we’re going to play later.”

Claire screamed like a stuck pig because that seemed the only thing left that might work but within seconds she was hustled through a baize door and down two long flights of uncarpeted stairs. At the bottom was a dimly lit passage. Walls and floor were bare concrete but it was warm, heated by radiators and dimly lit by bare bulbs hanging from the ceiling. The crude light cast frightening shadows and panic seethed through her. Apart from the two apparently disinterested people in the entrance hall, nobody knew where she was except for Fellows and Miss Patel - and the three white coated men hustling her so roughly along the passage.

Her bare feet scrabbled at the loose concrete on the rough floor and the damp odour of drains and decay filled her nostrils. The passage was quite long and she was aware of occasional barred doors fronting small alcoves.

Cells!

Although she was being propelled inexorably forwards, inquisitive male hands were constantly groping her breasts and thighs but she was too distraught to care.

They stopped suddenly. A barred door was opened and she was pushed into a small cell some six feet square. It was furnished with nothing but a bare, chipped toilet, a wooden duckboard and a dirty looking cushion. There was a dim light hanging from the ceiling but it was out of reach, high above her head.

To her surprise and relief they took the manacles off her ankles and wrists. She rubbed at the chafed skin where the chains had left marks and flexed her fingers vigorously.

The men stood looking at her, eyes gloating over the starkly bared body. They seemed unmoved at the bruises and whip marks.

“Welcome to yer new ‘ome,” said the sardonic cockney voice of one of her captors. “Jus’ fer yer information, this is a sex club. It’s called Lash Hall. Upstairs the toffs play naughty sex games. Down ‘ere, they’re serious games. You’re a real prisoner, darlin.”

“An’ its time for the ‘ouse warmin’ eh, darlin’?” said another.

“And time for us to get a tip,” grinned another. “For showin’ you yer room like.”

She regarded them fearfully. They were big men, like Club doormen; two were white and one black. They threw out violent vibes and under the bantering tones she detected real menace.

Claire Fairmont had been in tight corners before. She was the sort of person who took risks. She had even faced the previous threats of violence but had always talked her way out of trouble. But this situation was far worse than anything that had gone before.

She took a deep breath and tried to submerge the panic which was surging through her. Whatever it involved, she had to escape.

So this was a sex club? She had heard about such establishments where people came to play out their fantasies. But such people lived normal lives most of the time and would probably not approve of the sort of forced violence to which she had been subjected. If only she could get upstairs it was still possible that she might obtain help.

“Look,” she said desperately and forced a tremulous smile “I’m sure that this can be sorted out.”

“Nothin’ to do with us, darlin’,” said the tallest of the two white men. “We just work ‘ere.”

“I do have money,” she said quickly.

“Where d’y keep it, darlin’?” asked the black, a wide grin dawning on his features.

The men all laughed.

“Maybe we should search yer,” the black added. “Only two places where yer could stuff it, eh?”

She ignored the crudity, keeping the weak smile firmly in place.

“I mean money outside. In the bank.”

“Not much use there, darlin’.”

“Please. You can come with me and I’ll get the money for you. Whatever you want.”

“Ow much?”

She hesitated. “A thousand pounds.”

They laughed. “Yer c’n do better than that.”

She bit her lip, by no means certain that they were open to negotiation but having no alternative but to keep trying. She realised that it was likely that she was bargaining for her very life.

“Ten thousand,” she offered desperately.

“Twenny grand and we all get a bit of pussy first,” demanded the tallest, white man.

She frowned. “Be fair, boys. With twenty thousand you can buy all the women you want.”

“And we will, darlin’. Later. But we want to begin with a nice easy fuck like you.”

‘Damn them!’ she thought. With her body paining like hell and doubtful whether they would keep their side of the bargain anyway, she badly wanted to refuse. Yet a refusal was something she dare not contemplate. Co-operation at least held out a chance of escape.

“All right,” she said. “But take me to my flat first. We’ll do it there—then I’ll pay you.”

There was another unsettling burst of laughter.

“No darlin’. Yer a bit slow on the uptake. Yer going to fuck each one of us real good and real dirty. Then, when we’re satisfied you’ve done yer best we’ll get on to the next stage.”

It was the biggest white man speaking and he spread his arms expansively.

“Don’t say you don’t trust us, darlin’?”

‘I bloody don’t!’ she thought helplessly and bit her lip. Her brain raced as she sought a way to improve her situation.

“I didn’t say that,” she said. “But come on, boys—I’m alone with three men – helpless -”

“You sure as hell are,” said the black. “An’ we’re jus’ makin’ a simple little deal. You fuck and suck good an’ we’re goin’ to do yer a big, big favour. Like lettin’ yer go from this nasty, smelly place. Savvy?”

Claire’s hands clenched spasmodically but she recognized that, however unpleasant it might be, she once again had no real alternative. Christ, what a day! She had already been forced to have sex with Jack Fellows and had demeaned herself even more completely by licking the foul clit and bottom of the Eurasian bitch.

This was ‘Claire Fairmont gets fucked by everybody’ day!

“OK,” she said and forced another weak smile. “Whatever.”

“The deal is—you work good, doll. Plenty of the words and lots of appreciation for the ‘appiness we give yer.”

The message was clear enough—she had to act like a whore!

She nodded then looked around the drab cell. “We surely don’t do it here?”

“Nah.” It was the shorter white man who spoke. He looked powerful in a chunky, heavysort of way. “Nah, we got a better place just up the way.”

Her heart raced in the sudden hope that they might be going back upstairs. That would offer the best chance of escape. If nothing else she might get outside into the woods that surrounded this place.

The men propelled her out of the cell and back the way that they had come. Her heart raced and she made no attempt to avoid the hands that stroked between her thighs and fondled her breasts. Indeed she smiled back and wriggled her body enticingly as if enjoying their attentions.

She was to be disappointed. Less than half way back to the stairs they opened a door and led her into a fairly large room containing a three quarter bed and a cheap wooden dining table together with some rickety looking kitchen chairs. The light was a bit better than it had been in the previous cell but not that much. The concrete floor was partly covered by a dusty looking carpet. A door less opening at the far side of the room revealed a squalid bathroom.

The smell of damp and drains, which had pervaded the corridor outside, seemed stronger in here.

She looked unfavourably at the bed on which she assumed that she was expected to keep her end of the bargain. The crumpled bedcovers were pulled back and the sheets were not very clean.

“What’s yer name?” the black asked.

“Claire,” she said, briefly considering giving an alias but realising there was no point in doing so.

“I’m Zucco. Ted is the big guy and Joe ‘ere makes three. Y’c’n begin by giving Ted a tit wank. An’ don’t forget—we wanna ‘ear the words.”

The three men began throwing off their clothes, leering at her as they did so. The heavy smell of testosterone filled the room. All three men kept on their socks.

“Come on, doll. Time ter play.”

She approached Ted tentatively, ignoring the darting pains that afflicted her body. She wriggled her body tantalisingly.

‘For Christ’s sake’ she told herself. ‘Get on with it. Stop acting like a frigid virgin.’

She rubbed her breasts against his hairy chest and her fingers flicked softly at his nipples. She blew on them gently and could feel them harden.

“Big man,” she breathed huskily and forced a smile again. “I like big men—really big men!”

Her hands reached down and encircled his cock. He was cut and hardening already; her touch made the organ rear aggressively.

The other two men whooped encouragement.

She hated the audience but tried to ignore it. ‘Just concentrate on the one you’re fucking’ she tried to persuade herself.

It was impossible.

Her hands ran slowly—very—very—slowly around his body and her thighs trapped the thick penis. Her fingers gently explored his navel and briefly ran behind him to touch up the cleft between his buttocks. One finger flickered around his anus and she heard him gasp.

So far - satisfactory!

She cupped his testicles, feeling them swelling and heavy in her hands. She shot a quick look at the Negro and the smaller white man, Joe and could see that they were enjoying the show. ‘They bloody should’ she reflected bitterly to herself. ‘They’d have to pay a sodding fortune to see a show like this in a sex theatre—and the another one to fuck the participant afterwards.’

But it would be worth it, if they kept their end of the bargain.

Moving with almost painfully slow deliberation she rolled her body, belly to belly against his then began to sink down onto her knees.

"I like big men," she whispered—though loudly enough for them all to hear it. "Big men with big cocks and big balls -"

Her breasts now pressed against his hard penis and her arms encircled his back, stroking his hairy thighs and teasing his buttocks.

"To go up my big wet cunt," she finished alluringly.

He was not actually that big as far as penises went, but Claire knew the fragility of men's egos when it came to size. In the past she had sometimes deliberately destroyed a man's confidence by referring contemptuously to the size of his penis—but this was different—this was worship time. She had to make these men feel like gods.

The bastards!

She blew on the penis, watching as thick goo oozed from its cut end. He was excited—the trick was to keep him excited without making him come. She wanted him—and the others - spurting fully and properly into her so that they were completely satiated first time round. Men who went off half cock—literally - often wanted seconds and perversions and that could take all night. Moreover she recollected her failure with Jack Fellows earlier—and the punishment she had suffered as a result.

