



AFTER THE PESTILENCE

By Velvet-glove

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Prologue The Auction

“Lot Seventeen”.

The auctioneer glanced over his half-spectacles at the couple on the podium momentarily, then back at the audience, before reading out the summary from the digital catalogue. He spoke in a semi-bored monotone, accustomed as he was to selling off between fifty and a hundred Lots a day to the highest bidder.

“A married couple. No children. Him, James, age 31, 5 feet 10 inches, a trained accountant. No other discernible skills.

Her, Jane, age 27, but Birthday tomorrow I see, so almost 28. 5 feet 6 inches tall, a housewife, some experience working in a department store. No other skills ...”

He looked up at the audience briefly and smiled wryly.

“... that we know of !

Married to each other 5 years. No previous spouses. Both declared bankrupt yesterday. Debts of 12,452 Credits. Being sold by the State for anything over a reserve price of 12,500 Credits. So, who’s going to be the new Owner who will give this pretty young lady a nice ... er ... Birthday present tomorrow ? Shall we start the bidding at, say, 13,000?”

“Let’s see her tits.” A member of the audience called out.

The auctioneer paused, nodded, and a thickset male assistant grabbed the woman’s cotton shift at the neckline and wrenched it asunder, exposing her pale, ample breasts and pink nipples for inspection.

“And her cunt.” Another male voice shouted from the back.

The auctioneer paused, considering.

“When I have a bid of 13,000, then you can see *all* of her.”

“Thirteen thousand.”

An opening bid.

The same male assistant quickly ripped the woman’s cotton skirt away, before she could resist. She blushed scarlet and tried to move her hands in front of her body but he slapped them away.

Forty or so pairs of eyes appraised her. Many of the audience were skilled “Flesh Traders”. She was nice looking, with a pretty face, blue eyes, blonde hair straggly from her night in the cells, curvaceous, probably D cup tits, flat stomach, decent legs, a triangle of light coloured pubic hair.

She would scrub up well as a domestic maid or sex slave. She was probably worth 10,000 Credits on her own.

“Let’s see the boy too.” Shouted a coarse female voice.

“Give me a bid of 14,000 first.” Replied the auctioneer smiling.

The audience waited in silence, sizing each other up. Nobody wanted to pay too much. The male wasn’t worth very much as a labourer.

“Fourteen thousand.”

A new bidder.

The man didn’t resist as the assistant, armed with an electric prod, tore off the prison-grey cotton shirt and shorts he was wearing. He was less attractive than his wife but okay looking, brown hair and eyes, moderate build, apparently fit, but underweight and lightly muscled from lack of food and working behind a desk, with a soft, shrivelled, frightened penis and only a small amount of body hair.

Most bidders at this auction were interested in strong men for heavy manual work.

Nobody spoke.

“Any advance on 14,000 ?” asked the auctioneer. “Come on, you’ll get many years good work out of this pair. Or you can keep her and put him up for resale. He’ll fetch a tidy sum on his own.”

The audience laughed at the auctioneer’s optimism.

“Fourteen five hundred.” Called out a new bidder. Another *female* voice.

The auctioneer grinned and his eyes roved the room hopefully. But within a few seconds he knew that was it. There were thirty three more Lots to go this morning and 14,500 was a fair price for this pair.

“Any advance on fourteen five ?” he asked.

“Going once ... going twice Gone. Sold to ..” he glanced up at the female bidder’s card, “Buyer Account 362.”

Within seconds, the couple had been marched away to their new life.

“Lot Eighteen.” said the auctioneer, turning back to the digital catalogue.

Chapter One

The year was 2010.

After the Great Pestilence of 2008 and the subsequent Famine and Depression, when global Stock, Property and Commodity Markets all crashed and burned, the World's largest Economies had each undergone different Revolutions.

Some became Military Dictatorships.

Others so-called 'People's Republics'.

Whilst a few had returned to a Feudal Dark Age.

In all cases, there were the "haves" and the "have nots".

Northern Europe – comprising the Scandinavian countries, much of Germany, the northern half of France, the Benelux Region, and all of Great Britain – had formed the 'Northern Alliance', a slave-based regime ruled over by unelected bureaucrats from the old city of Bruxelles.

Under their Economic Recovery Act passed on January 1st 2010, the last remaining human rights were repealed and unrestricted slavery was reintroduced throughout the Northern Alliance as the State could no longer afford to provide any form of pension, unemployment or social welfare.

Severe punishments were introduced for all crimes, especially theft, and the penalty for bankruptcy was Slavery for life.

In that way, it was hoped, that the slaves' new owners would pay off the debts of the bankrupts and then feed, house and provide them with work instead of the State.

And, in its own harsh, cruel and unjust way, the new system worked.

It flourished best in the offshore region of England.

Of course, in such a jungle, there were winners and losers. Two such 'winners' were a husband and wife team who had been small time film producers before the Great Pestilence.

Porno film makers. They had made a modest living but the costs soaked up most of the income. Brutus held the camera and Stella handled the finance and contracts. But as stocks, property and commodities plummeted, and numerous industries like Steel and Cars, Technology and Construction collapsed, it was the black market basics of food and loan sharking that stayed afloat.

And, even in such troubled times, people still wanted Sex.

By a series of deals, lubricated by bribes to corrupt bureaucrats, Brutus and Stella built up their large Sex empire. They owned 66% of 'The Brute Corporation' and 34% had been sold to a variety of state and private "backers".

The Corporation's income was based mainly on the staples of films, magazines and prostitution. Because desperate women, and men, were prepared to sell their bodies to avoid starvation and bankruptcy, six weeks after the Economic Recovery Act was passed, the Northern Alliance State bureaucrats passed a second Act on February 14th 2010, known as the "Valentines Act", that forbade prostitution without a Licence.

In effect, people could not prostitute themselves *before* they became bankrupt, since the penalty for *unlicensed* prostitution was a life sentence of slavery.

But the penalty for *bankruptcy* was a life sentence of slavery too.

And then most slaves ended up being prostituted, one way or another.

A truly vicious circle if ever there was one.

One way or another, only those with a Prostitution Licence could reap the rewards. Brutus and Stella had such a Licence and they now owned over two hundred slaves, acquired over seven months at an average of about one a day.

The best were used in films and photo shoots as unpaid 'stars', the rest were available for rent by the bureaucrats, food magnates, money lenders and other 'survivors' who had the cash to spend. A few females were used for "breeding" by men or couples who wanted children without hassle. A few were used for specialist activities that only fee-paying members of Brutus and Stella's Private Club could attend. Of the 200 slaves, about 150 were female and 50 male, mainly husband and wife combinations.

Like James and Jane.

Chapter Two

It was Stella who had paid 14,500 Credits for the couple who made up Lot 17. James and Jane hadn't recognised her as she sat in the audience behind the harsh glare of the auction stage lights. But she had recognised them. They were a young couple once from the same social circle as Brutus and Stella, although she hadn't seen them for 6 months, since they moved away to seek employment. Stella remembered the snooty bitch once at a drinks party giving her the cold shoulder when the subject of Stella's business had come up, frowning at a woman in the porn movie business.

And the wet accountant husband making a face when Stella lit a cigarette next to him, muttering that those things will kill you.

There was little that Stella enjoyed more than introducing such people to the harsh new facts of life !

She had a collection of them. She'd bought them at Auction. A school teacher of hers she hadn't liked, who was now aged 48, and who spent fourteen hours a day on her back, front and knees entertaining up to 28 teenage boys a day. Stella had her permanently working in the brothel at "special offer" of 0.1 Credits per half hour, a price even the most hungry kid could usually run to.

She had an ex-girlfriend of Brutus, now aged 37, who had carved out a profitable new career for herself as a film starlet. The only thing was her co-stars were always animals and all the profits went to Stella and Brutus.

Another was an ex-boyfriend of Stella's, a real jerk, who had now got over his homophobic tendencies by entertaining homosexuals in large groups, when he wasn't acting in gay movies.

There were others.

And these two would now join them.

Chapter Three

Jim gasped with relief when he saw Stella. He thought he had recognised her voice from somewhere. He nudged Jane alongside him. The woman who had bought them was a friend of a friend. They'd met her a while back quite a few times. Surely she was going to help them, after all. Maybe she needed an accountant ? He remembered she'd been in porn films. But even they needed their accounts done too, didn't they ?

He smiled nervously at Stella. She smiled back.

"Jim, isn't it ?"

"Y .. yes. That's right. And Jane."

"Oh yes, Jane. Hallo."

"Hallo." Jane replied cautiously.

Stella took out a pack of cigarettes, lit one and exhaled.

"They haven't got me yet." She said, holding up the cigarette to him, still smiling, before taking another drag.

Jim shrugged. "I guess not." He suddenly glanced down, aware of his nudity, and Jane's naked body beside him. He felt himself blush.

Stella blew smoke into his face and shrugged. "Let's go."

She led them outside of the Auction House. Cars were rare nowadays. Most people travelled by cart, horse and donkey. Stella's trap was parked nearby. It was a light two-seater with a set of leather straps and harnesses. There was no sign of any animal. Many of the carts were pulled by humans.

Jim paused.

Stella stared at him. "Jim," she said, still smiling with her lips but not with her eyes, "I have purchased you both. That means I can do as I like with you. Resist and I can have you whipped, punished, even electrocuted. Understood ?"

He gulped and nodded, aware that next to him, Jane had begun to cry.

"Pl...ease..." he began.

Stella unsheathed an electric prod from her belt. She stared at him.

"Okay..." he mumbled, "I'm sorry."

She fastened him into the right harness first. Leather straps around his waist, between his legs, and a second set over his shoulders and under his arms, connecting behind his back.

She clicked a steel eye-bolt into another eye-bolt at the end of the leash running to the cart, connecting him to her trap.

Then she fastened Jane into the left harness. Again, round her waist and between her legs, and a second set over her shoulders, criss-crossed between her pronounced cleavage and then under her arms to her back.

She was similarly fastened to the leash running to the cart.

Stella went to the luggage box in the back of the cart and removed two headsets and handcuffs. She locked their wrists together behind their backs and then planted the leather head-sets on Jim's and his wife's heads. They were like firm helmets, with blinkers on each side so that Jim could only stare straight ahead and a tight steel chain that ran over his teeth, holding his mouth open, like a bit.

Stella stood in front of them both. Her smile now a smirking grin. Jim wanted to punch her in the face. She obviously sensed his angry rebellion.

“Save your energy, Jim.” She said to him. “It’s a long old journey to your new home. It’s a hot day and I want you both to trot so we get there quickly.”

Jim turned his head and watched her reach out and handle his wife’s bare, defenceless breasts. She tugged on each nipple and then removed two heavy pink steel spheres, the size of table tennis balls, from a pocket. Each sphere had a clip.

She seized Jane’s right breast and attached the clip to the nipple.

“Aaaahh...nggah..” Jane squealed, and several passers-by in the street looked on, laughing.

“This pink is my stable colour. You will wear it with pride.” With that, she fastened the second sphere to Jane’s left breast. “I must warn you, slut, that if either of these babies falls off during the journey, then I have an extra special one that attaches to your clit. I will spare you that one today if you are good.”

Jim saw Jane’s lip trembling, her eyes watering with tears as she nodded.

Stella moved directly in front of him and roughly squeezed his cheekbones, turning his face forwards. She delved into another pocket and removed a larger pink sphere, the size of a tennis ball.

It had no clip but thin leather loops and a buckle instead. She nodded at him.

“That’s right. It goes here.”

Roughly, she pushed his penis, still tiny with fear, aside and buckled the heavy steel sphere around his scrotum, tight so that his balls took the weight. “That won’t fall off,” she said, staring into his eyes, “but if it does, you don’t want to think about the extra special one I have instead for you.”

He winced at the sharp pain in his testicles and felt the cart lurch as she climbed in. And then a long whip cracked the air inches above his back.

“Gidyap !” he heard. “Pull.”

Jim pulled and he felt Jane tugging too. With relief, he realised it was a well sprung cart. It began to move behind them. He pulled harder.

“Faster !” she shouted. “Trot.”

The whip cracked again and this time the fierce tip caught him across the shoulder blade. It felt like hot coal. He wanted to turn and shout at her. Attack her. But his hands were tied and he was helpless. He lifted his legs and pulled, dragging the cart forward with a surge. He kept trotting and sensed Jane trotting too beside him. The weight on his balls was uncomfortable but it didn’t hurt. Yet. Under his feet the dried mud road was rutted and dusty. Tears welled up in his eyes. But he still ran.

Stella smiled and sat back in the cart. They would average about four miles an hour and her compound was ten miles outside the city. At the half way point, in what remained of a burnt out town, there was an “Inn” and watering hole. The next bit of fun could wait until then.

Chapter Four

Brutus sat in his editing suite. Between his legs, a gorgeous new slave was sucking his cock ever so gently. He didn't want to come. Yet. With luck, he might hold out for Stella's arrival. She got stroppy if he never had any energy left for her. She had her favourites for oral sex but Stella never allowed any other man to fuck her but Brutus. And that was how he liked it too. So the least he could do was save up some of his juice for her every other day or so. She let him fuck female slaves but preferred it if he used their mouths and arses most of the time. That was what he liked most too.

He lifted himself onto one buttock and farted loudly. He had enjoyed a heavy lunch of asparagus salad, steak, ice cream and beers. In seconds he sniffed appreciatively and glanced down. The slave was still sucking blissfully, even though he knew she was in fact hating every second. He watched his thick, glistening cock sliding in and out of her small, stretched mouth. Brutus was 50. He knew he was no longer the woman's dream he'd been at half his age. His face was still handsome in a jaded way, he was quite fit, but his stomach was large, his head was bald and all of his hair seemed to have been transplanted down to his hirsute belly and groin. Stella still fancied him, she said, but he guessed she was the only one. Not that he cared any more. The young darling between his legs was one of the most attractive females they'd bought and she was sucking him regardless of his hairy belly and double chin. In some ways he'd have liked to have turned them on more. He knew Stella was a sadist but Brutus thought of himself as just a horny old devil. He was merely playing the hand he'd been dealt to his best advantage. Well, maybe that was a bit of a lie. Power had corrupted him. But he still thought he had a soft centre. At heart. Deep down. And then again, who gave a fuck ?

He turned his attention back to the screens. It was a film of a young 22 year old, Gemma, a real miss prim when she'd arrived a month before, a typical library type with spectacles who wore loose clothes to hide her large tits. She was being given a 'Bukkake Dildo' double. A popular series of films that sold in their tens of thousands, including exports, which the State loved because it earned foreign Credits. At one end the girl was taking endless loads of jism from 100 volunteers, of every age, colour and description, in her stretched mouth, and over her face, hair, spectacles, breasts and body. It had been Stella's idea to let her keep her specs on, and they were now streaked with come. While at the other end, a pair of jaded lesbians were expanding the girl's horizons, by drilling her with increasingly large, thick and colourful vibrators in her cunt and arse. Her legs were splayed uncomfortably wide and a massive shiny red machine, as thick as a forearm, was buried nine inches deep inside her distended cunt while one of the laughing lesbians put the electric rotator in the shaft on overdrive, twisting and pummelling her insides. Brutus had used five fixed cameras and two roving ones to get every angle, close up and wide shot, so that he could then edit it to his usual high standards.

He snapped his fingers and the male slave stepped forward with a tray, on which was Brutus's beer, ashtray and cigars. The slave was a handsome lad, tall and muscular, just married, naked except for a steel chastity cage that tightly encased what Brutus knew was a good-sized cock. A cock that Brutus also knew would most likely never again fuck, and rarely, if ever, even spurt its juice again. He took his beer can and drained it.

“What do you think ?” he asked, belching the beer, looking down between his thighs at the gorgeous, slurping female slave. Her name was Lavinia. She was a brunette, with fashion model features, lovely soulful brown eyes, with perfect high, quite small tits, a slim but curvy body.

“I ... d...don't know, Master...I ..”

Brutus guffawed. “What do you mean, you don't know ? You see a nice young tart giving a middle aged guy head, what do you think ? Sexy, eh?”

“I .. yes, Master. Yes, it is.”

Between his legs Lavinia pretended to ignore the conversation, although Brutus could tell the bitch was taking in every word.

“You like her to blow you after she's done me, would you ?”

The young man stared. Only ten days earlier, he'd been free, in love.

“Y ...yes, Master, yes please.”

Brutus pretended to consider the idea. “Did she ever blow you before ?”

A tear rolled down the man's cheek. “Yes ...well, not like that, Master, more just a kind of foreplay .. before sex I mean ... never a blowjob.”

Brutus laughed. “Well then you missed your fucking chance then !”

The man's face crumpled, his gaze dropped to the floor.

“Let me tell you what's going to happen, mate. I like your missus here. I think she kind of likes me by the look of it. So I'm going to keep her as one of my favourites for a while, a month or two minimum. And I'm going to keep you around too. You're going to watch and assist as I introduce her to all the things she's been missing married to a wuss like you. Some things she'll enjoy, like fucking and sucking and anal. I mean enjoy relatively. But other things she won't. But you'll encourage her. Pimp her. To drink my piss. Lick my arse. And you will ask her to piss in your mouth too, ask her to let you lick my jizz out of her box, she'll restrain and cane you, and ream your back door with a big dildo.”

Brutus glanced down at the man's wife sucking him, unable to keep the shocked, humiliated expression off her face. He winked at her.

“And eventually, I will share her. But not with you, hubby boy. I'll keep you about for a while so that you can help me select *lots* of lovers for her to demonstrate her new skills on. How does that sound, eh ? Deal ?”

It was amazing how even the big, muscular ones almost never fought.

“Deal ?” Brutus bellowed.

The boy looked at him through red, watering eyes. “D ..deal, Master.”

Brutus pushed the young wife off his erection.

“Those beers went straight through me. You. Put down that tray and hold my cock. You.” He said to her. “Mouth wide open.”

The two slaves exchanged resigned, petrified glances. They obeyed.

“Now,” Brutus chuckled, as the boy held his thick glistening cock. “Aim it ! And if *you* don't get most of it in her mouth, and if *you* don't guzzle most of it down, you'll both ride the electric horse with dildoes in your arseholes for half an hour.”

A friend of Brutus always joked that a piss when you needed it was better than an orgasm when you didn't.

He relaxed and released his bladder.

Whoever said you couldn't piss with an erection hadn't tried hard enough. It was just a question of the angle. And lots of practice. A jet of hot piss shot out and splattered young Lavinia's beautiful face. In a moment, her husband had redirected Brutus's cock to

aim the flow into her mouth. Oh yeah. The colour was tinged green, the stink thick with the asparagus he guzzled for lunch, the fetid taste he knew would be acrid and foul.

Her mouth quickly filled and then it overflowed her lips.

“Swallow bitch. Hurry.”

She swallowed, gasped and then opened her mouth wide again. Six times it filled, bubbled over and she swallowed, until finally Brutus ran dry.

He swatted her husband’s grip away from his cock.

“Man, your missus makes a good lavatory. I shall make frequent use of her. And if you do anything wrong over the coming weeks, just any little thing, then I shall make proper use of her too. You know what that means ?”

“I ... er ...no Master ...” The young man shook his head.

“It means I shall dump in her mouth.”

Brutus smiled at their horrified faces.

“That’s right. The big number two. Her fate is in *your* hands.”

There was a pause. “Y ..yes, Master.”

Suddenly Brutus switched tone, teasing them. “Aah, come on. It’s not that bad. Life here can be a lot worse. You’re the lucky ones. You’re still together. You’re in love. Kneel down and kiss your missus. Go on.”

Brutus pushed back his seat so that the two slaves could face each other on their knees. He reached and pushed their heads together. Their chests. Their lips. Their tear-stained eyes.

“Mmm. That’s it. Lick my piss from her face. Clean her up. Tell you what. What was your wife called ?”

“L ... Lavinia, Master.”

“Lavinia ? Nah. Doesn’t suit her. Let’s rename her. From now on, we’ll call her Lavatory instead. Go on, tell Lavatory you love her.”

Grimacing with shame, the male slave said. “I ...lo ...love you.”

Brutus cuffed his ear. “Use her name, damn it !”

“I love y...you, L ..Lavatory.”

Brutus smiled down at them both.

Then, almost as if the past five minutes hadn’t happened, Brutus dismissed her husband with his tray back to the corner and gestured for Lavinia to get back to her job between his legs, as he began editing the movie on the bank of screens in front of him.

Chapter Five

After ninety long, hot minutes, Stella's cart arrived at the Inn.

A dozen carts were tethered outside, some pulled by horse or donkey, others by humans. Several single horses were also tied to a rail and two beaten up, rusted old cars were parked nearby.

Stella docked her buggy whip and clambered down from the cart. She smiled at the two broken, glistening bodies, heaving with effort and gasping for breath. They had managed to trot about half the distance, and walked the rest at various speeds, having each vomited several times from the effort. They were filthy with dust and scratches, with several livid welts from the whip across their shoulders and backs. Without a word, she went into the Inn. The bartender and several acquaintances greeted her.

She ordered a coffee and a juice and lit a cigarette.

"How's things, Stella?" asked the barman. "New purchases?"

She nodded outside. "Yes, Frank. Got any water for them?"

Frank grinned. "Sure." He was a short, round faced, cheerful man.

"Have a couple of the lads fetch in the female will you?"

A minute later, two teenage boys led Jane in by her harness. All eyes in the bar turned to the new arrival. Their faces grinned. Stella took a bowl from Frank and placed it on the end of a long, sturdy wooden table. The water was warm, brackish and unpleasant.

"Drink." She ordered.

Jane paused only a moment and then bent at the waist and put her cracked dry lips to the water. She paused again then lapped. Several people gathered round to watch close up. Smiling, a grizzled unshaven man lent over and slowly drooled a rope of his saliva into the bowl.

Jane looked up at him in disgust and stopped drinking.

Stella shrugged and lifted the bowl away.

"Had enough? I'd have thought you'd be thirstier after that long journey. Obviously I was wrong."

Jane's eyes darted backwards and forwards in alarm. "I ..."

Everybody laughed.

"Remove her lower harness, lads."

Quickly, the two teenagers unbuckled the leather strap from around Jane's waist and between her legs, casting it to the floor.

"Up on the table with her." Stella said.

Hands grabbed the tired, defenceless woman and manhandled her up onto the refectory table, twisting her over on her back, face up.

"If her mouth isn't thirsty, maybe her cunt is?"

A cheer went up.

"Frank," Stella continued, "I'm afraid I haven't got my Credit book with me. How much for my coffee, juice and the water?"

Frank undid his belt. "How about a quick fuck for me and, say, five of my mates?"

Stella made a face. "Five? That's a bit pricey. I'm in a hurry. How about we settle on you and your two lads?"

Frank's pants were down and his cock already stiff. "Done."

He spat on a couple of fingers and wiped them over Jane's dry labia. She fought as best she could but physically exhausted and held by six pairs of hands, she never had a chance.

In seconds, the barman had eased his cockhead between her lips and thrust himself inside.

“Aaaggh.” Jane complained, snarling, thrashing her head.

Frank took a firm grip on the pink balls still clipped to each of her heavy tits, which were well presented and rubbed raw by the leather upper harness. He flicked the balls manically from side to side sniggering. Other hands held her, semi-roughly, semi-fondling.

Stella bent over so that her mouth was inches from her new slave’s ear.

“Welcome to your new life, Jane dear. Fun isn’t it ?”

Stella shivered with delight at the look of pure hatred Jane gave her. She loved a fighter. They were so much more interesting.

“Now, you’ve had a few moments to get used to it. From now on, I want you to give Frank here a nice fuck instead. I want you to make all the effort. Thrust upwards. Squeeze your cunt. Lots of nice moaning. Bring Frank off inside you or I’ll rethink that price of just two more.”

Jane stared. Frank had stopped pumping her and was just gently rocking his cock backwards and forwards, grinning down into her face.

“Lend me your electric prod, will you ?” Stella said to an onlooker who quickly passed it over. Stella flicked it out expertly and turned on the power. She smiled and held it to Jane’s right tit.

“Aaggh !” Jane screamed again.

“Fuck !” Frank laughed. “That was amazing. Her cunt muscles tightened like a vice round my dick. Do it again.” Everybody smiled.

“Again ?” Stella asked Jane.

“N...no...pl...se.”

“Okay, then. Let’s fuck shall we ? Like we love Frank.”

Slowly, Jane began to rock, and push upwards. Frank withdrew his stubby cock almost to the mouth of her cunt so that a few people could see it, then slammed it back in, producing a groan from Jane.

“That’s it.” Stella said, mock-encouragingly. “Some appreciative moans.”

Despite her obvious exhaustion, Jane’s body managed to switch into automatic overdrive. She pushed to meet Frank’s thrusts, his flesh slapping against hers, and she moaned like a willing wife.

Stella pushed one of the teenage lads forward. “Take off your pants, lad. Ever had your arse licked before ?”

The boy shook his head and was stripped in seconds. To cheers from the audience, he clambered onto the table above the woman’s head and crouched with his buttocks over her face, facing away from Frank.

Stella leaned close to Jane’s ear and smiled.

“Something to keep your mouth occupied. Bite and I’ll have all your teeth removed, Got that ?”

Jane slowly nodded, glancing up at the hairy young anus above her.

At that moment, Frank groaned loudly and threw his head back, grinding his teeth as he emptied his balls inside Jane’s loosened vagina.

Everybody cheered and slapped him on the back as he withdrew.

In seconds, the second pimply teenager had taken his place, slipping his erection inside her now ‘welcoming’ cunt. Meanwhile, his partner had lowered himself onto Jane’s mouth and protruding tongue.

“Okay Jane. You’ve two nice young lads to look after now. I want you to moan really nicely and make it good for them. In between licks of that arse, I want you to say nice things. Ask them to fuck you and say how great that arse tastes. Understood ? Or do you want another shock ?”

“Mmmpff ...” she tried to respond. “Nngg ..o.”

“Let’s hear it then.”

“Mmpf .. please ... mm ... f...fuck me...please ...mmmmm..... mmm...s...so ... goooood ... mmmpf...lov ..ely...arse....”

Stella smirked at the grinning audience. “Louder, bitch.”

“Please ...” Jane almost shouted ... “Mmmpf ..oh yes....so good ...”

At that moment, four burly men from the bar marched Jane’s husband Jim through the front door. He was gagged, cuffed, held tight.

“Fuck me...please, harder, yes ...Mmm ... arse ...tastes so good...”

Stella put her finger to her lips. Everybody carried on commenting and chuckling as normal. She so enjoyed the look on Jim’s face as he confronted his wife fucking somebody else for the first time. She’d been such an up-her-own-arse-hoity-toity little bitch. Now, she was up somebody else’s arse, with her tongue deep in a young lad’s crack while another had his cock deep in her snooty cunt. She didn’t know her beloved husband was watching.

“Mmmpf ... oh yes, fuck yes,mmm...goood ...love arse....”

He didn’t try to struggle. He just stared as the men held him tight.

“Yes,” hissed the lad fucking her, “yesss....yesssssss !” He collapsed forward onto her big bouncing tits, adding his thick wad to the mix.

Almost reluctantly, the other lad raised his arse from her face. His buttocks shone with saliva and his cock jutted out like a flagpole.

Jane opened her eyes, raised her head, and saw her husband watching.

“Nooo.,” she wailed, “...you bastards.”

A big cheer went up. Stella grinned.

In seconds the third cock was inside and in a few more it had erupted. Grinning with embarrassment, the teenager slid his cock out from between Jane’s thighs, trailing a rope of glistening semen from the tip.

Stella walked between Jane’s splayed legs and peered at the overflowing mess between them. Moisture covered her inner thighs and pubic triangle but a thick stream of white cream oozed from between her labia.

Without waiting to be asked, the four men twisted Jim’s arms and brown hair so that he fell to his knees, and pushed him into position, the heavy pink ball strapped to his scrotum clattered on the wood floor.

“You have a choice, Jim lad.” Stella said. “Lick your wife’s cunt clean or we’ll keep on filling it up until you do. It’ll be the only refreshment you get here so I would make the most of it.”

Jim tried to twist away. Without luck. He was beaten and he knew it. His head dropped. Stella grabbed his hair and pulled him close.

“Not too near. Use your tongue. Stick it out. That’s it, I and my friends all want to see you lapping it. Start with her thighs and move in.”

Heads peered in to get a good view. Stella lit a cigarette and exhaled into Jim’s grimacing face as he began kissing his wife’s inner thighs.

“That’s my boy. Get used to the taste. Mmm... delish’ eh ?”

A camera flashed. Another poster for the toilet walls of the Inn.

They watched entranced as Jim slowly kissed and then moved his tongue to the thick load at the opening of his precious wife's love canal. He gagged as a marble sized dollop slid onto the end of his tongue.

"Don't waste any, Jim. Otherwise I'm sure there's plenty more available."

He managed to control his retch and swallowed the first mouthful. It took him another whole five minutes before Stella was satisfied.

"Right everybody. I must love you and leave you." She announced. "Thanks very much for your assistance. If you would just help me fasten up my ponies for the second half of our journey."

Twenty people or so helped. They fastened Jim first, back in his harness and helmet. Then they fastened Jane, buckling the lower harness back around her waist and tight up between her anus and sodden cunt.

Stella clambered aboard the cart, waving.

"Thanks, Frank." She unsheathed the buggy whip and cracked it once, then again, over the slaves' backs. Frank and a couple of others eased the cart back from the rail and marched the 'ponies' back a few feet, so that they could pull away.

"Gidyap, we're only half way home."

Slowly, unable to comprehend what had just happened, one humiliated husband and one well fucked wife, trudged forwards dejectedly.

The whip cracked across their shoulders and they broke into a trot.

Chapter Six

Gemma squatted, eyes ahead, body steady, thighs apart touching the ground by her side with just her fingertips. In front of her, three people were sat, sipping tea and nibbling sandwiches. She wasn't sure but she thought all three of them were members of the Government. One man was definitely an officer of the dreaded Stalitz, the secret police. The other man and the woman were some sort of bureaucrats she thought. The female was also related to Stella in some way and she had been one of the two women who had rammed larger and larger things up Gemma's orifices during the terrible film the day before, when Gemma had been the "star", in their words, of the sick Bukkake movie. Her vagina and bottom still throbbed and she would never get rid of the overpowering smell and taste of semen in her mouth. But in her four weeks in Brutus and Stella's ownership, she had learned that there was no respite. Things could always get worse. So here she was naked, except for her glasses, squatting outside on a white marble table. Her stomach rumbled. After letting her sleep a full 8 hours after filming, they had fed and watered her with 'specials' three times that day, and forbidden her to use the toilet. Gemma had got used to the public washrooms and being seen performing her ablutions by other slaves and guards. But that wasn't the same as squatting like this alone in front of three fully dressed people of both genders.

The young woman rose and wandered over to Gemma. Raising an inquisitive eyebrow, she ran a hand over Gemma's 38D tits, down her flank, and between Gemma's widespread legs, fingering her sphincter.

"Cramp?" she asked.

Her thighs and calves ached horribly. "No, Miss."

The woman's sharp fingernail wormed its way up inside Gemma's anus.

"Sore?"

Gemma shook her head very slightly. "No, Miss."

The woman shook her head with a smirk. "Tough little bitch aren't you?"

Gemma paused, uncertain. "N... no, Miss."

The woman removed her fingernail, sniffed it and placed it in Gemma's mouth. Gemma licked. The woman was probably only 26 or 27, barely 5 years older than her at most. And yet she had total power. Already she had singled out Gemma for special attention on two prior visits. She was Stella's niece and worked as some sort of corrupt local official.

"Tell me," she asked, examining her polished red fingernail, "have you ever eaten shit before?"

Gemma blinked and gulped. "No, Miss." She noticed the two watching men leaning forward. The woman's aqua blue eyes narrowed and glinted like dark icebergs in the moonlight.

"Would you like to?"

Again Gemma, paused, uncertain. "No, Miss."

"But if you had to, you would?"

Gemma nodded, forcing herself to reply. "Ye... s, Miss."

"And would you rather eat your own shit, or somebody else's?"

Gemma couldn't take it any more. The slow verbal torture. "Please, Miss." She begged with her eyes. "I'll do anything else...please."

It was a mistake. She knew it as soon as the words had left her mouth. But, although the watching, heavily lipsticked, red mouth twitched, the woman remained outwardly calm.

“Of course you will. So tell us, what will you volunteer to do if I let you off a little turd munching. Something that you haven’t done before. Something that excites us all even more than my idea.”

Gemma blinked again. Her ankles ached even more now. She was leaning back on her haunches, completely displayed and her arms were stiff from maintaining her balance. But worse, she had cornered herself. She knew that none of the normal sexual smorgasbord of activities and humiliations would satisfy this jaded trio. She had fucked and sucked numerous times already, been buggered, drunk piss, been caned and burned with cigarette ends, suffered bukkake parties and been tortured by over-sized dildoes. Even now, there was little else her normal 22 year old mind could imagine that she hadn’t already done or had done to her. She could only think of a few terrible things she’d seen or heard about, like animals, shit and what else ? She shook her head.

“I’m sorry, Miss. I don’t would you consider tattooing me ?”

The woman turned to the watching men. They all smirked.

“How about TOI on one cheek and LET on the other ?” she laughed.

Gemma dropped her eyes down to the table, trying total humility.

“Do you need to go ?” the woman asked, pushing Gemma’s stomach.

“Yes, Miss.”

“Bladder and bowels ?”

“Yes, b ... both, Miss.”

“Excellent.” She stepped back. “Bladder first. Hurry.”

Gemma shut her eyes. After many minutes controlling herself, she couldn’t just go straightaway. The pit in her belly rumbled and her bowels ached for immediate release. It was difficult to loose her bladder without relaxing her bottom at the same time. Eventually, though, she felt her urine coming.

“Open your eyes. Look at me.”

She obeyed and watched the young woman watching her. Clearly relishing the power she held, enjoying Gemma’s total humiliation. Gemma’s pussy lips pouted and a stream gushed between her thighs onto the marble table. She listened to the hiss and splash and felt the warm liquid seeping between her toes.

The woman studied Gemma’s expression. She fingered Gemma’s knee.

“Embarrassed ?” she asked.

Gemma nodded. “Yes, Miss.” Still her full bladder kept emptying itself. She must have been going for twenty seconds and yet she felt half full.

The woman slowly ran her hand along from Gemma’s knee to her labia.

“Stop.” She ordered.

With an immense effort, Gemma squeezed her bladder muscles. After one or two seconds, the flow slowed to a trickle, then finally stopped.

With an approving smile, she ran her fingers over Gemma’s “brazilian” strip of pubic hair and teased her lips further apart. Then she raised her hand and examined the droplets of urine that covered it. Looking directly into Gemma’s eyes, she tentatively licked a single drop. Her red lips turned down at the edges in a look of disgust.

“Yuk. You really drink this stuff ?”

Gemma made a face. Her legs were cramping and her bladder ached.

“Yes, Miss. When I am told to.”

Her inquisitor held out her hand for Gemma to lick. Then she fetched an empty tea cup and held it just below Gemma's middle.

"Carry on pissing. Into this."