Smiling she rubbed her breasts against the rearing penis and looked up into his eyes." You're going to really give it to me, lover," she murmured. "I want you shooting right up my cunt -"

With a sudden shock of horror Claire realised that he had lost control. She saw his eyes glaze and she felt the sudden tension in his body. She squeezed at his testicles in a frantic attempt to stop him coming but failed. Semen dropped slowly on to her breasts, thick and yellow. It forced its way out of his penis in sudden spurts, grungy and nasty and dripped down onto her belly and thighs. Trying to recover the situation she bent down and took it in her mouth trying to pretend enthusiasm at drinking the final drops.

"Stupid cow!" Zucco said and Claire's blood ran cold. Surely they could not blame her because Ted had shot his wad prematurely?

The answer came in a brutal slap across her face that hurled her to the floor and brought tears to her eyes. The black kicked her hard in the ribs. Her mouth opened and coughed out slugs of yellow goo.

"I told you—nice an' fuckin' slow!" Zucco screamed his big, black face filled with fury.

"I didn't mean -" she shouted back desperately. "I did my best -"

He dropped to his knees and grabbed her by the hair, pulling her face to within an inch or so of his own. His rancid breath blew in her face and his spittle dotted it with moisture.

"You're goin' to be 'ere until 'e 'as 'ad a good long fuck. 'Till we've all 'ad a good long fuck. So yer better get workin' proper, girlie or you'll be 'ere fer days. Bloody days d'y 'ear?"

"Y'yes," she quavered realising that argument would get her nowhere—would probably expose her to violence. Inwardly she was as furious as Zucco about Ted's premature orgasm. It would probably mean hours of delay in getting away from this place and Miss Patel might come looking for her at any time. She took a deep breath and told herself not to panic - but it was not easy.

The game was not over—not by a long chalk. These men were animals but give them the sex they wanted and she might yet turn them in her favour. Once men were sexually satiated they were usually much less aggressive than usual—and the money she was offering would become more enticing.

Hating what she was doing but determined to carry it through, she felt for Zucco's penis. She ignored the yellow spunk defacing her body so as not to divert their attention. She fondled the black cock respectfully, her nose touchingly close to his broad, black face.

"I've always wanted a big, black cock up me," she whispered keeping her face serious. She licked her lips erotically. "And you're a real man—darling -"

“Yeah. Well yer goin’ t’ get it up yer,” he said. “But yer goin’ to pay fer spoilin’ it for Ted. ‘E’s me mate ‘is Ted. So yer goin’ to get me prick up yer asshole.”

A flicker of panic ran through her but she controlled it with an effort. Just once a man had once tried to bugger her but it had been horribly painful and she had made him desist. That would not be an option on this occasion.

She forced a smile. “I’d love it, lover. A big black prick shaking my bowels about. Great. But it won’t work I’m very small there. You won’t get it in -”

“Jus’ needs a bit of lubrication. So you jus’ take that spunk of Ted’s yer wasted and rub it into that little stink hole till it gapes.”

Involuntarily her mouth opened in an ‘O’ of dismay. The idea of scooping up the repulsive, yellowish mess of Ted’s spunk, which was sliding down her body filled her with disgust. The thought of using it as a lubricant for anal sex was almost beyond contemplation.

Almost!

But she could see no way out. These men had her completely in their power and could –and obviously would—compel her obedience if necessary. Despite her disgust, she knew that it would be less hazardous to comply with apparent willingness. She would have to do the unthinkable and suffer the unspeakable however painful and nasty it might be.

And look happy about it!

Again she assumed a grin though it felt every bit as false as it actually was. She played her part with false bonhomie.

“Hey, you guys are wild,” she said with forced lightness. “I like that. Maybe we can get together again when we’re through here.”

Concealing her repugnance she dipped her fingers in the slimy liquid moving slowly down her belly, hid a shudder, then began to anoint her anus copiously. The three men watched closely, Zucco grinning, Ted pale faced and looking irritable, Joe fondling his stiff penis and baring his teeth.

‘Make a show of it!’ she told herself. ‘Act the whore, damn you!’

With the forced smile fixed on her face, she twisted her body lasciviously to ensure that they all had a good view; she opened up her anus with two fingers of one hand and pushed in the thick, congealing, jell like filth, feeling its cold intrusion oozing snail like down her anal passage.

She tried to shield her mind from the unspeakably filthy act she was performing by considering what action to take when they let her go. It would be impossible to go directly to the police for that would risk revealing her own complicity in fraud. Her mind flickered around the possibility of sending the authorities an anonymous note about Jack Fellows’ tax fiddles. But what could she do about Miss Patel? Her imagination failed her.

Despite her thoughts she continued her nauseating task, her expression fixed in a stupid, vapid grin, looking at her captors in a way that pretended that she was happy to be doing what she was doing—even while her mind shrieked in silent outrage.

At last she had finished but her bowels ached with fearful anticipation as she contemplated the next step. Could she bear the pain? she wondered.

Zucco flashed his white teeth towards her and hefted his penis in his hand. It was a great deal bigger than Ted’s. “Yer c’n kiss it,” he said happily. “But lick those fingers clean first. I know where they’ve bin.”

She prayed for strength. Her mouth opened and shut knowing that it was useless to argue. This time she could not restrain a shudder as she brought her fingers up to her mouth, smelling the revolting odour, struggling to fight down the sick feeling that resulted and yet finally struggling up the strength of purpose to lick them clean.

“Every drop of the lovely stuff. Lick it all down. Be a good little whore. Give’ us a smile, little white cunt.”

Claire's face spasmed between disgust and a ghastly smile but she did what she was told, subduing the nausea and even meeting the triumphant eyes of her tormentors. 'God!' She cursed to herself. 'They're really getting their pound of flesh'.

Zucco made her continue to lick her fingers until he had satisfied himself that every vestige of jism had been licked from them. There were a few damp patches between her breasts and on her belly and thighs; but that was all. He ordered her to massage those residues into her skin. It was a minor ordeal after what she had already suffered.

"Kneel on the bed. Get yer arse in the air."

She obeyed with fear chilling her mind. This was the moment of truth for what he was going to do to her would certainly be painful. She could feel the jism, cold and slimy, oozing around her anal passage but she doubted if it would provide enough lubrication to seriously relieve the agony.

"Arse up!"

She shuddered and raised herself on her haunches offering her most private orifice in the most public way.

"Tell me 'ow much yer want it."

His voice was thick with lust.

Her mouth opened but momentarily she seemed to have lost control of her voice and it took a few seconds before the words emerged.

"I want—your big black cock up my anus—my arsehole--. Please—please -"

And then she screamed with pain because his great penis shoved forcefully into her, tearing into the small crevice with a ruthless and careless ferocity.

There was no way that she could act away this agony. The great black tool blasted her anus wide and scraped painfully through the narrow passage, lacerating the soft inner tissue.

"Oh, God! Please—I beg you—please -" she screamed, all self control lost, and the room seemed to shudder in front of her eyes.

He withdrew; giving her a momentary degree of relief, then shoved again, repeating the pain and her screams of agony caused even Joe and Ted to wince.

Within seconds she was hysterical, conscious only of the terrible and all embracing agony. Her body squirmed like that of an impaled insect.

She had no idea how long he took over the anal assault for her mind, mercifully, lost track of what was happening. Eventually she found herself alone on the bed, tears streaming down her face and a terrible, nerve shattering pain in her anal passage that seemed to stretch right into her bowels.

Despite her agony she was aware that her whole rectal area felt odd. A sudden terror that she might have suffered a permanently damaged sphincter ran through her.

When her mind began to fully recover, she managed a glance around her. The men were standing watching; Zucco was grinning and hefting his relaxed penis in triumph but the other two men looked shaken. She could hear the sound of loud female sobbing but it took some time before she realised that it was herself.

"What a bluddy fuss!" Zucco jeered. "Thought yer wanted it! Christ! Yer seemed eager enough."

Nor had he finished humiliating her. He cleaned his penis on her breasts, leaving stinking brown marks slashed across the bruised and whip-marked white flesh.

Joe was easier. There was a possibility that he was sorry for her for he waited until she had recovered a little before indicating that she should lie on her back and open her legs. The realisation that he wanted only normal sex almost reduced her to tears again—though this time, tears of joy. With an effort of will, pain still searing her anal passage, she helped him to ride her until he came. She forced out a string of obscenities as his pleasure mounted.

"Oh fuck me, fuck me and fuck my cunt -"

He spurted into her and collapsed on her. She buried her head in the bedclothes for some time, until he rose from her body. The pain cleared a little. Eventually she raised her head. To her relief Ted was still lacking tumescence.

Her voice was tremulous.

“I’ve done what you wanted—all you wanted. Now will you let me go? I promise I’ll pay.”

Zucco’s eyebrows rose sarcastically. “Go? Why should we let yer go? Yer wanted a good fucking an’ yer got it. More than yer wanted by the sound of yer bloody whimpering. No, darlin’, yer ‘ere until the lady upstairs says anything different. She’s the boss.”

Claire’s eyes flared with horror. Despite the pain of her beaten and bruised body and the burning agony of her anal passage, she forced herself upright.

“You said—if I did what you wanted you’d let me go.” Her mind groped for an additional argument. “And I said I’d pay you. I will. I’ll pay you lots—I really will.”

He shook his head. “Sorry, little white bitch. Yer must o’ misunderstood. We can’t let yer go. Not to us.”

He showed no sign of genuine regret, in fact his face showed enjoyment at the degree to which she had been tricked.

Claire’s self control finally broke down. She screamed—and went on screaming.

CHAPTER 7

The dining room was large and furnished conventionally in the manner common to many great country houses. Apart from the ‘Sheraton’ table, chairs and a matching sideboard by the same artist, there were pieces by ‘Hepplethwaite’, ‘George Smith’ and even an elaborate cabinet by ‘Jean Henri Riesener’, which, it was said, had once been owned by Marie Antoinette.

The walls were covered with red watered silk and the Dutch paintings, which hung there, were considered dull and uninteresting to most of those who saw them in spite of their huge intrinsic value. Subtly hued, thick Persian carpets covered the floors.

The overall affect was of a somewhat expensive clutter of antiques, comfortable and relaxing enough, but paying no deference whatsoever to modern day furnishing conventions.

The large ‘Thomas Sheraton’ dining table was laid with Irish linen and the silverware carried the insignia of a French cavalry regiment of the nineteenth century. It had been captured at the battle of Vittoria during the Peninsula campaign by the Earl’s great ancestor, Lord Petrie. The noble Lord had tarried so long in his desire for loot that the French regiment itself had managed to escape—but without its mess accoutrements. The glassware was relatively modern, twentieth century, hand blown ‘Waterford’ crystal.

The Countess of Blantyre sat at the far end of the table. She faced an attractive, dark haired woman who was sitting at the opposite end of the fine table. Lighting was provided by three heavy silver 18th century candelabra and four overhead crystal chandeliers, all candle lit, which cast a soft glow over the scene.

They were dining alone and being served by a butler and four servants.

Margaret’s guest was relatively new to her. Kheila al Salah was in her late teens or very early twenties and was undeniably attractive. A tall woman with a slender but curvaceous figure she wore a figure hugging, long black dress cut low to the breasts. Her generously revealed skin was white—like alabaster, Margaret marvelled - and myriad tiny specks of cosmetic gold leaf glittered on it, emphasised by the kindly candlelight. Her long hair was very dark and so glossy that it looked almost polished; it was dressed simply and drawn back from her face into a long pigtail. The face itself was exquisite, high cheekbones, a straight, aquiline nose and large expressive, near black eyes. She was wearing a strong perfume which Margaret could not identify though she knew that it must be expensive. When she spoke there was the trace of foreign accent but it was slight and only

added to her undoubted charms. She was a highborn Arab—though very attuned to the western world.

The Countess lost nothing by comparison. She wore a simple but brilliantly cut white silk, evening dress by ‘St. Laurent’ that set off her tanned skin and short, simply styled, dark red hair. The dress was asymmetrical and displayed her breasts as fully as decency permitted. The now fading bruises on her body, inflicted by Hal, were concealed either by the dress or carefully applied body make up. She had slept well since arriving back at the great house and her magnificent grey eyes were alert and animated. Her jewels sparkled in the kindly light. She looked every inch a great lady.

They had met several times previously at social occasions and in the manner of attractive women had eyed each other both carefully and competitively. Occasionally they had chatted in a light hearted and general way but no particular rapport had developed between them.

Margaret was curious about Kheila. Her husband, Arthur St. James, Earl of Blantyre, had somewhat hastily arranged this *tete a tete*. The Earl—who was in Paris - had left a brief note, regretting that he had not been able, for business reasons, to welcome her home. He had told her that the ward of a prominent acquaintance had been anxious to meet Margaret to discuss some matters of charity and that he had taken the liberty of arranging for them to have dinner together. He had apologised for having arranged the date so soon after Margaret’s return from Kenya but the date did not clash with anything else that Margaret had in mind and she was ever accommodating to her husband—as indeed he was to her.

Margaret had been back in Britain for more than a day and was feeling much refreshed. It had been a pleasant enough evening and certainly not very taxing. The conversation had ranged over mutual acquaintances; countryside matters including the difficulties of latter day farming as well as London news and affairs such as the latest political turmoil and the state of the theatre. Margaret had spoken briefly about her recent trip to Kenya and passionately about the dreadful conditions in which many children there existed.

Kheila had explained that she was the ward of billionaire Sir James de Barrie, the daughter of a recently deceased Arab ruler and the stepsister of the current ruler. Margaret had immediately understood why her husband had fixed the dinner date so precipitously. Arab rulers were ten a penny but Sir James de Barrie was a huge figure in world finance and even an Earl would jump eagerly to do him a favour. Kheila had laughed off Margaret’s flattering suggestion that she must be a Princess herself saying that one either ruled and had the title or did not do so and was thus a commoner. She was obviously a practised conversationalist and appeared considerably more mature than her years. She did not however, explain why she had wanted this meeting with the Countess.

It had been a pleasant enough evening and certainly not very taxing. The conversation had ranged over, mutual acquaintances, gossip countryside matters such as the local Hunt—to which both Earl and countess belonged—the difficulties of latter day farming as well as London news and affairs such as the latest political turmoil and the state of the theatre. Margaret had spoken briefly about her recent trip to Kenya and more passionately about the dreadful conditions in which many children there existed.

The meal itself had been simple in deference to the lush figures of both women, but the wines had been superb; a red Chateau Mouton Rothschild followed a white Chassagne-Montrachet.

Both had been consumed appreciatively. Whatever else, Margaret, reflected, Kheila was no practising Muslim.

“Time for the brandy and cigars. Holmes—are they ready?”

The butler, a dignified man in his sixties placed a silver tray containing a decanter of old brandy and two brandy snifters on the dining table. He poured the measures with great dignity and handed a snifter to each guest.

The two women sipped appreciatively at the fine old brandy while Holmes offered cigars. Margaret accepted a cigar and Holmes lit it for her. Kheila declined though she smiled at the Countess.

“You like them?” she asked, her beautifully plucked, jet eyebrows rose.

Margaret thought it a silly question. She would hardly have taken a cigar if she did not enjoy one. Nevertheless she smiled and nodded politely as a good hostess should. Yet she was watchful. During the whole evening not one original thought had passed between them though Margaret had been aware of being under Kheila’s intense scrutiny during the evening. Margaret, used to being the centre of attraction, regarded the examination with a degree of composure but was curious as to what it portended.

The room was beginning to reflect the comforting odour of cigars.

“I think we’ll go into the drawing room, Holmes,” Margaret said. “You can clear up here.”

The butler bowed and nodded.

Elegantly, Margaret rose and both women, carrying their brandies, left the room.

The drawing room was large and, furnished in much the same cluttered English country house manner as the dining room though the paintings were all by Canaletto and the walls were oak panelled. There was a faint smell of dogs in the air and a fire burned low in the grate. The lights in this room were electric though they were not very bright.

Margaret and Kheila sat opposite each other, at each side of a coffee table, in two ancient yet supremely comfortable, chintz-covered armchairs. Margaret smiled engagingly, sipped at her brandy then drew comfortably on the cigar.

She was still puzzled as to what Kheila was after.

Her relationship with her seventy eight year old husband was not unusual; particularly in their elite circle, beautiful women were often married to rich but otherwise physically unattractive or older men. Put simply, Margaret was a trophy wife— one of many in similar relationships. His money bought her the lifestyle and prominence that she desired; her beauty and reputation as a public figure reflected creditably upon his masculinity.

Sexual fidelity played no part in the relationship but discretion was another matter. The latter loomed very large. How much Arthur St. James knew about his wife’s lust driven orgies of self-abasement was unfathomable and probably unimportant; he was by no means Simon-pure himself. But if ever word of her sexual foibles became public, then their marriage could become untenable. As in so many things the rule was ‘thou must not be found out’.

The problem was that her sexual drive was becoming increasingly difficult to control; her desires and fantasies were becoming ever more grotesque. She had long ago accepted that she was a nymphomaniac but it went much further than that. Margaret St. James sometimes thought that Freud, had he been alive today, would have been able to write a complete book on her complexes!

Once sexually roused –and that happened all too easily - she quickly lost sight of the need for discretion. There had been several episodes recently where her blood had later run cold, as she had realised the risks she had taken. It was almost as if she were unconsciously seeking to be unveiled as a pervert. Her sex sessions at the cottage with Hal were fraught with the possibility of discovery given the amount of time they spent in the open air. Her wild night of sex with the Masai warriors in Kenya could have ended in disaster if the reporter, Jack Henly, ever reported what he had seen that night. Perhaps the biggest risk of all had been taken at the sex club party a few months ago where, in a hot and frenetic atmosphere she had danced naked before a crowd of cheering perverts before having public sex on the floor with Hal.

Her high profile was, of course, a protection as well as a hazard. Thousands of female admirers copied her appearance; it would not be difficult for Margaret to dismiss any embarrassing stories or photographs as involving one of those copyists rather than herself.

Moreover the Countess of Blantyre was a beautiful and much admired woman who was the basis of much adulatory comment. Her photographs and articles about her always attracted a huge audience and increased circulation figures. The media, dominated by a relatively small number of rich and influential men, would have no interest in bringing such a public icon into disrepute.