Gasping in relief, Gemma released the final ten seconds of her bladder's load. "Thank you, Miss." She hoped gratitude might help her.

The woman lifted the overflowing cup to Gemma's mouth. "Drink !"

One of the other slaves had whispered to Gemma soon after her arrival that drinking piss sounded awful until you'd been confronted with eating shit. Sure, piss was foul and humiliating but it was bearable.

Gemma opened wide and the woman poured carefully. It was hot and bitter but at least it was from her own body. Gemma swallowed it down.

Then, in the background, she caught sight of one of the watching men standing and unzipping himself. He emptied the milk jug and, laughing, placed his penis in the top and began urinating.

"Seems like you've started something !" The woman joked.

Chapter Seven

Stella eventually arrived back an hour late, after her new slaves collapsed and could barely pull the cart at walking pace. She dismounted and two guards took the exhausted Jim and Jane off to be processed.

The Brute Corporation compound occupied what had been an entire suburban village a few years earlier. It covered an area of about three square miles, entirely surrounded now by high brick walls topped with jagged glass, and a barbed wire perimeter fence beyond that. Inside the walls, the original village houses that were left standing had been converted to slave and guard huts, storage buildings, and movie production offices. What had once been the village Hotel was now converted into the brothel for visiting guests. The Village Hall had been turned into the main film studio compound. And, at the top of a small rise in the centre of the village, the old Manor House, with its cellars and dungeons, now belonged to Brutus and Stella. Finally, at the edge of the compound where the old fuel filling station had been, was the infamous Hell Hole.

Crossing the lawn, Stella came across Lara with two men and a female slave, who should recognised or Emma, or Gemma, or something like that. The slave was squatting on a table covered in piss. Normally Stella would have stopped to watch but she waved to them instead.

Lara came briskly walking over to her.

“Aunty Stell’. Can I have quick word.”

Stella pecked her niece on the cheek. “Yes ?”

“I adore that one. I’d like to buy her.”

Stella frowned. “She’s not for sale at the moment, dear. Brutus is using her in a series. I can’t remember what. Bukkake I think.”

Lara pouted. “Can I rent her then. Take her away from here a while.”

“I know that look.” Stella smiled. “What do you want her for ?”

“I would have thought that was obvious !”

“You can get a million bitches to lick that hot pussy of yours. Why her ?”

Lara glanced over her shoulder. “There’s something about her. I want to break her down. Really get inside her head. Fuck with it.”

Stella laughed. “Sounds like you’ve fallen for her, Lara.”

Lara looked indignant. To fall for a slave romantically was the ultimate faux pas in the new world. “I have not.” She replied.

“I’ll speak to your uncle.” Stella said with finality. “In the meantime, do what you like with her but no real damage, yeah ?”

Lara smiled. “Thanks.” Stella watched her rejoin the group.

Brutus was lying on their enormous double bed. He was sporting an erection and a huge smile. Three slaves were ‘entertaining him’. They were the young couple, Lavatory and Bidet - as he had renamed her husband - and Stella’s personal slave, known simply as One, a very pretty young man in his mid-twenties. One was allowed by Stella to live without a chastity device most of the time. She preferred him to control himself. There were hidden camera lenses in every corner of every room in the main house and throughout the compound. There would be no second chance. If he once masturbated himself or orgasmed without permission, he would be castrated and banished to the Hell Hole for the remainder of his days. But he was often allowed to participate in activities and to get an erection. One

was stood, legs apart and smiling, while Bidet was on his knees having his first cock sucking lesson. Lavinia, now Lavatory, was next to her husband, on her knees at the end of the bed licking Brutus's toes one by one. Stella smiled at the scene as she walked in.

Brutus patted the bed alongside him. "At last you're back. Come here, my love."

She walked over and pecked his cheek. "Quick shower first."

He grabbed her and pulled her onto the bed. "Shower ?" She giggled and kissed him. "We've got human showers to clean us." He said. "One ! Get your cock out of that bitch's mouth and come here and tongue bathe your Mistress."

In a flash, the young man was on the bed undressing Stella, kissing her dusty body in long sweeping licks as he went. She lay back and let it happen. In truth, after the afternoon's events, her pussy was on fire. Moist and ready. She nodded at the other two slaves questioningly.

"Meet Lavatory and Bidet. My new personal favourites." He said.

"I knew you wouldn't be able to resist her when I bought her."

Brutus smiled and kissed Stella's face.

"I love it when you get jealous. Do you like her new name ?"

Stella kissed him back, her tongue vibrant, as One gently eased her remaining clothes off. Brutus kicked Lavatory away from his toes.

"Come here." He snarled.

Lavatory rushed to the side of the bed. Her pert breasts quivered.

"Lie flat on the bed. Head at the bottom. That's it." She lay down with her dainty feet at the pillow end, face upwards, looking nervous.

Brutus pushed One out of the way as well and gently lifted his wife so that she was kneeling alongside Lavatory's prone naked body.

Kissing Stella tenderly, Brutus lifted her thigh and arranged her so that she was astride Lavatory's face, then he eased her down so that her buttocks fell squarely onto the young woman's perfect little nose.

He gazed deep into Stella's eyes.

"That is what I think of her compared with you, my love." He said, lowering his body and at last burying his pent up erection inside Stella in one slick motion. "Mmm ..."
He paused, savouring the feeling. "She may be young, she may be gorgeous, but she's a slave who's fit only to lick your arse. This," he fondled Stella's thigh, "is my preferred pussy and it always will be."

Stella gave him her tongue again. "She may ... be fit to lick it, but ... she's not doing it."

Brutus thrust down hard. "You hear that bitch ? Lick !"

Stella felt the soft, wetness in her bottom. Sensory overload. She smiled at One who was watching intently. Stella liked an audience. A frustrated audience. She knew this wasn't going to last long. She could feel herself building already. And Brutus was not going to be far behind. For a minute or so their bodies moved in sensuous loving rhythm, rare for a place where most of the sex was brutal, unloving, unpredictable.

"Mmm ... I love you." She whispered in his ear.

Brutus stared down at her, his expression pre-orgasmic. "Me too."

Stella had married Brutus when she was only 18 and a virgin. In spite of a life in the sex industry, he remained the only man she had loved, and who she had ever made love to, in terms of penetrative sex. She was strangely proud of herself resisting all temptation, being faithful to one man. It was one of the reasons she enjoyed whoring other wives, denying them the fidelity she herself valued so much. She would have preferred Brutus to be faithful

to her too but that was unrealistic. In fact, she secretly thrilled watching him anally and orally abusing some new tart. He had been married briefly before he met Stella and had sired a child, Brutus Junior. In honour of the son, Stella had spared Brutus's ex-wife, but she had tracked down every one of his other previous steady girlfriends and all were either already hard at work in the compound or on her target list. She could share Brutus's body and cock but not his heart and mind.

They came together. Brutus triggered her. She pushed down onto the bitch's tongue and then thrust up onto her husband, mashing her clitoris against him, and she was over the edge, climaxing in waves.

Chapter Eight

In the kitchen, the head chef, picked his nose and flicked the bogey into the big cauldron. He was responsible for some 200 slave meals a day, about 190 'normal' meals, 10 'special' meals and usually a few 'a la carte requests'. Before the Great Pestilence, he had run Brutus and Stella's favourite local restaurant. He had gone bust six months ago but Stella had purchased him and his wife and they had become amongst the best treated slaves in the compound. So long as he produced edible but disgusting food that didn't make the slaves ill, and which cost almost nothing, he would be alright. He was even allowed to live and sleep with his plump, middle aged wife, even though Stella had twice sent her to do time in the brothel when she felt disappointed with his cooking.

Inside the cauldron, great hunks of fat and gristle bubbled away in the water that had been used to clean the dishes the day before. Grease, soap suds and scum floated thickly on the surface. Just before serving, he would add several bags of a protein, vitamin, antibiotic and anti-toxin powder mix that maintained the slaves' health.

Next, he turned his attention to the specials. They were reserved for new slaves and those being mildly punished. He had lined up ten white bowls. In the fridge, a thick glutinous mixture had already set semi-hard. The basic ingredient was a cabbage that he had found at the back of a humid cupboard, bitter and worm ridden and well past its "use by" date. But boiled up for many hours with a box of mouldy tomatoes in a few pints of curdled urine, it had reduced down to a brown mass with the consistency of baby food. Next he had added the 'texture': a large bowl of human nail clippings that he had obtained from the washroom supervisors, and another large bowl of human pubic hair obtained from the barbers. He had stirred them in and tested with a small spoon, pleased to see that there were several nails and hairs in every bite ! Finally he had added cubes of gelatine to set the mixture into jelly and a few spoonfuls from a bottle labelled "Horse Semen" for that piquant finish.

He removed the mixture from the fridge and cut it into ten large wobbling slices the size of thick crust pizza. Just before serving, he would relieve his bladder over them and place them in the white bowls.

Smiling contentedly, he lit a cheap cigarette, flicked the spent match and ash into the cauldron, and sat back to await his 'customers'.

Chapter Nine

In Room 7b of the brothel, Rebecca, aged 39, did her best to please the trio of sweaty farm labourers who had clubbed together to pay 10 credits for an hour of her time. They wanted value for their hard earned money. One was underneath her, his cock rooted in her bottom, the second was on top fucking her, and the third was sat astride her neck wanking himself into her mouth. Rebecca had been one of Stella and Brutus's first purchases seven months earlier and the long slippery slope from 'favourite' to 'film star' to prostitute and finally to bargain basement whore had coincided with a rapid decline in her physical looks and energy.

Rebecca winced as one pinched her roughly. She had been a well preserved, proud mother of two and housewife when the new Act was passed. Now she was a 'vide couilles', the second lowest of the low. In French, 'vide' means to empty and 'couilles' means balls, and a Vide Couilles is a disparaging French term for a woman who is somebody you just empty your balls into, a human masturbatory device. VC's, as they were known at the Brute Corporation's brothel, were the company's discounted product for the ordinary working population, those who only earned a few credits a day and who hovered on the verge of bankruptcy themselves. They often came after work in twos and threes or more, especially towards the end of the day when prices were cut. Rebecca was on her eighth booking of the day. She had begun at 9.00 a.m. with a single customer paying 20 credits per hour for 'first use' of her slightly rested and showered body, and was now with three men paying 10 credits between them to triple-team her exhausted, slack and sloppy orifices. In all, she had generated 115 credits so far that day, used by a total of 10 men and 1 woman, and she still had two hours to go.

She did her best to keep herself nice. She scrubbed and tended her skin at night with the cheap creams supplied, brushed her hair and filed her nails and did the exercises that the brothel doctor recommended. She ate the disgusting food and even savoured the semen for the small calorific content it had. But fucking and sucking an average of nearly 100 men a week had taken its toll on her face, body, vagina, anus and, most of all, her eyes. But, they were not the eyes of somebody who had given up.

Rebecca counted herself as a lucky one compared with some who had been purchased at around the same time as she had. She had seen them come and go to fates worse than hers. Fates she would do all she could to avoid. Because Rebecca Campbell still had a plan.

The man in her mouth grunted and shot a jet of hot semen to the back of her throat. She moaned, opened her lips wider and smiled up at him encouragingly, as he unleashed several more salty ropes onto her tongue.

"Mmmmmm..." She inhaled, as if it was the best thing she'd ever tasted.

He grimaced. "Fucking whore."

Rebecca held it on her tongue. Men like this wanted treats that their wives and girlfriends wouldn't give them. Her dream was for one of them to buy her, even as a whore or slave, for the cut down price that Stella had posted on the brothel 'for sale' board. She trilled it around her gums in a gargle, before gulping and swallowing it down in one with a smile.

The bearded, red-faced labourer snorted down at her in disgust.

She sensed the man in her bottom about to orgasm and clenched her buttocks, trying to please him. One day, one man would want her.

Chapter Ten

Brutus and Stella sat on their private balcony and sipped champagne. Bidet held the tray while Lavatory and One stood quietly in the corner. Jim and Jane were naked, mounted side by side over a sturdy flogging bench, while the red sun set slowly over the distant hills. The balcony had a view of a large part of the compound and land they owned.

“Not bad for fourteen and a half thousand.” observed Brutus.

“You remember them ?” Stella asked, holding a cigarette out for One, her personal male slave, to rush forward and light.

Brutus shrugged. “Not really. I remember her. But not her name.”

Stella smiled at One. His body was completely hairless. She had electronically depilated him and now made him maintain totally smooth skin from his toes to his neck with hair removing cream. It made his well above average endowment appear even larger. She reached and fondled his erection.

“Remind me, how long since you came ?”

One looked down longingly at his cock. “Eleven days, Mistress.”

“Eleven ? So recently ? How was the new slave, er ... Bidet over there, at sucking your cock earlier ?” Bidet merely held the drinks tray and stared ahead. He was wearing a brutally small cock cage and nothing else.

One shrugged. “Not bad, thank you, Mistress.”

She paused, taking a deep drag. “Would you like to come now ?”

“Oh, yes please, Mistress. Very much.”

“Where ?” She exhaled smoke, eyes twinkling mischievously at One.

He pointed at the bending female figure. Jane. “There.”

“Good lad. In which orifice ?”

One pointed at her head with his index finger.

“Mouth ?”

“Yes please, Mistress.”

Stella gestured at the barrel of hook handled canes in the corner.

“She may bite. So beat them both first.”

One grinned. He swished the gnarled bamboo through the air in a practise swing. Although hairless and feminised to Stella’s taste, he was still obviously male; wiry and muscular, with an impressive cock and balls.

Stella nodded at Jim, exhaling a thick plume of tobacco smoke, her gesture clearly meaning that One should start with the new male slave.

Twaaack !

“Aaahhsss...” Jim gasped as a pink line blazed across his buttocks.

Twaaaack !

Twaaaaack !

Twaaaaack !

Twaaaaack !

“Ngggah ...pleassee..” He howled louder, struggling for breath.

Twaaaaack !

Twaaaaack !

Twaaaaack !

Twaaaaack !

Twaaaaack !

Expertly, One delivered ten quick, hard strokes of increasing severity over Jim's soft, quivering white, now scarlet striped, backside.

Stella smiled approvingly, gesturing for One to ask the question.

"Do you want your wife to suck my cock?"

Jim was silent, sniffing but he didn't speak. One raised the cane high.

Twaaaaaaaack!

Twaaaaaaaack!

Twaaaaaaaack!

Twaaaaaaaack!

Twaaaaaaaack!

"Okaaaaay ...please...stop....yes...." Jim bellowed.

"Say it."

"Yes....please le ...let her suck your cock."

Twaaaaaaaack!

Twaaaaaaaack!

"Please let 'my wife', not 'her', suck your cock."

"Pl... please let my wife suck your cock."

One glanced over at Stella happily for approval. She nodded, raising her champagne glass to him in a silent toast. Brutus clicked his fingers for Bidet to come on over and top up both their glasses.

Warming to his task, One rubbed the cane slowly across Jane's bottom. Then, like a matador, he struck viciously, back-handed.

Twack!

"Aaah...." Jane screamed.

Twack! Forehand.

Twack! Backhand.

Twack! Forehand.

Twack! He volleyed her bottom like a tennis player at the net.

Twack!

"Nnnnaah ..." her buttocks squeezed together, trying to diminish the pain.

Twack!

Twack!

Twack!

Twack!

Twack!

Twack!

"Pleeeeeease ...stop, pleeeeee...I want to suck your cock ...please..."

Stella and Brutus clapped their hands quietly in mild applause.

"Game, set and match. She wants to do it. So let her."

One dropped the cane. His erection was full and throbbing, jutting out from his smooth groin, the circumcised purple head drooling a teardrop of shiny pre-cum. He stood by Jane's head and fed his length into her mouth. Her hands were fastened helplessly underneath the flogging bench. She gagged. One withdrew slightly while she got her breath and then began sliding his thick, eight inches, in and out.

Stella rose from her seat and stubbed her cigarette out on Jim's shoulder blade. Not hard, but enough to leave a painful tender spot for days.

"Aaaahh...."

“Sssh..” Stella mocked, “you know cigarettes can harm you. Now watch your wife sucking cock. You’ve seen her fuck today and lick arse and before long you’ll see her drink come and take it up her cornhole. And you know what ? That ain’t even the half of it.”

“Pleeeeeease..” Jim begged, “what have we done ? Why do you hate us so much ? Please ...I’m asking you, why ?”

“Why ?” Stella answered, leaning into his face. “Why ? Because I can, that’s why.”

One grinned as Jane’s lips slurped noisily, struggling around his fat cock.

Stella glanced over at Brutus questioningly, then over at ‘Lavatory’, his new favourite thing, a gorgeous brunette with fashion model features.

“You, pretty thing. Give them a helping hand or we’ll be here all night.”

Working out what she was meant to do, Lavatory scuttled over and put her right hand round One’s erection. It dwarfed her delicate white fingers like a pink salami in a tiny bun. Slowly, then quicker, she began pumping him, her fingers slapping against Jane’s face.

One glanced over at Stella in gratitude. He was the luckiest slave in their ownership and he knew it. But he also knew that he had better not take too long because Stella was more than capable of calling a halt to the action at any time. He smiled as eleven days of frustration boiled over.

“Pl ...ease, Mistress, Master, per... permission to come.”

Stella and Brutus both nodded magnanimously.

A huge first rope of thick semen uncoiled like a white snake from his cock. It almost seemed to happen in slow motion.

Lavatory gasped in shock, but kept her hand pumping furiously and the first spurt fell in an arc over Jane’s face, splattering her nostrils and right cheek, and then two more, straight, white jets shot directly into the back of her open throat.

One let out a long orgasmic groan but Lavatory still didn’t dare stop.

And then a fourth pulse, amazingly by far the biggest of the lot, erupted out of his cock and exploded over the bridge of Jane’s nose like a bursting cream egg, before several more thick white gobbets splashed everywhere from up into her hair, to over her eye lids and, finally, a last few smaller dribbles oozed out onto Jane’s chin.

“My,” Stella laughed, “you needed that didn’t you ?”

“Fuck me. That was one of the biggest fucking orgasms I’ve ever seen. And I’ve seen a lot.” Brutus added. “I think I can find a part for you in a Bukkake movie lad.”

“That’s why he’s my number One slave.” Stella said, approvingly.

One smiled sheepishly at them, embarrassed, relieved and temporarily satisfied. He stepped back and tidied up the cane, quickly assuming a slave’s proper humble demeanour once more. Lavatory looked down at her delicate hand streaked with yet more semen. Uncertainly, she looked about her and then licked it clean, before following One’s example and withdrawing back into her previous humble pose.

Meanwhile, Jane’s tousled blonde hair, blushing, pretty features and eyes swam like ripe fruit served in a bowl covered in a generous helping of cream. She blinked her eyes trying to clear them but that only made them sting more. Slowly, it began to drip down her crumpled face.

Stella turned to Brutus with a raised eyebrow. “Dinner, dear ?”

Chapter Eleven

Gemma pulled with her teeth. The thin blue string tightened.

Lara watched and giggled. She was at the height of her period. The cramps were passed but the thick red flow would be plentiful. Given a choice between eating the copious bucketful of her own shit and spending the evening getting 'better acquainted' with Lara, Gemma had naturally chosen the latter option, even though she didn't have a lesbian bone in her body and she despised everything about the awful young woman.

Slowly the expanded, soggy pink tampon with glutinous red streaks slid out from between Lara's labia.

"Oooh dear," she said, "I thought I was over the worst. Are you sure that you don't want to change your mind?"

The yellow plastic bucket of shit had been left outside the door, still threatening, still available.

"No Miss. Y ..you ...look lovely, Miss."

"Do I?" Lara smiled coquettishly. "Mmm...I suppose I must when all you usually see are other slaves and nasty men. Chew on that."

Gemma gulped and manoeuvred the used tampon into her mouth with her tongue. Lara studied her like a cat playing with a mouse.

"You are missing your evening meal aren't you? We wouldn't want you to go hungry, after all. Suck all the goodness out of that thing."

Chapter Twelve

The Slaves' meals were eaten twice a day: Morning Slop and Evening Slop. There were two sittings for each meal, presided over by the Brute Corporation's fearsome guards. Woe betide any slave who did not eat exactly what was on their plate or bowl. No more. And no less. There were ten tables with ten places each, and there were two guards for each table as well as CCTV monitors that could be checked later.

Rebecca winced as she sat on the hard wooden bench and looked down at the greasy bowl of Slop. Most people vomited the first couple of times they ate as slaves. But it was amazing what you got used to. Rebecca had always loved good food and drink, cooking for her family and dining out with her husband, gradually building a cellar of nice wines, until they got into financial difficulties. But nowadays she was always hungry and unfussy. The two watching guards grunted and all the slaves at Rebecca's table started to eat. Nobody talked, nobody looked anywhere but at their food and straight ahead. Rebecca picked up the white plastic spoon and filled it with the slimy broth. She swallowed. It tasted no better and no worse than usual. Luke warm, slightly soapy, oily, rancid and metallic. She knew they added some essential nutrients and vitamins in powder form, so her body got what it needed but not in any way she could enjoy the process. She scooped up a chunk of fat and gulped it down.

Opposite her, one of the guards smiled and leaned down over the shoulder of a female slave. He often picked on her. He regarded her as 'fussy' about her food. His hand cupped her plump right breast roughly and he opened his mouth lasciviously to let a gob of his saliva drool into her bowl. Meekly, the woman carried on eating regardless. She was a Vide Couilles too, but younger than Rebecca, probably late twenties, a once attractive, freckled strawberry blonde.

The guard let go of her breast, unzipped himself and fished out his filthy penis. Rebecca could see it was crusted with yellow and white flakes of prior sexual activity and grime. Male guards were not allowed to molest any of the slaves without approval. Except for the Vide Couilles. He grabbed a handful of his victim's strawberry blonde hair and swivelled her pale face onto his cock. Rebecca ignored what was happening. Everybody else at the table did too. They continued eating in silence and tried to pretend oral rape at a dinner table was the most normal thing in the world which, in a way, it was.

Chapter Thirteen

Gemma ran her tongue just inside the swollen lips of Lara's vagina, teasing her but not enough to annoy her. She tried to imagine everything that the most perfect boyfriend in the world, skilled at cunnilingus and making love, would do to her. She had already lapped at the rim of Lara's bottom and humbly kissed every millimetre of her backside and inner thighs. Lara just lay back lazily and silently, flicking through a magazine, not giving Gemma even the slightest feedback or encouragement. Carefully, Gemma probed Lara's clitoris with the tip of her tongue.

Meanwhile, Jim had always considered himself a brave, proud, alpha-type person. Long before any of this, he had known he was the sort of guy who would deck any man who laid anything more than eyes on 'his' woman. And yet here he was, naked, strung up from a huge wooden cross beam, his cock encased too tightly in a newly fitted steel tube, watching as his new Owner, Brutus, sat in an armchair a few feet away, while Jane slowly rose and fell on his lap, her virgin bottom impaled on his cock. Or rather, her until now virgin bottom. Two other slaves – the couple that were called Lavatory and Bidet were watching intently – while Stella was sat in the vast bedroom at a nearby desk working on a lap top computer.

Brutus was casually fondling Jane's lovely tits. She had her back to him, so she was directly facing Jim instead, in order that he would have "a front row seat", they'd joked, as Brutus deflowered her bottom. Jim looked at his wife. She winced, her lip curling in a grimace, obviously from the pain of the cock spearing her deeply every time she bounced. Once, about a year before, fuelled by too many drinks in happier times, Jim had suggested they try anal sex. To please him, Jane had attempted it, but even though they used some lubricant, they'd given up giggling.

And now, what a ridiculous moment to think of that song, what a difference a day makes, twenty four hours, or however the words went. Last night he and Jane had been in the State Auctioneer's Cells, but at least they'd had each other. But since then, Jane had been gang raped at the Inn, made to suck off another male slave, and now she was being buggered by a much older man they'd even met socially a few times.

She was clean, her hair still damp from the shower, her pubic mound now shaved completely smooth, so that Jim had an unimpeded view of her spread pink vagina, pouting but empty, as she slowly bounced her bottom up and down. He could tell that to Brutus she was just another woman, another orifice, but to Jim she was everything. And yet he was watching helplessly, without fighting, shouting, or trying to stop it, as his darling wife was unceremoniously sodomised.

Brutus effortlessly lifted Jane up and then dumped her down onto all fours on the expensive looking Turkish carpet. In one smooth motion he had climbed out of the chair and mounted her from behind, unbelievably treating her bottom like a well oiled vagina. Then he was thrusting hard and fast, his gut hanging over Jane's back.

He winked up at Jim. "Thanks for keeping her super tight for me, lad."

Jim just stared at him sullenly, full of loathing.

Brutus reared up, hands clutching the flesh of Jane's hips, and smiled as he froze and, although Jim didn't know it, deposited his fifth and final load of the day deep into the rectum of his new slave.

Chapter Fourteen

Lara sat in a silk gown and ate heartily. In contrast to the food given to slaves, the kitchens for the owners, staff and guests, offered some of the best prepared, most rare black market food and drink available. On her tray were a steaming bowl of seafood pasta, hot garlic bread, a fresh green salad and half bottles of red wine and sparkling water. Her sexual appetite temporarily sated by three fierce orgasms, Lara had suddenly noticed her other hunger, and ordered a 'room service' supper, delivered by a slave waitress. On the television monitor in the background, the State Channel was broadcasting lists of names and photos of the slaves to be auctioned on the next day. Lara had one eye on the screen and one on her "new girlfriend".

Gemma knelt and watched her eating in silence. On a tray on the floor, the slave's 'special' that Lara had thoughtfully ordered glistened unappetisingly. The contrast between the two meals couldn't have been more pronounced. The sweet garlicky aroma of the hot pasta and bread compared with the fetid stench of the congealed brown triangle lying in a cold gravy of what looked and smelt distinctly like urine.

Lara forked another mouthful of pasta and smacked her lips. She grinned at Gemma's kneeling, naked body, her heavy breasts and narrow waist, sweet face and librarian spectacles. Gemma's thighs were spread as wide as possible, displaying her "beef curtains" as Lara had named them. Lara liked her. A lot. But in her mind that didn't mean she had to feel any pity for Gemma. On the contrary.

"Mmm, good." Lara said, proffering a morsel of garlic bread. "Try."

Gemma shuffled forward and opened her mouth, taking the piece from Lara's outstretched fingers. She ate enthusiastically, gratefully.

Lara sipped her wine and laughed. "I bet licking menstrual pussy for an hour makes you hungry, yes?"

Gemma nodded. "Yes, Miss."

"Pass me up your tray."

Lara pushed her own tray over to a side table and took Gemma's tray onto her lap. Gemma knelt the other side of the tray. They both looked at it.

Lara reached for her own fork, prodded the thick, gelatinous slice and made it quiver in the bowl.

"Mmm..." she said, running her tongue along her upper lip.

She mashed the fork through an edge and spread the mouthful into pieces, exposing the red, green and brown strands and lumps inside it.

"Mouth wide open."

She forked up a thick helping and dropped it onto Gemma's tongue.

"Mmm...what is that, bits of cabbage and tomato, nails and pubes?"

Gemma stared straight into Lara's eyes, her throat gagged, but she munched, teeth crunching on finger and toe nails, and swallowed.

Lara nodded approvingly and forked up a second, larger mouthful. To emphasise the difference, she reached out for her own glass of red wine and swallowed a gulp, while dumping the fork load into Gemma's mouth.

Chapter Fifteen

Brutus Junior, 'BJ' to his mates, was in the Hell Hole section of the compound. While he and four friends ate dinner, a woman rode the 'Sexercycle' for their entertainment. She was Susannah, a 32 year old ex-entrepreneur whose technology business had crashed. How are the mighty fallen ! Stella had acquired the woman's entire company, employees and assets for just 25,000 Credits and found a buyer for it three weeks later for 75,000 Credits, minus the female owner. But the reason Susannah was now in the dreaded Hell Hole was because she had been caught on CCTV rebelliously spitting into the food on a room service tray she was delivering to an overnight brothel guest. There were worse crimes a slave could commit at the Brute Corporation. But not many.

At a glance, the gleaming steel Sexercycle resembled a normal exercise bike. But it required the rider to maintain the revolutions at a set rate, or the bike gave electric shocks via leads to the rider's body and orifices. There were red cables attached by clips to Susannah's nipples. Instead of a bicycle seat, there were twin dildoes, set in a seat base the shape of a Y. One thick red dildo was partly hidden inside her vagina, the other was inside her anus. The dildoes thrust in and out of each hole, in rhythm with the revolutions of the bike wheels. Susannah shone with a thick sheen of perspiration, beads of sweat flying from her temples as she frantically pedalled. Her once executive 'power hair style' had been shaved to a brunette stubble. Her eyes were sunken and dark with tiredness and exhaustion, her classic features now looked gaunt and contorted with effort. And her once gym-honed and aerobics-toned body was now pounds lighter with the rib bones sticking out under her bruised teats.

The boys were all drinking, eating, smoking, jeering, as they played with the remote that controlled the minimum bike speed Susannah had to maintain without shocks, and the severity of the shocks if she fell below the set speed. The controller also allowed the depth of thrust of the dildoes to be varied too. At the moment, the vaginal intruder – a thick 2 ½ inch diameter, ribbed model – was set to penetrate 9 inches inside the woman's drooling cunt. It was drooling because each of the lads had deposited a pre-dinner load of semen up her before the cycling began. The anal intruder – a 2 inch diameter, nozzle type – was set to random, plunging anything from 3 to 10 inches inside her, drizzling a steady sheen of burning muscle gel from its nozzles into Susannah's raw rectum.

The large room hummed to the sound of the exercise machines and male laughter, along with the tinkle of cutlery as they ate and drank. The dining table glowed in soft candle light while the other half of the room, the exercise area, was harshly lit by bright strip lights and spots.

A man jogged on the running machine next to Susannah on the Sexercycle. He was 28 years old, an ex-executive at a car company who had been laid off, with a wife who had caught Stella's fancy at an Auction two months earlier. He was in the Hell Hole because he had orgasmed without permission when he and his wife had been rented for a threesome by a bisexual male bureaucrat. Again, there were worse crimes a slave could commit, but not many.

It was an ordinary, though slightly adapted running machine. But what wasn't ordinary was the heavy, clear plastic tracksuit the man was running in, and the electric bar heaters on the ceiling above the machine. They cast an orange glow into the bright lights and searing temperatures onto the micro-climate the man was forced to run in. The tracksuit encased his ankles up to his neck, keeping in the heat and sweat as he maintained the fast jog, gasping for air. But the tracksuit also locked in a clearly visible selection of mosquitoes, wasps, bees and other flying insects, and the fire ants that trawled his naked flesh, in a cloud of black, red and yellow inside the clear plastic. Barely visible but nevertheless evident, were the streaks of honey that had been pasted over his penis, scrotum, genital and anal area, to provide guidance to the insects as to the most juicy areas for them to gorge on. Bright red blotches and bites covered his entire midriff from his buttocks to the tip of his shrivelled penis. Tears and perspiration streamed down his face as he ran at a steady 5 miles per hour to complete the 2 hour, 10 mile ordeal on the machine without falling and having to start again.

Brutus Junior loved showing off to his mates. Only *he* had this kind of power. He knew they half adored him and were half petrified of him. BJ had been given a Credits budget by his dad to purchase a few slaves and, at the first opportunity, he had purchased one of his own mates. Neil, a 25 year old guy he had grown up, played football, ogled girls and shared dirty jokes with, was now a slave of BJ, as were his sister, mum and dad, who had gone bankrupt. They were BJ's own 'special project', housed in a special dungeon in his house, where he practised and refined his skills.

Finally, next to BJ and his four friends, sat an astonishingly beautiful woman. Her name was Joelle and she was eating the same delicious food as the men. She was dressed in fine black lace lingerie, a black silk robe, and she was heavily pregnant. In fact, she was seven months pregnant and BJ was the father. Before the world had changed, Joelle had been married to Brutus Junior's university French lecturer. Now ... well, it's a long story, but they mysteriously lost all their money and Joelle had sadly agreed to divorce her husband and marry BJ instead, even though he was ten years younger than her, acne-scarred and geekish, and she disliked him intensely. She ate silently, carefully spooning the food into her mouth, not really watching the forced exercise of the two unfortunates, certainly not joining in with the male banter and jeers.

BJ leaned over and kissed his wife, arm cuddling her shoulder. He leered down into her large pregnant cleavage. He had long ago given up hoping she would enjoy torturing others, but he still believed he could make her love him. Well, if not love, then at least like him. He turned his attention back to the scene in front of them all and smiled at the gasping wimp and bitch. These were mild punishments. Little 'amuse bouches' as Joelle would call them, nibbles before the real main courses began.

Chapter Sixteen

Lara forked up the final remnants from the bowl. There was a particularly thick, yellow toenail that was bound to have lots of goodness in it. She knew that Stella gave the slaves' chef an extraordinarily low budget for food. The same amount of credits that Lara spent on her lunchtime snack at the State canteen, was used to feed 200 slaves per day. Lara loved the ingenuity with which the Chef managed to make around 600 servings daily out of the same money she casually wasted on a sandwich that she usually left half of uneaten.

She pushed the toenail into Gemma's mouth and watched her crunch it. Bits of pubic hair, nail, and putrid vegetable were stuck in the girl's teeth as she opened her mouth to receive it. Lara looked deep and enquiringly into Gemma's eyes. She was so intrigued. What must it be like to be in her situation; bukkake movies, forced lesbianism, and eating filth? Lara had no idea how she would handle it herself. She didn't want to win Gemma's affection. Shit, she had no interest in romance. She liked Gemma and that was all she cared about. All she wanted was her complete and utter worship. She wanted Gemma to think of her the way that terrified primitives used to worship their planetary gods.

Lara lifted the tray away and laid it next to her own, half finished, still tempting meal. She took a sip of wine and smiled.

"Full?" she asked.

Gemma's glance gave her away. For a fleeting second she glanced at Lara's tray and then back. "Yes, Miss."

Lara chuckled. "Tell me the truth."

Gemma paused. "N ... no, Miss."

There was a long silence.

"Open your mouth. Show me your teeth."

Gemma pulled her lips back and parted her mouth in a wide 'o'.

Lara stared at the brown hairs stuck in Gemma's teeth like dental floss and bits of red and brown gunk in her gums.

"Go into my bathroom and clean your mouth out. Use floss, a toothpick, a new toothbrush and soap. *Not* toothpaste. Then rinse with mouthwash."

Lara watched her go. She'd been tempted to make her use the toothbrush that was kept alongside the toilet brush for washing the pan, but she didn't want germs in Gemma's mouth for what she planned next.

"And hurry. I'll be there in two minutes and I'd better find your teeth and mouth clean!"

Lara smiled, listening to the poor woman flossing and brushing. Her luxurious bathroom with Jacuzzi tub, steam shower, twin basins, throne toilet, day bed, wardrobes and dressing table, was larger than the entire cell that housed the twenty cages, in just one of which Gemma slept. She listened to her gargling the mouthwash and spitting then rinsing the basin clean.

Lara stood up, her robe falling open, and walked into the bathroom.