Yet the risk of exposure always existed. Just one maverick reporter could blow her world into confusion.

She shivered slightly and sipped quickly at her brandy.

“Tell me something about yourself,” she invited, smiling pleasantly.

Kheila nodded, reflected for a moment then spoke.

“I gather you like black cock?” she observed calmly.

Margaret froze. Her expression changed from the pleasant if professional blandness of an experienced hostess to one of outright astonishment. She stared hard at Kheila.

Despite having consumed a fair amount of alcohol, the Arab girl showed no sign of inebriation and seemed both poised and perfectly composed. From her demeanour she might have been commenting on the paintings.

“I beg your pardon?” Margaret’s voice was icy.

“I’m told that you prefer the pricks of black men to those of your white compatriots. Is it a question of size, perhaps?”

Margaret rose from her chair, her face like a thundercloud. “I think we better terminate---”

“With your penis fascination, I thought you’d like to discuss men’s cocks?”

Margaret found herself floundering at the other’s directness.

“I’m not a prude but -”

“You’re certainly not a prude.” Kheila fumbled in her small black ‘Gucci’ evening bag and extracted a photograph. She flipped it face upwards on to the table. “Your black big cocked chauffeur, I understand. I confess that I was quite envious. But what a marvellous job he must have. With a real life, thoroughly depraved Countess at his service.”

Margaret sat down again abruptly.

It was a standard sized photograph and utterly obscene; a woman, mud splattered and filthy was shown on all fours with her hips raised high. She was peering back over her shoulder at a naked black male.

“Merely a sample,” Kheila explained elegantly. “I have plenty more. All desperately exciting.”

Margaret grimaced but maintained her calm. She guessed that the photograph was one of the best reproductions—and her immediate judgement was that it was not good enough. It was slightly out of focus and the face was smeared with mud. Margaret had no doubt that it was of herself but no one else could ever be certain.

Nevertheless a slight frisson of excitement ran through her. One of her most oft visited fantasies was to be photographed in obscene poses, but she had never dared take the risk in case they fell into the wrong hands.

Her confidence flooded back. Assuming a blasé attitude, she inhaled on the cigar and blew out a thick cloud of blue smoke.

“Is this a blackmail gambit? Are you threatening to reveal me as a harlot to the world?”

There was a slightly mocking tone to her silvery voice. Assessing the potential damage quickly she became confident that the photo of a mud-splattered woman, which lacked clarity of focus, did not present conclusive proof of her identity.

At worst, this was a matter, which could be embarrassing but would not be terminal!

Kheila raised her perfect eyebrows. “I don’t need to blackmail you, Margaret—at least not for money. I do need you to understand that all I know your dirty little secrets. ”

Despite an impressive display of insouciance the Countess found the other's confidence intimidating. Kheila was several years younger than Margaret but was acting like a practised sophisticate.

On a whim Margaret decided to play along with the other rather than throw her out of the house immediately. She was curious to know what the younger woman was after.

"You're talking about fantasies," Margaret scoffed, deciding that an outright denial could wait for the moment. "Grown up women play games just as men do. Of course it's embarrassing to be caught out and there would probably be a lot of lewd comments but, underneath, people will understand well enough. For God's sake—even our future King has talked about wanting to be his mistress's tampon!"

Kheila stood up. Her colour had heightened and she appeared triumphant. She stood looking down at Margaret, impressively assured in spite of her relatively tender years.

"So we don't have any dispute over what you've been up to?"

Margaret frowned. She tapped the photograph with a long, pearlised fingernail.

"That hardly seems possible in the circumstances," she said cautiously.

Kheila nodded.

"Then why not play sex games at my behest? You like being dominated. I like dominating. We dovetail. I'm not interested in money. You'll be my slave. Sexually and every other way you understand. No rules other than complete obedience. Total obedience!"

Her finger tapped the photograph. "I know what you like—need. I'll give you the experience of a lifetime."

Margaret bit her lip. A tremor of excitement enveloped her. 'God. Here I go again,' she reflected. She felt her panties grow wet and her breathing tighten.

"And if I refuse?"

"You dare not!"

Margaret stared at the Arab girl, with difficulty keeping her face impassive. The other's tender age and lack of experience, was finally showing. Kheila was over playing her hand. She was clever and confident but did not yet realise how the world worked. Certainly Sir James de Barrie, a man notoriously shy of publicity and a business associate of the Earl, would never support his ward in taking any action that might disgrace the Countess. One telephone call to him would stop this farce in its tracks.

Kheila was playing a duff hand while thinking it was a royal flush!

Yet it might be immensely exciting to let Kheila play out her hand as if it really was a winner.

The attraction was the old fantasy of being utterly at the sexual mercy of another person. In her previous fantasies the aggressor had always been male but, now, a tiny voice reflected on the potential titillation of being dominated by a female; someone who knew exactly how to humiliate and degrade another of the same sex.

Moreover she had nothing planned for the next ten days, after which she had agreed to meet Hal's friends for the first time. The interim would severely tax her ever-active sexual libido.

Suddenly and unexpectedly a fresh if risky opportunity dangled before her eyes. But dare she take it?

Margaret came to a decision. Even as she made it she knew that she was acting too precipitously but she could not help herself. Every sensuous nerve in her sex obsessed being pushed her towards acceptance.

Ostentatiously she bit her lip and shook her head slightly as if in indecision. She feigned reluctance.

There was a sneer on Kheila's face as she obviously sensed victory. Her tone sharpened and she heightened her attack.

"I really enjoy this sort of game, Margaret. It's not new to me and nor are women with your urges. But I asked you a question a moment ago. I want an answer – now!"

Margaret puffed at the cigar then took a deep pull of brandy from the snifter in her hand.

"I'm no lesbian," she said. "I've never been dominated by a woman - before."

The word 'before' said it all.

She spoke quietly but bowed her head in apparent submission and broke off eye contact with the younger woman. Her heart was beating fast and she felt somewhat unsteady. As usual she was also inwardly wildly excited.

"Then let me explain my rules," Kheila said. "And you can begin by putting that bloody cigar out."

From the beginning of the evening Margaret had realised that Kheila was a very self possessed and confident young woman. Any lingering doubts in that regard vanished as the Arab girl issued a number of detailed instructions that caused the Countess to frown and, occasionally to flush. It was obvious that Kheila really had played these games before. That knowledge increased her excitement.

Margaret would have most of the following day to adjust herself to her new role and make preparations to be away for a full week. Kheila showed no interest in how Margaret employed herself in the interim—until dinner the following evening.

Kheila's secretary would arrive in a chauffeur driven, but relatively anonymous, car sometime during the afternoon. Both the secretary and the chauffeur would stay overnight. They would make themselves known to Margaret on arrival but they would eat their meals in the servants' quarters.

At eight o'clock, the Countess would take dinner alone in the dining room. Her menu would commence with a thick vegetable soup; the main course would be roast goose with roast potatoes, peas and green beans and the meal would finish with a treacle pudding and cream.

At that point had Margaret intervened, declaring that she could not possibly eat such a heavy, indigestible meal. Apart from anything else she would never be able to sleep afterwards.

A cold stare had answered her protests and Kheila had added that the Countess would also be expected to drink a bottle of red wine plus a couple of large brandies.

The Countess would then retire for the night. When she went to her bedroom she would find a box and an envelope with detailed instructions—both of which must not be opened until the following morning. She would rise the next day at 4.30 am and immediately read the instructions. Having dressed she should go downstairs to the main kitchen where the secretary would have arranged breakfast. From that point on she would refer to the secretary as 'Miss' and would obey whatever instructions she was given.

When Margaret had attempted to ask questions the Arab girl had risen and waved a hand to silence her.

"Then you are mine," she said curtly and without further conversation she had then left the house.

The Countess of Blantyre was left with a multiplicity of erotic thoughts. She went straight to her room, stripped off her clothes and masturbated furiously.

CHAPTER 8

The alarm clock woke her. Not surprisingly after her heavy meal, Margaret had found it difficult to get to sleep and had tossed and turned restlessly, perspiring profusely. Finally she had fallen asleep in the early hours but she awoke feeling sluggish and tired and her stomach felt overblown.

She rolled groggily out of bed and switched on the light. The clock on the dressing table told her that it was 4.30 am, the exact time designated by Kheila. Immediately she slipped out of bed and,

with trembling fingers, opened the envelope and read the instructions carefully. They were terse and to the point. She frowned.

Flinging off her night dress, she walked into the bathroom and gazed at herself in the mirror. Her face was puffy with sleep but it was not her face that concerned her. Her body was still bruised from the beating Hal had given her three days before. Fading, but still visible, red, blue and yellow blotches discoloured her skin from her breasts to her thighs. Kheila would doubtless enjoy the sight.

The thought of standing naked and submissive in front of the younger women sent a shock of excitement bolting through her. Reaching down she fingered her clit and found it hard, bloated and very sensitive; lower down she was wringing wet.

“You really are a perverted bitch,” she muttered squirming at her own touch and gazing at her reflection. She made a face at the mirror. “And you love it!”

She fondled her breasts with one hand and massaged her clit with the other, opening her mouth and watching a trail of spittle gleam between her white teeth.

She came quickly, the all embracing tide of ecstasy throbbing through her, her whole body feeling as if it were a tight collection of exposed nerve ends that needed only a touch to drive her from reality to uncontrolled lust.

When self-control reasserted herself she was on her knees. Calmly she kissed her reflected image before rising to obey the instructions of her new Mistress.

Kheila’s written instructions were crisp and specific. ‘Clean your teeth and that’s all. No showering, washing, shaving or shitting from now on without my permission. I don’t even want a comb through your hair. If you need to pee, you do it standing up naked in the shower with your legs together. And don’t clean yourself afterwards. No make up of any sort.’

The instruction about urinating was not as outlandish as the Arab woman might have anticipated, Margaret reflected. She was well into ‘water sports’. Hal liked watching her pee and usually thought up some way of making it humiliating. His favourite practise was to make her do the hula hula or a belly dance, while doing it, spraying pee all over the place and often soaking her body—and his.

Ideally she would have shaved her armpits and trimmed her crotch, both of which were showing evidence of ‘shadow’.

She shrugged, knowing that Kheila’s orders were merely a setting of the scene.

Obediently she urinated exactly as instructed, opening the shower door and gazing at herself in the full length mirror, feeling the hot, wet liquid splash down between her thighs. It was a sensation that thrilled her. She liked performing obscenities in front of the mirror, imagining that it was a two-way mirror behind which some hidden voyeur masturbated while watching her actions. She gazed at her reflection, fantasising that the image reflecting back at her was Kheila. She wondered what Kheila would look like nude and she fingered her clit again before returning to the bedroom.

On the dressing table there was the small, blue box that had been delivered the night before. Written instructions on the outside repeated Kheila’s previous instructions not to open it until this morning.

Inside the box was a miniscule set of black underwear, bra and panties. They were mere scraps though they incorporated lace, figured nylon and satin. Tiny in size they strained grotesquely over her full breasts and clung like second skin to her crotch and backside. Her trimmed, oblong, mat of dark red pubic hair tufted aggressively around the edges of the wispy, skimpy panties.

The only other item in the box was a pair of black, high heeled, stiletto shoes with 4 inch heels together with a note that she could either wear them or go barefoot. Margaret decided on the latter course; with heels that high she could easily lose her balance and, if injured, could spoil the whole operation. In any case the drive to this house was tarmaced though she had no idea what awaited her where she was going.

“You’re not exactly an original thinker,” Margaret said out loud, thinking of Kheila and regarding her own reflection with wry amusement when she had finished ‘dressing’. “I look like a wanker’s dream.”

‘No perfume, no deodorants,’ Kheila had written. ‘I want raw femininity. It turns me on!’

Margaret’s belly turned to water. She had run across many male odophiles though few female ones—though she was one of the latter herself. She enjoyed violent sex with a sweaty, odorous male lover.

She was allowed one other decision; she had to select a dress to wear over the sexy underwear. After some thought she found a simple green button through dress in cotton.

She left her room and made her way down to the kitchen where the secretary was waiting. She was a tall, slim women in her early forties, pretty enough but wearing a sour expression. Margaret had met her briefly the previous afternoon but they had exchanged few words. As she entered the kitchen the secretary handed her a piece of paper. On it was written:

‘You will do as Miss Steven tells you and you will address her as ‘Miss’.’ There was no signature but the Countess knew that Kheila had written it.

The house was quiet and it was very dark outside. Even the servants would still be fast asleep, Margaret reflected with a tinge of jealousy.

Quickly and efficiently Miss Stevens prepared a large breakfast of bacon, eggs, tomatoes, beans and fried bread, accompanied by coffee, for the Countess only. It was the sort of food that Margaret, whose belly was anyway rumbling uncomfortably from her heavy dinner the previous evening, never ate. She protested.

“You must eat it.” Miss Stevens’ tone was curt and unyielding. “All of it.”

‘I thought this was to be sex gluttony—not food gluttony!’ Margaret thought with a twinge of annoyance.

Without feeling the least appetite she sat at the table and tackled the mound of food. She tried hard but there was about a quarter left when she put down her knife and fork.

“All of it. I’m to see that you eat all of it.”

“Shit!” Margaret said angrily. Under normal circumstances she rarely swore but felt that it was justified on this occasion. She had hardly digested the meal from last night without tackling an unhealthy pile of fried junk. Nevertheless she obeyed, forcing it down—for obedience was the name of the game. When she had finished the mass of food hung heavily in her distended belly.

“And now,” said Miss Stevens when every last piece had been consumed. “We’re going for a ride.”

Outside, the dawn was breaking and the early morning air chilled her. An old Ford Granada was waiting on the drive. Though aged, it was obviously in good condition and beside it stood a heavyset male wearing tee shirt and jeans. As with the secretary she had met him briefly the day previously; then he had worn a smart chauffeurs uniform and she would not have recognised him in the casual gear. But she did immediately notice that his penis was erect under the tight fitting jeans.

Despite the cold, the uncertainty and her uncomfortable belly she felt a surge of excitement at his obvious sexual interest.

“Kneel!” said Miss Steven briskly. “Bottom up.”

Margaret’s jaw dropped. Surely not so fast? Not here by the entrance of her own house?

“You have been instructed to obey me,” Miss Stevens rapped. “You can see that the gentleman has urgent needs which you are to satisfy.”

Margaret was transfixed. She stared at the man who was glaring back at her. She realised immediately that she was being told to position herself for his use.

It was a stance that men often demanded. It reduced the woman to a mere object while making them exhibit their most private parts in the most lascivious way. Hal had often demanded that she should offer herself in such a manner.

She hesitated, not from any repugnance at what was being demanded, for something like that was to be expected. She was concerned that one of the servants could be watching from one of the darkened upstairs windows. She caught a whiff of the man's musky scent and she looked hard at the throbbing cylinder within the man's jeans; her hesitation disappeared in a flurry of excitement. As so often in the past, her own rising lust overcame her already slack inhibitions. Obediently she sank to her knees and pushed her buttocks into the air.

Without waiting to be further instructed, she pulled up her skirt and thrust down the skimpy knickers, abjectly offering herself for use by this man she hardly knew. A blush, hidden in the darkness, suffused her face. She felt the cool wetness between her buttocks, as if a draught was blowing gently between her thick, slightly open sex lips.

"Good. You know how to behave." His voice was thick.

He lowered his jeans in front of her—he wore no underpants--- allowing her to view the thick, erect rod that would shortly drive into her. Her breathing became ragged; he was really big—huge! Bigger than Hal—bigger than anyone she had known. God, he was nearly deformed!

He moved behind her and crouched, hands gripped her breasts then, jerking suddenly he thrust the swinging penis between her buttocks seeking out the wet, willing, open orifice of her vulva. Grunting, he drove it home, plunging forward briskly before withdrawing with a slow, practised expertise, keeping the top of his cock pressed gently against the ever thickening bud of her clit. Their heavy breathing sounded harsh in the still early morning air.

"Oh God! That's marvellous!" she groaned. He seemed to fill her, yet his thrusts were smooth and even, caressing the inner nerves of her vagina and never failing the palpate her ever sensitive clit. She moaned with delight and moved her body in concert with his.

They coupled like animals until he ejaculated into her.

The sensation of his thick jism spurting inside her was exciting and she cried out though she did not actually come.

The secretary, whose existence Margaret had almost forgotten, spoke harshly.

"Don't wipe yourself. Just pull up your knickers and pull down your dress. There's a towel on the seat to stop it getting soiled. Don't try to clean yourself and try and keep the spunk inside you—where it belongs."

Margaret nodded silently and then, without being instructed she turned and knelt before him again, licking off his slimy penis before rising and settling herself into the back seat of the car. She pressed her fingers over the excessively tight knickers, feeling the wetness leaking from her vulva but trying to maintain it inside her. She was only partially successful; the knickers were both tiny and porous and the thick lust juice oozed inexorably from her body. Stains soon disfigured the dress at the front. Soon the car reeked of sex. Miss Stevens took the seat beside Margaret and the man slipped into the driving seat.

The Granada purred its way effortlessly southwards into the dawning light of day. Margaret asked just one early question, to which she received no reply.

"Where are we going - miss?"

Though she had not orgasmed she had enjoyed the brief sex and hoped for more—much more. Yet her uncomfortably full belly seemed to have been disturbed even further by the monumental sized penis. She turned her thoughts to the events that must await her; events wreathed in the fog of an unknowable future and conjured up by the calculating mind of Kheila whom Margaret hardly knew but already respected.

She recognised that, so far, everything had been carefully planned to place Margaret at a psychological disadvantage; the early rising, the compelled physical dishevelment and preservation of body odours; the lewd, uncomfortably tight and revealing underwear; the early fucking by the man in front of the woman. She guessed that there would be a particular purpose behind the insistence on her eating the heavy, indigestible food that weighed so heavily within her belly.

“Underneath your seat there are two litre bottles of water. You are to drink both of them. Oh, and we are not permitted to stop the car until we reach our destination,” Miss Stevens said

Their eyes met.