"Show."

She examined the presented mouth and tongue and sniffed the scent of soap and mouthwash approvingly. Gently she removed Gemma's spectacles from her nose and placed them on the side of the basin.

"Lay down in the Jacuzzi there, face up."

She watched Gemma climb into the large white bath, eyeing her heavy breasts and slim waist hungrily. Slowly, Lara shucked off her robe and stepped in over Gemma, lowering her thick, untrimmed bush down.

“I know you like piss. Open.”

Lara watched dispassionately as her initial spray soaked Gemma’s face and shoulders and then became a single fierce jet as her labia opened fully. She adjusted her hips and aimed straight into Gemma’s wide open, freshly soaped mouth. A little gas escaped from her anus as her insides relaxed and she grinned down into Gemma’s overflowing face.

“Lick.” She ordered.

Gemma gulped down a hot mouthful and her tongue came out as Lara lowered her still urinating, menstrual pussy directly onto Gemma’s lips. Then Lara shifted her weight and gave Gemma her bottom to tongue, with the result that her piss rose in an arc over Gemma’s face, splashed against the tub, and ran down into the woman’s hair.

Finally, her flow ceased. Lara continued to rub her wet buttocks either side of Gemma’s tongue and nose. Smirking, she felt a telltale stirring in her bowels and passed another silent, but larger bubble of gas. This time, in seconds, a rich, full aroma of sulphur filled the air around them.

Gemma had retracted her tongue in disgust.

Lara’s fingernails pinched Gemma’s earlobe cruelly. “Lick, bitch.”

She closed her eyes in bliss as the soft tongue went back inside her. She couldn’t decide whether her climax was going to come first, or her bowel movement. She reached down and stroked her clit to bring herself off, and then gasped as her sphincter muscle opened.

She shrieked as her orgasm started and simultaneously lifted her buttocks to allow the dry, solid turd to nudge its way out and drop onto Gemma’s grimacing face.

“Yesssss ... sssssss ...mmmm...” Lara hissed in orgasmic triumph.

Two more smaller turds soon followed as her climax subsided. She straightened up on her knees and watched them plop, one onto Gemma’s neck, the other between her breasts.

“Lie still.” She said, pushing herself back to sit astride Gemma’s waist, her bottom smearing the woman’s tummy. Lara giggled at the sight of the three brown logs deposited on Gemma’s pale skin. Tentatively, she picked up the one that was about to tumble from Gemma’s neck and placed it alongside the one on her tits.

“Mouth open.”

The turd on Gemma’s face was lying across her lips, nose and cheek. Gemma opened her lips cautiously and it slid away from her mouth.

“Pl... ease, Miss, not this ...”

Lara relished her power.

“Why not ? You know this goes on here. Why do you think we spend valuable Credits on powerful antibiotics and anti-toxins ? Give me one good reason why I should spare you.”

A tear trickled down the side of Gemma’s temple. “I ... can’t Miss, but I’m begging y ...you, please...I’ll do anything ...”

Lara smiled mock-kindly. There was no rush. This bitch would eat a bucket load of slime in time. Lara held all the aces. She didn’t need to play them all at once. After all, the woman had already given Lara her first ever simultaneous climax and dump. Maybe she deserved a break ?

“Tell me what you’ll do.”

“Anything, Miss.”

“No. You think of something. Amuse me.”

It was the second time that day she had asked Gemma the question. Gemma blinked at her nervously. Her naïve mind unable to think.

“I ... can't Miss ... I just want to please you Miss ...”

Lara reached down and picked up the largest log from Gemma's face.

“Kiss it. Don't eat it, but kiss it.”

Gemma slowly puckered her lips and kissed the firm, glistening piece. Lara watched the bile obviously rise in her throat as she gagged.

“I will make a deal with you.” Lara began, magnanimously. “For the next week you will be my dedicated toilet slave. Every time I go, you will attend me. When I piss you will drink it. When I shit, whether I go on your face and body, or in the toilet, you will always clean up lovingly. My waste will become your best friend in the world. Understood ?”

Gemma seemed to realise it was a good deal. “Y ..yes Miss.”

Lara nodded, carefully lining up all three pieces of shit on Gemma's breasts. “I'm not finished. We will review the situation in a week and at that stage all bets are off. Secondly, if you fail to meet your side of the bargain, if you recoil from my waste, or vomit, or show it any disrespect, I will place you in the Hell Hole lavatories for the rest of your days.”

Lara paused and Gemma gave a cautious nod of acceptance.

“Thirdly, I am going to have your clitoris numbed.”

Gemma stared up at her in shock.

“First thing tomorrow. It will last about a week. The duration of our deal. Maybe a bit longer. You will have no feeling and to all intents and purposes it will be like having your clit removed. It will help you to concentrate on giving me pleasure instead.”

Gemma's mouth opened to speak but then she thought better of it.

“And others. I may be a lesbian myself,” Lara said, “but I enjoy watching women and men together. For the next seven days I've taken the week off work and I'm going to take direct control of your life here. I'm going to choose your partners, your activities and everything else.”

Another tear slid from the side of Gemma's right eye.

“And I should warn you that I don't think a healthy 22 year old beauty like you should be stinting with her favours ! Those guys in your bukkake movie debut were sex gods compared with the partners I'll select for you. Quality or lack of it, will be more important than quantity, but I'm sure we'll find time to ensure you get both. I think we'll mainly use that bottom of yours since it's the thing I'm least interested in and the thing that naughty old men seem to prefer. And your asshole is probably the thing you like least too, isn't it ?”

Gemma bit her quivering lip and nodded, silently crying now.

“But I'm sure we'll let a few up that cunt too and so I wouldn't want that sluttish clit of yours distracting you from your duties.” Lara sat up off Gemma's tummy and climbed out of the Jacuzzi.

“We're going to get on fine you and me, I can see that. Now get up, flush those disgusting things down the toilet, then come wipe my bottom with paper. Next, take a cold shower and then go and bend over my bed. I fancy giving those butts of yours a little spanking before turning in for the night. I shall call a guard to come and return you to your cage in 15 minutes. I'm sure you will sleep better in your own bed !”

Chapter Seventeen

BJ returned to his house at midnight. Joelle went to the kitchen to make a pot of peppermint tea for them both and he went downstairs to the dungeon. He smiled at the family members who hung on four separate X frames set into the walls of the room. Neil, his ex-mate hung on the north wall. Neil's 23 year old sister, Tammy, was on the east wall, their father on the south wall, opposite Neil, and their mother on the west wall, opposite Tammy. All were naked except the two men wore severe steel and leather cock cages and belts, and the two women were laced into incredibly tight steel and leather corsets round their waists and ribs. All four wore black ball gags fastened into their mouths.

"Hi mate, how's tricks?" BJ asked Neil with a wink.

Neil drooled and moaned into his gag.

"Oh shit, I forgot. The gag. Oh well, everybody sends their best. We had a great evening. Good meal, plenty of booze, fun entertainment. Everybody's dicks are a bit sore since we really partied with some bitch who spat into a guy's food. Imagine that. We each blew our loads two or three times into her. The guys were asking, by the way, how long since you got your rocks off mate? I couldn't remember since it's not something that concerns me but, out of interest, what is it now, thirty days or so?"

BJ shrugged and flicked Neil's shiny steel cock cage with his open palm. The cage was tiny, restricting his penis into only a two inches long by half inch wide tube. Neil's groin and scrotum had been completely shaved and he looked like a young lad.

Neil jerked his head upwards several times.

"What? Longer? Sixty days?"

Neil nodded his head downwards.

"Less than sixty? Oh that's all right then. Plenty of time to go."

Bored, he turned to Tammy. She was his little fuck partner when he woke in the night and felt horny, now that Joelle was so heavily pregnant. But mostly he liked filming mother and daughter scenes with Tammy and her mum, a 48 year old woman who'd known BJ since he was born. He'd made a low budget series with them that had sold quite well, called "Vegetarian Diet" numbers I, II and III. In them, the two women went at each other with all manner of market produce, from carrots and bananas to courgettes and cucumbers. For some reason BJ didn't get, they seemed to find the idea of free DVD copies of them, with a huge raw butternut squash up their cunts, being given to everybody that had lived in their neighbourhood before their bankruptcy, rather upsetting!

He slipped a finger up Tammy's filthy, unwashed cunt. Three days earlier his mates had given her a real seeing to. It was the first time BJ had let them all meet up again since he'd purchased Neil's family. His mates had all enjoyed getting to know Neil's younger sis' better than they had in the old days. He'd allowed her to try and fight them off but they were four against one and she was soon tied up and ready for several hours of gang rape, in every hole, but mainly the one he was now teasing. All Tammy had wanted to do afterwards was wash off the shame and evidence, which was precisely why BJ had left her up there, sloppy and stinking, for over 72 hours.

"Evening Mrs Evans." Brutus said, turning to Neil's mum.

She moaned into her gag.

"Really?" he said. "You want to fuck a donkey? Did I hear right?"

She groaned and shook her head.

“I did ? Oh good. Because I’ve been asked to supply a slag in her late forties, who’s not bad looking but past her best, with a really loose cunt, who’s not fussy about her sex partners, to star in a movie with a donkey.”

He reached up and hefted her tits which hung over the top of the corset.

She looked at him, her eyes glazed, and shook her head again sadly.

BJ smiled over at her husband.

“Hi Mr Evans. How are you doing ? Horny like your son ?”

Neil’s dad looked at him with undisguised hatred. His cock was encased in a similar tiny steel cage. Neither male had had any sexual relief whatsoever since BJ had acquired them over six weeks ago. It had been easy for them at first. After all, most people lose their libido when they suffer a trauma like becoming slaves. But after a while, living as they were in the constant presence of sex of many sorts, while their organs produced sperm and fluid and hormones, they became increasingly sexualised once more. And that’s when BJ’s fun had really begun.

He spread Mrs Evans’ labia apart and peered inside. She was clean and dry. He had already shot a couple of loads that evening but felt he could manage one more to help him sleep. His lovely Joelle and her peppermint tea could wait. He pushed a button and the X frame whirred down from the 90 degrees angle to a more comfortable pitch, leaving Neil’s mum’s cunt at the perfect height. Smiling for his audience, he unbuckled his belt and eased his pants down to his knees. He stroked himself fully hard.

“Mmm ... I have always fancied you Mrs Evans. Open up.”

She obediently spread her hips like an opening flower, as much as her bonds would allow and BJ fingered her apart and slipped his erection in. She wasn’t as tight as he was used to with all the twenty and thirty year olds he fucked, but she could still do the job. He thrust as far as he could, making her grunt behind the gag, and sank into her warmth up to his balls.

“Hey Mr Evans, you’ll forget what you’re missing soon. Your old lady’s a real nice fuck when there’s nothing better around. Which reminds me, you remember your old boss Mr Jones ? The guy who laid you off. Well I bumped into him the other day and he asked about you all. So I invited him over here and he’s coming in a couple of days time. He’s interested in purchasing your wife here as a secretary and ... well ... he’s not attached so I guess he has other needs to be taken care of too.”

BJ grinned into the woman’s eyes and over at her husband. He began accelerating his thrusts, hammering into her, fingers mauling her mature bosoms.

“What ... do ...” he asked, looking at her husband between humps, “... you reckon she’s ... worth your wife Mister Evans ... I doubt ... very much ... if she’s ... been fucked ... by a donkey first ... eh ?”

He withdrew, and slammed, withdrew, and slammed, and felt the first stage of his orgasm brewing. Pretty quick for a 48 year old mum.

“I’m about to shoot my load ... into her ... Mr Evans ... we’ll ... let it fester overnight ... and then mmm ... you can lick out both your ... wife and your daughter’s cunts in the mmm morning aaaaah.”

Brutus Junior reared up and threw his head back as he dumped the remains of his daily quota into his ex-mate’s mum. Then, after resting on her for a moment, he pulled out his glistening erection and turned and did four bows to his audience, north, east, south and finally west, back at Mrs Evans. He fingered her open and admired. Not bad for a third load.

“Right folks.” He said, pushing the button to raise her X frame back to the uncomfortable upright angle overnight. “Tomorrow’s going to be a busy day. I’ve got some

treats planned for you all. We're going to step things up a little. So get your beauty sleep. No talking after lights out."

He blew each of their gagged, tear-stained and humiliated faces a kiss in turn, switched out the lights and then bolted the steel door behind him.

Chapter Eighteen

Like New York, the Brute Corporation was a city that never slept. There was always something going on in the dark, quiet night; whether it was one of the company's paid editors working on a movie, or a brothel guest getting their overnight money's worth, or simply a new slave lying whimpering in a small cage unable to get comfortable or to sleep.

Stella often worked until 1 a.m. or later, long after Brutus had begun to snore. The Corporation ran a sophisticated booking system that had been acquired from a bankrupt airline and modified. Every slave's details were stored in the computer database, including the obvious stuff like original name, new working names, relatives, price paid, age, measurements, dislikes, specialities, etc. Also, there were digital photos, the usual front and side mug shots, to full body and genital close ups, to action shots from movies and the hidden cameras everywhere. Then there was an entire history of each slave's time at the Corporation, from past bookings to notes and evaluations by customers and staff, and finally an agenda of the slave's future with a booking diary and an 'ideas' section.

The slave database cross-referenced with the Corporation's customer database, whether those were brothel customers, movie and photo shoot casting directors or anybody else, such as breeding clients. About three quarters of all the brothel's bookings were made a day or two in advance. Every one of the Corporation's 10,000 account customer's details were stored, including alias name, account status, proven health and STD tests, age, measurements, likes, preferences, etc. along with a couple of photographs. Some customers wanted to book specific females or males or groups. Most left it to the booking system.

Stella's favourite part of the day was sitting at her bedroom terminal arranging the bookings. Only she, Brutus, Lara, BJ and the brothel manager had terminals and access codes. The computer system itself could do many of the bookings automatically, based on availability, price, preferences, slave's status, etc. It was like allocating somebody seat 17a on a flight with a certain meal preference. No human interaction was necessary. Stella loved reading the system's plans for each of her charges the following day and changing or tweaking them where she saw fit.

Jane and Jim had already been created on the system; basics of name, price, arrival date and a couple of lines about what had happened to them both so far. Stella pushed a key and brought up a list of all the unallocated customers for the next day. There were currently 177 of them that the computer was crunching through during the night and more would undoubtedly log on with requests in the pre-dawn hours. She glanced down the list of 177 aliases, their arrival times, ages, likes and jpeg photos. Smiling, she used the mouse to click in the boxes against 50 of them, spread out throughout the day. There would probably be a couple of 'no shows' but they could easily be replaced by non-account customers without bookings.

Stella sipped her wine and began arranging the detail of Jane's first working day. It would begin, after various morning duties, at ten o'clock. From 10.00hrs to 13.00hrs, she would have three hours of 12 single customers, each with a 15 minute booking. Stella chose a white bureaucrat in his 60s who preferred 'oral followed by straight sex' for the 10.00hrs opening slot and a young black businessman who liked 'anal' for the 10.15hrs second slot.

Then, at 13.00hrs, Stella generously scheduled in a half hour toilet break for a shower, some slop, and fresh make-up.

At one thirty the fun would begin. From 13.30hrs to 18.30hrs Jane would suffer five straight hours of double and triple teaming, a total of 24 customers over ten 30 minutes bookings. Stella chose customers with cheaper price parameters for later in the day when

Jane would be well past her best, so to speak. At 18.30hrs, she scheduled in a second half hour toilet break for another shower, more slop and make-up. Finally, from 19.00hrs to 22.00hrs, she chose three special one hour slots.

From seven to eight, she scheduled in Jane's first (or perhaps she would be the second !) lesbian encounter with an incredibly obese female customer whose name Stella had spotted on the list.

From eight to nine, she selected a senior Stalitz (the secret police) officer she knew for a freebie. He would undoubtedly put Jane's breasts and nipples through his usual rough routine.

And from nine to ten, she scheduled "the Clock Gang", a Scandinavian group of ten men and two women who were regulars and always came together, who specialised in violent and perverted, 'Viking' gang rapes.

Stella raised her glass in a toast to the screen and clicked 'confirm'. At her brief interrogation on arrival, Jane had admitted to just one previous partner before she married Jim.

Today she had been fucked at the Inn by three more, been blown a facial by One, and had her anal virginity plundered by Brutus.

Not bad for a start.

But by this time tomorrow Jane's sexual experience and number of partners would have expanded exponentially from two yesterday, up to seven today if you counted a facial, to almost 60 in another 21 hours time. A lovely steep graph ! And who knew about the next day ? !

Next she turned to Jim's schedule. Stella decided he would spend the entire twelve hours, fastened in a pillory, watching Jane's day in a closet behind the mirrored glass in her brothel room.

But Stella also selected two gay men from the list of the unallocated customers. She chose one she knew was a heavy smoker and made a note to ask him to puff away while he was with Jim. At 13.00hrs and at 18.30hrs, when Jane had her brief breaks, the gay men would be shown into the closet where Jim was pilloried, and no doubt they would bugger him hard.

Finishing her drink, she clicked confirm and shut down the computer.

Chapter Nineteen

Unaware of her fate, Jane lay on the cold tiled floor in Brutus and Stella's ensuite bathroom. There were fixed hooks to which she had been manacled, facing upwards, her head next to the toilet pan. She couldn't sleep. Her body, above all her thrashed buttocks and deflowered bottom ached, and her mind was tortured replaying the events of the day. She had no idea where her poor Jim was.

Suddenly, the light was switched on and Stella entered the bathroom. She ignored Jane and went to her basin. For several minutes, she removed her make-up, brushed her hair and teeth, and then undressed fully. Naked she sat on the toilet and after a few seconds Jane heard the spray and tinkle of urination. Stella's foot began mauling Jane's right breast.

"Asleep?"

Jane swallowed. "N ... no Mistress."

"Enjoy today?"

Jane didn't know what to say. "No Mistress."

She heard Stella laugh. "Bet you regret your haughty attitude to my having a career in sex movies, eh?"

"Yes Mistress." Jane replied. She certainly did. "I'm sorry Mistress."

She heard the toilet flush.

Stella rose to her full height and stared down at Jane.

"Too late for apologies, bitch. But I'm going to let you do something to please me. Do your very best and, who knows, I may be merciful."

Jane guessed what was coming. It couldn't be that bad. She watched Stella's knees bending and her neatly trimmed bush descending. There were droplets of pee on her unwiped pussy lips. Jane held her breath.

"Arse first."

At the last moment, she saw Stella change her angle and present her puckered anus to Jane's face. Despite her revulsion, Jane pushed her tongue out as the older woman's heavy buttocks made contact with her cheeks.

"Good girl." She heard Stella say. "Had you ever done this before those two lads at the Inn today?"

Jane mumbled "mmner", meaning 'no', as best she could.

"Oh good. Must have been a shock for poor Jim seeing you lick arse when you never did it for him. Too late now, I guess. Still there are lots of other bottoms. Just a bit deeper, dear, get right up inside."

Jane could hardly breathe. She stuck out her tongue. The taste was bearable, slightly coppery, the mild body odour tinted by a whiff of perfume, bottom, and sex. It was the weight that was the worst.

At last, Stella shifted back and suddenly she was staring down between her thighs at Jane. She was wearing a big smirk.

"So, I'm your first pussy?"

Jane nodded.

Stella smeared her wet pussy lips over Jane's mouth.

"I haven't washed since Brutus and I made love. So you can enjoy a bit of him second hand. Now I'm tired and ready for bed. Make me come."

Jane raised her neck and lapped at the lubricating, already damp vagina. She concentrated on the clitoris and soon had Stella grinding back in her face.

"Yesssssssssaaammmmm"

Jane stayed kissing gently, as she imagined she would like herself.

Eventually, Stella pushed herself up and rose to her feet. She shrugged.

“Nice try but no cigar. No mercy today I’m afraid. Maybe you’ll get another chance tomorrow or in the next few days.”

Jane stared at her. Stella would be going off to her huge double bed with silk sheets and soft pillows while she was lying here on the hard floor.

“Good night.” Stella said. “Don’t let the bathroom bugs bite.”

And that was that.

Jane lay there, her face sticky and wept. Eventually she drifted into a troubled sleep beset by dreams of Inns, and erections and suffering.

If she had only known how much worse it could get

Chapter Twenty

At six thirty precisely, Jim joined the long line of slaves trudging slowly into the canteen. In some respects it looked like any other dining hall or cafeteria he had seen, with a serving ledge running the length of one wall, along which everybody slowly pushed a tray, and in the centre of the room, ten parallel tables and benches at which people sat. But in other ways it was unlike anything he'd ever imagined, with barking guards dressed in black military uniforms, shouting orders and waving riding crops at the slaves, and ominous CCTV cameras mounted on every wall and into the ceiling, monitoring everything. The slaves all shuffled along stark naked except, like Jim, every male wore a tiny steel tube locked over his penis. A few of the females wore what looked like shiny PVC punishment corsets, pin-lined bras or underwear, and a number of slaves hobbled along wearing ankle chains that restricted them to tiny steps.

Worst of all was the stench. Most canteens in his experience had that slightly unpleasant institutional odour of disinfectant and boiled cabbage. This one had that smell multiplied by a factor of ten. And it seemed to be getting stronger the nearer he got to the serving hatch.

"Yuk." He mumbled under his breath.

The woman in front of him turned and raised an eyebrow. She glanced around nervously for guards but none were watching.

"New?" she mouthed silently.

Jim nodded.

She smiled at him kindly, with sad eyes.

"Rebecca." She whispered.

"Jim." He replied. In spite of the situation, his male instinct took over. He checked her out. She was a lovely looking woman. Older than him. Forties maybe. Nice face, doe eyes and soft lips. There were a couple of hickey bruises on her neck and jagged scratches on her full breasts. He glanced away, ashamed.

She continued to smile and shrugged in a way that said he could look as much as he liked. She was obviously used to it.

The line shuffled forwards.

"Eat it all." She whispered. "Not until we get to the tables. Wait until they say, then eat it *all*. Whatever you think of it. Everything."

He nodded slowly. "The smell."

She made a face. "You get used to it, believe ..."

Her mouth snapped shut as a guard walked up the line and past them.

"Can't we speak at all?" he whispered to her back.

"Not really. You'll attract attention to yourself. You don't want to do that."

"Where do I sit?"

"Wait and they'll put you somewhere."

She had reached the hatch and fell silent. Jim watched her hold out her tray and empty bowl. A ladle tipped three large dollops of mush into the bowl. He heard her say a quiet but enthusiastic and grateful "thank you".

Jim took a step forwards and looked into the hatch. An Asian man was standing behind a big steel cauldron. He had a cigarette in his teeth and was shouting an order in a foreign language to somebody in the kitchen. He turned back, looked at Jim, removed his cigarette and grinned, showing gold teeth. His face was pock-marked and sweating.

"You new?"

“Yes.” Jim replied.

The man scowled at him. “Yes, Sir.” He spat, sticking the cigarette back into his mouth.

“Sorry. Yes ... Sir.”

Jim held out his tray and bowl. With a grin, the man took it and peered into the cauldron. He took several seconds carefully scooping up selected bits and ladling them into Jim’s bowl. Jim stared mesmerised as the long strip of ash on the man’s cigarette drooped. Nonchalantly, the man held the bowl and the ash tumbled into the serving. He stared challengingly at Jim and then slowly stirred it into Jim’s food with the ladle, before adding two more scoops from the cauldron. Jim’s bowl was full to the brim.

He took it and, in spite of his rage, mumbled “thank you ... Sir.”

“Welcome.” The Asian cackled.

A black guard with a clip board came up to Jim.

“You James Bryant ?”

“Yes.” Jim replied, adding “Sir” quickly as an afterthought.

The guard pointed at an empty space. “Sit there.”

Jim saw that the woman he’d spoken to, Rebecca, was already sitting at the same table, along with six other women and two men, one middle aged guy, and one younger than Jim. They were all staring straight ahead in silence, waiting, bowls and plastic spoons on trays in front of them.

Jim carefully laid his tray down and climbed into his space on the bench. He winced as his bruised buttocks, from the caning he’d been given the previous evening, came in contact with the hard wood of the seat.

The guard watched him carefully. He was tall, handsome. He reminded Jim of an Olympic sprinter that he couldn’t remember the name of.

“Everybody, this is James, though I think he’s called Jim.”

All eyes turned to Jim. Most looked at him warmly, a few disinterested.

“Jim has a wife called Jane. Cute little bitch judging by her photo. She’s busy now I’ll bet, but I guess we’ll get to meet her in a day or two. Tell us all, Jim, which hole do you think I’m going to want to fuck Jane in first ? Her mouth, her pussy or her ‘shey highway’ ?”

He sniggered at his own joke, saying ‘her-shay-high-way’ lyrically, but meaning her brown entrance after a well known pre-Pestilence brand of chocolate bar.

Jim stared at him, staggered. These people never stopped.

“Her ... I ... er ... I guess her p ... pussy ... Sir.”

The guard grinned and unzipped his uniform fly. “Thanks for the tip.” He fished out his dark, semi-hard penis and sat down in the empty chair at the head of the table.

“But until I meet the lovely Jane, *you* will have to do.” He pointed at one of the women at the table. “Come here.”

Jim watched a lovely redhead stand up. She looked young, early twenties, freckles, pointy white breasts. She knelt down between the guard’s legs.

“Mmm ... so Jim, you start. You can be taster of the morning slop today.”

Jim snatched his gaze away from the young woman’s pink lips sliding up and down over the expanding black cock. He looked down at the brown mush. It smelled like coffee was an ingredient. He saw beans. And black things, maybe raisins. And other lumps. The thick texture was provided by some sort of cereal or maize. He picked up the plastic spoon.

“Hurry Jim, less you want my own slop added to it too.” Said the guard.

Jim raised a mouthful to his lips. It was lukewarm, not even that. Tepid. He put it in his mouth trying not to retch. There was certainly coffee in the mix. Jim loved a good espresso or cappuccino and judged himself a bit of a coffee expert. This was cheap, bitter. There were cold beans and raisins. Lots of them. His teeth crunched on something small and hard. The whole thing was a chewy mush, so thick that he had to lick off the spoon.

“So, Jim, how do you like your first taste of the Corporation’s food. Good, eh ?”
The guard was idly fondling the girl’s red tresses.

“Thank you, Sir. Yes, very good, Sir.”

Then the guard suddenly seemed more interested in his blowjob than in humiliating Jim. He clapped his hands at everybody.

“All eat, now, and hurry. We’ve wasted time already.”

Jim lifted another mouthful to his lips and chewed, watching the other people at his table. Rebecca glanced at him but simply ate quietly.

It was foul, worse than you’d feed a dog, but just edible. There was a lot of it too. His serving was the equivalent of about four big bowls of normal cereal that Jim would have eaten for breakfast once upon a time. The worst part was crunching on bits of unexpected stuff. It was like kitchen sweepings had simply been added to the mix, a bit of raw carrot, a bit of eggshell, a lump of gristle, and flecks of cigarette ash.

He had been given a meal 24 hours earlier, before the auction, but nothing since. Suddenly he realised his body needed sustenance.

He noticed, amazingly, that Rebecca, and the others, ate almost with relish, eating fast and efficiently, with no sign of distaste.

The guard gave a grunt and Jim realised he was unloading himself in the redhead’s mouth. Nobody else looked, but Jim caught the eye of the young guy opposite him.

“Mmm ... hold that on your tongue, baby, don’t chug it back.”

The woman carefully slid her lips off the glistening erection and shut her mouth. She stared up at him obediently, waiting.

The guard reached up and fingered her small breast. “Share it with your husband, baby, gob that into his bowl.”

Jim watched the woman rise, lean over the shoulder of the young man opposite, and drool and spit the pearly contents from her mouth onto the remaining slop in his bowl.

The guard stood to jiggle his erection back into his pants. “Kiss him.”

He stared as the redhead turned to her shaven headed husband and kissed him lovingly. The young man kissed her back passionately. For a moment, they held each other’s gaze longingly. Strangely, even in such circumstances, Jim felt envious of them, at least being together.

“Now now,” the guard smirked, “that’s enough sex you too. What do you think you are, married ?” Again, he laughed at his own bad joke. “Both eat up.”

The guard watched the young man lap up his seed from his bowl while he carefully straightened his smart, shiny black uniform, and then he wandered off to chat with a couple of the other guards.

Jim glanced at Rebecca.

She shrugged and then looked meaningfully at a CCTV camera mounted on the wall scanning the room.

Jim and everybody at the table simply finished their ‘meal’ in silence.

Chapter Twenty One

Stella released Jane from the bathroom. She was already dressed in jogging pants and trainers. She pushed Jane into the huge double bed with a sleeping Brutus. He was lying face down, breathing heavily.

“Wake him. Nicely. Lick his arse. He likes that.” With that, Stella left the room for her early morning run.

Jane looked about. Dappled shafts of morning sunlight filtered through the blinds. There didn't seem to be anybody else there. For a ridiculous moment she thought about escape. Then she sighed and slipped underneath the covers. Brutus, a man old enough to be her father, was hirsute, naked and sweaty. She grimaced.

It was relentless.

Last thing at night she had licked Stella's bottom. Now, first thing this morning, she was kissing Brutus's.

Carefully she slid into position between his legs and put her tongue to his hairy cheeks in the dark. She felt him stir. She was certain that Stella would check later she'd done it. Jane pushed her tongue inside and kissed softly with her lips.

She was rewarded with a soft murmur. He was coming round.

She lapped again, up and down in gentle, reverent motions.

She was rewarded with a loud rumble, a huge sonorous early morning flatulent fart. It exploded with a gust of warm wind on her face.

For two seconds she backed off, horrified. He just seemed to have ignored her presence. The stench under the sheet was awful but she put her lips back and tongued him again. Salty tears of shame pricked her eyes.

He murmured again, louder, and shifted in the bed. His buttocks spread open, pushing back slightly against her face. Reluctantly she pressed forwards.

Suddenly, the covers shifted over Jane's head. She blinked and saw Lavinia, the woman Brutus had cruelly renamed Lavatory, looking at her. She was a brunette, with stunning high cheekbones, lovely brown eyes like chocolates, perfect firm high tits that Jane was jealous of, and a slim but gracious body. She looked like fashion models used to before the Pestilence destroyed the fashion clothing industry. Lavinia frantically gestured for Jane to get out of the bed.

Jane shook her head.

“He said I had to wake him this morning.” Lavinia whispered.

“No, I was just ordered to ... wake him. By his wife.”

Suddenly Brutus turned over, awake, and squinted at them. His eyes were full of sleep, his face creased, dark with a heavy stubble.

“Mmm .. nice wake up call.” He pulled Lavinia down into the bed. “Come here Lavvy.” He ran his hands up and down her flanks, over her nipples and kissed her. He reached down and stroked her bald mons. The words ‘I love Brutus’ had been neatly tattooed there in black ink inside a scarlet heart.

Jane looked at him. He grinned back lewdly at her, fingering Lavinia's labia open.

“Make yourself useful. Kiss this beautiful cunt for me.”

Shocked at his crude dismissal of her, Jane felt her eyes sting with tears again. She crawled across the bed and put her face between Lavinia's thighs.

In turn, Brutus pulled Lavinia's mouth over to his jutting erection.

After a few moments, Jane heard him ask her. “That good, Lavvy ? Enjoy it ? How do you like the feel of a tongue in your pussy ?”

Lavinia moaned. Jane had no idea if it was genuine or not. She was certainly lubricating but that didn't have to mean she was enjoying it. She felt humiliated preparing her like this.

Jane knew that she was not bad looking herself but Lavinia was gorgeous. Doing this made her feel terribly inferior. Somehow it was even worse than pleasuring Stella had been.

"Move." Brutus pushed Jane away and slid in between Lavinia's long legs, easing himself up into her now moist body in one smooth motion.

"Mmm .. that's goooooood." He said. Then he turned and looked at Jane spitefully. She was watching them, kneeling on her haunches.

"*You* can go back to kissing my butthole."

Jane lowered her eyes. She had no experience. Just one boyfriend and then Jim. But no man, no person, had ever made her feel so devalued.

She knelt behind him and began licking as best she could in time with his lazy movements. Each time he thrust back towards her, his cheeks spread wide, clammy, bashing her face. She shut her eyes and thought of Jim. Where was he ? Why oh why was all this happening ?

"Oh, by the way," Brutus said, peering at her over his shoulder, "I remember from your file. You're 28 years old today, right ?"

She had forgotten. "Mmph ... yeth..." she mumbled into his crack.

He chuckled and winked before turning away. "Happy Birthday."

Chapter Twenty Two

Surgery opened at half past seven except for overnight emergencies.

First up for Doctor Sadie Thorne that morning was Susannah, the 32 year old who had entertained BJ and his friends on the Sexercycle the previous evening. She had since spent an uncomfortable night hunched into a small mesh cage in an underground cellar, with only rats and spiders for company.

Now she was strapped into a gynaecological chair, long athletic legs placed wide and high in stirrups, buttocks hanging over the edge of the half-seat.

It was the Doctor's job to pass Susannah fit for further mistreatment. Although primarily a plastic surgeon, Sadie was well qualified in medical basics, and she took her role seriously. She was a late middle aged woman with a brusque manner, a matronly physique, grey hair and a white medical coat. She had inserted a steel speculum into Susannah's vagina and was now exploring inside using a camera probe that displayed the image on a screen. She checked for internal damage caused by the previous evening's deep intrusions. The relentless plumbing by a 9 inch (23 cms) long plastic phallus had done no material harm inside but its 2 ½ inch diameter ribbed thickness had definitely left her opening dilated and loose. Sadie smiled and made a note on her clipboard.

Next she inspected Susannah's sphincter and rectum. Here, there was evidence that the combination of the random 3 to 10 inches penetration, the burning gel and the 2 inch diameter thickness had caused severe abrasions that would take weeks to heal fully. In the meantime, natural bodily functions would prove most uncomfortable for Susannah. Worse perhaps, it was likely that the exhaustion of her sphincter muscle would make bowel control temporarily very difficult indeed, leading to discomfort, leakage and hence further punishment. Sadie ran a rubber gloved finger nail over the bright red soreness around Susannah's slack anal opening, making her hiss with a sharp intake of breath, and wince.

"Sore ?"

Susannah nodded her head. Her once chic, brunette hairstyle had been shaved to a convict stubble and her classically beautiful features were etched with pain.

"Yes, Doctor."

Doctor Thorne smiled and made another note. She laid down the clipboard and stood between Susannah's thighs, reaching up to feel her modest but perfect handfuls, thumbing her retracted frightened nipples, then down over her taut ribcage.

"You should have thought of that before you spat into the food on that tray, shouldn't you ?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"You wouldn't do it again, would you ?"

"No, Doctor."

"Open your mouth."

Susannah gulped. Reluctantly, she opened her jaws wide.

Sadie opened a cupboard. There was an array of bottles and vials, all clearly labelled with very specific contents and dates. It looked a bit like a sweetshop with clear and sickly coloured fluids inside the glass containers. She removed a tall glass bottle. It was clearly labelled. She lifted it down so that Susannah could see it. The translucent liquid was a glutinous cloudy mix, with tiny bubbles. Slowly, she uncorked the bottle and teasingly emptied a small 'tasting dollop' onto Susannah's tongue.