“That might leave something of a cleaning job,” Margaret said. “Depending upon how far we’re due to drive - miss?”

It was not really a question because she knew there would be no answer. Any competent Dominant —and Kheila was certainly that - maintained uncertainty as a major weapon. She fumbled under her seat and took out the first bottle of water, raising her eyebrow when she realised that it was aerated. Fizzy water on top of two heavy meals, a bottle of wine and full bowels would hardly do wonders for her innards.

She made hard work of drinking the water and forced down the second bottle only with difficulty. Involuntarily she farted noisily and flushed as she met the driver’s eyes in the mirror. He was grinning.

Dimly the Countess began to perceive the purpose of the heavy meals. Her brow furrowed. It was not at all what she expected—or wanted.

Miss Stevens frowned and moved farther away from Margaret.

Margaret flushed a brilliant scarlet.

But she could not stop farting.

They drove for over three hours and by the end of the journey Margaret’s stomach felt as if it were filled with metal filings floating in liquid soap. She was burping and farting with frequency and her belly was making increasingly grotesque noises. When she moved she could feel the churning mass swilling uncomfortably around her belly. And she badly wanted to both urinate and excrete. Her rectum felt wet, as if it was leaking and the fart smells were unpleasant in the confined space.

Miss Stevens held a scented handkerchief to her nose and had lowered the window on her side of the car. Her expression was sour but she did not speak.

Margaret lowered her own window without there being any objection. The cold morning air swept much of the foul odours away.

It was daylight outside now and her physical discomfort was becoming unbearable.

“Miss,” she said in a small voice. “I really - need a stop. Just for a few moments?”

“We’re not to stop under any circumstances. You’ll just have to hold it.”

Again, Margaret saw the driver’s eyes looking at her in the driving mirror.

‘She’s a bloody sadist to have thought this up,’ Margaret thought miserably, with Kheila in mind and then she squeezed her thighs and buttocks together as the imperative to urinate nearly overwhelmed her. The purpose of the heavy eating and drinking was finally obvious; it heralded a particularly unpleasant form of humiliation.

It became an increasing agony to maintain of control of either bowels or bladder. Sharp pains clawed at her belly and several times she bent double in agony. Margaret was tempted to give in to her physical imperatives but found herself unable to face such degradation while she could possibly defer it.

Miss Steven kept her face taut but Margaret sensed that the other was pleased with the anguish, which she had initiated.

The Granada finally turned into a long tree-lined drive and drove towards a large house at the end. Woods surrounded the house but Margaret's mind was fixed on only one thing; She wanted nothing in the world as much as fifteen minutes of bladder and bowel emptying privacy.

As the car drew to a stop she saw a small group of people waiting in front of the house. One of them was Kheila, dressed in a white medical coat and several husky looking men in white overalls stood with her.

Margaret had the car door open and was alighting even before the car had properly stopped. Her first shock was to find that the drive was gravelled with small, sharp stones, uninviting to her bared feet. Also she found her way barred by two of the men, one black the other white. Disregarding both the pain to her feet and the insolent expressions on the faces of the men, she appealed to Kheila.

"I really must use the washroom first - please?"

In the daylight, lacking full make up and in the plain white coat, Kheila was not as exotic looking as she had been the previous evening in evening dress. She showed no urgency to deal with Margaret's problem.

"Later," she replied briefly. "First let me introduce you to Zucco, Joe and Ted. They are attendants here."

"Yes. Hallo!" Margaret shot a somewhat anxious smile at the men but her main concern was fixated on her innards. "But—please, Kheila. I really do need the washroom."

She gritted her teeth. This was no time to equivocate. "Now!"

"Of course," Kheila said her dark eyes sparkling demonically. "Just drop your knickers and do it here."

Margaret's mouth dropped open as she realised what the other was implying. She was to relieve herself here—in front of all these other people.

The shock momentarily stilled her innards. She peered about her. The drive was wide and covered with tiny loose pebbles some of, which had already bloodied her feet. The house was several stories high and plentifully spaced with windows.

To relieve herself here, in front of God know how many eyes, would be an utterly demeaning ordeal. She gazed at Kheila hoping for a reprieve but saw no sympathy in the dark, fathomless eyes.

"Please?" she begged. She had urinated in front of, and for the pleasure of, lovers in the past but this was wholly different; her bowels were churning as if they were liquefying; emptying them in this public spot was in a totally different thing. She was perspiring heavily even though it was a cool morning.

"Do it. Take off the dress and leave it off. We want everyone to have a really good view." Kheila mocked.

"Please?" Margaret begged again but a dribble of urine trickled from her vulva and she had difficulty in fighting back the full flow. That was followed by a sudden agonising cramp in her belly; only with difficulty could she avoid bending double and as it was, sweat broke out on her forehead.

Kheila smiled but it was a devil's smile. She jerked a thumb at the house. "Welcome to Lash Hall," she said mockingly. "Where all dreams are nightmares and the strong have already inherited everything going—including the weak! The dress—get it off, tart! This is nothing to what's going to happen later."

Windows began to open in the upper reaches of the building and a number of people, men and women exited the front door. They were dressed in many sorts of garb ranging from dressing gowns to normal daywear.

Margaret gazed wildly around at the amused watchers. Never before had she felt so helpless and exposed.

"We told our guests that we had a special type of exhibition from them. You should be proud of yourself. Visitors here are usually late risers." Kheila mocked.

A feeling of deep panic surged within Margaret, duplicating the turbulence of her churning bowels. Kheila had unerringly opened the door to a new and potent form of degradation; and, for once, one that the Countess definitely did not welcome.

Physical necessity overwhelmed every other consideration.

Hastily, for speed was now critical, Margaret unbuttoned the front of her dress and tossed it to the ground. There was a groan of appreciation from the watchers. Her big, mobile breasts were spilling out of the tiny bra and her minimal knickers magnified her curvaceous buttocks. She presented the carefully calculated image of a statuesque, fleshy tart, rendered more obscene by the carefully chosen sex wear. Unbearable pain lanced through her distended belly and she finally succumbed to the unavoidable and slid the miniscule panties down around her thighs, then lowered herself and squatted. Thoroughly ashamed she gazed pitifully down at the drive.

“Dirty bitch,” Kheila sneered.

The act was started by a long, low, wet, rasping fart then the loose excrement and urine deluged onto the tiny stones of the drive with such force that some were thrown into the air. The stench was awesome and unavoidable and all but Kheila, who stood like a statue, apparently unmoved, pulled back a few paces.

Margaret was now beyond caring; all that mattered to her was finally ending the agonising belly cramp and the painful bladder pressure.

The filth poured out of her in a liquid cascade that threatened to be never ending. The meal the previous evening, the grotesque breakfast and the bubbling excesses of the fizzy water went through her like a bad attack of dysentery.

A couple more windows opened; jeers of scorn and contemptuous laughter lashed down at her.

She was beyond caring. The tension in her belly and bladder began to abate as her waste exited her body, spreading beneath her and engulfing her bare feet. As the physical discomfort eased she became more acutely aware of the sniggering watchers who were ostentatiously holding their noses but obviously enjoying her humiliation.

It was done.

Never could Margaret remember having suffered as great a humiliation. She stood in a pool of her own filth; head lowered, ashamed to meet the gloating eyes of those around her.

It was not yet over.

The driver had slipped from the car and watched the whole performance and his lean face hungrily studying the lush body if obscenely garbed body.

Kheila turned towards him. “Kerry - you may fuck her. Over the bonnet of the car whichever hole pleases you. Just make certain that our guests have a good view.”

He nodded and approached the cringing Countess, grabbed her by the hair and jerked her towards the car. She squealed with pain.

“Please. You needn’t hurt me. I’m not going to fight.”

He stood back as she pulled away from him and tossed her disordered, short red hair in a show of petty resentment. With a quick gesture she slid down the miniscule knickers, further soiling her bottom and calves in the process. She tried to use the discarded garment to wipe some of the filth from her body but they were hopelessly inadequate. Without hesitation she slid off the inadequate bra. That too was used to clean herself but so violent had been her excretions that she could feel thick globules of matter clinging to her buttocks and the backs of her thighs.

Finally accepting that it was a hopeless task, she impatiently she threw aside the tiny, garments. With as much dignity as she could muster she walked across to the car, wincing as jagged pieces of stone bit into the already lacerated soles of her feet.

She reflected that she was getting rather more than she had anticipated when she had agreed to submit to Kheila's proposition.

In a bedroom on the second floor, the attractive blonde girl who had been in the lobby when Claire had arrived the evening previously, peered, wide eyed out of the window.

"They've got a woman down there."

Her lover laughed. He was a hirsute man, much older than her.

"So?"

"She's naked. In front of loads of people. And—and -," her voice trailed off.

"And what?"

She glanced at him shyly. She was naked and she was gorgeous and her embarrassment made her doubly attractive to him.

"Well—she—she—voided her bowels in front of them all. That's gross—really gross!"

"Some women will do anything when they get in the mood," he said meaningfully.

"No," she said seriously. "She didn't want to do it. She looked as if she hated it. They must have given her some sort of loosening medicine -"

"Is she pretty?"

"Very."

"Do you fancy her?"

She glanced over her shoulder. "Why?"

"I could have her sent up here and you and she could give me an exhibition."

"You're a bastard, Hugh."

"Yes," he laughed. "And you're a good fuck. But you'll be better when you lose some of your inhibitions."

She wrinkled her nose at him. "Don't hurry me, Hugh. I used to be a nice respectable girl before I met you. " She looked down once more at the unfolding scene on the drive below. "She's very dirty. Her body I mean. They didn't even give her toilet paper to wipe herself with -"

"You sound very interested in her."

She put a finger in front of her mouth. "Hugh?"

"Yes."

"Will you fuck me again?"

He grinned and undulated his body. "Of course."

"Here, by the window. So people can it happening."

His mouth dropped open in surprise.

"I thought you were too shy to be watched?"

Her voice was throaty.

"You wanted me to lose my inhibitions. Help me."

Margaret placed herself across the bonnet of the car and experienced the pleasant warmth of the motor through the steel casing, relaxing herself into a position that offered her labia and would allow him to mount her easily. She had hated what Kheila had arranged for her so far; it had been humiliation without any compensating pleasure. Now she hoped that Kerry would redress the balance. She parted her legs as widely as possible, careless that her buttocks and calves were badly soiled.

There was a gasp from the watchers, both attracted and repelled by the glorious body and its filthy condition.

Kerry threw off his clothes with the insouciance of a man completely confident of his animal attractiveness. When the large penis was bared to view there was a collective sigh from the women who watched followed by a long silence as he massaged it to rigidity with practised expertise.

His figure was muscular, narrow hipped but solid, with thick biceps and strong thighs. He carried tattoos on his back and his forearms.

Kerry positioned himself behind, the thick penis jutting between her cleft buttocks. She felt the end rest on her rectum and a shiver of apprehension ran through her. Hal had buggered her several times and her anus was well stretched; but Hal was not Kerry, his penis was much bigger. She turned and looked at him over her slender shoulders.

“Not there. Fuck me first - properly. Later—the other - if it pleases you,” whispered Margaret.

Her voice trailed off but she wriggled her body sensuously and emitted a slight spurt of urine from her near empty bladder. Her face, languorous and lust filled, turned towards him. She smiled at him so that he could see the pouting lips and languorously sexy expression in her grey eyes.

In this frame of mind she was a bitch in heat asking nothing other than humiliation. She was careless of the audience, greedy for her own satisfaction.

Kerry obviously recognised the signals. He also showed no concern about the audience. His hands slid down over her soiled haunches, careless of fouling his own hands and the rampant penis surged free of her buttocks. Flecks of jism hit her flawless back and trembling buttocks. Growling in his throat he fumbled with the excrement stained nates, pulling them wide apart and revealing the spread crevice to the watchers.

The deep, shadowed crease was damp and thick with drying excrement.

“Looks like sweet and sour!” someone shouted lewdly and there was a general guffaw from the audience.

Kheila stood silent but her face was poignant with excitement.

Margaret revelled in the knowledge that she was on the verge of being ravaged by the huge penis.

Her body vibrated with anticipation and she pushed her bottom lustfully towards him

“Please, Kerry, please -,” she crooned.

His fingers ran over Margaret’s breasts, soiling them in the process, and then flickered between her open thighs, touching the grossly swollen clitoris so that she mewled and wriggled sensuously to the delight of the watchers.

After a few moments of intimate caressing, Kerry inserted his soiled fingers into the soggy anal orifice and rotated them as if trying to increase the size of the hole. Margaret shrieked, though whether from pain or pleasure no one was really certain.

“Play with ‘er cunt,” Zucco bellowed. “Much as yer like. She loves it!”

Kerry did not respond though his fingers drove deeper..

A couple more of windows on the building opened. By now thirty or forty people were watching, some crowding the drive, others observing from the windows. More than a few men, affected by the erotic scene taking place on the drive, were groping the women who were present. Some women protested but others responded with similar passion.

At one of the windows a very attractive blonde girl appeared. She was naked—viewable from her mid thighs to the top of her head—her large breasts being cupped and fondled by an equally naked, though less visible, male who was standing close behind her. Her face was convulsed with lust, mouth opening and closing, her eyes wide and staring and her slender body writhed slowly and sensuously against her male suitor. She immediately became a second object of focal interest to the crowd of watchers.

“In!” Kheila said urgently. “In!”

Kerry fondled his erection and there was a low moan from the blonde girl at the window. He looked up at her and she composed herself somewhat and blew him a kiss. He grinned up at her. "Later," he called. "When I've finished with this piece of cunt."

The man groping the blonde grabbed her nipples and twisted them savagely so that her face became agonised and she squealed with pain.

Kerry peered up at her for a few moments, grim amusement etched on his face and then he thrust his pelvis sharply forward; his thick penis entered the vagina of the Countess with a strength that flattened her against the bonnet of the car and forced her mouth open. She expelled air as sharply and noisily as if it had been driven up from her bowels by the surging penis.

In the window above, the blonde's face was again suffused with lust and her eyes were flickering open and shut. It was abundantly clear that she also now had a penis inside her.

Myriad eyes were darting ecstatically between the two offerings.

The blonde was leaning half out of the window her heavy breasts flopping heedlessly about to the noisy delectation of the voyeurs. Hairly male arms were clasped around her diaphragm. From her jolting movements and the expression on her face it was clear that she was well on her way to coming.

She was in a state of mounting excitement, mouthing silent obscenities and fondling her own clit, masturbating and copulating simultaneously. For a moment she turned sideways and the dark, driving rod of her lover's penis could be seen penetrating deep into her vulva. Her physical assets were fully on show, rippling seductively as she was comprehensively and publicly fucked.

It became a contest. The heads of the watchers switched upwards and downwards in a way not dissimilar to that of a crowd watching a tennis match.

If the lovely blonde was experiencing ecstasies from the pleasure of the male penis sliding so effortless in and out of her wet sex slit, the statuesque Countess was faring equally well. Given her ever-plentiful lubrication the very large penis levered its way into the tight vaginal passage through layers of soft internal tissue, rasping fulsomely on the bulbous clit—and the pleasure was awesome. Both women were emitting high-pitched, passionate cries.

Kerry finished his task with a final contemptuous lunge that lifted Margaret's feet from the ground and momentarily spitted her body on his penis, against the car. He had been told to be brutal and he carried out his orders to the letter. He spurted his spunk into her womb with uncaring disdain.

Margaret could feel the jism flooding her vagina; her cries became less frenetic. She felt as if her vaginal passage had been stretched to splitting point and but it contracted smoothly as the invading member was withdrawn. She could feel his spunk surge within her.

There was a sharp cry from the window above as the blonde came, her lovely face convulsed and ugly in its obscene pleasure. She disappeared abruptly from the window, leaving the watchers to presume that she had collapsed on the floor with her virtually unseen lover.

A few sardonic hand-claps saluted her performance but there was a general sigh of disappointment from the voyeurs as both exhibitions terminated at roughly the same time.

Kheila walked over to the Granada and surveyed the shaken, filth-streaked figure of the Countess of Blantyre. Margaret, exhausted, had sat down on the flinty drive and pulled her knees up to her chest, locking her hands around them. She looked disorientated, obviously wondering what was to happen next.

Kheila turned to the men in white overalls. "Stuff her knickers in her mouth and tape it shut. Then take her down to the cellars. Put her on a body block."

Margaret, hating the idea of having her fouled knickers thrust in her mouth, fought desperately as the white clad men closed around her, but she was quickly overwhelmed. Some creative sadist bit her nipple hard; Margaret's mouth opened in agony and the soiled underwear was stuffed into it. She struggled even harder as experienced the sour taste of the garment and shook her head feverishly in an attempt to dislodge it, but only succeeded in smearing her face with her own

excrement. She wanted to scream but all she could emit was a muffled grunt. They taped her mouth shut and dragged her away. Her bare feet, soles bloodied in places, scraped at the pebbled drive but could obtain no purchase on the treacherously moving stones.

The audience clapped her forced exit and a few cheered.

“See you later, darling. After you’ve had a good bath,” shouted one wag.

CHAPTER 9

The hirsute Hugh was feeling relaxed and happy. In spite of all the stimulation yesterday the blonde girl had seemed hesitant and it had looked as if she was going to be a disappointment. She had fucked all right and sucked obediently, though in the case of the latter, without much fervour. It happened sometimes of course. Some women were turned off by exhibitionism, whatever they had previously said to the contrary.

But the humiliation of the red haired babe on the drive, plus her own performance at the window, had pushed that secret button and now blondie was well and truly hooked on humiliation. He moved his buttocks, squashing them down harder and sweeping them over the trapped face. He enjoyed feeling that patrician nose being mashed obscenely into his asshole. She gasped and snorted as if she was having breathing difficulties but her tongue still probed the cleft of his buttocks.

Sitting on her face, as he was doing, gave him a fair amount of freedom. By inclining forward, he could—and did—fondle her tits and her cunt knowing that his movements caused pleasantly squelchy sounds from underneath him, as his sweat merged with her saliva.

The great thing was that their relationship had changed forever. No longer did he have to coax her; she had started on the great voyage of self-discovery that opened up marvellous opportunities for his own pleasure.