"Swallow."

Susannah almost retched but managed to force it down. The smell of the liquid was strong, musky, a blend of stale body odour and fish guts.

The Doctor kept patiently pouring in bursts, filling Susannah's mouth to the brim with generous doses, then allowing her time to swallow, gulp and gasp, before holding her head still again. It took over five minutes for the bottle to empty completely. Susannah managed to drink the lot, although she nearly vomited several times.

Sadie smiled as she placed the empty bottle on the side so that the label was in full view again. BULL SEMEN AND HUMAN SPIT. On the next line it said, FRESH and was dated the previous day in marker pen. The quantity was 0.375 litres, the same as a half bottle of wine.

"Well done. I think that our spit is a little tastier than yours ! Now, I also think you are fine." She said, patting Susannah on the flank. "So, we can continue with your planned punishment schedule for two or three more days at least. Your arse needs a rest but they have you down for mouth, tit and cunt punishment today, so that will be perfect."

Susannah began to snivel.

"Pl ... please, no ! I can't take any more. Please, you're a doctor. Tell them I can't, I beg you."

Doctor Thorne shook her head.

"Nonsense. Your body can take a great deal more. We have to make a proper example of you."

She pushed a switch and moments later two burly guards appeared, to release Susannah from the chair and drag her sobbing hysterically down the corridor.

Next up for Doctor Thorne was Gemma. She voluntarily lay in the couch while Sadie strapped her legs into the stirrups.

"So," she said, "Lara wants your clitoris numbed, does she ?"

Gemma nodded uncertainly.

"Did she catch you masturbating ?"

"No ... Mistr ... I mean Doctor."

Sadie skilfully probed and unhooded Gemma's clitoris.

"No ? Do you masturbate ?"

"Never well, not since I came here, Doctor."

Sadie smiled, teasing a finger up and down Gemma's dry slit.

"Well you won't be able to once I've injected it with this."

She lifted up a large syringe with a long needle and showed it to Gemma.

"In case you were wondering, yes it will hurt. No simple prick and it's done. This injection takes a couple of minutes to administer. You must remain completely still, understood ?"

Gemma nodded slowly.

"The needle itself will hurt. The fact that it's going into your clit will hurt even more. Soon your whole vaginal area will start to burn intensely, probably for about ten minutes. After that, everything will return pretty much to normal except you won't feel a thing ... *there* ... for at least a week, probably nearer two." She waved the syringe. "Extra large dose, you see."

Sadie splayed open Gemma's labial lips as wide as she could.

"Shift your butt forward slightly. Good. Okay, now keep completely still and silent. If you don't, I will use an even longer, thicker needle."

Gemma grimaced in silent agony as the tip pierced her tender sex.

Chapter Twenty Three

Stella sat naked at her dressing table. After her early morning run around the compound, accompanied by her pack of four trained hounds, she had showered and was now getting ready for another 'action packed' day.

It had been hot outside, around 90 degrees Fahrenheit. So much for global cooling ! All the State Meteorologists had been saying temperatures would fall now that fossil fuels were used much less. No sign of that yet.

Her personal male slave, One, served her a tray of hot cappuccino, freshly squeezed grapefruit juice, iced water and pastries. Smiling at him, she trailed a hand over his shaved, semi-erect penis and groin. It twitched.

"Don't go getting any ideas." She said. "That's it for a while now. Three weeks minimum. I don't want you getting thoughts above your station."

Only a sharp eye would have picked up his blink of disappointment.

"Of course, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress."

Stella took a sip of her coffee. "Bring the new bitch to me."

While she waited, Stella stared at her reflection. She was proud, overall, of her looks; a bit heavy in the bottom now, a bit pear shaped overall, some cellulite, a few lines around the eyes, but still an attractive woman for her forty years, with a firm jaw, ice blue eyes, plump breasts and a narrow waist.

She ran her fingers over her thick nipples and down to her pubic hair. Not past her "use by date" yet ! The running and the sex would keep her in good enough shape for a while. She grabbed a cream silk robe from off the back of a chair and shucked it on. Being undressed would not set the right tone this morning.

She turned her gaze on One, and Jane who was totally naked, as they entered the bedroom. Considering the past 24 hours, Stella thought Jane looked pretty good. Her red-rimmed eyes were sunken but her shoulder length blonde hair still had been brushed to a sheen, and her face was remarkably unblemished. With the right make up, she would look the perfect whore.

"Ah, Jane. Happy Birthday, my dear."

Jane turned her gaze down towards the floor.

"Did you have a nice breakfast ?" Stella asked.

"... Y...yes Mistress."

"Good. Come here. Look at me."

Stella hefted one of Jane's breasts in her fingers. Her big tits were pale, with soft pink nipples, and veins just visible below the flesh.

"I've arranged a nice birthday party for you today." She ran her thumb casually over Jane's nipple. "Like yesterday, you'll be the centre of attention ! But on a grander scale. Remind me, how many people had you, er ... made love to, up until the day before yesterday ?"

A teardrop splashed onto Jane's breast. Stella thumbed it away.

"T... two, Mistress."

Stella fingered open Jane's labial lips.

"Two ? That's a bit mean isn't it ? Sexy 27 ... er ... 28 year old like you. I'll bet you wanted to fuck other guys, married to somebody like Jim ?"

Jane stifled a sob and shook her head, staring at the floor again.

"Turn around and bend over."

Jane slowly obeyed. 'One' grabbed her neck and pushed it down firmly.

Stella smiled at him and ran her fingers over the ridged bruises on Jane's buttocks, admiring the dull red, yellow and bluish tramlines.

"Look up at me through your legs, young lady."

Stella winked back at Jane's awkward gaze and pushed a fingernail into the puckered orifice. Jane's body twitched and she muttered an 'ouch'.

"And just one dick up this arse until now, right ? My darling husband's. I get jealous Janie. I don't like my man being the *only* one. He might value your pert little backdoor too highly. You see, I've never let him, or anybody else for that matter, do *me* there."

Using both her hands, Stella hauled Jane's buttocks wide apart.

"Anal work is slave's work. So is cunt and mouth of course, but anal in particular. I wanted you to know that in advance. By tonight, this tight back passage is going to be ... well ... not so tight !"

Stella patted Jane's tender bottom, smirking at her red, upside down face.

"Stand up and look at me."

She waited for her to turn around so she could continue to her face.

"In some ways I envy you. Uninhibited, guilt free sex. Loads of it.

Look, if you had gone away for a romantic weekend with Jim and fucked him twelve times - *if* he was man enough for that of course - you'd think nothing of it. Would you ? You'd be flattered.

It wouldn't do that ..." - Stella poked at Jane's pubic mound - "... any harm at all would it ?

So what's the difference between fucking one man twelve times and fucking twelve men once, eh ?" Stella opened her palms enquiringly. "The only difference is the fussiness of a woman's pride. But her cunt doesn't know the difference between one cock or twelve of them !"

Jane's face had crumpled again. She mouthed 'twelve' silently, shaking her head slightly from side to side, knees quivering.

Stella smiled inwardly. It was best to break them into the idea slowly. At one o'clock, Jane would think her dreadful ordeal was over, after she had 'entertained' this morning's dozen men. But in fact, as she would discover, it would be just beginning. By the end of today, she would realise that at lunchtime she'd in fact not even reached a quarter of the way through her daily quota ! And the whole of today would be caught on several cameras for later, enjoyable viewing.

"I'm sure it will be more interesting than just fucking Jim. Imagine, all those different dicks; long ones, fat ones, thin ones, old ones, young ones, circumcised ones, dirty ones, warty ones, every shape and colour. What a treat. Well ?" Stella said, awaiting a word.

Jane looked puzzled through tearful eyes.

"It's customary for the birthday girl to say thank you for her present."

"Th ... thank you ... Mistress."

Stella shrugged.

A nice touch would be making Jane spend many hours overnight, handwriting to each person who had fucked her to say an effusive thank you for doing so. She made a mental note to ensure the brothel manager supervised it .

"Think nothing of it, my dear. Enjoy ! And ... have a nice day !"

She nodded dismissively at One who escorted Jane from the bedroom.

Chapter Twenty Four

Lara giggled at Gemma, who was scarlet faced and heavily perspiring. She was kneeling on the floor eating the special breakfast that Lara had arranged for her, from a bowl laid on a low table. Nobody much cares for curry at eight thirty in the morning. Still less a super-hot and spicy Vindaloo curry. And even less a 'curry slurry'. The previous evening, at Lara's request, the chef had brewed up an a la carte dish of liquidized offal, mainly giblets and intestines, to which he had added several heaped spoons of curry powder and red chillies, leaving it to simmer overnight.

The helping was enormous. The deep bowl had been filled to the brim. Painfully slowly, Gemma was working her way through it. Lara sat watching her put her mouth to the swill to suck up mouthfuls of the brutally spicy brown mixture. Gemma gasped, panted and gulped, steam almost visibly rising from her ears and nostrils as she ate. It was a small mercy that the curry disguised the worst of the taste of putrid meat.

Lara popped another piece of warm, buttered croissant into her own mouth.

"Come on, doll. Faster, or I might think you would prefer something else."

Gemma looked up at her through her steamed up spectacles and red, watering eyes and shook her head. She buried her face in the bowl and slurped up an especially large mouthful.

Lara smiled. Gemma didn't know it but the mixture contained another ingredient, added that morning, so that the effects wouldn't be cooked away. A powerful laxative ! Within an hour or so, she would be full to bursting and desperate to void her bowels. Needless to say, Lara had no intention of letting her off that easily. The interesting email she had received would see to that.

"Even faster. Vacuum it all up. I want that bowl licked sparkling clean."

Chapter Twenty Five

Joelle lovingly suckled Brutus Junior's wake-up erection. He was laying back, hands behind his head, knees splayed, grinning down at her. She was hunched awkwardly between his legs with her huge pregnant belly off to the side, smiling back up at him as she teased his length with her tongue. Every bone in her body hated him but each morning she swallowed her pride, and his salty load, for the sake of her unborn child and her ex-husband. The child was BJ's and the product of their forced marriage, but still Joelle loved it already and knew she was now helpless emotionally as well as physically. And she knew there was little she could do for Pierre now, but at least he was still alive. The more she pleased BJ, the more merciful he was likely to be, she hoped.

She recognised by his moans and shifting body that she had him near the edge. She was not allowed to use her fingers or hands on him at all. He liked what he called 'proper BJs', not 'wanks'. It had taken her ages, hours of practise, to learn to do it just as he liked. The key was not to rush, and not to gag, and to get him into the back of her throat whilst breathing through her nose, so he could literally fuck her tonsils. She alternated this with sexy eyes, loving licks, and sucking the crown of his penis with just the right amount of pressure. He liked to come on her tongue, at the front of her mouth not the back, so that she tasted him and could slide it around her teeth, gums and palate before swallowing.

He thrust and she moaned excitedly as what he laughingly referred to as her 'petit déjeuner' was served. Thick warm jets hit the top of her mouth and splattered bitterly all over her tongue.

"Mmm ... mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm ... mmmm."

They exhaled in unison. Anybody would think Joelle was in orgasmic ecstasy as she pleased her young 'husband'. BJ insisted that she show enjoyment, even though he had never made any effort to make it better for her. She'd had little experience other than Pierre but she couldn't imagine a more lazy, egocentric or selfish partner. He seemed to think that by just manically banging away at her with the over-sized penis that he'd inherited from that brute of a father of his should be enough to drive her wild. She had long ago learned to fake orgasms on the few occasions, thankfully, he fucked her. He mainly preferred her to suck him and expected her to love doing it. She had soon learned to bring herself to the only real orgasms she had, when he made her entertain him by masturbating herself with her fingers, a vibrator, or even a humiliating piece of fruit or vegetable.

"Mmm ..." she opened her lips wide to show him his load and ran her tongue along her upper lip several times appreciatively. Slowly she let it all trickle down the back of her throat, with her head back and eyes shut.

"Thank you." She said, kissing the dribble of come that had appeared at the slit of his cock. "A little minty, this morning, I think."

BJ grinned at her, contentedly. He thrust a hand roughly inside her black lace negligee and squeezed her cleavage. "Go make breakfast."

Chapter Twenty Six

Gemma was heaving for breath, sucking up huge lungfuls of air. Were they called Jumping Jacks or Star Jumps ? She was too exhausted to remember. Lara had her doing jumping exercises, clapping her hands above her head while opening her legs wide, then snapping her arms back down to her side and hopping her legs together. Repeat. Repeat. One jump per second. In bursts of thirty, followed by a short respite to get her breath back, and then another set of thirty. In all, she had already done one hundred and eighty.

Before them, she had been made to do push ups, stomach crunches, knee squats and jogging on the spot. Lara's excuse for this physical torture was that she was fat and untoned, although Gemma knew that she was actually underweight from the awful diet and sex exercises.

"Let's do one more set, shall we ?" The 'cow' said, smirking.

Gemma sucked in a large breath, stood to attention and began to jump. Her glasses bounced on the bridge of her nose and her breasts flopped about across her chest as if they had a mind of her own. They hurt. But not as much as the stitch in her side and the gradual cramping in her stomach. She felt nauseous from the physical effort, especially so soon after a heavy meal. Light headed, she did her best to focus straight ahead. The cow wasn't even looking at her any more, she was flicking through a sheaf of papers she'd downloaded from her computer. Occasionally she looked up and checked on the quality of Gemma's jumps.

"Arms higher you lazy slut. And legs wide ! " She shouted, before looking down again.

Gemma gasped as her breakfast quietly repeated on her. The strong curry belch tasted awful in her dry mouth. Worse, she felt the need to pass wind from below, something she knew that the cow would be furious about. One of the first rules every slave learned was that all bodily functions, including eating, drinking, urinating, defecating, even sneezing and farting, and especially climaxing, were strictly forbidden without prior permission.

Gemma counted the thirty jumps, arms and legs aching, and worst of all her stomach lurching up and down.

Twenty seven, twenty eight, twenty nine, thirty. She stopped and bent over. Her spectacles tumbled onto the floor. Like a knife, the sudden clench of her guts, made her wince. She knew she was going to have to ask permission to use the toilet.

Chapter Twenty Seven

“I’m off to the little room.” Brutus announced.

Stella glanced up from her papers and nodded.

He picked up his glowing cigar and the movie script he was reading.

“Come with me.” He said to Lavatory, who was kneeling alongside her husband Bidet. “And you too. Bring my coffee.”

The ‘little room’ was, in fact, not so little. It was Brutus’s sanctuary, a luxuriously carpeted, book-lined library cum lavatory with a toilet mounted on a throne, a side table with bottles, creams and an ashtray on it, a large basin and gilt mirror, and a plasma screen on the back of the door. As they say, there was at least enough room for three people to swing a cat.

A cat o’ nine tails in fact.

Brutus had long since lost any embarrassment about performing his ablutions in front of others. The first couple of times he’d been a bit sheepish, but now it was second nature. He placed the script on the table and cigar in the ashtray, before raising his arms outwards.

The beautiful female slave stood and loosened the belt of his silk robe, easing back the folds to reveal his hairy gut and genitals. He sat down on the seat and picked up his cigar, chomping on it.

“You.” He said to Bidet. “Lie down, head this end, face up.”

The tall, handsome, naked male slave immediately obeyed.

“Sit yourself down on his face.”

She placed one foot either side of the prostrated head, facing Brutus, and elegantly bent her legs, lowering her mons with the ‘I love Brutus’ in a heart tattoo, until she was astride her husband’s face. Her vagina, still damp and fishy with Brutus’s load from two hours earlier, made a slight squishing sound as she settled her full weight down.

Brutus nudged the man with his foot. “Make love to your missus.”

He smiled at the woman. Fuck she was gorgeous. He leaned forward and ran his fingers up through her hair, lifting loose strands from her forehead. Her eyes looked at him humbly, petrified, pert lips slightly apart, revealing her small white teeth. A slight flutter of her lashes suggested her husband’s tongue had got to work.

“I want to see you come.” He said, in a kind tone. “Enjoy yourself. But don’t you dare even think about faking it. And ...” he pulled her head down to his groin, “... in the meantime ...”

He settled back on the toilet seat and flicked his cigar, before draining his cup of coffee.

Her warm lips encircled his semi-soft penis and her tongue fluttered around it, instantly making him thicken. He ran a finger gently over the back of her neck, admiring the curve of her spine. He parted his thighs as wide as was comfortable and pushed her a touch lower. Moments later he passed a loud trumpet of gas and shut his eyes contentedly.

He could feel the main event arriving. By now, he was fully hard and too thick for her small mouth to do more than worship the crown. He grunted and unleashed a huge volley of excrement, neither solid nor diarrhoea, just the nice, easy to pass kind. Almost immediately, a thick stench wafted up through the gap in his legs, filling the little room.

After the explosion there was total silence. Just the tiniest murmur from her lips as she diligently continued to suck him, as if oblivious to the fact that he was taking a dump while she orally served him.

He reached under her head and she shifted to give his right hand access to tweak her pert tit as he relaxed and unloaded a second, smaller volley into the toilet pan. He loved the efficiency of the whole thing. He had a meeting at 10 o'clock but this way he could enjoy a shit and a blowjob, ridding his body of two needs, in the time it would otherwise take to achieve one *or* the other. And it made an event out of something as mundane as taking a dump. The air was thick with the heavy aroma. He picked up the script and began to read again.

Chapter Twenty Eight

Meanwhile, Lara stood back to admire her handiwork. Gemma was suspended in the centre of her bedroom, wrists in a spreader bar chained to a bolt in the wooden beam above. Her ankles were chained wide apart to bolts in the floor. Every nerve and sinew stood out as Gemma's glistening body strained for comfort. Lara pulled up a stool and sat in front of her naked slave.

Back in the little room, Brutus lifted Lavvy's mouth off his glistening erection. She had begun moaning meaningfully, moving her hips just slightly.

"You going to come?"

She looked up at him, relieved, or embarrassed, or both. She nodded, eyes half shut.

He held her earlobes and leaned forward and kissed her softly.

"Come, Lavvy. On your hubbie's chops. You're making love together. Wifey and her husband. Let yourself go."

She hissed, and gave a muted squeal, then climaxed silently, as if she was ashamed to admit what had happened. Brutus watched her expression, inches from her face, enjoying a glimpse inside her soul.

Then he pulled her mouth back down to his sweating inner thighs.

"My turn."

She hadn't yet learned well enough to do the 'hands free' job. He let her use her delicate fingers to pump his shaft while she slobbered over his purple crown, and soon he was spurting pearly gobbets over her palate and gums. She looked up at him in the eye as he had taught her, while she swallowed his second donation of the day. As if she was honoured.

He let her wipe his bottom gently and carefully with soft white tissue. Bidet knelt beside her, supporting the toilet roll between two index fingers like a human roll holder. The boy's face shone wetly, unwashed. Next Bidet ran a basin full of hot water and then towelled Brutus's hands dry.

Finally, Lavatory carefully tightened the cord of Brutus's silk robe.

Bidet looked at him for permission to push the flush, knowing it was entirely possible that he would instead be made to clean the toilet out manually.

Brutus nodded magnanimously. Smiling at them like a doting grandfather, he strode out of the little room, with his two new favourites following, carrying the script and empty coffee cup.

Chapter Twenty Nine

Lara ran the feather up inside Gemma's cunt lips, grazing her clitoris.

"You can't feel a thing?"

"Not on the clitoris, Mistress? Just a tickle elsewhere, Mistress."

Lara laughed aloud, discarding the feather.

"Excellent."

She leaned her head close to Gemma's taut stomach.

"Was that a tummy rumble I heard?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Naughty, naughty. That counts as a bodily function you know. You should have asked permission."

"Sorry, Mistress." Gemma's face screwed up. "Ple ...". Then she stopped, seeming to have thought better of it.

"What?" Lara asked in a teasing, sing-song voice. "Go on."

"Please, Mistress. I need to do another ... tummy rumble Mistress."

Lara ran a fingernail through the 'brazilian' strip of pubic hair that Gemma had been allowed to keep, up into her belly button.

"Go on then."

There was a distinct sound, like a creaking door.

Lara chuckled and fetched the sheaf of papers she'd downloaded earlier. It was time for Gemma to understand the rules of this game.

"Tell me about Dave." She said.

Gemma reacted like a startled rabbit. Her eyes flew open and she gasped.

"D Don?"

Lara was delighted. She flicked through the pages.

"Here we are. Two known boyfriends. One, Dave Wilson. Born October First, 1980. Dated her for around six months in 2005." Lara proffered a grainy black and white image. Grainy, but clear enough. It showed a young man and a younger Gemma smiling side by side. "See?"

"Oh ... Dave. Yes, Mistress. He was a fr ... friend of mine."

"And how about Steve?"

"Yes, Mistress. He was my boyfriend when I was arrested, Mistress."

"Yes. Interesting." Lara said, stretching out the word interesting. "I thought you'd gone bankrupt. But this Stalitz Report tells me that, in fact, you were arrested for stealing."

Gemma grimaced as her stomach gave a deep growl.

"Yes Mistress. I'm sorry Mistress."

Lara decided to ignore the infraction. "What did you steal?"

"A bag of sausages, Mistress."

Lara smiled. "Mmm. The most expensive half dozen sausages you ever ate, right?"

Gemma stared straight ahead. "I was arrested before we could eat them, Mistress."

Lara arched an eyebrow. "We? It says you were arrested alone."

Gemma gulped. "Please, Mistress. I need ... to g.. go to the toilet."

"Stuff and nonsense." Lara barked, sharply. "You *will* learn to control yourself." She paused to pick up the feather. "Now, who was your accomplice?"

"Nobody, Mistress. I meant 'we' meaning anybody I might have shared them with. Lots of people were hungry, Mistress. Bankrupt, starving."

Lara moved the stool round Gemma and sat on it behind her, facing her bottom. She trailed the feather slowly across Gemma's pale globes.

"Just because a few people are hungry doesn't mean they can steal." Lara admonished, mouthing the State's official policy line. She tilted the feather and eased it, ever so slowly, between the curves of Gemma's crack.

"Aah ... ngh ... " Gemma murmured a grunt of shock.

Lara smiled quietly and removed the feather momentarily.

"Tell me about Michelle then."

"M ... Michelle ?"

Lara slid the feather up into the entrance to Gemma's bottom.

"Yes, your best friend, Michelle."

Gemma's body seemed to sag slightly, as much as was possible the way she was strung up taut and spreadeagled.

"She was ... I lived with her Mistress."

"Aha. And I thought *I* was your first female lover !"

"No, Mistress. I mean you are. Michelle is a friend, Mistress. We both ... she liked men, Mistress."

Gemma's stomach growled loudly again. Her buttocks clenched around the feather that Lara had inserted an inch or so inside her.

"Control, please." Said Lara, secretly delighted. "And where is this Michelle now ?" she asked.

"I don't know, Mistress. I last saw her the morning I was arrested. I have never seen or heard of her since, Mistress."

Lara twisted the feather.

"But *I* know where she is."

Gemma's mouth gave an audible pop as her jaw fell open.

Lara teased the feather in and out, very slowly.

"At the moment, she's at the Stalitz Offices on suspicion of being your accomplice."

Gemma groaned. This time the sound came from her mouth, not her stomach.

"I think she's probably guilty, don't you ?"

Lara climbed off the stool and left the feather poking out of Gemma's backside like a flag in a conquered mountain. She walked round to look Gemma in the face. With a grin, Lara lifted the spectacles and perched them on top of Gemma's hair, so she could stare deep into her eyes.

"*You* can be the jury."

It was a joke. Juries no longer existed. The State Judges made all decisions. But people still remembered what a jury was.

Gemma blinked uncertainly. "I ... jury ... how, Mistress ?"

Lara leant forward and kissed Gemma full on the lips, giving her the tip of her tongue for a second.

"You have to exercise control." She giggled.

Gemma frowned, still confused.

"It's simple." Said Lara, thoroughly enjoying herself. "If you keep control of your bowels for as long as I say, then your dear friend Michelle is innocent. But if you lose control at any time beforehand, I'm afraid she'll be found guilty and sentenced to slavery. For life of course."

Gemma understood. She seemed to get renewed strength. Her body tightened and her eyes focused.

“H .. how long, please, Mistress ? Will you t ... tell me, how long ?”

Lara swivelled a full circle on one foot with excitement. What a game !

“Six hours.” She said. “One for each sausage that you stole.”

Gemma’s eyes screwed slowly shut. She sagged again in her chains.

“I ... I can’t ple ... Mistress ... less ...”

Lara shrugged. “At least you can do your friend the favour of trying. If you don’t even try, she hasn’t got a chance, poor bitch.”

Lara left Gemma with that thought and walked through to the bathroom. She wanted to give Gemma time to steel herself. It wouldn’t be fun if she didn’t suffer the agonies of trying to hold out for a while at least.

Lara sat on the toilet and sprayed her coffee and juice into the removable plastic pan that sat under the seat and above the flushable water. After she’d thoroughly relieved herself, she lifted the pan out and tipped the contents into a small barrel like container she kept in a cupboard next to the toilet. She smiled happily and began to hum a little song.

Chapter Thirty

Jane's mind screamed silently as she lay back on the sofa and let the grey haired man mount her. The brothel manager had introduced him as an important State Official, her 'first trick'. He had unzipped his fly and ordered Jane onto her knees to suck him. He smelt of mothballs. When his uncircumsized penis stiffened, Jane recoiled from stuff that looked and stank like an old French cheese, revealed as his foreskin slipped back. He made her carefully lick it all off and swallow it, slapping her cheek hard when she retched. Then, satisfied, he pushed her onto the sofa and made her rub herself while he watched. At last, when she had managed to conjure up a bit of moisture, he impatiently leaned forward to mount her.

Now, he had rolled over and made her climb on top so that she could do the hard work. He reached up and used his thumb and index fingers to squeeze her nipples roughly, his yellow teeth biting his lower lip as he scowled at her. Jane had never known a man who seemed to have so much immediate rage.

"Faster, slut." He hissed.

Jane bounced up and down as if her life depended on it. Horrified, she caught sight of herself in the big mirror on the wall. Her D cup breasts were bouncing and her hair was flying as she worked to bring this awful old guy off.

At last she heard him making tell tale sounds. She shocked herself by contracting her vaginal muscles together, trying to finish him. What the hell did she care if it was good for him ? Ashamed, she still bounced and squeezed as best she could, as she felt his hot wetness invading her. She looked down at her 'first trick', appalled to think she had another eleven more to go.

Chapter Thirty One

Jim was shaking his head, as best he could, sobbing.

Yesterday had been terrible, but this ? Not rape, but prostitution ?

He was fastened into a pillory, his neck and wrists locked into holes in the wooden frame. Wooden pegs connected to headphones held his head facing straight forwards, so that he couldn't turn away from the action taking place the other side of the glass. He was at an awkward angle, with his back bent and his bottom sticking out, but no amount of physical discomfort could compare with the mental turmoil he felt watching Jane whoring herself for some old bastard.

The guards had fixed wireless headphones to his head before the start. The volume was turned up incredibly high and he suspected there must be numerous high quality microphones in the next room because every slap of flesh on flesh and grunting expulsion of breath was loud and distinct.

Jim heard the guy making tell tale sounds. He was going to shoot into Jane's pussy. *His* pussy, that should be Jim's pussy, not any other guy, damn them.

He watched his wife bouncing, tits and hair flying, and saw her looking down into the old guy's face. Her expression said it all.

Chapter Thirty Two

The suspect fought. But, outside of those pre-Pestilence movies featuring martial arts women, no female can beat five males, and especially not five highly trained, 6' plus tall, Stalitz interrogators, when she is only 5 ft 4 ins. They had decided to extract a confession from Michelle, assuming they would get the call saying she was guilty. It would speed up the paperwork. If the call said she was innocent, so be it. There was nothing an ordinary citizen could do against the dreaded Stalitz Police.

First they raped her. Not really as part of the interrogation, but simply because they all fancied the sexy, unemployed actress. She was a strawberry blonde, aged 23 according to her papers, with refined, well bred features and an arse that looked great in the denim shorts she'd been wearing when they picked her up. They tied her over the desk in an interrogation room and banged her front and back, singly and in pairs, passing the early morning pleasantly.

Next they used the electric shock 'Q & A machine', attached to her nipples, and it took a mere sixteen minutes for her to make a recorded voluntary confession on camera, with a signed statement to the same effect.

At just after ten o'clock, they left her tied there sobbing and went about their other business, awaiting their boss's call.

Chapter Thirty Three

BJ sat nervously in front of his computer screen. He had logged onto the 'e-slave' site and was ready to bid online on several families for the Corporation's new project. The Government channel had signed up for a new series that BJ had developed called "Family Fortunes", a show that would pit competing slave families against each other in a range of events. Furthermore, BJ had managed to engage the legendary SmC himself to advise on the first episode. BJ had already decided that Neil and his family were going to be in it, and the task today was to acquire at least one suitable 4-person family to battle it out with them.

He was sitting on a specially adapted, padded bench seat with a long box below it, into which Tammy Evans was locked face up. He enjoyed her wet tongue darting through a small gap, into and out of his backside, as he waited for the auction to begin. Squirming with anticipation, he licked his thin lips, as the screen signalled the introduction of the first Lot.

Meanwhile, Stella sat in the central Monitoring Room. It was located in the basement of the old Hotel, which now housed the brothel. The room contained over 200 screens, with a small group of people, known as Monitors, sat looking at them, like air traffic controllers used to, when plane travel was commonplace. About half the screens displayed CCTV shots of the Compound for security reasons, constantly flicking from one camera view to another every few seconds, so that the Monitors could check for any untoward activity anywhere within the three square miles. The other half of the screens showed fixed views from inside the brothel rooms and the film and TV studios. These were for filming and entertainment.

Stella sipped at a mug of coffee, lit a cigarette and checked in on a few locations. She smiled at close ups of Jane and her first trick, And of Jim sobbing as he watched from the viewing closet. As usual, she checked in on her 48 year old school teacher embarking on yet another gruelling day of pleasing teenage boys, and of her own ex-boyfriend who was already hard at work with a couple of gay punters. She made a mental note to have a nice chat with him soon.

But the big excitement was in Studio 2. There was already a 'full house' sign posted outside the locked door. Stella's eyes flicked to the neighbouring monitor and saw that both audience sectors were already full. In the front sector, the seats were reserved for people who knew the participants, usually ex-school friends, ex-colleagues, ex-competitors, ex-partners, or just those who'd known them socially. In the rear sector, the seats were awarded partly by lottery and partly on a first come, first served basis. 'ER' was without doubt the most popular show on pay-per-view, and people made long journeys by foot, horse, cart and occasionally car for the thrill of seeing it being made live.

Looking at the chanting, excited audience on the monitor, Stella felt a buzz of pride. 'ER' was her creation. It was a phenomenon ! And in twenty minutes, the next show would start.

Chapter Thirty Four

Brutus smiled at his guest from the Great American Alliance.

The American continent had split into two parts. Unfortunately, they were a bit 'behind the times'. Slavery there was restricted by a charter that prevented American slaves from being sexually exploited. As a result, the Pornographic Movie business had drifted inexorably in Europe's favour, partly for financial reasons and partly due to audience preferences. Costs in Europe were much less, as America still had to pay actresses and actors to perform, so the Europeans could undercut American DVD and TV prices. But, more importantly, American films still had to pretend the performers were 'willing', even though they were only doing it for money. European films suffered from no such limitations and consumers voted which they preferred with their pockets.

"More coffee?" Brutus asked.

They were sat in a viewing gallery above Studio 3. Below them a scene from 'The Return of the Home Invaders' was being shot. It looked realistic, because it was.

"Yeah, sure." The American replied. He was a similar age to Brutus. Nobody knew his real name. He was simply called the Rhino. Some people said it was because of his nose, fleshy and big, and it had definitely been broken a couple of times. Other people, mainly but not exclusively women, knew it had nothing to do with his nose.

He was big, barrel of a man with long, greasy hair tied behind his head in a ponytail.

Bidet reacted immediately by rushing forward with a pot to top up the guest's cup. Nobody acknowledged the male slave.

"So?" Brutus said, looking down at the filming.

The Rhino grinned back at him, shifting in his seat.

The couple whose 'home' had been 'invaded' had been overpowered. They were reacting realistically because they were a married couple who had been purchased just a week earlier. They had been segregated from the main compound and treated well. Until now. The promise of freedom guaranteed that they would put up a desperate effort while the twenty different cameras rolled. Some were large scale movie cameras mounted on cranes and tripods, others were micro cameras hidden in the walls and furniture. The dozen invaders had made it inside the studio home with just a few bruises from the husband's desperate swings with the light club he'd been armed with. Now, the wife was being held down by several jeering men and ravaged for the first of many times.

The American looked down at Lavatory who had carefully pulled down his pants and been reverently sucking his cock since the start of the meeting.

"Shit, man." He said. "I just love this. And you mean to say that guy there really is this lady's old man?"

Brutus beamed. "More like her young man, I'd say."

The Rhino chuckled. "Yeah. May I?"

"Be my guest."

They both turned to look at Bidet. Rhino crooked his thick finger.

"Here, boy."

Bidet placed the coffee pot on a table and scuttled over. Rhino reached out and touched the brutally small, two inch long steel tube that was locked onto Bidet's crushed manhood. There was just a tiny hole at the top for urine to pass through. He flicked it. Bidet flinched.

"Kneel down behind your lady and stroke her tits for me."

Pausing for only a split second, Bidet knelt and placed his naked body right behind Lavatory's, reaching his hands round and fondling her pert breasts. She ignored him and concentrated on the task in hand, or rather, mouth. Rhino winked at Brutus and then looked down.

"Look up at me, boy."

Bidet obeyed, blinking meekly, cheeks flushed with humiliation.

"You suck dick too, boy?"

Bidet began shaking his head, then turned it into a positive nod.

Brutus shrugged at the American's inquisitive glance.

"Not yet." Brutus responded, his tone making it clear that he didn't give a damn either way.

The American lifted Lavatory's head from his lap by the roots of her luscious brunette bob and pushed her slightly aside. He pointed to Bidet and at his huge glistening erection. It was, without any doubt, the largest penis that any of Lavatory, Bidet and even Brutus had ever seen.

"Your turn."

The young male, heterosexual slave knelt forward and encased a cock in his mouth for the second time. He had briefly sucked One the evening before. He just managed to get all of the circumsize crown inside.

"Man, this is the life." The American exhaled, leaning back in his chair. He stared down at Lavatory's gorgeous but blank expression.

"Sorry. You want to use her?" he asked Brutus.

Brutus shook his head. "Done that twice already today. Got to pace yourself at my age."

Both men laughed.

"Er ... you mind if I ... er shift position?"

Brutus shook his head again, opening his palms in a 'be my guest' gesture.

"Tell you what. Why don't I give you a little privacy. I'm going down to the film set for a few minutes. Do as you like. There are no restrictions here. Let me know if they show *any* reluctance to obey *any* order."

After Brutus had left, the Rhino removed his pants from around his ankles and pushed Lavatory face down onto the carpeted floor.

"Mmm, I fancy buying this lady of yours. But before I do, I want to sample the hole that nature didn't intend be used." He said, with a wink at Bidet. He knelt between the backs of the young woman's knees and then grabbed Bidet by the boy's muscular shoulders.

"Lick your wife's asshole, boy! Because the Rhino Horn is going up there right now."

Tentatively, then forcefully, Bidet pulled his own wife's clenched buttocks apart and inclined his head. He gently began to rim her rear passage.

Rhino watched, fascinated, for a brief moment. He reached underneath and squeezed around the tight rim of Bidet's steel tube.

"Hey," he exclaimed, "you're horny boy! Look at me, I'm talking to you." Bidet turned from his duty and looked shamefacedly at him. Rhino was smiling. "Tell me. Is this making you horny?"

Bidet gulped. "I ... Sir ... no, sorry, but I haven't been out of this thing since I arrived nine days ago. I guess I'm ... frustrated, Sir."

The American guffawed. "Fuck, that's the best yet. They keep you locked up and never let you even wank, eh?" He pushed Bidet's face back down.

The slave nodded his face into his wife's buttocks.

"And how does it feel, knowing I'm about to shoot my bolt up your wife's ass?"

The slave mumbled between her cheeks. "I ... mmur... noth great, thsir."

"I think you're secretly getting off on it."

Bidet didn't dare argue.

"Well take my dick and place it in your wife's cornhole. Now!"

Bidet knelt up, put his hand out and grasped the man's penis. They shuffled forward until it was at the saliva lubricated, but still puckered, entrance.

"Pull her butts real wide. That's it. No, *wider*."

Gradually, the swollen horn forced its way inside her resisting anus. Lavatory squirmed, squealed and squeaked, but she didn't fight. She gasped as, ever so slowly, the over-sized penis penetrated her back passage.

"Good. Mmmm. Now, push me all the way in. Push down on my back."

Once he was fully embedded, he began to piston slowly in and out.

"Damn, that's good. Tight as a drum. You should try ... oh no, I forget, she's *only* your wife." He leered at Bidet.

"Now, lie facing your lady and kiss her. Give her some tongue. That's your role."

Bidet took up position lying on the carpet, head to head with his wife, putting his lips to hers to make an uneven threesome. She whimpered back, snorting gulps of air as Rhino seesawed in and out of her.

Sadly, it didn't take long. Hissing a staccato "yes, yes, yes", the American guest soon made himself properly at home and, with a loud roar, he pumped enough hot juice into his hostess for two men. Later, he would take a MOP tablet and come in her mouth. That would really give her a shock!

Chapter Thirty Five

Lara smiled at her and glanced at her watch. 10.29 hrs. She casually tickled the green frond under Gemma's nose, making her snitch. Lara had replaced the teasing feather with a bunch of freshly cut, acid-dripping, stinging nettles.

Already the cow had sensuously draped the evil stingers all over Gemma's helpless breasts, stomach and labia, producing violent red inflammation on her soft, pale skin. Then she had pushed a glove full of nettles up into the cleft between Gemma's buttocks and laughed at her clenching and unclenching her cheeks, trying to disperse the burning itch.

And of course, Lara had also teasingly placed a plastic yellow bucket between Gemma's feet, just in case of any 'little accidents'.

"Coming up to an hour. Only five to go."

The cow stared deep into her eyes inquisitively. "Please don't give up. Think of Michelle."

Gemma just stared back. In truth, she couldn't think of anything but the dreadful stinging that she desperately wanted to ease by scratching.

Except, of course, she could also think of her bottom.

She had felt the inexorable journey of the curried breakfast through her digestive system, and finally down her colon. Eventually it had lodged in her bottom, literally just the other side of her anal sphincter. Gradually, she felt it loosening, virtually becoming liquid, inside her.

Gemma had only had an enema once before, just before the terrible Bukkake film when they had wanted to clean her out completely. This felt the same but worse. The enema had been water based and they had only wanted her to hold it a couple of minutes. But holding back something much heavier, for much longer, was much harder. Harder still was the fact that, with her legs chained wide apart to bolts in the floor, she couldn't clench her buttocks properly. All she could do was tighten her muscles as best she could as the diarrhoea swirled just inside her, like a marauding army searching for a weak spot in a castle's defences.

She knew it was one in a million she could hold out for five more hours of this. But something inside her made her want to resist this fucking cow as long as possible. It wasn't about Michelle. Well, it was, but mainly it was about the two of them. Gemma versus the cow. That was her only bit of resistance. Silently naming her the cow. She winced as a knife spasm speared her guts but managed to compose herself before disaster.

Lara chuckled.

"Well, it's going to be a long old day." She said, switching on the wall mounted screen. A picture of an animated studio audience appeared on it.

"So let's watch ER together and imagine Michelle starring in it."

Gemma blinked, confused, unable to think properly. Michelle in a hospital drama. Hadn't there been something like that a few years back ?

Lara giggled, flopping down to sprawl on the sofa.

"No, silly !" she said, turning to look up at her over the back of the sofa. "Not that old ER. The new one. Made by Aunt Stella. ER ! Enemies Reunited !"

Chapter Thirty Six

By the Fall of 2010, the North American Continent had split into two main alliances; the region that had formerly been the North Eastern USA and Eastern Canada had formed the independent country of Puritania.

The remaining huge swathe that had once been all of South and Western USA, Western Canada and Alaska, had formed the 'Great American Alliance'.

Puritania was the intellectual haven of the 'Old World' (for which read pre-Pestilence western values). Slavery was banned and an elected democratic government was in power. Unfortunately, the economy – based on sharing an ever-diminishing cake so-called 'fairly' – was crumbling.

Meanwhile, the Great American Alliance, headquartered in the South, had embraced slavery, with mutterings of 'we were right all along'. But this time there was no racial divide. There were Masters, Mistresses and slaves of every shade and ethnicity. Like the 'Northern Alliance' in Europe, the land was ruled over by unelected bureaucrats.

But whereas Europe had repealed human rights and introduced abject slavery, the Americans still protected their own slaves with a limited charter of basic privileges, the '2009 Amendment', including the liberty not to be used sexually against their will, and the right not to be used in medical and drug research.

It was a contentious decision, sparking marches and even riots, but the ruling bureaucrats stuck to their guns. However, as a compromise, they later allowed free trade of 'non-American slaves' into and out of the territory. As a result, non-American slaves (primarily of European and Asian birth), who were not protected by the charter, were increasingly being purchased and imported into the Great American Alliance. The European bureaucrats retaliated by disallowing Americans from buying slaves at their Auctions. The situation was known as 'The Slave Trade Wars'. Thus, a secondary market in second hand slaves had begun, guaranteeing large profits for the European traders.

And, naturally, the Brutus Corporation was at the forefront of this new development.

Chapter Thirty Seven

“I’m intrigued,” said Brutus, “what exactly did you see in her ?”

Both faces cringed with shame, the husband stammering.

“I ... I ... er ... every ... thing ... Sir.”

Brutus continued to stare up and down at her barely clothed body with contempt. This couple had just arrived. They were Stella’s other purchase from the day before. She had bought Jim and Jane and decided to ride them back in the trap, while arranging for the Auction House to deliver this other Lot overnight.

Stella had paid just 3,250 Credits for the pair. The State’s Reserve price as nobody else had bid. He was a 44 year old ex-judge and, Camilla, his 40 year old ex-lawyer wife. Nobody needed relics from the old legal system any more. Their money had finally run out and the big house, useless possessions, were all gone. Their professional skills unwanted.

Actually, truth be known, thought Brutus, the bitch was damned good looking. She was exactly Stella’s age, with neat, short blonde hair, bright blue eyes, one of those lean ‘blue-blood’ faces, with just a few lines around the eyes.

Hers was the type of face you used to see before the Pestilence in glossy Society magazines attending charity fund raising gala balls. She was a ‘good 8’, maybe even a ‘low 9’, but the standards at the Corporation were now incredibly high. They only bought 9s and 10s. He guessed Stella just couldn’t resist the opportunity of taking these pillars of old society down a notch or five. And, as far as Brutus was concerned, the bitch certainly had a few miles hard driving left in her chassis.

“Remove your wife’s top.” He said, matter-of-factly.

The Judge’s lip quivered. He stared dumbfounded at Brutus. He was young looking for his status and age. Smart grey flecked hair, chiselled features, firm jaw. Must have cut a dash in the Courtroom.

Brutus simply leaned forward and slapped him. Hard.

The man recoiled, clutching his flushing cheek.

“That will be five.” Brutus announced.

His victim fingered his jaw from side to side in shame and confusion.

“Ten.” Said Brutus, resting his own chin on his tented fingers. “If you don’t hurry, your wife’s arse is going to be incredibly sore.” He shrugged, to show it meant nothing to him.

The woman had the sharper brain. “Take it off.” She murmured to her husband.

“Fifteen.” Brutus explained. “That means fifteen lashes of the crop on her bare bottom just for starters.”

Hurriedly the man tore at his wife’s cotton shift, lifting and ripping it off. Her tits were a surprise, out of proportion with her head and face. Large, round and full, barely drooping yet, with just a few slight stretch marks at the sides. Not at all bad for 3,250 Credits all in ! Brutus felt his cock stir. But he had a meeting shortly. So he stared at them unimpressed.

“And her pants.”

This time the Judge was quick to lower and remove her grimy cotton track pants. She was in good shape. Her pubic hair was a light shade of brown, neatly trimmed into a triangle.

“Now you,” he said to her, “undress your husband. Quickly !”

He was in pretty good shape. He had clearly lost weight from a lack of big legal lunches, age had slightly softened his stomach and biceps, and his dick was shrunken with

fear, but overall he was not an awful sight naked. The woman was worth the 3,250 Credits on her own and Brutus was sure they could find some productive use for the man.

In the meantime, he would use him as an office slave to get his filing up to date.

“Stand behind your wife.” Brutus ordered, making clear he would brook no dissent. “And lift up her melons. Present them to me like fruit.”

Slowly, eyes watering with tears, the ex-Judge took up position and cupped his 40 year old wife’s breasts. He offered them to Brutus while she blinked and blushed with mortification.

Brutus simply looked at them like somebody at a market stall.

“Tell me they are now mine, to do with as I please.”

The man paused. Too long.

“Twenty.” Sighed Brutus, disinterestedly.

“Pl ... please ... Sir ... they are n ... now yours to d ... do with as you please.”

Brutus smiled. “In which case, the twenty strokes planned for her arse will now be delivered onto those tits of mine. As any more earned will be.”

They gawped at him, mouths open like fish, but stayed silent.

“Now, reach down and pull open your wife’s cunt flaps. Wide.”

Without hesitation, the man slid his trembling hands down his wife’s body and reached into her pubic hair, spreading her labia wide apart.

Brutus glanced at the red gash and then stared into her blue eyes.

“And tell me *that* is now mine as well, to do with as I please.”

“Please Sir, it is now yours ... to do with as you pl ... please.”

Brutus leered and picked up a cigar, carefully cutting off the tip and lighting it. He left them standing, like a living sculpture of misery.

He eventually spoke to the wife. “You. Camilla isn’t it ?”

She almost jumped out of her pompous skin. “Y ... yes ... Sir.”

“Why have you no children ?”

Camilla frowned. “Er ... we both had professional j ... jobs, Sir.”

“Is that the only reason ?” Brutus let his gaze linger on her fine features.

“N ... n ... no, Sir. Also, his ... my husband’s sp ... sperm ... count is low, Sir.”

Brutus nodded, suddenly sympathetically.

“And you ? Were you tested ?”

She seemed to take comfort in Brutus’s apparent change of attitude.

“Yes, Sir. They say I am ... er ... fine, Sir.”

Brutus exhaled a thick cloud of grey cigar smoke into her face.

“Well, it’s not too late, darling. We must have you mounted soon. By men with ... higher sperm counts than your ex-husband. We can’t let your excellent, posh genes go to waste, can we ? With a bit of luck we might yet find good men to sire one, two, maybe even three kids out of this fine breeding vessel before you’re too old.”

He ran his finger down from her cleavage to her bush. “After I’ve sampled you for myself of course.”

They had frozen. She coughed in the cloud of cigar smoke. He chuckled, his hand touching her husband’s hand as he nonchalantly inserted two digits into her dry orifice.

“Who knows ? We may get the opportunity to breed you with some old acquaintances. Maybe men who your husband sentenced to prison in the past, or even people who you prosecuted in the old days. We often find that an online advert with your photos and details can unearth some interesting lowlifes to donate their seed to repopulating the planet !”

“No ! Oh ... n ... no ... pleeeease.” They both shrieked together.

Brutus made a baby face. “Ah, diddums. We’ll arrange a party for your next fertile period.” He smiled kindly at their pleading expressions for a few moments then his expression and tone hardened.

“Now, I’ll let you think awhile about those twenty lashes on those fine tits.”

He chomped his cigar in his mouth and mockingly banged his letter opener onto his desk like a judge with a gavel.

“Sentence is suspended until later today. Meantime, court is adjourned.”

Chapter Thirty Eight

The Great American Alliance now had a population of around a fifth of what it was before the Pestilence. Huge tracts of once occupied land in the north, west and south had since returned to forest, scrub and desert. Great old cities were empty, dilapidated, toxic ruins. There was still no major industry but, gradually, the agrarian-based economy was regenerating.

Meanwhile, medical and pharmaceutical research into population growth was at the forefront of economic development. There was pent up global demand for successful drugs, even unproven ones, as every continent attempted to repopulate its barren lands. Unfortunately, with American slaves protected from involuntarily contributing to the new product tests, progress was not as fast as it might have been. The drug companies were amongst the first to see the new research opportunities afforded by the unprotected non-American slaves.

One company, with a Rhinoceros head and horn as its logo, was at the forefront of this development.

Stella sat around a circular table in the library with Brutus and their American guest. Laid out on the walnut and leather surface was an array of open cardboard boxes with different labels, each containing different coloured tablets or small bottles, spread out like a Summer picnic.

The man called Rhino threw his hands out as if he was a conjuror showing off a successful trick and grinned at them.

“There they are, all the latest drugs. The best my country has to offer at this moment in time. Momma’s, Mop’s, Droopies, Dumpties, Fixers, Evil Eyes, you name it, we’ve got it.”

Stella leant forward, eyes shining. They could make a fortune. Not only that, they could have a bit of fun with them too !

“Take us through them, please. What did you say these pink ones were called, Momma’s ?”

“Sure. M-O-M-M-A s. That’s Multiple Offspring, Man-Made Additives. Slip a chick one of these a day and when she conceives we’re talking triplets minimum, usually quads, quins, even sixes.” He smiled sheepishly. “Sorry, don’t know the Latin for sixes. Sextuppies or something, I think.”

Stella picked up one of the round pink pills. “Mommas, eh ?”

“Yeah. Neat name. Multiple offspring. Not sure exactly how they work. They kind of fool a woman’s body. Main thing is, you can produce babies much faster than relying on the natural order of things. Doesn’t do jack shit for the woman’s body though, so you need to be sure that she’s primarily a breeder and not much else.”

“Side effects ?” Brutus asked.

Rhino shrugged. “Nothing we know for sure. Of course, better research will help. That’s where the slaves I’m buying off you can help.”

Stella picked up the next pill, a spongy oblong capsule with liquid inside.

“And this ?”

Rhino chuckled. “This is my fave. The Mop. We were working on a male equivalent of the Momma. Ended up with this as a by-product ! The Massive Orgasm Potion. Mops, for short. Doesn’t do shit for making a higher *sperm* count but hugely increases the *semen* fluid

the sperm swim in. Which can do a lot for a guy's ego ! Normal male ejaculation is about a spoonful, right ?”

Stella laughed. “Speak for yourself Rhino. Brutus is more a teaspoonful.”

Brutus playfully punched his wife on the shoulder. “Watch it.”

Rhino ploughed on, excitedly. “Take one of these babies a coupla hours before, and your next orgasm will be maybe ten to twenty times the quantity. I mean, we're talking at least a wine glass full. More. You should see a chick blowing you when you've taken a Mop. She needs another kind of mop to clean herself up after you've come !”

Stella's eyes gleamed.

“Side effects ?” Brutus asked again, more concerned this time.

“We're ninety nine point nine percent sure, none at all. But to be on the safe side, we recommend a maximum of one a day. Personally I don't even use them that much. More of a treat when I do !”

“And these ?” Stella asked.

Over the next ten minutes, he showed them others. Droopies had the opposite effect to a Mop. One large tablet was taken weekly. It ensured that any male was completely incapable of getting an erection for 7 days, hence the name. In Rhino's view, they would render belts a thing of the past. Stella wasn't so sure. The chastity tubes still had their advantages but Droopies would surely have a role to play. Rhino reassured her that Droopies did not diminish the sex drive. On the contrary they actually boosted it, which made it all the more frustrating for the impotent.

Dumpties were really just a nasty toy of no medical use whatsoever. They caused irreversible baldness. Just one Dumpty tablet and, over a period of seven days, a person's hair fell out and thinned, giving them just enough time to suffer as they watched it all fall out, until they were completely bald. They had been banned in the Great American Alliance so Rhino was selling them off cheap.

Fixers were the trendy ‘date rape’ drug of 2010. One tablet induced total paralysis for a period of around two hours, ranging from 100 to 140 minutes depending upon the taker's size and resistance. The internal organs all stayed working perfectly but externally, apart from eye movement and vision, the person was helpless. They could see, hear, smell and taste but could do nothing about whatever was going on. The phrase “to fix somebody” had taken on a whole new dimension !

Evil Eye drops came in a small glass bottle. On drop taken orally on the tongue induced temporary blindness, deafness and muteness. A person could literally neither “see, hear or speak no evil”, hence the name. Of course, a person in that state was quite likely to have evil inflicted upon them, which they could still feel and try to resist, as best they could.

Goofies were another nasty toy. They caused movement of the teeth in the jaw bone. People on a course of goofies would soon see their perfect smiles turn crooked, as once straight teeth started shooting off in different directions. The process wasn't irreversible but it required months of orthodontic treatment and metal braces to straighten them again.

Finally, Zitz, was a clear cream in a bottle that caused the most terrible acne wherever it was applied. It could be used on the victim's face, body, genitals, or everywhere at once. It produced itchy red pimples as big as dimes, with large yellow, pointed pus heads on each spot, the size and shape of pencil heads. Each spot built slowly over two days, then caused intense irritation and unsightliness for another three days, before eventually exploding messily. However, if a person even touched a pus head during the five days to relieve the itching, causing it to weep prematurely, within a few hours another three to five

spots would return in its place. These ‘second generation pustules’ were twice the size of the originals, like great bubonic boils, green and oozing, and they each lasted for ten days.

There were other experimental products and, frankly, over-the-top drugs, which did not appeal, even to Stella. She studied the laminated price list that Rhino had given to her.

“There’s discounts for large orders.” He said. “Good discounts.”

She smiled. Negotiation was Stella’s game and forte. Rhino had already chosen six female slaves to take with him back to his country. Her books showed she had paid a total 63,500 Credits for them. But he had already offered her 500,000 !

And, while he was pretending they were all for research purposes, she could tell he was determined to have Brutus’s Lavinia as his personal sex slave. She held *all* the aces.

They drank, smoked, laughed and haggled and, in the end, everybody left the table happy. The Rhino got his six slaves. Including Lavinia. The Brutus Corporation got twelve full cardboard boxes of pharmaceuticals, an exclusive distributorship, a steady supplier, and still the equivalent of over 400,000 in international Credits for the balance on the slaves. Her backers would be very happy. There were huge profits to be made.

Best of all, she could reinvest the four hundred thousand in new slaves, and with that kind of Credit, she could outbid anybody for the very best, and buy in increased quantities. It was time to extend the Compound.

Chapter Thirty Nine

“Hi, folks ! And welcome to another edition ... of

The Comperé’s cheesy voice rose in expectation, as he spoke to the live studio audience, while smiling into Camera Two.

“ ... Enemies Reunited !!!!” chanted the onlookers, excitedly.

He cracked a few typically bad jokes to get the show started and the audience on his side. They groaned in unison at the corny punch lines.

“Well,” he said “it’s time to meet our contestant”

Two male assistants escorted a female slave onto the stage.

The audience cheered and jeered.

The woman was dressed in a sleek black cocktail dress, fuck-me heels and black stockings. Her brown hair was neatly coiffed and she was wearing make up and lipstick. But she didn’t look happy about it.

“So ... tell us your name, honey.” The Comperé said.

“Er ... Liz.” She replied, glancing nervously from him, to the camera, to the hushed crowd and back.

“Liz ...” he said. “That’s a nice name. Married Liz ? Single ?”

“Single.” She said, quietly. She was 24 years old, pretty and willowy.

“Single – ahhh !” he mocked.

“ahhhh.” The audience joined him in a raucous show of sympathy.

“And how long have you been a slave Liz ?”

“Twelve days.”

“Twelve days, heh ? Havin’ fun Liz ? So far ?”

She shook her head, eyes watering. The crowd cheered. There was a big screen behind the stage projecting a huge close up of Liz’s face so that the audience could see her every reaction in detail.

“I’ll take that as a yes.” He said, leering at the audience. “What do you like most, Liz, oral, anal or the boring old cunt, heh ?”

She shook her head again so he slapped her.

“Answer the fucking question Liz. It’s not difficult.” The audience laughed loudly.

“The ... vag ... cunt.”

He nodded. “Had you figured for a boring one, Liz. Lift up that dress and show the audience your cunt.”

Realising resistance was futile, she ever-so-slowly raised the hem of her black dress and lifted it up to her waist, revealing her stockings, suspender belt and the fact that she wore no other underwear. Her pouting vagina was hairless, her mound plump and inviting.

The audience clapped and shouted. Wolf whistles pierced the studio.

“Damn that’s a cutie.” He reached across and put a finger between her labia, rubbing while he asked the next question.

“Now, Liz. Do you know this game ?”

She shook her head, glancing down at his fingers spreading her pussy lips for the cameras. “N ... no.”

He smiled at her, then winked knowingly at the camera, a cruel smirk.

“Tell me, Liz, any enemies ? Is there anybody from your past you really pissed off ? Somebody who you think hates you ?”

Her mouth fell open. She shook her head. “N ... no ... not anybody.”

“What about somebody you might have annoyed without knowing it ? Or maybe you knew but didn’t care. Maybe it didn’t even register ?”

She still shook her head. Or was there now a glimmer of a thought slowly dawning in her hazel coloured eyes ?

“Shall we invite somebody in ?” He turned to the audience. “Ladies and Gentlemen, it’s time for

The audience knew their part to perfection.

“..... Enemies Reunited !!!!” they all screamed at the top of their lungs.

Two new male assistants escorted another woman onto the stage. She was dressed in dominatrix black, a sexy leather low-cut top that showed off her boobs and midriff and a tight pair of PVC hot pants, fishnet stockings and heels. Despite the outfit, she wasn’t much of a looker, not ugly, but certainly not gorgeous. Sort of homely, deceptively nice ‘homemaker material’. She looked mid-twenties, maybe a year or two older than Liz. Her pale tummy rippled over the waist band of her hot pants as she moved.

She smiled and waved back at the cheering fans.

Liz had frozen, mouth open, eyes popping. She had dropped the hem of her dress. She stared at the new arrival on stage.

“So ...” the Compere, said to both of them, “know each other ?”

Both women nodded, one unenthusiastically, the other triumphantly.

“So, Liz, please would you tell us your ... er ... friend’s name.”

“Beth.” She mumbled. “B ... b ... Beth Richards.”

“Beth Richards !” he repeated, louder for the audience and TV viewers.

“Tell us, Beth, how do you know Lizzie here ?”

Excitedly, talking way too fast, Beth garbled.

“Well see, me and Liz know each other going way back. She was my friend at school and then one day I met this cute guy. We got on together and started, well, you know. Anyway, I loved him but he could never keep his eyes of Liz. I mean you just know, don’t you ?”

The female members of the audience gave a knowing murmur of assent.

“Anyway,” she continued, “one day Liz sort of just decided she liked him too and that was that. He was nice to me. You know, broke it off nicely, as best he could. I felt sorry for him, really, she just seduced him and he fell for it. They went out, you know, dated a few months. After that he wanted to get together with me again but I didn’t want to, I mean, I’m not into used goods. I’ve got my pride. A girl’s gotta have her pride, right ?”

The Compere paused, genuine concern in his voice.

“And you’re okay, now ?”

“Sure.” She said. “Got myself a nice boyfriend.” She waved at a whooping male in the front row of the audience. “Got a good job at a Credit Company too.”

“Did Liz know how you felt about her stealing your guy ?”

Beth looked over properly at Liz for the first time. Liz’s face was perspiring under the bright studio lights.

“No. I hid it. I pretended like I had already finished with him too. Said it was for the best. Like I said, a girl needs her pride.”

“But,” the Compere said, winking at the camera, “maybe *this* girl doesn’t need her pride ... any more” He pointed a finger at Liz.

At this, he, Beth, the audience, and thousands of viewers at home, all chuckled loudly. Only Liz seemed to disagree.

“So, Beth, what have you got in store for Liz today ?”

Beth grinned and whispered into his ear for about fifteen seconds.

He smiled. Suddenly a chorus of canned, game show music blared. He looked at the camera and with a teasing smirk, announced: “We’ll be right back after a short break. Don’t go away !”

Chapter Forty

Lara smiled at Gemma over the back of the sofa, as the first ad appeared on the screen.

“Damn, I love this show !” she exclaimed. “You ?”

Gemma stared at her. Not insolent or sullen. Her eyes were glazed, as if she couldn't really think about anything.

Lara smiled, her pussy moist with anticipation. She couldn't wait to play Michelle and Gemma off against each other. She had such amusements planned. Things that this woman Beth on the ER show couldn't even begin to imagine for her victim Liz.

Lara stood up and sidled over to Gemma. She stared deep into her bespectacled eyes. Both of them glared at each other. Eventually Lara giggled.

“How's Michelle's supper ?” she asked.

Gemma looked confused for a moment. Then she scowled.

Lara lifted her right hand and slowly ran her index finger down from Gemma's chin, over her throat, to her heavy, pale breasts, each pock-marked with inflamed nettle rash. She teased the itching spots a while, then slid her finger sensuously down to admire the gentle curve of Gemma's full belly.

“Poor Michelle. Not only will you condemn her by losing control of your bowels. But then she will have to consume the evidence of your lack of control. What will she think of you, when she finds out that she would have been found innocent, if you could just have held out a little longer ? It'll be enough to make her choke on her supper I expect !”

Lara slowly circled Gemma as she spoke, finally stopping behind her back. She knelt and put her finger at the rim of Gemma's bottom.

“Curried excrement. Yours. Just imagine.”

Gemma was silent. Her tense body spoke for her. Lara could tell she had just stiffened her victim's sinews for yet another few minutes. Excellent.

Lara pulled on a glove and grasped a fresh bunch of nettles from a tall vase. She pressed them against the backs of Gemma's knees, watching her flinch delightfully, goose bumps rising on cherry coloured skin. She pushed them up her inner thighs, and then trailed a single leaf right into the darker skin of Gemma's brown rim.

At that moment, there was a quiet, but unmistakable hiss of gas as Gemma passed wind involuntarily, almost over Lara's hand.

Lara recoiled. She sniffed. Very quickly an incredibly strong, putrid stench invaded her nostrils. Simultaneously amused and enraged, she walked round to face an obviously terrified Gemma.

“S ... sorry Mistress.” She said, eyes downcast.

Lara sniffed again, staring at her.

“This ...” Lara hissed, “you fucking bitch, is *not* a democracy. I can do things that you cannot. For any slave to pass wind is unforgivable. For you, my personal slave, to ... fart in my face, is” She fanned at the air with her hand, lost for words.

“All I can say is,” Lara eventually continued, “that I took that insult very personally.”

The noise from the screen signalled the restart of the ER Show.

“And I can certainly think of some suitable insults to throw back at you !”

With that, she hurled down the nettles and gloves and sat back on the sofa, arms folded.

Chapter Forty One

Stella studied the small pile in front of her. When she purchased Jane and Jim Bryant the day before, she also acquired their few remaining assets, which the Auction House had delivered at the same time as the Judge and his wife.

They were a paltry amount of possessions, what was left from their lives as free people. They would maybe be better off as slaves after all ! Most of anything that could have been sold for Credits or food already had been. A couple of boxes and a small luggage trunk were all that remained. Stella ransacked the trunk and made a little pile of clothes, mainly lingerie, for keeping, and threw the rest in a heap for the bonfire. In one box there were photographs, letters, diaries, and other paraphernalia, obviously stuff of emotional value but financially worthless. She added a couple of things to the small pile but jettisoned all the rest for burning.

But on opening the second box, she smiled. Neatly packed in tissue paper, moth balls and protective covers, was a pure white wedding dress, with the satin shoes, even a pressed posy of dried flowers. Underneath was a male black tuxedo suit and patent leather shoes. Obviously their wedding outfits. Probably worth a few Credits but Stella guessed that it must have been too much of an emotional wrench for them to sell.

They had treasured them even into bankruptcy.

And now the outfits belonged to Stella. Oh dear !

Chapter Forty Two

“Welcome back.” Announced the Compere, after the break. “So, Beth, tell us, was Liz here a popular girl at school ?”

“I’m sure *she* thought she was.”

“And *was* she ?”

Beth looked at Liz and shook her head. “Not really.”

“Tell us more.”

“When I found out about her bankruptcy and purchase by the Brute Corporation, who made this program, I contacted everybody we knew, and also people that she had met since. I went through her old address book and asked them about coming on ER. To tell the truth, I was a bit surprised by how many thought it was a great idea. She didn’t seem to have any real friends outside her relatives. And they couldn’t afford to help her. But she seemed to have made a lot of enemies.”

“And are any of them here today, Beth ?”

“Sure. Loads.”

They both peered into the darkened front section where the ‘special guests’ sat.

“So, who’s the first you’re going to call up on stage, Beth ?”

“Our old history teacher. His name is Bill Cooper but I think Liz would remember him better by our old nickname for him.”

The Compere flashed a cheesy grin at the camera lens.

“Come on up please, Randy Goat !”

Music blared, strobe lights flashed, as a tall, stooping man descended from the main aisle and clambered onto the stage. He looked in his fifties, grey and balding, with cheap spectacles, whiskers and a long face, not unlike a goat’s.

The audience whooped and hollered and the man raised his fist in salute.

“So,” said the Compere, beaming at the new guest, “Bill, or should I call you Randy ?”

The man grinned good naturedly, revealing uneven lower teeth.

“Randy’s fine.”

“Do you remember Liz, Randy ?”

“Sure. Cock teasing minx. Always flirting to try and get better grades.”

“Really ? You ever try a move on her, Randy ?”

“Once. I waited until her final year. She was 18. I’m no pervert. Put my hand on her arse when she was leaning over a desk looking at a plan of an ancient battle. She turned and looked at me like I was dirt.”

“So you never liked her since ?”

He shook his head.

Beth beamed at him. Liz wiped a bead of sweat, or maybe a tear from her eye.

“And now ?”

“Gonna make up for lost time.” He said, eyeing Liz hungrily.

But first all the special guests were brought up on stage and introduced one by one. It maintained the tension, teased the audience, and heightened the victim’s nervousness and humiliation. One by one, ‘blasts from her past’ re-entered her life: in all, there were eight school friends, another old teacher, three people who had lived in the same street as Liz as teenagers, three of her ex-work colleagues, her father’s old boss, an ex-housemate of hers and an ex-boyfriend. A total of twenty enemies including Beth and Randy. In all, there were ten males and ten females.

To the sound of the Stripper music, Beth and two other women slowly unzipped Liz's cocktail dress and eased it over her head, leaving her in just her bra, suspender belt, stockings and heels. Each guest stepped forward and felt her up, laughing into her crumpled, crimson face. Two cameramen roved around the scene taking close ups that were projected onto the big screens.

The audience chanted "Re-United" repeatedly and stamped their feet, sounding like a stadium of sports fans.

Liz sobbed but didn't resist. She just stood frozen like a deer in headlights.

Beth unfastened the bra and waved it in circles over her head.

Randy Goat took each of her tits in a hand and cupped them for everybody to see. He grinned and wiggled his tongue in Liz's ear.

A Studio assistant carried out a tall umbrella stand. It was stacked with bamboo canes, leather crops, a plastic sjambok.

"So," the Compere said, instilling quiet in the Studio, "what is Liz's first treat to be, Beth?"

Beth leaned into the microphone. "A caning. Sixty of the best."

The audience cheered.

"Sixty! Phew. Are you going to tie her up for that?"

"No. We decided that she must just bend over and touch her toes. And count them and thank each of us in turn. If she moves, touches her butt, or fails to count and thank us, then that stroke won't count."

The twenty guests each selected the weapon of their choice.

Beth and the same two women bent Liz over at the waist, in the middle of the stage, arranged side-on to the audience. The cameras caught a lovely exchange of looks from the two main protagonists. Liz's eyes pleading. Beth's glinting, savage and triumphant. In time, a freeze frame of the moment would become the shiny cover of the DVD of this particular episode of ER.

Liz bent right over as far as she could. The high heels made it harder for her to touch her toes but she just managed it. The stockings and suspender belt framed her bottom, defining the target zone. Her brown hair and white breasts hung down towards the stage.

A technician placed a microphone and mini-camera on the floor under Liz's head to broadcast the sound of her counting and her facial expressions for everybody on stage, in the studio and sat at home.

Beth stepped up, and the audience gradually fell totally silent, as a few people made a 'ssh' sound. Their faces were excited, expectant.

Beth sliced the long rattan through the air in a practice swing.

It made a deep whoosh.

Then she took another step forward and, without warning, landed it hard right in the middle of Liz's stretched buttocks.

All eyes flicked up to the large screen. Liz was broadcast grimacing, clenching her teeth in a rictus of pain, eyes screwed tight. A timer in the bottom right corner of the screen counted down from 3.00 seconds, the maximum time in which she had to count and thank Beth.

With 0.51 seconds left, she had gasped out "One, thankyou, Ma'am."

A large, red '1' appeared in the bottom left of the screen.

Beth sneered, disappointed, and lifted the cane back as far behind her shoulder as she could, then swung it down with maximum force.

The splat of bamboo on trembling flesh was tremendous.

This time Liz's mouth opened in a silent wail. She shook her head from side to side. She seemed to have trouble gasping for breath.

"T ... two, thank-you, Ma'am."

Just in time.

Chapter Forty Three

BJ exhaled. It had been tense. But he had purchased not one, not two, not three, but four families for 'Family Fortunes'. They had cost 52,000 Credits in all, but he reckoned they would earn many times that. In particular, he liked the Harvey-Stackfords and the Kellys. A three-way competition between them and Neil's family, the Evans, would be a great way to launch the new series. He couldn't wait to see the look on his stepmum Stella's face when *his* Family Fortunes knocked *her* ER program off top spot in the ratings ! Now it was time to celebrate.