Yes, life was very, very good.

Margaret, Countess of Blantyre, had anticipated sexual and physical abuse at the hands of Kheila - but not of the type that had been inflicted on her. Scatology had never featured in her fantasies and the long car journey with her bowels and bladder in turmoil was not something she ever wanted to repeat.

Her mouth, containing the foul tasting panties, was still taped shut. She gazed appealingly at the three white overalled men surrounding her, begging them with her teary eyes to help her.

She was secured, kneeling, on top of a revolvable marble block with a steel framework holding her in place. Her ankles and thighs were chained to the framework while her manacled wrists were drawn back and secured behind her. Under her belly ran a steel bar whose height was adjustable, thus allowing her buttocks to be raised or lowered at will. She was positioned for sexual use from the rear giving any aggressor the tempting choice between two easily available orifices.

The men had carried out a leisurely and obscene examination of her exposed body; stroking the lush curves, testing the thick nipples, stroking the flaccid clitoris and even fingering the still badly soiled anus.

All that Margaret could do was to grunt, make sheep’s eyes and wriggle her ripe, richly sensual body in the hope that someone would take pity on her and remove the filthy gag from her mouth. Revoltingly, each movement seemed to force more of the trapped foul juice from her panties down her throat.

Kheila entered the room having shrugged off her white medical coat. She was now revealed in a glossy and revealing black vinyl bikini and she had replaced the sensible low-heeled shoes that she

had previously worn with high stiletto boots. Her face was now vividly and theatrically made up and she exuded the same heavy perfume that she had worn the previous evening at dinner with the Countess. Her olive coloured body was slender and alluring and her full breasts moved enticingly as she sauntered, panther like, around the confined space of the cell.

She looked menacing yet very beautiful, very much the Domina. The men gazed at her like hungry animals with a combination of admiration and lust.

It was clear that she knew what thoughts were going through their minds. She laughed towards them

“Like what you see, gentlemen? How would you like to string me up like that?” Her hands slowly caressed her breasts, then ran down and fingered the glossy vinyl at her crotch. Her mouth dropped open and she ran her pink tongue meaningfully around her glossily painted lips.

Zucco grunted, grinned and wiped the back of his hand meaningfully across his mouth. Deliberately he put his hand down to his crotch presumably checking that his penis was ready to satisfy her if required.

Kheila chuckled and her eyes flickered back to Margaret. She bent forward, parted the thick red pubic hair, bent and sniffed delicately at the thick sex lips.

“Not used, boys? I’m surprised.”

Her fingers examined the inner lips of Margaret’s vulva, looking intently at the fine membrane.

Zucco swept a long, lingering look over the Arab girl’s figure. He clearly thought that he was in with a chance.

“Maybe we thought somfin’ better might be on offer.”

Her laugh was low and sensual.

“Perhaps, boys. But not today. Today we’re entertaining the Countess.”

“Is she really a Countess?” Ted asked.

“Every bit of her,” Kheila replied languidly. “A real, blue blooded piece of cunt. And, incidentally, your whore for the seven days.”

“I think she wants the gag off,” said Joe quietly.

“Doesn’t like the taste of her own shit,” Kheila murmured. “I can understand that; it stank to high heaven! Don’t worry, dear. Once you’re properly trained you’re going to be my lavatory slave and you’ll find that much more palatable.”

Something like a squeal came from Margaret.

Kheila squatted in front of the Countess and her heavy perfume wafted into the other’s nostrils.

“This is a small place but we’ll do our best to entertain you. It’s run by a society called the League of the Lash and caters for those of Sado Masochistic inclinations. It’s all very hush. Everybody is sworn to secrecy and all that. Just relatively harmless fun—well, fun for most anyway. Not for you though. Down here in the cellars we have a harder, more experienced group of members who get up to rather wilder games. I am one, but there are others. During the next few days we’re going to find out exactly how masochistic you are.”

Kheila sighed. “We’re going to remodel your sex bits. Sluts should be easily recognisable. The boys are going to begin by branding you with my mark; a ‘K’ with a crown in the background. Don’t bother your dirty little mind about what it represents: you wouldn’t want to know! Then they are going to insert six heavy lead rings in the inner lips of your cunt. Next time your chauffeur views your quim, he’ll have difficulty recognising it. It’ll be all slack and lippy, like a distorted coxcomb. Moreover we’re going to expand your asshole which, when we’ve finished, will be big enough to act as a tunnel for a toy train set.”

She shuddered theatrically. “How you’ll explain it all to future lovers will be up to you.”

Margaret’s eyes were begging for a chance to speak.

She rose to her feet in a single, elegant movement.

“OK, boys.” She looked at Zucco and smiled sardonically. “Fraid I’m not on the menu today but her ladyship very much is. Leave the gag on until I tell you to take it off. It should remind her that she’s just a piece of shit. No anaesthetic of course when you pierce her cunt!”

She sauntered elegantly towards the door.

Margaret shook her head wildly and tried to regain eye contact, wanted above all things in the world to tell the Arab woman that this game had already gone too far and must stop now.

But it was too late—much, much, much too late!

Tears were streaking Claire Fairmont’s face and she was cringing in a corner of the bare cell. She was terrified; every trace of her former self-confidence had been beaten, sexual abused and humiliated out of her.

Miss Patel was gloating over her vanquished foe, eyes glittering as she surveyed the lash marked body and sniffing appreciatively at the stench of sweat and urine which the other was exuding.

The Eurasian, sitting on the bed, had discarded her normal drab garb and wore just a short sarong—so short that when she bent at the waist her pubis and buttocks were displayed as clearly as those of her naked victim. Her hair was drawn back in a way that exaggerated the heaviness of her features and made her look even more unprepossessing than usual. The sarong was brightly coloured with large vivid patterns and did nothing for the chunky figure. None of this worried Miss Patel, who obtained her pleasures from inflicting horror on her victims rather than attempting the hopeless task of making herself look attractive. She carried a thonged leather whip.

The sarong that Miss Patel wore was deliberately short, for a purpose.

“Come. Worship my shit hole,” she hissed and the thronged lash cracked across the cringing body as an encouragement not to dawdle.

“Yes, Goddess,” Claire moaned and crawled quickly towards the obese figure, thrusting her head under the hem of the sarong and embedding her tongue in the Eurasian’s rectum.

The whip slashed down again cutting into the already bloodied buttocks; Miss Patel jerked in pleasure as the probing tongue, impelled by the blow, forced its way another half inch or so into the odorous orifice.

“I want to feel it, you stupid sow!” The whip cracked again and, pleasurably, the Eurasian felt the lunge of the tortured body and the hysterical wriggle of the tongue, which just could not penetrate further, hard as it tried.

“Well—lick my clit, you ugly bitch. God—you’re going to have to learn how to please me properly, you sow.”

Eagerly, Claire changed her point of attention to the bloated clitoris. At least she had the chance to give her tormentor an orgasm and that might result in some rest for her aching jaws. For over an hour, with minimal breaks. she had serviced Miss Patel’s body, with her mouth but she dare not slacken her efforts.

“So you tried to persuade the men to release you, eh? I was very annoyed at that.”

Claire needed no telling. The resulting thrashing had been long and intense. Now she was determined to pleasure the Eurasian in any way that was required.

For a few minutes the only sound in the room was the sloshing of tongue on clit and a constant sucking sound. Claire’s hands crept respectfully up Miss Patel’s body and fondled her nipples through the flimsy cotton cloth. The Eurasian began to gasp in passion; she made a sudden movement and the sarong fell away leaving her naked.

The thick, ugly body with its great patch of untrimmed hair at the crutch and swinging, near shapeless breasts quivered and rocked like some monstrous jelly. The thick lips pouted and slobbered yet called out for the white girl to intensify her efforts.

“More! Work—white bitch! Tongue, tongue—more tongue—harder.”

Claire's body shimmered with a layer of sweat caused by her frantic efforts.

The emotional scream started, rising from a dull moan to an ear splitting shriek. The shapeless body vibrated obscenely—then she came in great quivering lunges, flattening Claire's face in the nasty wet cavern of her oily crotch, grinding the white girl's nose into the seeping anus.

The orgasm seemed endless and all the time Claire's hands and tongue frantically caressed the shivering figure. She was petrified of being judged lazy.

When it was over, both were comatose on the narrow bed; the Eurasian from pleasure, the white girl from exhaustion.

For a long time there was silence in the drab cell, then Miss Patel heaved herself upwards and regarded Claire with vicious eyes.

"Do you know what I'm going to do with you?"

Claire shivered but dropped her eyes. "No, Goddess."

"You're going to be put in a cage—a very small cage. Then Zucco and his friends are going to force-feed you every hour for the next month. All fattening food and masses of it. And no possibility of exercise, of course. We're going to get your weight up to around 300 pounds—maybe more. Then we're going to sell you as a slave to a very cruel man I know in the Middle East."

Claire horrified raised her eyes in terror and despair. At the end of this long day she knew that Miss Patel never made an idle threat.

"Please, Goddess, please."

"And you will be sold under the name of 'Butterball'!" the Eurasian told her triumphantly. "A name you will keep for the rest of your life."

THE END