Meanwhile, elsewhere, Jane was on her eighth customer. She had already been used several times in each hole. This one, a strapping lad of 21, had complained about the sloppiness of her cunt and arse and so she was having to use her cleavage to masturbate him, pushing her oiled breasts together up and down over his erection while he sat in an armchair and gazed down at her impassively.

The son of a nearby farmer who had made a small fortune from selling black market foods, he visited the Brute Corporation most days, and knew how to treat the bitches. He made sure he spent time with all the new ones. The computer had automatically scheduled him in for this one's first day.

He watched his swollen cock head sliding between her tits, enjoying the sensation. She was working hard to bring him off in the allotted time. He moved his foot and pushed his big toe up into her drooling cunt.

The lads would enjoy a session with this one.

He came in thick, pearly white pulses all over his stomach, also spattering her tits and her neck. A deep pool of jizz lay in his belly button.

"Lap that up, slut." He said, checking his watch.

He smiled as her pink tongue slid over his slime, her lips vacuuming it up and her throat bobbing as she swallowed. When the bulk of it had been guzzled, she used her tongue to lick him totally clean.

As he was buckling himself up to leave, he asked; "by the way, what's your name slut ?"

"Jane." She mumbled.

He gave her his best leer. "See you again, Jane."

Chapter Forty Four

Liz had made it to thirty eight out of sixty strokes. But then she could take no more, voluntarily, and she hopped around, rubbing her bottom, refusing to bend over any more, tears flowing down her cheeks.

The audience jeered, laughed and began to chant.

Program assistants soon had Liz tied face-up onto a low bench, with her legs back and up over her head. Her ankles were fastened tightly to two stirrups either side. Her bright red arse was thus presented helplessly for the second part of the flogging. The audience chanted the numbers loudly as the red numbers in the bottom left of the screen counted down from 38 received to 28, deducting 10 of the strokes she had already borne for disobedience. The original sixty had become seventy.

An assistant pushed a solid rubber O ring gag into Liz's wailing mouth and buckled it tight round the back of her rumpled, brown hair.

Then, one of Liz's old school friends who had been rudely interrupted during her award of three strokes, stepped forward, giggling, and swung the cane down on the upturned globes to finish her turn.

Beth ushered forward the teacher, Billy Goat, and the two of them stood by Liz's head. Slowly, Billy lowered his corduroy trousers and fished his erect cock out through the damp slit in his grimy underpants.

Beth took a firm grip of her victim's hair and pulled tight to keep her head immobile. Their ex-teacher immediately began fisting his cock inches above Liz's face.

The caning continued as he masturbated. All those not in the line to thrash Liz, soon gathered round one side of her head, so as not to impair the audience's view of the other side.

A roar went up as Billy's knees trembled and he shot a thin jet of come straight into the hole in the O gag. A few more drops spattered Liz's face.

After that a free-for-all developed. All the men took a turn. The first few wanked themselves, or sometimes even the women wanked them. Then one man simply pointed his penis at Liz's mouth and urinated.

There was no problem finding volunteers to give the extra ten strokes earned.

The studio audience chanted down the final three.

"Fifty eight."

"Fifty nine."

"Sixty !"

Two assistants appeared with a tray covered with a velvet cloth. They presented it to Beth who, with a flourish, removed the cloth. She held up a huge red vibrator to the audience and cameras.

It was a legendary 'Killer Driller'.

Twelve inches long with another four inches of handle, it was fully three inches wide at the crown, narrowing to just under three in the shaft. A veritable plastic fist ! Beth held it close to the cameras to show the tiny sharp rubber nodules and the clear section of odd-shaped steel ball bearings in the shaft. She flicked the switch and briefly demonstrated the churning ball bearings as they pushed the plastic sides of the vibrator in and out unevenly. It was loosely based on an old Rampant Rabbit vibrator but of a size and shape that were not designed for pleasure.

The crowd went berserk as Beth slid the vibrator into a tub of grease. It was clearly labelled but ER aficionados already knew that it contained a transparent lubricant that had been laced with lemon, peppers and chillies.

Beth knelt down between Liz's splayed thighs and patted her red and purple welted bottom. The canes and crops were a light and flexible variety, made to administer searing pain but not to cause long term damage. There were a few specks of blood and a couple of marks where the skin had burst but nothing that a few weeks wouldn't heal.

Which was more than could be said for Liz's pride.

An assistant pushed a button and the two stirrups swung out sideways, pulling Liz's thighs open wider.

Beth invited an ex-colleague and a jilted boyfriend to stretch open Liz's labia, as a cameraman leaned in for a better shot.

It was wonderful to watch their enemy try to resist. She twitched, gurgled into the O gag and managed to move her bottom a fraction of an inch.

At that moment, a female who was standing astride Liz's head urinated. The young woman had modestly kept her short skirt on, but she was not wearing panties and a twenty second gush of piss soaked Liz's face yet again.

Beth had by now placed the driller head at the entrance to Liz's cunt. Ever so slowly, laughing along with the audience and onlookers onstage, she pushed on the massive shaft, to chants of 'push ... push ... push'.

There was momentary resistance when it looked impossible but then Beth's strong arm and the greasy lubricant did their work. Inch by inch the monstrous thing disappeared into Liz's once proud body.

When seven inches were inside, there was secondary resistance. It was obviously getting tight up there !

Beth paused and wiped the shine from her own forehead. The people around her pulled on Liz's ankles, edging them further apart.

"Uuuhgh ... Uunghh ..." Liz wailed through the gag.

Beth pushed on.

Eight inches.

Nine inches.

She flicked the 'on' switch and Liz's pubic mound seemed to come alive, as the vibrator began its vicious grinding and churning. Her labia twisted to and fro' like loose cement in a mixer.

A jet of semen shot over Liz's breasts from somewhere.

Ten inches.

Eleven inches.

At last. Twelve inches !

The audience cheered. Beth stared down into Liz's glazed eyes, twisting the vibrator left and right to wedge it in at full capacity.

It was time for the denouement.

Chapter Forty Five

“I’ve got just the thing.” The brothel manager smiled at Brutus Junior and pressed several keys on the board to bring up two photographs on a split screen.

“Your step mum purchased them three weeks ago.”

BJ whistled appreciatively. That bitch Stella never ceased to amaze him, keeping this pair hidden. On the screen were facial photos of one of the most attractive male and female couples he’d ever seen. He recognised her vaguely. Some sort of TV personality from a couple of years earlier and he thought she was one of those model-actress types who was more ‘famous for being famous’ rather than anything she’d ever actually done. He didn’t even bother asking how Stella had got hold of them.

“We’ve got them reserved for ‘family only’. Brutus and Stella have used them, a couple of our State shareholders too, that’s it. I invited Lara to try them yesterday but she’s preoccupied with that new slave of hers.”

BJ scrolled down to full body shots of the pair.

“Him ?”

The manager smiled. “No trouble. Don will do anything you say. Meek and mild. Don’t worry, he’ll be hating it underneath but he’s responded exceptionally well to the punishments and threats. Try him. Push him. But I’d be surprised if he gives you any trouble at all.”

BJ nodded. “Sounds great. I’ll take them, a couple of beers and a nice lunch too.”

The manager pressed a button on the screen. “Done. Now, do you want to bathe first, a shower, or a sauna and cold tub ?”

BJ sniffed his shirt under his arms. “Why, do I smell ?”

Both of them laughed. His lack of hygiene and bathing was legendary around the Compound. To an extent it was the laziness of youth, except he had domestic maids who would wash his underpants if he bothered to change them. Joelle tried to persuade him to wash, shave and change clothes, but that only made him more determined. The truth was that BJ loved the fact that his body odour and sweaty crack, along with his geeky appearance, stubble and acne, made him even less appealing to women.

“No, lets get straight to it”. He said.

Chapter Forty Six

“So, you two know each other.” It was more statement than question.

The brunette slave nodded. She had served Brutus coffee and biscuits on a tray and given an audible gasp and backward step on seeing the Judge’s wife in the corner.

She nodded uncertainly. “Yes, Sir.”

The judge and his wife were working in Brutus’s large office. The naked judge was on his hands and knees picking particles of dust up with his fingers. His nude wife was sat cross-legged in a corner polishing leather bound box files. She had looked up at the same moment the other slave entered.

Brutus smiled and pushed away the ‘Sale Contracts’ for the six slaves that Rhino was buying.

“Mmm ... interesting. And who are you ?”

“Rebecca. Sir.”

Brutus studied her. He vaguely remembered her. An early purchase. Dark, almost black hair, doe eyes, pretty, good figure and tits, a bit worse for wear now obviously, but still eminently fuckable.

“What are you now ?”

“A ‘vide couilles’, Sir.”

He nodded. “And so why are you serving me coffee, rather than working in the brothel ?”

“I have thrush, Sir. In the mouth and vagina, Sir. Doctor Thorne just prescribed me two days off to avoid passing on anything to the customers, Sir.”

Brutus crooked his finger. She approached and assumed the vide couilles position; legs apart, chest out, mouth open, hands on her head.

“And you know these two ?”

“Yes Sir. Judge Anderson and his wife, Sir. Camilla. I knew her better. We were part of the same ladies luncheon club Sir.”

Brutus grinned and casually ran a hand down Rebecca’s flank. A germ of an idea had formed in his mind.

“How long have you been here ?”

“Seven months Sir. And a few days. I forget exactly how many, Sir.”

“You must have learned a lot in that time.”

Her eyes flickered. “Yes Sir.”

“The truth. Do you like being a vide couilles ?”

“N ... no Sir.”

“Would you like a break ? A chance. Maybe just for a few days, maybe longer ?”

Her eyes gave her away. Longing. Desperation. She bit her lip.

“Yes Sir. Very much, Sir.”

“Enough to seize *any* opportunity ?”

“Anything, Sir.”

Brutus paused, making up his mind. In truth, he had already decided, but it wouldn’t do to let her know that. Stella tended to forget about slaves once she’d broken them or become bored with them. But Brutus enjoyed mending the occasional broken toy. He pointed at Camilla, the Judge’s wife.

“Come.”

She laid down a leather box file and approached the desk to stand next to Rebecca. Brutus smiled at the narrow but distinct gap the two women kept between them.

“So, you know Rebecca ?”

Camilla nodded, blushing, standing naked next to her ex-luncheon club member.

“Yes ... Sir.”

Brutus stared at both of them.

“Rebecca,” he said, moderating his tone to suggest he was now on her side, “this new slave needs training. Would you like to accept the challenge of being her trainer ?” He paused. “You’ll get better food.”

He picked up a chocolate biscuit from his plate and handed it to her. She took it incredulously and held it, running it under her nose, finally taking a small bite.

“You’ll get to sleep outside the cages. Other trainer privileges.”

He smiled indulgently at the expression of ecstasy on her face as the biscuit melted in her mouth.

“Yes, Sir. Absolutely, Sir.”

“Just one thing.” He paused for emphasis. “There is no point me appointing *you* when I can get any old trainer to do an ordinary job. You have to do a special job.”

Rebecca nodded enthusiastically, taking another bite of biscuit.

“Have you got it in you to do a thorough job on an old friend of yours like Camilla here ?”

She didn’t bat an eyelid. “I have, Sir.”

“Look straight at her and say that again.”

Rebecca faced Camilla without missing a beat. “Yes, I have Sir.”

Camilla’s startled blue eyes moved from Rebecca to Brutus and back.

“Good.” He said, taking a sip of coffee. “You have complete power to do anything a trainer can do. Instruct, order, test, punish, humiliate. If I see or hear for one moment you are being soft on her, you will go back to the brothel so fast your body won’t touch the sides. In fact, I expect you to be doubly harsh on her. Understood ?”

“Yes Sir.” There was a cautious note of enthusiasm in Rebecca’s voice. It was probably only because she understood that in this jungle it was eat or be eaten, but Brutus was intrigued nevertheless.

“You have twenty four hours. I want a domestic maid, office clerk and cock masseuse rolled into one. This time tomorrow I will give her three tests. If she fails any single one of them, she will suffer. But you will also have failed and your chance will have gone. Am I making myself clear ?”

Rebecca met his enquiring gaze. “Perfectly Sir.”

Brutus laughed aloud. A deep baritone chuckle.

“Good !” He pointed at Camilla’s listening husband. “And while you’re about it you can train him too. Do you know what CBT is ?”

Rebecca nodded. “Yes Sir.”

“I doubt he’s too old not to value his crown jewels. So devalue them.”

She nodded, staring over at ex-judge Anderson. “I will Sir.”

Brutus looked at his watch. “I have to go. She is owed twenty strokes of the cane on her tits. Take them to one of the dungeons and start her training with those. If they give you *any* trouble, summon some guards.”

Pushing his chair away from the desk and picked up the Sale Contracts.

“Oh, and enjoy yourself, because it may not last long. I’d like to think you will teach *him* some er, cunning linguistic skills.”

Brutus left Rebecca, Camilla and her husband in shock, staring at each other.

Chapter Forty Seven

When Brutus arrived, five female slaves were already loaded into individual, cramped cages on the cart. The sixth cage was empty. The male slave Bidet was grovelling at Rhino's dusty boots, while his weeping wife, Lavatory sobbed, held between four burly guards. Stella was standing impatiently holding a riding crop, looking on.

"Pl ... ease, S ... Sir ..." Bidet begged. "Take me too."

Rhino looked down, grinning impassively.

"Sorry, lad. I've only got six cages and I've spent all my budget on females. Your owner drives a hard bargain."

"But she's my w ... wife ..." he wailed. "Pl ... ease ... aaaah."

Stella had swung the crop across his back.

The guards made to help drag him away.

Rhino raised a hand.

"Wait." He winked at Stella and Brutus. "A deal?" He looked at Brutus. "Will you sell me this one for 1,000 Credits on one condition?"

Brutus exchanged glances with Stella. "What condition?"

"If his wife here can blow me in five minutes, no hands, and make me come in her mouth, and swallow my entire load without spilling a drop."

Brutus grinned. He knew that Rhino had taken a MOP tablet after the earlier session. It would be fun to see if it worked. Stella shrugged.

"Five minutes. Not a second more." She said.

Rhino kicked Bidet away and stood by a nearby bench.

"Clock's ticking."

Lavatory rushed forward and knelt between his boots. She fumbled open his zip and pulled down his pants, releasing the thickening, vein-swollen, unwashed erection that she had taken in her bottom a few hours earlier.

"Hands behind you back." Rhino said, sitting on the bench. "You," he said to Bidet, "lean your head close, and watch your lady suck me for your boat ticket to join her."

Brutus and Stella sat down either side of Rhino on the bench.

Lavatory's lips stretched round the absurdly over-endowed helmet.

Her head bobbed fast, neck muscles straining, nostrils flaring, slurping sounds escaping from the side of her mouth.

Rhino counted down each minute on his watch, smirking at Bidet's desperate face.

Then, remarkably, still with over one minute left, Rhino groaned in pleasure. Brutus watched him thrust his cock to meet Lavatory's bobbing head and he ground his teeth, exhaling as his balls exploded.

Lavatory's eyes suddenly flew wide open in shock. Her cheeks bulged and her throat convulsed. A great grimace of alarm appeared.

Suddenly semen spurted out from her nostrils like snot and she gagged, as her lips opened and a flood of pearly fluid escaped from the sides of her mouth.

She tried desperately for a moment to save the day but fell back, spluttering, spewing yet more of the copious excess of liquid on the ground. Thin milky rivers drooling from each side of her mouth made her look like a female vampire that feasted on semen not blood. She didn't know it, but she had just tried to swallow well over half a pint of male ejaculate delivered with the force of a fire hydrant.

Bidet's handsome face crumpled and he fell to the floor beside her.

Rhino had a lazy post-orgasmic smile. He shrugged. "Don't worry doll. A few weeks under my ownership and you'll learn to guzzle a load like that no problem. But I'm afraid that's gonna be too late to buy your husband here's boat ticket alongside you."

Two guards dragged the wailing Bidet away.

"Sell him to the Mining Corporation." Said Stella, firmly. "As he obviously doesn't want to stay here, then he can go work down the mines for a living."

Brutus handed the signed Contracts over to Rhino. He took one last lingering look at Lavatory, his ex-favourite. Not that she was much to worry about now, covered in dust, sweat, jism and tears.

"Sorry about the tattoo." He said, as two other guards dragged her to her feet, revealing the heart shaped 'I love Brutus' on her mound.

Rhino guffawed. "Hah. It will remind me of my pleasant time with you. I'll be back in three months for some more purchases, okay?"

"Pleasure doing business with you." Brutus replied.

As Lavatory was shoved and locked into the sixth cage, Stella, Rhino and Brutus shook hands. Moments later the cart lurched away, taking the slave who had only recently been a happily married woman called Lavinia, and five other female slaves, off to their new life overseas.

Chapter Forty Eight

Rebecca stared at Camilla and her husband.

"I'll say this only once. I have no choice, you know that."

Camilla shook her head. "Surely ... "

Rebecca interrupted brusquely.

"Surely *nothing* ! Now stand there and stick out your chest. And you Ian," she said to Camilla's husband, "you do absolutely everything I say too, understood ?"

They both looked at her obstinately, uncooperatively.

"We've got just twenty four hours. I intend to train you both exactly as I've been told. If I have to call the guards, you will both suffer tremendously. As Master Brutus would say, am I making myself clear ?"

Rebecca glanced up at the CCTV camera mounted in the dungeon ceiling. They could all be being watched right this second.

"Yes." Said Camilla, with a long, petulant sigh.

"Yes." Ian echoed dully, beside her.

Rebecca exhaled.

"Good."

It had been a long time since anybody had kissed Rebecca down there. She felt a strange flicker of heat in her loins. She didn't dare risk passing on thrush to Camilla, but Ian was not a concern.

"Kneel between my thighs Ian."

Both of them just gawped at her again.

Rebecca sighed. "Look, this is getting tiresome. The next time either of you hesitates or disobeys me, I will call the guards. Final warning, got that ?"

This time there was a resigned look of defeat in their eyes.

Slowly, Ian dropped to his knees and shuffled forward.

Rebecca felt a tiny thrill as she kept her eyes on Camilla.

"Go to it Ian. It's better than the cock you'll be sucking next."

Rebecca felt his lips nuzzling and parted her legs slightly.

"One day you'll understand." She said to Camilla. "Slaves aren't allowed to climax. Even female ones. It's been a long time."

Camilla's jaw had tightened in a fierce, enraged look.

"Don't you worry about him." Rebecca said. "You'll get yours soon enough. Now, I don't suppose you've ever been caned on these ?"

She reached up and hefted Camilla's heavy bosoms in her hands.

Camilla obviously didn't think the absurd question merited a response.

"Well I have." Rebecca continued. "And I can tell you that it fucking hurts. More than you can imagine. Don't think I'm going to hold back because you're a beginner. Stick out your chest and don't move."

A CCTV camera that was mounted on the ceiling whirred. A sign that somebody was watching.

Rebecca picked up a light, crook-handled cane from the umbrella stand. Ian stayed lapping at her vagina, which was lubricating fast.

"I won't make you count them this time. But look at me throughout."

Rebecca swung the cane down half-force onto Camilla's breasts. It made a high-pitched splat sound, like a snapping twig, and her tits bounced and rippled. Camilla shrieked and raised her arms protectively.

Making a face, Rebecca shook her head.

“That one doesn’t count. I said to look at me and keep your hands *down*.” She reached with her left hand and steered Ian’s coiffed, grey flecked hair so that his tongue slid deeper into her. “And *you* just concentrate on what’s going on down there. Up here is none of your business.”

Rebecca swung again, this time three-quarters force. The noise was louder and the tit reaction more spectacular, but Camilla stared straight back into Rebecca’s eyes. Her bright blue eyes were dry, arrogant.

“Now you’re getting into the swing of it. That’s ‘one’.”

She couldn’t believe how it felt. Seven months of resentment stored up inside her. Suddenly the boot was on the other foot.

She raised the cane again and snapped it down full-force.

Chapter Forty Nine

Liz howled as the bucket of fire ants was emptied over her face and body. Several of them fell into the O ring gag but most landed in her hair, on her cheeks and all over her tits and belly. Then Beth emerged with a thick plastic syringe crawling with ants and waved it in Liz's face, before inserting the nozzle a couple of inches inside Liz's rectum and then pushing the plunger, emptying yet more of the army into her bowels.

Everybody stood back to watch the biting insects start to do their work. A tray of chilled champagne was served to cool everybody down under the hot studio lights. The Killer Driller was still wedged into Liz's birth canal, pumping and churning away happily on remote control.

In the corner, a metal pole stood in a burning brazier. On the end of the pole a small, coin sized circle was glowing red-hot. Inside the circle the reversed letters E and R were prominent, so that when applied they showed the right way to an onlooker.

As a finale - but not for an hour or so, until the ants had blazed a fiery trail through her internal and outer flesh - Liz would be branded on her forehead, tits, and buttocks as a member of the elite club of participants in Enemies Reunited. The pain would pass, even the memories would fade, but the stigma would last forever.

Still, at least she'd get the following day off to recover.

Unwanted as a personal slave and made redundant by the brothel, she would spend the remainder of her useful days in the Corporation's breeding pens.

She wasn't to know it then but her reproductive organs survived the events of the ER Show without any ill effects. In fact, nobody knew it then, but thanks to the new MOMMA tablets supplied by Rhino, Liz Thompson became a useful reproductive member of society after all.

Between 2011 and 2028, her worn out body yielded no less than eighty two offspring, who were all adopted at birth by suitable families.

And in the year 2042, it was the first son of Liz's second litter, who led the Revolution against the dreaded bureaucrats when he was aged just 30, an adopted boy who became a man and legend called Tyrone, the warrior who overturned the Northern Alliance Government and, eventually, restored democracy throughout Europe.

But that is a whole other story.

Chapter Fifty

Stella glanced up at the screen showing ER. She was touring the breeding pens. A long line of off duty guards and male customers snaked around the outside wall of the rutting shed. Men smoked, snacked, swapped jokes and stories, waiting their turns for freebies.

Inside the shed, three women were splayed out on the iron cots receiving their donations. Mass pornography often suggests that endless quantities of sperm are more likely to result in pregnancy.

In fact, gangbangs are less likely to achieve conception as each different man's sperm fights with the others in a struggle for biological supremacy. Stella knew that this wasn't the most efficient way to breed her human mares. But until Rhino had arrived with his MOMMA tabs, she hadn't considered breeding as a meaningful source of revenue. It was just a place to send some slaves and any money earned was a side benefit.

The sounds of the breeding pens were distinct; the endless grunting and occasional female moan, the rhythmic squeaking of the cot springs, the slap of flesh on flesh and roars of male orgasm, and the snap of belt buckles, zippers, and clothes being pulled off and on as the stream of generous donors came, literally, and went.

Stella leered down into the pretty face of one young woman, whose eyes were rolling in their sockets as a heavy, middle aged man pumped away in her. A clip board attached to the cot reminded Stella that this one was only 21.

For some reason she couldn't immediately recall, she had decided to breed her young. With a smile, she wrote the word 'MOMMA' in big letters on the clip board.

Trials could begin immediately.

Chapter Fifty One

The inevitable happened after two hours and twenty three terrible minutes. Gemma's sphincter gave out and a trickle of diarrhoea slid down her inside leg. Lara laughed excitedly. She rushed over and stood facing Gemma, stroking her face.

"Let it out, baby. Game's over. Michele's guilty."

Big, wet, silent tears slid down Gemma's cheeks. Lara pushed at her stomach firmly, digging in with her elegant red nails.

"Come on. Empty yourself and fill the bucket."

She walked over to the screen and flamboyantly pressed 'Send' so that Gemma could see the email depart.

"Guilty ! Don't say I wasn't fair. I waited until the verdict."

Gemma broke into sobs and there was a sound from behind her like running water. It continued for over fifteen seconds as a horrible stench filled the room.

Lara lifted a pre-prepared perfumed hanky to her face. She peered round the side of Gemma's hips and then back at her face.

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear. Poor, poor Michele."

Chapter Fifty Two

BJ was resting on the huge, circular, satin covered water bed. It was bright pink, with mirrors on the ceiling and trashy neon lights. A real brothel fantasy room. His lunch tray was finished and he was down to his underpants and socks. He was lying on the bed with two of the world's truly beautiful people.

Diana was still in the sexiest black lace lingerie BJ had ever seen; a quarter cup bra from which her perfect breasts overflowed – like trying to balance pineapples in tea spoons, as his dad would have said – and a pair of knickers the type of which he'd never seen before. They were apparently called an 'ouvert', she'd told him when he asked. Old French for 'open'. There was a lace trimmed slit in the front of the knickers through which BJ could glimpse her pussy pouting occasionally. Originally, French whores and mistresses wore them so they could have sex without removing their underwear. Diana was 25 years old, just married, with shiny dark hair, green eyes, luscious lips, perfect white teeth and 38D – 22 – 34 statistics. She was lying alongside him, running her shapely fingers up and down BJ's legs and over the tent in the yellow-stained front of his grimy underpants.

Don was naked. Totally naked, as BJ had even allowed his cock cage to be removed. He was hunched kneeling over BJ's feet, worshipping and sucking his sweat-stiff socks. Diana's husband was 26 years old, just a year older than BJ but physically opposite; surfer dude handsome, with straw coloured hair, a dazzling smile and a 6 pack for a stomach on his 6 foot tall frame.

"Remove a sock, Donnie lad." BJ instructed.

Carefully, reverently, Don eased the stiff sock off, to reveal BJ's unwashed foot and dirt encrusted, uncut toe nails. Even BJ could smell his own aroma like an overpoweringly ripe cheese. He twiddled his toes.

There were faded yellow bruises on Don's buttocks and back where he had no doubt required some encouragement to obey all commands.

"Lick." Said BJ.

He grinned at Diana. Her husband was sucking his big toe. BJ took the back of her head and pushed it down to his waist.

"Lower my underpants." He paused. "With your teeth."

Equally carefully and reverently, she caught his waistband in her teeth and slowly tugged until his cock sprang free.

The same cock that had fucked Mrs Evans, been blown by Joelle, and fucked, buggered and been sucked by a dozen others, and taken countless pisses, since it had last seen hot water and soap.

"Look up at me." He said.

He loved her beautiful, mingled expression of nausea, hate, fear and submission. Her throat made a slight gagging sound.

"Go to it, darling."

Chapter Fifty Three

The bright blue eyes were no longer so proud. Or dry.

Tears coursed down Camilla's cheeks as she bit her lower lip and tried to be brave.

Eighteen.

Nineteen.

Rebecca had already climaxed once and she was near again. Ian was not quite what she'd have called a 'movie-star-hunk' in the old days, but she had always secretly considered him worth a second look. With his clothes off, he was sexy and he was functional. She could certainly improve his tongue action given the chance, but he was at least hitting the spot. Instead of fully satisfying her, as Rebecca would have expected, her first orgasm had merely been like a delicious hors d'oeuvre at a banquet.

She brought down the cane lustily for the twenty first time, but this was only the twentieth stroke to count.

Camilla burst into proper heaving sobs of relief. Obediently she still didn't raise her hands to massage her throbbing crimson mammaries. A good sign. Twenty four hours was not long to train total obedience.

Rebecca dropped the cane and opened her legs. She'd never climaxed standing up before today. It felt strange, great but not as relaxing, which was probably a good thing. She forced her eyes to stay fixed on Camilla's as her pleasure peaked and she gave a quiet whimper of release.

"A long time since he did that for you, I'll bet." She said, finally.

Camilla didn't reply. Her expression was eloquent. It had been *years*.

Rebecca fingered Camilla's red-hot tit, producing a sharp intake of breath and a reflex arm motion from her.

Rebecca waved a finger like a scolding mother.

"Arms by your side. Absorb the pain. This was nothing." She paused, watching Camilla control her breathing. "You," she said to Ian, "get up and stand here, next to your wife."

She waited until they were side by side before asking the next question.

"Camilla, I want the absolute truth. Do you *like* sucking cocks?"

Camilla squinted to get rid of a tear drying on her eyelash.

"No."

Short. And to the point.

"But you've done it. Did it? Sometimes?"

A long pause. Camilla shook her head.

The meaning was clear. No. Never.

Rebecca shook her head. "I don't believe it. I thought *I* was a bloody prude before I came here. But you take the prize." She turned her gaze on Ian. "This true? Forty years old. Never once. Not even when you were both much younger?"

Ian just looked at her briefly and turned his eyes away.

"Well," Rebecca said, "blow me!" She laughed at her own accidental joke. "Why? You must be one helluva good fuck instead."

Camilla was piqued into responding.

"If you must know, it goes back to my mother. In our facts of life talk, she said that a lady has to do some things to keep her man happy she might not otherwise do. But she should always draw the line at that. I never saw any reason to ignore her advice."

Rebecca shook her head. "Oh 'lady'! Are you in for a shock?"

There was a long silence while all three of them digested the information.

Eventually, Rebecca took a sideways step to face Ian properly. She looked down, and reached to handle his still frightened, shrivelled penis, nestled in a dark forest of curly pubic hair. It vaguely annoyed her that he clearly hadn't found licking her pussy at all stimulating. But she had seen hundreds of penises in the past few months. She had learned you shouldn't judge a book by its cover. It was only when erect that any really big ones revealed themselves. Expertly, she fingered his scrotum and pulled back the soft foreskin.

"I think we need to call the guards in for the next bit." She announced.

Chapter Fifty Four

Jim couldn't fight or resist, fastened as he was into the pillory, his neck and wrists locked into holes in the wooden frame.

He felt the strong hand smearing some sort of slimy lubricant over his buttocks, in his crack and then a finger roughly pushing a great dollop up inside him. The hand was practised, big and clearly male. He felt the coarse hairs on the back of the hand and wrist brushing against his own bare skin. There was a momentary respite during which Jim hoped against hope that whoever it was would leave.

Then he felt fingers again, this time parting his buttocks gently, almost lovingly, before a hard wedge of flesh nuzzled against his anus. It slid easily on the lubricant, rubbing against him teasingly.

"Mmm ..." A deep voice murmured through the headphones encasing Jim's head. "An anal virgin. How I luuuuurve them."

The breath smelled strongly of tobacco and chewing gum.

There was nothing he could do about it. It hurt less than he expected as the skilled sodomite penetrated him. Until he felt the thing filling him up, making him feel physically stuffed and stretching his tender ring.

"Mmmm See. Easy Jimmy. Feel good ? Feels good to me. Course, I'm going to spew my load and you're not, so I guess it should feel better to me. Now, hold on Jimmy, we're going for a joy ride."

For the next few minutes, Jim grimaced and grunted, as the man held him by the hips and pounded him. The feeling got physically easier as he loosened inside but it was no better mentally.

"Aaah mmmmm yesssss"

Jim felt a wet warmth in his guts and knew what was happening. He screwed his eyes shut in shame. After a few moments he felt a weight on his back as his assailant pushed himself up, and the cock slid out slowly.

"Welcome chicken." The voice said. "They say you always love your first. Well, I'm afraid you won't know who I am. Yet. But I'll tell you something. I'm bisexual. And this afternoon, you're going to see a whole lot more guys with your lady Jane. And one of them's gonna be me !"

Jim felt a hard spank on his bottom, then heard the distinct click of a lighter and smelt the acrid fumes of a lit cigarette.

"One day soon I'm going to bugger you and your missus side by side. You just think on that while my spunk dribbles out of your butt."

Chapter Fifty Five

The dungeon was actually one of several small 'interrogation rooms' under Brutus and Stella's main house. It had rough brick walls with an iron door and a concrete floor. The room was equipped with bright overhead strip lights, CCTV, a heavy wooden rack, a flogging bench, and numerous hooks, pulleys, winches and ropes connected to the walls, ceiling and floor. Against one wall, a huge armoire cupboard contained every sort of punishment device.

The two young guards left Rebecca with jovial smiles and jocular teasing. Both of them had fucked her in the past and they were amused to see her given this opportunity. They gave her a couple of tips about what men really don't like being done to their genitals. She promised to let them help her train Camilla some time if Brutus gave his permission.

Ian was stretched out on the wooden rack, naked, every sinew straining. His wrists and ankles were chained to the circular ratchets at the head and foot of the rack. Leather straps round his neck, waist and each thigh held him almost completely immobile.

Meanwhile, Camilla was hanging by her wrists from the ceiling, standing on tip toe, only the final half inch of her toes reaching the floor. But she had a perfect view of her husband.

Rebecca was eating a cereal bar that trainers were given for energy. She took tiny bites, rolling the flavours round her mouth, relishing every piece. She grinned at Camilla. Then went to the cupboard and removed a set of steel tweezers.

Chapter Fifty Six

BJ belched on his beer watching Diana and Don in the classic 69 position, with her on top licking along the shaft of her husband's cock, while he lapped at her cunt through the slit in her 'ouvert' knickers from below.

BJ's erection jutted from his belly. After a few minutes of her sucking him, he had pushed her away and ordered the husband and wife team to perform for him. He liked teasing himself, for a few minutes, just to gain an idea what it must be like for the frustrated slaves.

"Don't you dare make him come." He said, poking at the back of Diana's head. Then he walked to her feet and admired the curve of her spine and her unblemished back. He sunk onto the edge of the waterbed and slid his erection under the v of her sexy, lingerie clad thighs.

"Feed my dick into your wife's cunt."

BJ felt fingers first fumbling, and then sliding his erection into her warm, moist velvet pouch.

She gasped and gave a little shudder.

"Keep licking her." He leaned down and instructed Don. "Now guys, this is what I call a threesome !"

Meanwhile, the cameras were rolling in Studio 5. Brutus Senior had written the script and delegated the actual camerawork and production to one of his two professional directors. The movie was called "Dental Gang Rape III." It was about a trio of dentists who assaulted female patients. The first two in the series had sold well. Brutus always milked a good idea.

The 'patient' was in a dentist's chair. It was tipped back and her neck, biceps, forearms and ankles were taped tight to the structure, rendering her helpless. The three dentists wore white coats and masks but they were naked below the waist. The coats were undone and the white masks were askew. One man was stood between the woman's thighs jack-hammering his cock into her. She was dressed in a typical suburban mom outfit, tight skinny rib jumper, a short skirt, and low heels. Her skirt had been hitched up around her waist, and her jumper dragged up over her boobs, revealing a lace bra.

While one dentist fucked her, the other two were stood around her head, armed with a dental drill and a tray of shining surgical implements. One was holding her ears tightly in his hands to keep her head still while the other was attacking her gums with the drill, her mouth held wide open by an 'o' ring gag. He would have used her hair instead but she was wearing a wig to hide the shaved brunette stubble.

The 'actress' was Susannah, paying another small part of her punishment.

Behind the cameras, a crew comprising the director, two cameramen, a sound technician, make-up artist, and several others, were watching the action. Some were watching directly, others were watching it on the screen, pointing out various details, drinking coffee, laughing, chatting.

Of course, the majority of buyers of the DVD would assume that the dentistry action was faked.

And they would think that the close ups of actual drilling were done on a stand-in actress protected by anaesthetic injections.

Mind you, if that were the case, the viewer would think that the effects and the acting were of a much higher calibre than you would normally expect in porn movies. The

actress who was playing the 'patient' was truly convincing as she lay helpless in the dentist's chair, staring up frantically into the overhead lights.

Watching her, you would have thought she was not some porn actress, but really was hating being banged by three dentists one after the other, while several of her back teeth were actually being drilled and then filled without any anaesthetic.

Chapter Fifty Seven

Ian winced again and hissed courageously as Rebecca wrenched out a dozen pubic hairs at once. She had used the tweezers like a fork with pasta, gripping one and then coiling hairs round the prongs as if they were spaghetti. She had begun on his scrotum, denuding his balls hair by hair until they were gone. That was the easy part. It would take too long to remove the pubic hairs round his cock individually, so she used the trick she had seen the guards use on new arrivals. Once she got up a rhythm, it was easy to pull out small clumps every few seconds, ripping them off and then running her fingers along the tweezers to clean off the hairs. The floor around her looked like a hair dressers or barbers with little mounds of hair at her feet.

At the moment, Ian's groin resembled a 'cartoon character bad hair wreck', made up of red bald patches dimpled with tiny spots of blood, occasional stray tufts and a small area on the opposite side of where Rebecca stood that she hadn't reached yet. It took only a few more minutes and he was effectively hairless.

Next, she used the old fashioned cut throat razor to complete the job, running it over the raw skin to shave away the last follicles and leave him as bald there as the proverbial baby's bum. She splashed a lemon juice and onion cologne over his skin to cleanse and purify the crimson flesh.

He howled at the sting and at last the tears came, as his hips jerked a fraction of an inch up and down, the most his bonds would allow. Tears spouted from his eyes and dribbled down the side of his temples.

Rebecca stood back to admire her work, looking down into his damp eyes.

She ran a teasing finger along his shrunken penis. Camilla was watching them. Rebecca winked and leaned forward to encase Ian's cock with her soft, skilled lips. She kept her eyes on Camilla's as she used her tongue and smiled in satisfaction as she felt him bit by bit responding to her ministrations. Very slowly, but surely, the helpless cock thickened in her mouth until it was full sized. She let her mouth slide off it and revealed her success to Camilla, wiping a thin string of drool from her lips.

It was a good size, not huge like some she'd come across these past months, but thick and maybe seven inches or so in length. Somehow, without any hairs to nestle in, it looked bigger. She slid a finger along the shaft watching it twitch and then slowly eased the foreskin back fully to reveal the sensitive, aubergine coloured crown.

"Mmm ..." she murmured, in appreciation. "A nice fat target."

Rebecca walked to the armoire cupboard and selected a wide, flat plastic whip, similar to an 18 inch ruler. She grinned and swished it through the air, enjoying the whistle.

"Let's start with twenty, shall we?" she said.

Whoooooosh ! Crack.

The whip landed on the middle of the shaft making it bounce delightfully and a red mark appeared.

Ian grunted and mumbled a 'no' sound, shaking his head.

Whoooooosh ! Crack.

This time the whip landed on the undefended crown.

Ian screamed, shaking his head from side to side, desperately trying to move his body but unable to.

Rebecca put her left index finger to her lips in a 'ssh' gesture. She took a step back and raised the whip higher.

Whooooooooooshhh ! Splat.

This time the whip landed in amongst Ian's balls on his scrotum.

He gasped for air, momentarily unable to scream, and then wailed.

"Whoops." Rebecca giggled. "Sorry. I haven't had any practice with this thing. I'll get better, I promise."

Whoooooooooooooooooosshh ! Crack.

Whoooooooooooooooooosshh ! Crack.

Whoooooooooooooooooosshh ! Splat.

Whoooooooooooooooooosshh ! Crack.

Whoooooooooooooooooosshh ! Crack.

Whoooooooooooooooooosshh ! Splat.

Whoooooooooooooooooosshh ! Crack.

At ten, half way, she stopped to inspect the target zone. Although still almost full length, his erect shaft had softened somewhat. The skin was hot to the touch. She ran a fingernail on to the dried up crown, making him flinch. Ian was groaning and retching, his features contorted.

"Pl ... ease Rebecca, I implore y ... you," he gasped.

"My name is not Rebecca, now. It is Trainer. Or Mistress." Rebecca felt a shiver of delight at using that term to describe herself.

She realised, with sudden clarity, that she was born to this.

Chapter Fifty Eight

“She was born to this, you know.” Said Brutus, sipping his coffee.

He was watching the scene in the dungeon below on a big plasma monitor.

Stella nodded distractedly, not looking at him.

“Mmm.” She mumbled in agreement, her own gaze firmly fixed on the other monitor, which was displaying a live feed of the brothel where Jane was being ‘triple teamed’ for the first time.

The two of them were sat at each end of the huge couch in the library where they had met with Rhino earlier. It was a private but spacious room, which formed the link between their bedroom suite, their private dining room and Brutus’s office. They often retired here in the afternoons, to relax and discuss, plan and plot, away from the noise and bustle of the Compound.

‘One’, the 25 year old male who was Stella’s personal slave, had served them coffee. He was now stood in the corner of the room, desperately pumping his flaccid cock and stroking his balls.

Earlier, Stella had fed him one of the new tablets, a Droopy, to test whether it would completely prevent him from getting an erection for a week or so. It seemed very likely that it would !

But Stella had lost interest in him. She was staring at the monitor, at Jane, and stroking behind the ears of one of her four dogs. His name was Hamlet. A magnificent, 5 year old, black coated Great Dane, who stood 36 inches high and weighed 220 pounds. His huge frame was curled up between them on the couch, his long pointed, alert ears the only sign he was not fast asleep.

Brutus smiled over at her. “Penny for your thoughts ?”

Stella snatched herself out of her daydream. She smirked back at him.

“Oh, nothing ...”

He wagged a finger at her, teasing. “You’re planning something, aren’t you?”

Chapter Fifty Nine (a few hours later)

It is now just past one o'clock in the morning. Life is mostly quiet in the Brute Corporation Compound. The daytime late-Summer heat and humidity have been replaced by crisp, night air. A white sliver of quarter moon high in the blue-black sky casts its doleful glow on the dark silhouettes of compound buildings and trees below.

Inside, Brutus and Stella are sleeping comfortably in their huge double bed. He is snoring gently, she has her outstretched arm across his chest. At the foot of the bed lie dogs, a cat, and 'One', Stella's personal slave.

In a separate wing of the large old mansion, Lara is lying face down across the satin sheets. For an onlooker, it would be difficult to know if she is asleep or awake. Two tall church candles in glass containers still flicker, lighting her bedroom with a soft, gentle light. Also lying face down, in the gap between Lara's spread legs, is Gemma. She is ever-so-gently tonguing the cleft of Lara's bottom, her mouth making soft slurping sounds as she works. It is more of an oral massage and cleansing than a sexual act. She has already been doing it for over an hour and yet she will continue to bob her exhausted head throughout the night. Lara likes to drift in and out of sleep knowing the tongue massage will carry on even when she is unable to feel it. Naturally, each of the two women is currently having her own thoughts about the arrival of Michelle in the morning.

Elsewhere, around the Compound, many slaves are dozing fitfully in their cages. Some are hunched up too uncomfortably to sleep, others were simply too exhausted to stay awake in spite of their discomfort. A few, of course, are still working. For example, Susannah is, at this moment, the centre of attention at a drunken birthday party for one of the guards. She is 'enthusiastically', it would appear, taking on five male and two female guards, serving them food and drinks, lap dancing, giving blow jobs in spite of the pain in her teeth from her starring role in the dental movie, licking the drooling vaginas of the overweight and butch females.

Meanwhile, Rebecca is luxuriating alone in a proper single bed for the first time in seven months, her stomach full on a trainer's supper and even a glass of wine. She has been allowed to use a proper toilet and has remarkably enjoyed a steaming hot and soapy bath before bed. For once, she is sleeping with a smile on her face, enjoying sweet dreams, not nightmares.

Chapter Sixty

While almost everybody else in the Compound rests, or tries to, Jane is sat in the brothel's main office. She is sitting at a desk, one of those wooden school desks from many decades ago, writing as fast as she can. Her female Supervisor, an albino girl in her early twenties, is sat opposite her, chewing gum whilst flicking through a cartoon comic, keeping one eye on Jane.

In front of Jane on the desk is a pile of digital photos, printed out in colour, with the faces and names of the 50 customers with whom Jane 'opened her account' yesterday. There is another pile of blank sheets of headed notepaper on which Jane is writing 'thank you' letters, one at a time.

Jane puts down the pen. "Miss ?"

The girl pops her gum noisily and looks up from her comic. She reaches over from her raised desk facing Jane and holds out her hand. Jane wearily passes over the sheet of writing. The girl scans the sheet, grins, and places it on the separate pile of completed letters on her desk. She nods at Jane to signify 'ok'.

Jane wearily picks up another blank sheet and her pen and stares at the next photo. She can remember the man vividly. Hurriedly, She writes:

Dear Mr. Jordan,

This letter is to say a big thank you for doing me the honour of visiting me today. As you will have realised, I was a lazy and arrogant bitch before I became a slave and whore and greatly regret the fact that I was faithful to my ridiculous husband Jim for so long. Fortunately, I am only 28 (today !) and so I have many years in which to catch up on what I missed. Your cock stretching my cunt and mouth was the best kind of birthday present and was more than I deserve. It is a thing of beauty and size and you spoiled me by letting me have it inside my undeserving body. I apologise for being in no great state by the time it was your turn and I only hope my sloppy orifices were nevertheless reasonably enjoyable for you, and that you will do me the great honour of coming again one day soon and choosing me. I can still taste your delicious semen on my tongue. Maybe next time you might allow me to try to please you with my rear entrance first ! I enclose a voucher from the Brutus Corporation for a free half hour session with me at your leisure as a thank you for your valuable time today.

Yours truly,

Unworthy Jane Bryant

Jane quickly checks there are no spelling errors and that there are at least 200 words in her letter, the minimum each one has to have. All the letters have to be different, original, imaginative, humble, grateful. She puts down the pen, shaking her right hand to ease the cramp in it.

"Miss ?"

The same casual, gum-popping perusal by the Supervisor follows, and then Jane begins the same routine all over again. Her arm and hand ache madly but she has already had two letters ripped up because the malicious girl considered she was slacking.

Letters she has then had to re-write.

Her twelve-hour day in the brothel ended bang on ten o'clock this evening. She was allowed another cold shower, a lukewarm broth of fatty and gristly meat, and then told her

that instead of being allowed to sleep, she has to write to every single person who has 'been with' her today.

Stella popped her head round the door at around eleven and said a cheery goodnight, warning Jane that if all 50 letters have not been finished to the Supervisor's satisfaction by 06.30 hrs in the morning, then Jane will have another fifty letters to write to a *new* set of customers in 24 hours !

So, in spite of her throbbing right arm and hand, her exhausted and sore body, her tiredness and abject humiliation, she will continue to write as fast as she can.

It is going to be a very long night.

Chapter Sixty One

A little while later, Brutus Junior woke in the dark. He glanced bleary eyed at the red glow of the digital clock on his bedside table.

02.35 a.m.

His cock was rigid due to a full bladder. He sensed Joelle fast asleep next to him.

He switched on the bedside light and smiled down at Diana curled up on the floor by the bed. She blinked up at him rubbing her green eyes against the bright light.

“Come.” He whispered, crooking his finger at her.

She rose to her knees and knelt by him.

He pushed back the sheet and showed her his erection.

For a moment, it was obvious she thought he wanted her to suck him.

“No.” he said. “I just need a piss.” He chuckled and took a hold of the back of her head. Human urinals were so much more convenient than toilets, especially in the middle of the night. Diana looked at him uncertainly. He pushed her head down firmly.

“Don’t you dare miss a drop and wet the bed. I’ll be kind this time and pee slowly. Now, get your lips round it before I have an accident.”

BJ felt her warm mouth encase his shaft tentatively. He shoved as deep as he could get it and then sleepily lay his head back on the pillow and released his bladder into the back of her throat.

Aaammmmm.....

Joelle stirred, rolled her pregnant body awkwardly to one side and opened her eyes. She made a disapproving face when she saw what was happening, sighed and rolled over, pulling the sheet up over her head.

BJ could feel Diana was struggling with his flow so he didn’t force the pressure. He felt her gulping, once, twice, again, swallowing.

“Wet the bed and I’ll thrash you.” He hissed a warning.

It took forty seconds to relieve himself completely. He let her guzzle the final drops and drain her mouth for the last time. Then he pulled her head up by her hair. He glanced down and checked his body was totally dry.

“Good girl.” He said. “Enjoy that ?”

Her gorgeous face grimaced. She nodded meekly.

“What do you say then ?”

“Thank you, Sir.”

With a wink at her, BJ yawned, reached out and turned off the light.

Chapter Sixty Two (Dawn)

Camilla grimaced, a large tear running down her cheek.

A dozen pairs of eyes were watching her as she squatted.

Most of their faces wore amused smirks. Directly in front of Camilla, stood Rebecca. She was dressed in a full black outfit of leather trousers and a figure hugging blouse with thigh boots, holding a crop threateningly in her right hand, tapping it against a boot.

Then there were eight uniformed guards and trainers sat in chairs in a circle surrounding Camilla. Five of them were male and three were female. They ranged in age from their twenties to sixties, drinking mugs of steaming coffee, some munching on bacon rolls or smoking.

Finally there were three other slaves standing naked to attention behind Rebecca; one was her husband Ian, the other two were apparently a recently acquired married couple being inducted by another trainer.

Camilla was squatting on a raised dais in the centre of a squalid, stinking, communal bathroom, astride a solitary 'hole-in-the-ground-type' latrine. It was really just a shallow hole in the tiled floor that didn't even seem to be plumbed. There was a white plastic tray placed in the hole. The room itself reeked of ammonia, disinfectant, cheap soap, stale urine and a lingering stench of excrement.

She was completely naked, perched up on her raised toes, ankles straining, her thighs pushed up and out and spread wide apart. Her tented fingers were on the floor behind her, holding herself steady.

Rebecca and the guards were sat only five or six feet away, their ogling eyes exactly level with Camilla's widely splayed, 'on show' genitalia. Two of the guards had a full frontal view, four had side views, and two were watching her from behind. Behind them were film cameras mounted on tripods, their red recording lights already illuminated.

"Hold it there." Rebecca repeated. "And wait for your audience to finish eating their rolls."

Camilla swayed slightly, her ankles hurting. Her bottom still stung hot from the swishes Rebecca had casually administered to get her to assume this awful position.

Rebecca stepped forward, smiled at everybody, and ran her black leather crop up between Camilla's parted thighs teasingly.

"This is Camilla." She announced. "A new arrival. That is her husband Ian. And I have been appointed by Master Brutus as their trainer."

Camilla noticed the ripple of amusement that fact seemed to cause the watching guards. The tip of the crop cruelly parted her labia and she felt a new rush of indignity from the cold air.

"You can see, ladies and gentlemen, from the state of her tits and arse that I've had to punish her already. Now, ask nicely, Camilla. Say please Miss Rebecca, may I go to the toilet?"

Camilla grimaced again, her eyes leaking quiet tears. Her guts were doing somersaults. She had never felt so ashamed in all her life. Not even Ian had seen her use the toilet to *pee* before, ever. Let alone for anything else.

She was not a baby. At forty years old, private bodily functions were meant to be exactly that. Private. She hadn't been hungry the previous day but they had forced her to eat the disgusting mush in the evening. And this morning she had realised how little she'd eaten

since their arrest and she had gulped down the breakfast, even though it was pretty foul. Now she felt bloated and ready to explode. This was going to be the most embarrassing thing that she'd ever done.

How could her dignity mean so little to these people ?

She couldn't get the words out. Until she saw the fierce scowl on Rebecca's face and the fearful crop being raised again.

"Pl ... please ... M ... Miss Rebecca, m ... may I go to the toilet ?"

Chapter Sixty Three

Stella lay back in bed, head propped on the pillows. It was early. Just seven fifteen and Brutus had already left their Compound to travel to the day's auction in the City. The covers were cast aside and dappled morning light filtered through gaps in the curtains. Her thighs were widespread and One, her personal slave, was lapping skilfully between them.

Usually she liked to see him hard and frustrated as he pleased her, but the Droopy tablet was still working to perfection. He was as shrunken and incapable as a tiny lad ! Fortunately for her he was apparently still as mentally frustrated as usual. Frustration helped ensure he was desperate to please her. The drug left the motive and merely took away the weapon.

She lay looking up at the ceiling and dreamily tweaked his hair to guide him lower to her bottom. Her vagina smelt fishy and unwashed from not bathing for 24 hours and having sex with Brutus the previous night. She liked long, slow sweeping licks all the way from her back passage to her clitoris. Cunnilingus was something that Brutus had stopped doing as the years had passed.

Not that she could complain. She barely sucked his cock any more either. Just a few quick slurps now and then for old time's sake. Their lovemaking was still good, passionate, exciting even, but they each now used other people for the less 'egalitarian' tasks in a relationship.

She let her mind wander to the day ahead. The exciting events she had planned were laid out in her mind like a smorgasbord of delicacies. She was amused by Brutus's idea for the Judge's wife, mildly annoyed by Lara locking herself away with that Gemma girl, and pissed with BJ's plans for a new TV show, but her thoughts kept returning to Jane.

Why she had it in for her so much, she didn't know. Or care really. It was the same with Lara and Gemma. Sometimes you just found a slave you wanted to fuck with. And poor old Jane was Stella's new found target !

One's tongue was doing the business. As usual, her personal slave had risen at 06.30 hrs to eat with the other slaves then rushed back to use the bathroom, brush his teeth and rinse with mouthwash, and shave his face smooth, just in case she needed him for her pleasure. She couldn't stand rough stubble against her soft skin. She sighed and gave into the feeling. Her breath came in short bursts and she smiled at the ceiling.

"Aaaaaammmmm"

She arched her back and her legs stiffened as she reached a powerful, toe-curling climax. One gently licked and kissed her down from her mental high, knowing exactly how she liked it done.

Nevertheless, sometimes she thought it was time to replace him with a new model.

She liked the look of young Don, Diana's hunky husband, and had decided she would have a threesome with him and One, if only to keep One on his toes. It would be amusing to watch the two of them do a 69 on each other to entertain her. But she doubted that she'd actually dispense with One completely for a while yet.

He slowly retreated, running his tongue down the inside of her legs, sucking each one of her toes, and looked up at her submissively.

She never thanked him. Or even acknowledged a decent job. It wasn't like managing a subordinate where *you* had to worry about motivating them, giving occasional encouragement. A slave soon learned *self* motivation or suffered the consequences. To avoid criticism and punishment was reward enough. Stella preferred to find frequent fault and found denigration a far more effective weapon than praise or thanks.

She dismissed him coldly.
“Go and run my bath”.

Chapter Sixty Four

At 06.30 hrs, the days' cycle had begun again. Relentlessly, daily: 24/7/52.

Twenty four hours a day, seven days a week, fifty two weeks a year.

There were no such things as weekends or holidays for the slaves. Sick days were almost unheard of. Doctor Thorne took a dim view of any slave expecting *any* time off, except for the most severe ill health or accidents.

Every morning began with 'breakfast slop'; an unappetising brew supplemented with essential vitamins and additives. It was sufficient to keep the slaves functioning enough to perform their duties, but at minimum cost to the Company.

Then, at 07.00 hrs, it was time for their rushed morning bathroom routine. Elsewhere, most of the slaves were using other communal bathrooms as hurriedly and efficiently as possible, under guard supervision. But Rebecca had selected Camilla and Ian for the 'special bathroom' reserved for slave toilet training during their first few days.

"Pl ... please ... M ... Miss Rebecca, m ... may I go to the toilet?"

Rebecca smirked at Camilla. She remembered her own shame at being made to perform her toilet in public. How long ago that seemed now. How many people she'd seen since stripped of their dignity this way. It was one of the most effective methods of quickly making a person aware she or he was now a slave.

"Yes." She replied, after a long, meditating pause.

"*But*," she continued, "*only* if you show us some control. Are you ready to show everybody your self control, 'stripey tits'?"

Camilla swallowed, gawping at her.

"Yes, Miss ... I'll try Miss."

Rebecca had to stifle a giggle.

Yes Miss, no Miss, three bags full Miss.

She tried to imagine what Camilla might have said a few years ago if anybody had suggested to her a scene such as this would be happening one day!

"Okay." Rebecca said, thinking of all the humiliating ideas she had witnessed over the past few months.

"Let's see some control and decorum. I want you to open your sphincter and show us just the first inch of your disgusting shit. But hold the rest inside you for the moment. And no noise either. Slaves do not break wind. Especially female ones. And no pissing. That comes later. And smile. Look each member of your audience in the eye in turn, and smile for us all."

Rebecca watched Camilla's aristocratic face flushing crimson. Slowly she turned her head to acknowledge the grinning audience of men and women; some were twenty years older, others twenty years younger than her.

Rebecca stepped forward and leaned in close to whisper in Camilla's ear. "Smile I said! You're on camera darling. Your friends will all want to see you enjoying yourself when they receive the DVD!"

Camilla wobbled again and nearly collapsed.

Rebecca could tell that her calves must be aching by now, her fingers would be tired and her ankles sore from holding the uncomfortable position. Just more problems for her to contend with!

"Come on!" Rebecca said, slapping the crop loudly against her boot. "We haven't got all day. And for the last time, fucking smile I said."

Grinning inanely at the audience, tears running from her eyes, Camilla grunted and relaxed her internal muscles.

Rebecca and the audience all burst into guffaws of laughter.

Chapter Sixty Five

Don was running along the walls of the Compound, being chased by a dozen uniformed guards and howling, baying dogs. He dragged Diana along with him by her wrist, but she tripped and fell. A siren began to wail. He looked around desperately, gasping for breath. The guards were now only moments away. He spotted a thick bush alongside the high Compound wall and ducked into the foliage, pulling Diana in after him. He pushed his hand over her mouth, holding his own breath.

Heavy footsteps raced by. He heard shouts and the slobbering of dogs as they passed the bush he and Diana were hiding in. At last, slowly, Don was able to lift his hand from his wife's mouth, allowing her to gulp air.

She looked up at him, her green eyes wide with fear.

Don placed his index finger over his lips. Shhh.

The siren ceased wailing. The noise of the dogs gradually faded away.

They were both naked. He suddenly became aware of her sweaty body underneath him, her heart beating hard under her full breasts.

Don looked into his wife's eyes, smiled and sensuously lowered his lips to hers. She kissed him back. He felt her shift warmly against him.

Miraculously, he was no longer encased in the chastity cage. He shifted his own body and felt his erection throbbing hard against her leg. Slowly, staring into her eyes, he eased himself up between her legs, savouring the long denied warmth of her body.

She was still loose and sodden, where BJ had used her for the umpteenth time.

She suddenly looked up at him, her eyes cold like emeralds, and leaned up to whisper into his ear; "is that all you got, Donnie boy?"

Her fingernails raked across his bottom, digging for blood.

"Rise and shine, fuckhead!"

Don woke with a start and opened his eyes.

A foot had nudged him, not too gently, on his naked buttocks. His penis was uncomfortably squashed in the chastity cage, trying to stiffen through the tight steel bars.

Brutus Junior was staring down at him.

"Lazy, fucking dreamer." He snarled. BJ too was naked, but for a silk robe that hung open at the front. He was scratching his hairy balls, his thickening penis lolloping down free and unwashed.

"Sorry, Sir." Don responded, snapping into life, his dream forgotten.

BJ stared down at him, seemingly contemplating him like a worm that he might tread on or not. Eventually he looked back over his shoulder at the bed, on which Joelle and Diana lay watching them.

"Come up into the bed and join us." BJ laughed, maliciously.

Chapter Sixty Six

“What did I say ?” Rebecca screamed at her.

Camilla was crying. “J ... j ... just one in ... inch, M ... Miss.”

“And what do you call that ?”

“I’m s ... sorry, Miss.”

A glistening log about three inches long, had escaped from her body and broken off, tumbling into the tray, leaving a second shorter piece dangling obscenely from her anus.

“You will be.” Rebecca said.

Camilla felt the eyes of the guards studying her. One younger woman lifted a handkerchief to her nose and held it there.

“Okay, you can hurry up and finish.” Rebecca continued. “While I think of a suitable punishment for your lack of control.”

With a shrill sob, Camilla simply let the floodgates open and noisily finished voiding herself. Tears coursed like raindrops down her cheeks as her guts rumbled and expelled air, stench and faeces.

“Okay. Finished ? Now pick up the tray.” Rebecca ordered her. “Hurry.”

Camilla scrambled to her knees, picked up the plastic tray carefully and stood up on the tiled dais. Her unwiped bottom felt disgusting.

“Hold it out.”

Camilla stared at the tray’s contents. How could she have chosen this, of all moments, to produce one of the largest expulsions of her life ? There was a huge shimmering and steaming mound like some animal might have produced.

Rebecca peered at it, holding a thumb and finger to her own nose.

“Climb down from the stage. Now, walk around the audience. You think you’re so fucking special ! A successful career woman, a Judge’s wife. Well, we all now know you’re just like any other slut. And for your information your shit stinks even worse.”

Eyes stared coldly at Camilla as she walked slowly in front of the trainers and guards, presenting the tray’s contents for inspection. She wanted to curl up and die as a lad half her age peered closely. Finally, she arrived in front of her husband and the other two slaves. She looked at him imploringly, apologising.

“You.” Rebecca said to Ian. “Take the tray from her.”

Ian slowly gripped the tray and Camilla was able to let go of it.

“You, hands by your side.”

Uncertainly, Camilla forced her arms straight down. She didn’t like the way this was going. What worse thing could her nemesis be thinking of ?

“Before I give this order,” Rebecca said coldly to Ian, “I want you to know that *if* you do not obey it immediately, then I will ask these guards to assist, and you *and* she will be punished in a much worse manner than my original order. Is that completely understood ?”

Camilla watched her proud, loving, naked, helpless, husband, calculating his choices and realising he had none, slowly nod his head.

“Good.”

There was a long pause. Even the jaded audience and two other slaves seemed interested, staring at her and Ian.

“Tip it all over her head. Now !”

A second can seem a long time. In that moment, she saw everything in her husband’s eyes; an inability to compute what he had been told to do, a gradual

understanding, shock, fury, then the sudden thought of the threat of a worse punishment, the acceptance of the inevitable, shame at his decision, disgust at what he was about to do, fear of her reaction.

He lifted the tray and emptied the steaming mound all over Camilla.

She stood there, herself now computing shock, anger and acceptance.

Her own dung splashed, warm and wet, over her bare shoulders, arms, breasts and toes. She felt it in her hair, saw it tumble in front of her eyes, and smelt it cloying in her nostrils. More bits spattered onto the tiles at her feet.

Everybody was laughing at them.

“Good.” Said Rebecca. “That was a start. There’s hope yet that you two can learn enough obedience in time to pass your exam with Master Brutus.”

Chapter Sixty Seven

Diana lay face up on the double bed. BJ was lying on top of her, literally fucking her face. She had to keep completely still as he rammed his cock into the back of her mouth, bouncing off her tonsils and gullet. He ignored the muffled gagging sounds and groans from underneath him.

At the same time, BJ was leaning over to kiss his sexy French-born wife, Joelle, who was curled up on the pillows, her big pregnant stomach in the way. He swapped the tip of his tongue sensuously with hers, to all intents and purposes making love to her, but utilising another woman's mouth as a vessel for his cock.

Meanwhile, Don knelt 'at attention' to one side of the bed, watching them as his own wife was misused, listening to her gags and mewls. His arms were down by his side, his body stiff. BJ looked across and grinned at him with a shudder of pleasure. He would soon be spewing his morning load.

Today was going to be a great day.

He thought of the Evans family downstairs, and the Kellys and the Harvey-Stackfords he had purchased the day before, who would be delivered shortly. Twelve competitors; three proud dads, three yummy mummies, three young men and three hot ladies who were all going to put on a great show for him in 'Family Fortunes' !

He looked into Joelle's eyes and lost himself in the moment. The 'no turning back' moment. He felt the pressure of tongue and lips below and pushed hard, feeling his cock ram against Diana's windpipe, and enjoyed the bubbling feeling of his spew travelling up from his groin to his shaft. Then he was careful to pull out slightly so that he coated the back and sides of her mouth with the old one-two-three pumps of jism.

BJ knew that making cum swallowing as much of an ordeal as possible wasn't just a matter of chance ! The taste buds on various parts of the tongue are different; sweet on the tip, sour and salty on the sides, bitter at the back. Cheats tried to store your jizz at the sweet-sensitive front and then chug it back with a load of saliva. Or even bypass the bitter-sensitive taste buds altogether by deep throating.

And you had to eat right; plenty of strong tasting, heavily scented stuff like onions, garlic, sprouts, cabbage, spicy dishes, fish, wine and cigars, all of which cranked up the bitter and sourness levels of your juice.

In short, you spike your ammunition and then aim it at the right spot !

He let himself sag a moment, heavy on the head below, kissing Joelle one last time. He turned and looked at the watching husband meekly frowning, his expression more of concern about his wife's gagging and spluttering than the fact that BJ had just used her like a blow up doll.

He chuckled. What a wuss !

Surfer-dude-handsome, six foot tall and packed with muscle, but a wuss none the less.

Handsome, eh ?

In the cupboard by his side of the bed, BJ had a stash of the new drugs Stella had purchased from that Rhino guy. He fancied seeing what a Dumpty tablet would do for the dude's straw coloured beach boy hair ! It would apparently make him bald as a coot in 7 days.

And a Goofy tablet would do wonders for that dazzling smile ! It might even be fun to get some orthodontic treatment for him after, so that instead of having crooked teeth he

would have a jaw full of steel braces for a year. Then he could suck on another Goofy in a year's time and be crooked all over again !

And finally how about some of that Zitz cream ? See how that smooth masculine skin enjoyed a massive crop of itchy pimples !

BJ rolled over, his cock flopping out of Diana's mouth onto his stomach.

"Hey," he said to Don, doing his best to hide his smirk. "In that drawer you'll find a bunch of medicines. Pass them to me."

He beamed at Joelle. "Piss in that glass will you hon'. Our friend here is going to need a glass of liquid to take his tablets with."

Chapter Sixty Eight

Stella sat at her dressing table in a silk robe.

“Ah.” She said. “The lovely Jane ... and her loving Jim.”

Two burly male guards stood either side of the unhappy couple.

She stared at them appraisingly. Jane looked rather the worse for wear compared with a day earlier. Her blonde hair was tangled, her blue eyes sunken, her pale skin puffy, her curvy body marked with blotches and the odd bruise. Jim looked ordinary; dull brown eyes, posture crestfallen.

“So, you’ve finished the fifty letters ?”

Jane curtseyed. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Good. I look forward to flicking through a few.” She paused, picking up her eyeliner pencil to continue with her own make up.

“I must say, I feel better now that you have a few more notches on your bed post, so to speak. You look like a slut and now you’ve got the numbers to prove it. Well, at least it’s a start anyway. I expect we’ll look back in a few weeks on fifty or so people, and think it’s a ridiculously small number but for the moment it’ll do. You must be a proud man, Jim, eh ?”

He looked at her dumbfounded. One of the guards slapped him.

“Y ... yes, Mistress.”

She concentrated on her eyes in the mirror not looking at them.

“I think *you* should write thank you letters too Jim. Not many men get the opportunity to watch other men and women so thoroughly fucking their wives. Don’t you think you should write to them all as well ?”

She heard him swallow dryly, his throat rasping.

“Y ... yes Mistress.”

She turned and beamed at him. It was such fun so thoroughly fucking with a husband’s ego.

“Good. And you *must* write to the two men who introduced you to the delights of homosexual sex as well. We’ll ensure they get to the right people. You can write all the letters tonight. Throughout the night !”

“Yes Mistress.” His eyes had started to water.

Stella put down the eyeliner and turned to face Jane. “Here.”

Jane took a couple of steps forward. Stella reached out and fingered her puffy labia. She slid a couple of fingers inside.

“Mmm ... much looser. I can’t wait to feel what it’s like in a few weeks.” She removed them and ran a hand up Jane’s hip and side to her ample tits. She put three fingers around a nipple and tugged at it roughly.

Jane winced and tried to step back away from the pain.

“Naughty, naughty.” Stella admonished. “For that, I think we’ll have these ringed. First, some nice little silver nipple rings, and then some big heavy steel hoops worn dangling from the rings.”

Stella looked at the senior of the two guards.

“See to it straight afterwards. Have Doctor Thorne insert a pair of those six inch diameter hoops in double gauge steel. They’ll be a nice big burden for these two pack horses to carry around.” She said, digging her nails into Jane’s D cup breasts.

Jane’s eyes pleaded. Stella simply smiled thinly at her.

“Now, because I’m a kind and generous Mistress, I’m going to give you a choice today. Isn’t that nice of me ?”

Jane managed to nod. "Yes Mistress."

"*You* get to choose your own schedule. Option One is the same as yesterday. Fifty more customers in various combinations in various orifices."

Jane shut her eyes and began shaking.

"Option Two is split into two parts. Part One, this morning, is one hundred men ejaculating into your mouth and face. Naturally, you probably haven't seen any of our 'Fast Blast' Series yet. It's basically a heavily cut movie of cum shots shooting into a waiting mouth. Simple stuff. But the wankers out there love to see a pretty chick taking load after load and swallowing. It takes about two hours to shoot the guys, but we cut out the boring bits so the actual movie barely lasts half an hour. Just shot after shot in quick succession. And we already have the men waiting, with another 'actress' lined up but, if *you* want the role, it's yours !"

Jim was staring at the floor. Jane's mouth hung open. Eventually she spoke.

"I ... w... what about the s ... second part, M ... Mistress ?"

Stella smiled inwardly.

The slut was making progress, already debating the lesser of evils in her own mind.

"Ahah. A surprise ! This evening. But I will make you a promise. It will be a quiet evening in, by your standards nowadays."

Jane bit her lip.

Interestingly, Stella noticed, she didn't look at Jim for guidance or opinion. It was the same thing as usually happened. Sooner or later all married couples became self-centred individuals, only interested in themselves. That was why it was important they spent the first few days together, while the humiliation of being witnessed by each other was still intense.

"Hurry up. Or I shall choose Option One for you."

Jane took the bait.

"I ... er ... the second Option pl ... please Mistress."

Stella gave a disappointed pout.

"So be it. You would rather be a film star than a whore, eh ? Or is it that you acquired a love for the taste of semen yesterday ?"

Jane simply shook her head, eyes downcast.

"I have a part in the movie for you too Jim. Your role will be to hold Jane's head still for the cocks to spurt over and into. Who knows, you may even win a 'Best Actor in a Supporting Role' award !"

Stella nodded to the two guards.

"Take them away. I think it would be fun to have her nipples pierced and ringed first. For the movie. Nothing like a bit of bling to add some cheap glamour to a rather sordid plot line."

She waited until they'd reached the door.

"Oh, by the way. I forgot to mention that the hundred men you'll be starring with are a delegation from the new 'Central African Empire'. They're visiting us to see how we do things here. Make sure you represent our region with distinction, won't you."

Chapter Sixty Nine

The big delivery cart arrived at the Compound groaning under the weight of twenty iron cages. Nineteen of them were occupied. There were sixteen purchases for Brutus Junior, a pair for Stella, and a single female for Lara. Guards unloaded the filthy, bedraggled occupants and began processing them immediately.

Brutus Junior had acquired four families in the online auction, each comprising two parents plus a daughter and son, or son-in-law, in their twenties or early thirties. Two families were lined up as first contestants with the Evans family for BJ's new "Family Fortunes" Show.

The pair for Stella were unusual. A lesbian couple. Although not averse to a skilled female tongue herself, exclusive lesbianism was one of Stella's many pet hates. She took it upon herself to try to convince them of the error of their ways by restricting them to a solid diet of male meat.

Last out of the cages came a sexy strawberry blonde, early twenties, about five four tall, with a mass of freckles, blue eyes, and a superb butt. Her name was Michelle.

Meanwhile, Doctor Sadie Thorne was pressing the needle into the meat of Jane's right nipple and inserting a silver ring. Then she did the left one. Jane was strapped down on the gynaecological chair, unable to resist as the simple operation was completed without local anaesthetic or even ice.

Next the doctor took one of the heavy steel hoops and passed it through the right ring, before using a soldering iron to seal the hoop in place. Finally she did the same to the left one.

Jane was sobbing, helpless, biting on a rubber bit, and hyperventilating to try to disperse the pain.

Finally, Doctor Thorne undid the straps and patted Jane on the stomach.

"Up."

Jane rose up and stepped down onto her jelly legs. The two big hoops hung down almost to her waist, stretching her large nipples downwards. There was a dull chink as the two steel circles clashed against each other.

Sadie smiled.

"There we are. Job done. They suit you. Your body jewellery is going to make those African lads feel right at home."

Chapter Seventy

Studio Number 6 had an eerie atmosphere at this time of the morning.

It was empty, dark, cool and silent.

But in just a few hours, it would throb to the shrieks and sounds of a ranting audience and the temperature would rise many degrees due to the human bodies and bright studio lights.

Brutus Junior flicked the master switch and there was the clunk of a generator whirring into life. Numerous ceiling lights flickered on, one by one, until the studio was bathed in a fierce halogen glow. It was like he was looking at a fun fair before opening time, the rides empty, awaiting the thrills and spills. But this would not be 'fun' for everybody.

In the centre of the studio was a huge construction, rather like a roller coaster ride. It was difficult to take in every detail at first glance. BJ had fallen in love with it the moment he first saw it in the online catalogue. It was two hundred feet (about sixty metres) in length by fifty feet wide, rising up to twenty feet high in places.

There were three 'lanes', so that three competitors could race each other simultaneously. Each lane was designated by a brightly coloured rail, like the wooden handrail of a staircase. One rail glowed bright turquoise, another bright pink, another bright yellow.

Each rail was supported, generally at near to waist height, on clear poles made out of rigid perspex tubes. The effect was that the rails seemed to 'float' above the plastic flooring. On the floor the track was designated by stripes under each rail, painted in the same turquoise, pink and yellow colours.

BJ stood admiringly and ran the palm of his hand along the smooth yellow rail. The course was based on a 'figure of 8' design, so that the pink lane was in the middle throughout, while the turquoise and yellow lanes had the inside lane at some stage, and the outside lane at others. It had all been measured and checked so that it was scrupulously fair.

He pushed to check the strength of one of the perspex tubes. The tough plastic was solid. Inside it ran a link of tiny neon light bulbs that would be lit for the Show in each lane's colour. There was other wiring almost invisible to the naked eye and a mechanism for raising and lowering the height of the rail from the track.

Etched into the plastic of each tube was the trademark logo of 'SmCyber, 2010'. BJ smiled at the thought of the fiendish mind that had come up with such an ingenious design.

And he grinned at the thought of the three families who would be racing for their lives along the track for the entertainment of a studio and TV audience, in just the first of a series of monstrous events.

The rail itself was made of smooth plastic. Well, smooth in most places ! It was curved and thick, about the diameter of a male bicep. The basic idea was simple. The competitors had to stand astride their own rails and race as fast as they could along the course.

Outright running was impossible for several reasons. The most important reason was that the rail itself was too high for people to do anything except shuffle carefully along in an undignified waddle. All the competitors, male and female alike, would be naked from the waist down except for stiletto heels.

Their high-heels, each pair in the matching turquoise, pink or yellow colours, could be adjusted in height so that the tops of each competitor's inside legs were all the same

distance from the floor. With the ability also to raise or lower the height of each rail, a tall man and a short woman, or vice versa, could each be handicapped in whatever way the race organiser considered fairest or most appropriate.

Each competitor was adjusted so that she or he raced with her/his genitals and bottom rubbing astride the rail. This was provided they stood as upright as possible on their toes and heels, legs straight, and did not slacken or slip. As a further hindrance, their wrists were fastened behind their backs so they wouldn't be able to use them for balance or to break a fall.

But aside from those inconveniences, the trickiest parts were the course itself, and the rail. For about half the course the rails were smooth, curved, almost comfortable plastic, which was greased before the race. However, at various stages, the rails were different.

There were two sections where they were a sharp, triangular ^ shape, making the journey, especially any slip much more painful.

There were two sections where the smooth plastic rails had been ridged to create a juddering surface like a row of nnnnnnnnn's. In this part the rails had also been roughened to create a surface like sandpaper, which was left ungreased. The rails were set at a height that made it impossible for the female competitors to avoid bouncing their labia and buttocks along the cruel ridges. Male competitors could not prevent their tender scrotums scraping up and down against the abrasive surfaces.

There was one long section where the rail was not actually plastic at all. It was made of stiff bristles, dyed in the same bright colours. The quills had been set pointing backwards, towards the competitors, so that they were faced with an unenviable choice. Whether to waddle as fast as they could through the brutal 'hair brush' barbs sticking proud, or pick their way more carefully, and slowly, along the section to reduce the pain.

Finally, there was the 'chicane', where the three rails merged into one wide, striped rail as thick as a male upper leg. The competitors had to spread their feet exceptionally wide at this point. The metal tips in the bottom of their stiletto heels met with random plates hidden in the floor and triggered electrical shocks in the rail above.

Brutus Junior sat in the front row of the high-banked stands briefly. He could reach out and almost touch the outside lane. The audience would be armed with bags of rotten fruit and tiny pellets that they could throw and fire at the competitors. It was a participation sport ! The audience gambled Credits on their favourites and then tried to affect the result by slowing up the opposition with missiles, making the floor slick and treacherous with juice and perspiration.

He looked at his watch, rose and walked to the master switch to turn the lights out. He was impatient. How would he amuse himself in the intervening hours ?

Chapter Seventy One

“Going once ...” announced the Auctioneer, peering over his half-spectacles at the audience, his squinting eyes roving the floor for the sign of any other bids.

“Going twice ...”

Brutus was already putting a tick and amount against the Lot Number in his catalogue.

“Gone ... sold to Buyer Account 362.”

Brutus had no need to raise his bidding paddle. The Auctioneer was well aware of Brutus’s number and name. This was already the fifth Lot that he had purchased for the Corporation that morning.

He felt a slight resentment in the crowded room.

Some of the other bidders knew Brutus and Stella quite well, and most of the others at least knew who they were. Everybody was used to them buying one or two Lots per Auction, several times a week. But today Brutus had spent almost 100,000 Credits, outbidding everybody on the five best Lots available. The profit on the Rhino transaction was being put to good use. But he decided that discretion should get the better of valour and he would not make any further bids today.

He would leave the cheaper cuts to the others. He rose from his seat just as the Auctioneer announced the next Lot.

Chapter Seventy Two

The Studio was like a large ballroom with a circular stage in the centre. Over a hundred men stood milling about, drinking coffee and refreshments. Most of them were the 'actors', in various hues from skinny, light-brown men from the north of the continent, to milk chocolate shades from the east, to thick, heavy-set, jet black men from the west. All sported big, white-toothed smiles, laughing and joking with each other, some dressed in bright coloured robes, others just in loin cloths, a few already stark naked.

Amongst them, the white-skinned 'techs' bustled around, checking wires and monitors, making last minute adjustments. There were screens at each end of the Studio; large ones showing the stage, and smaller ones displaying close ups, angle shots, and a 'birds eye' long shot of the Studio from above.

On the circular stage, the director was addressing Jane and Jim, giving last minute instructions. Jane was dressed in skimpy lingerie, just a black thong, black fishnets and heels, with her huge new hoops hanging from her pale, pendulous breasts. She was lying on a chaise longue sofa, while a make-up girl applied bright red lipstick to her pouting mouth.

"Okay." The male director said. "Two minutes." He glanced round the Studio. "They look pretty ready to me."

Jane looked away from the girl, up at him.

"Wh ... what do I do if I can't take any more?"

The director shrugged, mock-kindly. "You think about what will happen to you if you stop. And then you carry on!"

He turned to Jim. "And you help her. Hold her head still and look her in the eyes. She's your fucking wife. Make sure she carries on. The penalty for cum dodging here is ... well, you don't want to know. I don't like my movies being fucked up."

"But there are s ... so many." Jane's eyes darted around the room.

He grinned at her.

"Duh, that's the idea. A nice round hundred. It won't be easy but you can do it. Just fight the nausea and don't vomit." He paused to check his watch.

"Look, quick biology lesson. I've met all sorts of women in my line of work. And it's a simple fact that even those few who actually enjoy the taste and texture of come are satisfied by a small helping."

He checked Jane's mascara and make up and waved away the girl, before continuing.

"I can assure you that even the most jaded blow job groupie draws the line at more than a half dozen loads in a sitting. I guess it's nature's way of ensuring that women prefer to receive our juice in the place ..."

He ran his stubby fingers up Jane's legs to her thong.

"... intended for procreation instead. Semen swallowed orally in anything more than very modest quantities makes any woman feel bloated, light headed and nauseous ! Simple fact ! After all, if it tasted like vanilla ice cream, it wouldn't be good news for the human race, would it ? Isn't nature wonderful, eh ?"

Jim shook his head. "You bastards."

The director looked at him angrily, then chuckled threateningly.

"We make gay versions of these movies too, you know ! Strangely enough, gay men can swallow plenty without getting nauseous. Kind of proves my point about nature doesn't it ! But hetero guys ... now they don't like it so much for other reasons."

Jim gulped and lowered his eyes. "I ... I'm sorry, Sir."

There was a long pause. Eventually the director turned back to Jane.

“So, you just guzzle it down and outperform the two cent whores who are too fussy to do what a slave has to, eh ?

Right, time for action !”

Chapter Seventy Three

Ex-Judge Ian Andersen lay face up on the floor. On his head he was wearing a set of straps that supported two vibrators that stuck up vertically, one from his forehead, the other from his chin.

Rebecca smiled at Camilla, who was still damp from the freezing cold shower, and naked. She put her left arm round the shoulder of her trainee slave, fondling a breast that was blue with cold.

“It’s time for a few lessons. A few realities.” She said. “Ready ?”

Camilla nodded apprehensively.

“You have to get one thing into your head immediately. Always obey. Instantly. Whatever the order is. If you do that, you will avoid the worst. If you don’t obey, our Owners specialise in thinking up something much more awful than the original order that they can force you to do. They get off on it. Is that understood ?”

Camilla shut her eyes momentarily, drew in a deep breath, and nodded her head slowly.

“I’m going to be blunt with you.” Rebecca continued. “However bad it seems now, it will get worse. You are not anything that special to look at and you’re my age. Master Brutus will get bored of you in a week, two weeks tops. And, in a month or two, you will look back at your time with him fondly. I promise you. Whatever he does, whoever he shares you with, however much you hate it. It *will* get worse. Right ?”

Again, Camilla gradually nodded her head. “But ...”

“*But* what ?” Rebecca snapped. “*But* nothing. There are no buts.”

Camilla nodded her head more vigorously to show she understood.

“Now, your one advantage, is that they are clearly amused by the idea of taking you down a peg or two. They will want you to obey but to be obviously hating the fact that you are obeying. If you strike the right balance, you can maybe make it last a while. I’m sure they’ve chosen me to add an extra element of humiliation for you. That’s my good fortune and I intend to milk it for as long as possible. You fuck things up for me, and I will do everything I can to get my revenge. Is that a hundred per cent clear ?”

Camilla stared at her. Too long.

Rebecca swung her free right hand up across Camilla’s cheek.

“Is that clear I said !”

Camilla clutched her cheek and mumbled “yes Yes ... er Mistress.”

Rebecca beamed coldly. “Good.”

She took her arm from Camilla’s shoulder before continuing.

“You have a cunt. It is old, but not overly used, and you have not had children yet. I am going to teach you how to use it to give pleasure, to entertain and to amuse. Eventually, I am going to ask permission to be put in charge of a breeding program for you.”

Camilla gasped, but did not speak.

“You have an arsehole. As we saw in the toilet this morning, yours is no better than any other shithole. But it is virgin. Master Brutus will enjoy being the first human cock in it, but we will prepare it for him first. It is not much fun being fucked in the arse and you will probably much prefer your other places. Which is why I’m going to focus on your bum for the next few weeks, hopefully with the help of many men.”

Camilla was about to speak but thought better of it.

“You have tits. These big, bruised fun bags. You will learn to use them to entertain and you will learn how easy they are for somebody to punish in numerous ways. And you

have that mouth. Which is not for talking any more. You will learn how to use it to please men, and ... women too.” Rebecca smiled, suggestively.

“And maybe even ... er ... others. You will make up for two decades of not swallowing semen. And you will learn that your mouth is, in fact, now a toilet. All of these things, and more, I intend to teach you.”

Both women stared at each other. Camilla blinked first.

Rebecca sniggered and looked down at Ian, waiting in silence.

“I’ve already told Ian his deal.” She said. “See that tight chastity tube he’s wearing. That’s his new ‘wife’. He can fuck that metal all he likes. I’m going to look after his balls myself. But he won’t be excluded completely from your sex life. Far from it. See those vibrators sticking up ?”

Camilla looked and bit her lower lip. She nodded.

“He’s going to get a real close up of you losing your anal virginity. First to a plastic cock and, in a day or two, to a real penis. Now, you’ve got one minute to get yourself astride his face, and those two babes inside you.”

The vibrator sticking up from his forehead was a monstrous size. Pink, thick, ridged, and very long. The one jutting straight from his chin was chocolate brown, thinner, smooth and only about six inches long. Both glistened with a generous coating of some type of lubricant.

Rebecca shrugged and pulled up a chair next to Ian’s head. She unbuckled her belt and licked her lips suggestively.

“And while you’re learning to ride two cocks at once, we don’t want your mouth to go to waste.” She glanced at the wall clock. “Fifty seconds left.”

Chapter Seventy Four

The big brown fist jerked frantically backwards and forwards a few more times. Then there was a deep baritone groan of pleasure. The fist guided the swollen bell-shaped end of the penis to the edge of the red 'non-smearing' lipsticked mouth and several thick jets of white semen uncoiled accurately and copiously onto the woman's flattened tongue.

For a second, her throat bobbed, and Jane seemed about to gag. She was lying on the chaise longue, face up, with the African crouched by her face and Jim, her husband, holding her head, staring into her eyes.

Her gag reflex kicked in again and she fought to control it. She watched the smiling brown face looking down at her with morbid interest. She would never know his name, or see him again, and had never spoken to him. She had never touched him unless you counted his casual wipe of pre-cum over her cheek when he began.

And yet here she was with his semen splattered on her tongue, grinning at her.

She steeled herself, closed her mouth and gulped. Twice. Bitter.

She had naively imagined that all semen must taste the same. Jim's or any other man's. But she was discovering it was individual.

Some, occasionally, was almost sweet, certainly not pleasant, but easier.

Most was salty, sometimes chlorine, almost acidic.

The texture was worse. Especially the younger ones in their twenties. Theirs was thick, almost chewy, glutinous.

Some were pungent with the smell of masculinity, brine and fish.

And others were more spicy, clove and garlic.

But she was discovering that *all* men, regardless, watched you, ready to take offence at any sign that you did not consider their own to be delicious.

Another man stepped up onto the stage, his erection already horrendous, his hand casually keeping himself on the boil. He smiled over her at Jim, who was still holding her head tight, and squatted to rub the slimy head of his pre-come soaked cock over Jane's neck and chin.

Why did they all do that ? Like dogs marking out their territory in a place where other dogs had left their scent.

She smiled weakly up at him and forced her mouth wide open again, flattening her tongue, despite the ache in her jaws and sickness in her stomach. She watched his fist start to move in a blur and waited to receive his foul gobbets in her mouth.

She had somehow managed to keep track. She knew that this man was still only number twenty. She was merely a fifth of the way through. Come what may, she had to stomach another eighty more.

Chapter Seventy Five

Camilla gasped and hissed, slowly lowering herself onto the two vibrators. She was squatting astride her husband's head, with the crowns of the vibrators nestling in the lips of her cunt and the portal of her arse.

Rebecca leered at her, at the same time, gently teasing her finger up and down her own bald mound, nuzzling her slick labia apart. She had surprised herself, how much she was into this, how hot it made her.

She chuckled and teased Camilla with the old snooker shot analogy.

"Which is it to be first, the easy pink, or the tight brown?"

Rebecca looked down from Camilla's scowling face to between her thighs, as Ian's staring eyes gradually disappeared from sight. She giggled imagining the view from his angle. Slowly, she sat back, slid her bum forward and hitched her own legs over the arms of the chair, splaying her orifices for Camilla's tongue.

"You've got twenty seconds left." She said. "Before I get bigger ones for you to learn on. Shove your cunt down on the front one first."

Camilla bit her lip, grunted and wailed as the monster penetrated her.

"That's it!" Rebecca encouraged. "Now you push down at the back. Quickly, or else."

Eyes fluttering, Camilla grimaced and pushed her bottom down. She shrieked and jerked her spine up off the vibrator.

"Nnnnaa no pl I ... it hurts toomu ..."

Rebecca put on her best bored expression.

"Last chance. You've got five seconds. The next vibrator will make *that* one feel like your little finger."

Camilla stared at her with hatred, bit her lip again, shut her eyes and pushed. This time, instead of stopping after she met resistance, she pushed down a second time. Her face crumpled into a mask of pain.

"Yessss." Rebecca hissed. "All the way." She reached out and briefly cupped Camilla's jaw. "Push it all the way in. To the max."

Camilla pushed again and wailed, part-pain, part-relief, as her body sagged down heavily onto both the plastic intruders.

Rebecca flicked both switches on the remote control.

Camilla's eyes flew open as the vibrators churned into life.

Rebecca giggled and turned the dials on full.

"Ride'em cowgirl!" she whooped.

Camilla braced her hands against the floor and gritted her teeth. Her head rolled back, side to side, and forwards as she rode the twin prongs.

As Camilla's head lolled forward, Rebecca thrust out an arm and grabbed her by her short blonde hair, pulling her face down. She shifted her own position slightly and introduced Camilla's mouth to her gaping labia.

"That's it. Ysssss...."

Rebecca shut her eyes, thrilling to the electric buzz of Camilla's unwilling tongue accidentally making direct sloppy contact with her clit straightaway. She forced her eyes open and turned both dials down to low so that Camilla could concentrate on her oral task first.

"Mmm ... make me climax, Camilla. That's Oh ... mmmmm ..."

She had never come so quickly in her life. Even with her husband, back in the old days. As she came down from her orgasm, she adjusted her position, pulling in her stomach, so that her anus slid against Camilla's lips. She looked down and smirked into those posh blue eyes.

"There too." She murmured. "Push your tongue right inside."

Once Camilla was licking her arse deeply, Rebecca turned up the dials.

Chapter Seventy Six

Stella turned away from the screen that was showing a live feed from the studio where Jane was gulping down her sixty seventh load.

Her smile faded when she saw the guards had finished tying the naked male. He was suspended by the wrists from the ceiling, his ankles splayed wide tied to steel rings set in the floor.

“So ...” she said, using the remote to change channels.

The screen now displayed an angled long-shot, clearly CCTV footage. The quality was clear enough. It showed a male slave sweeping a room with a broom.

On screen, there is no sign of anybody else. The slave is naked and unbelted. He looks around slyly and touches his penis that is semi-erect. Cautiously, while still sweeping with the broom one-handed, he clearly starts to caress his genitals. Soon he is masturbating, with his back to the entrance to the room, but he doesn't realise he is in direct line of the hidden camera. When he looks as if he is on the point of having an orgasm, there is a noise and a female guard enters the room. He panics and tries to hide his erection, now sweeping with two hands. The guard walks calmly towards him and wrenches the broom from his grasp.

Stella flicked the screen off and stared at him.

“A wanker, eh ?”

“Please Ma'am ...” he wailed, “I'm s ... sorry ... I ...”

He was twenty seven years old. In his physical prime. Purchased three and a half months earlier. Over six foot tall, well endowed.

Stella put her fingers to her lips.

“No excuses. You'll only make things worse for yourself.”

At that moment, Doctor Sadie Thorne entered the room. She was dressed in a white coat, pushing a steel trolley covered with surgical implements.

“Ah, good morning doctor.” Stella said. “Ready ?”

The doctor nodded, opening her palms to display the trolley's contents.

The slave began crying. “Please ... don't ...”

“If your equipment is so burdensome to you,” Stella admonished, “then it would be best to lighten your load.”

“No ... I promise ... I won't do it again ... ever ...”

Stella stood in front of him, looking up into his damp, brown eyes. She ran her hands down his chest and flanks, eventually fingering his shrivelled penis. She casually flicked it with her index finger.

“Well if you won't do it again, then it's not as if you really need it, is it ?”

She cupped his scrotum. “Or these ?”

He gabbled. “I ... I'll control myself ... I still want them ... please.”

“And it's not as if your girlfriend needs them now either. Is it ?”

Stella paused.

The slave had not been married but he had been living with a lovely brunette for two years when they had been declared bankrupt. Stella had rented her out to a nearby farm to work as a labourer.

“She's pregnant, you know.”

His mouth opened like a fish. His eyes screwed shut.

“Yes,” Stella said with a shrug, “I heard a couple of weeks ago. I forgot to mention it. I'm told the father could be any one of quite a few men.”

His head hung down.

“So if *she* doesn’t need this, and *you* don’t intend to use it, what precisely is it for ?” she slapped his groin hard.

He lifted his head and looked at her, defeated.

“I d ... don’t know, Ma’am ... but please ... I’ll do anything ...”

“Aha !” Stella exchanged smiles with the doctor.

“The old ‘I’ll do anything’ line ! Tell me, exactly what you *won’t* do now, that you *will* do if we spare your balls ? I’m mystified.”

He looked at her in rising panic.

“Pleeeeee Ma’am, just give me a chance, I beg you.”

She chuckled. “That’s better. I like the words ‘beg’ and ‘chance’.” She pinched the tip of his petrified penis and stretched it downwards like a piece of elastic, making him wince and cry out in pain.

“Here’s what we’re going to do.”

Chapter Seventy Seven

Don knelt in front of the toilet scrubbing the pan.

Brutus Junior and Joelle's luxurious bathroom contained a huge sunken Jacuzzi bath, a separate power shower, double basins, a throne-like WC, and separate stand up urinal, and a dressing table.

A tear splashed into the pan as he worked. The pain in his jaw was worse than the most severe toothache. His skin was burning hot where the cream had been applied. Several yellow hairs from his fringe had fallen into the toilet. They seemed to be coming out at a rate of a few every ten seconds. BJ had laughed as he made him swallow the pills, saying he'd be bald as a coot within a week, with ugly crooked teeth, and the most terrible acne on his face and groin from the cream he had made Diana rub on him with a glove.

And as Don worked, he decided that life was no longer worth living. At least, it was no longer worth caring about. He had nothing to lose any more. He only had one goal now.

To take somebody with him.

And that person was the one whose filthy, encrusted skid marks he was currently scratching off the toilet pan with his fingernails.

Don ground his painful teeth and began to formulate his plan.

At that moment, unaware that a slave might be plotting revenge against him, Brutus Junior was about to survey his new purchases. They were lined up in a large room – previously a school gymnasium – along with the Evans family who had been brought up from the dungeon below.

He walked along the line slowly perusing them, like a Sergeant Major inspecting his troops. There were three families on display; the Harvey-Stackfords, the Kellys and the Evans.

The Harvey-Stackfords were his most expensive purchase. Old Mr. H-S was 54, balding, useless. His Mrs was 51, better preserved than her husband, not bad if you liked your beef well done. The jewel in the crown was their only child, 28 year old Christina, who was a beautiful brunette with high cheekbones, a model's figure, and sadly a model's tits as well, flat 'A cup' poached eggs. Three years earlier she had married Mark, who had been something in investment banking before the depression wiped the floor with everything financial except for good old 'loan sharking'.

The Kellys were younger, fitter. Mister was only 39, a child 'dad' when his twins were born. His wife was a year older at 40, a good looking, auburn haired woman. Their daughter was a few minutes older than her brother. She was a sexy, 22 year old, bubbly redhead with pretty freckles and a superb chest. Whereas she took after her attractive mother, her brother took after the father, all pale skin, and a carrot top of red hair.

The Evans had already spent seven weeks in the dungeon below; Mr. Evans, his 48 year old wife, their son Neil who had been a mate of BJ's, and Tammy, their, blonde 23 year old, well fucked daughter.

Several guards stood along the walls of the room watching. There was a large, flat screen monitor on the wall facing the slaves. On it, there was currently a live feed of a pretty woman holding her mouth open while a succession of black men masturbated themselves into it.

The slaves had been ordered to stand to attention and watch the screen while waiting for Brutus Junior's entrance.

He glanced up at the screen and smiled.

“I see you’ve been kept entertained.”

They were lined up by family; Mr. Harvey-Stackford, Mrs H-S, Christina and Mark; then Mister Kelly, Mrs K, Corina and Colin, then Mr. Evans, Mrs E, Neil and finally Tammy. The Evans family were totally naked. Even the mens’ chastity tubes and womens’ corsets had been removed.

But the new slaves were still dressed in their underwear.

BJ stared fiercely into Mr. Harvey-Stackford’s eyes, daring him to object, and casually thumbed down the elastic front of the older man’s underpants. They were a white, clean but threadbare pair of boxers. He pulled them down to the man’s knees, revealing his soft and unimpressive genitals.

“Take them off and stand naked.” He ordered.

Clearly petrified by threats made earlier by the guards, Mr. Harvey-Stackford clumsily removed his pants, and stood naked. He seemed unsure about what to do with his boxers and held them in his right hand.

BJ moved onto the man’s wife and stood in front of her. He lowered his gaze to her cleavage. Slowly, he revealed the sharp gutting knife in his hand and reached up to her white cotton bra. She winced worriedly as he grabbed the front and slit the pretty little bow where the cups were joined.

He pulled the remnants of the bra away and dropped them. Her breasts were modest in size and still in reasonable shape for a woman over 50. There were some lines and a bit of sag but overall they weren’t bad.

One by one, he denuded the new slaves. None put up any physical fight. All were clearly terrified of him.

But the best bit came when he reached the sexy Kelly twin. A guard came forward with notes from Doctor Thorne’s initial Q&A and examination of the slaves; the girl Corina was, remarkably, still a virgin. Vaginal, anal and even oral (so she had she claimed).

BJ felt his loins stir the moment he read the words.

He cut Corina’s lace trimmed bra and unleashed her spectacular melons. They were that unbelievable type that seemed to go out and then upwards, defying gravity in spite of their size. The flesh was milky white, shaped like perfect spheres, with delicate pink areolas, and nipples like tiny raspberries.

She flushed crimson, a heat rash of shame steadily spreading from her neck to her face and down to her torso. She tried to hold his gaze with her turquoise eyes but soon gave in and stared at the floor.

He licked his lips and eased down her sexy little thong, revealing her ginger coloured minge.

Oh dear. He soon espied a thin blue string dangling from her pouting labia. Corina was ‘on the rag’.

He hadn’t considered the likelihood of one of the women having her period during the race on the SmCyber ‘roller coaster’. That could add a nice extra touch of humiliation as she competed without any padding and left a red trail behind her on the rail.

BJ finished inspecting all twelve of them. He couldn’t decide if the Evans family had an advantage or not. On the one hand they were now pretty well unshockable and without shame, so they would do whatever they were told. But they were exhausted and with wasted muscles, whereas the Kellys in particular were younger, fitter, stronger. He winked at his old mate Neil as he finished walking down the line.

Then he stood in front of the screen. On it, the woman now had a funnel inserted in her mouth and a dark skinned man was squirting his cum into the wide brim of the funnel, while a white man was holding it in place.

“You.” He said, leisurely directing his index finger at Corina. “Up, over the bar there, face first.”

Hesitantly, the 22 year old virgin stepped forward, casting a terrified glance over her shoulder at her parents. Two guards moved alongside and escorted her to the sturdy construction. There were two old wooden flogging benches side by side, each consisting of a horizontal bar over a teak frame with straps at the base.

Slowly, she bent at the waist and lowered her breasts and head over one side of the bar, leaving her legs on the other. The guards’ practised hands soon had her ankles strapped apart, so that her toes barely touched the floor, and her wrists were strapped similarly, presenting her bottom as the pinnacle of the mountain, over the bar.

Brutus Junior smiled and removed three matches from the box in his pocket. He broke the head off one.

“Let’s draw for it.” He said, arranging the three matches in his hand so that they all looked the same. He offered them to Corina’s dad.

Who shamefacedly took one with the phosphorous head still intact.

BJ offered them to Corina’s mum.

Who hesitantly took one with the phosphorous head still intact.

BJ shrugged, smiled and offered the last match to Corina’s twin brother.

He took it to reveal the match with no head.

“Go to your sister and kneel with your face by her arse. Then I’ll tell you what to do.”

BJ turned to watch him.

It was lucky that the guards were alert. Mrs Kelly had been about to jump on BJ and assault him but a guard intercepted her in time and dragged her to the ground.

“You horrible perverted boy ... you leave my darlings ... you ... I’ll ...”

she screamed, thrashing and swearing on the ground.

BJ nonchalantly pointed the guards at the neighbouring wooden bench.

He smiled down at Colin, who was doing his best to ignore his mother and staring silently at his sister’s pale, goose-bumped skin.

“Reach and pull out that tampon from her cunt.” BJ told him.

Gently, the young man eased his hand between his twin’s thighs. It was awkward but he managed to pull on the blue cord and slowly extract the swollen red plug. He held it up by the string.

BJ ruffled his hair. “Good lad.” He paused and looked over at the guards who were finishing tying Mrs Kelly to the other flogging bench. She was still crying and shouting abuse.

“Go and gag your mum with that.”

Colin hesitated, horrified.

“Believe you me,” BJ continued, “it’s for her own good. If she wanted to save her family, perhaps it would have been best not to go bankrupt. Now, unless she shuts up pretty soon, I’m afraid I may get *really* pissed off.”

One of the guards held her head, another her nostrils, while her son hurriedly rammed the soggy pink tampon in her mouth, and then fixed it shut with two thick strips of tape.

Muted moans continued but at least the verbal din had ceased.

“Good.” BJ said, “now I want you to kneel down and prepare your sis’s cunt and arse for my cock. I don’t think a virgin should take part in this evening’s event so I will deflower her for you, here and now.”

Colin looked up at him. He seemed about to resist too, or maybe just to plea, but he seemed to understand the steely expression in BJ’s eyes.

Slowly, he pushed his face into Corina’s round buttocks.

Chapter Seventy Eight

BJ chuckled and selected a cane from a stand in the corner. He kept one eye on Colin but steadied himself in front of their mother's struggling frame.

Meanwhile, two guards moved near to Mister Kelly in case he too got a sudden rush of blood to the head.

BJ raised the light, whippy bamboo and cracked it fiercely across Mrs Kelly's backside.

There was a gagged moan from inside the taped mouth and a gasp of breath from the watching audience. Or rather from the Harvey-Stackfords. The Evans were immune to such scenes by now.

After about ten strokes, Mrs Kelly had got the message. Her head hung limp and she was silent, but for soft snorts of breath through her nose and the drip of her tears. She was beaten. Metaphorically and literally.

"How's it going down there ?" BJ asked Colin in a stage whisper. "Lick your sis's cunt too."

He unzipped himself, fished out his erection, and manhandled Mrs Kelly's thighs apart, so that he could slide himself into her box. She was dry but he gobbled spittle onto his shaft and rammed it into her, until his pubes were wedged against her hot, caned butt cheeks.

"Just preparing myself too." BJ said, with a twinkle in his eye down at Colin. "How does your sister taste ? Bloody heck !" he joked.

After a minute of hard thrusting, he slid out of the mum and shoved the brother out of the way, so that he could impale the daughter.

Meanwhile, he made a 'be my guest' gesture at a couple of the guards.

"Oh no ! Please ..." Mr Kelly shouted out.

"Not you too." BJ moaned, as he carefully spread young Corina's virgin labial petals with his thumbs.

A guard used an electric zapper on Mr Kelly and he collapsed to his knees.

Another smiling guard shucked off his uniform jacket and dropped his trousers to his knees, lining himself up with mother Kelly's doorstep.

"So, you really are a virgin ?" BJ leaned and asked into Corina's ear.

Her head nodded and she mumbled a snivelling 'um', meaning yes.

"I love it when girls save themselves for me. It's worth it I assure you. I am a great lover and this will be a lovely way to lose your virginity, with your family around you, watched by an audience, no silly romance and foreplay holding things up."

He nuzzled his cockhead between her lips. The lube from the mum helped as he pushed hard. He watched her spine freeze and she gasped but he slid in easily enough. The little tart might be morally virgin but years of tampons and probably masturbation with a nice little vibrator had long since dispatched the hymen that made her physically intact.

Soon the two men were jack-hammering in tandem into the daughter and mother. It didn't take long for the first guard to unload, and a second one soon took his place, while another two readied themselves, jackets off.

During the change, BJ extracted his blood-streaked weapon from Corina's no-longer-virgin passage and repositioned it at the entrance of her, as-yet-still-virgin, back door, wrenching her puckered orifice open roughly with his fingers, shoving his thumb in first to make a breach in her defences.

He tried to make it last, "for her satisfaction" – *nah, his own actually* – and to make her first time memorable, but he soon drilled his second orgasm of the day into his new

acquisition's bowels. Oh well, he was pretty sure she'd remember this occasion anyway. He stood up and grinned at the line of slaves watching, especially Mr Kelly crouched on the floor.

A guard looked hopefully at BJ.

He shrugged. Why not ? In for a penny, as they say.

The large, fat guard proceeded to become Corina's second lover.

BJ zipped himself up, smiled and glanced at his watch.

Only a few more hours and the fun could really begin.

Chapter Seventy Nine

Jane had made it ‘voluntarily’ until man number eighty six.

She had swallowed about 80% of their production, while the remainder had been splashed into her blonde hair, all over her face and upper body. Two men had given her ‘nasal rims’ – fierce jets aimed specifically up her nostrils – and another three men had opted for facial ‘corn holes’ which in this case are ear jobs, filling up the aural canal. One had painted her eyebrows and another discharged about the largest load of the day purposefully and copiously all over her ample, D cup breasts.

However, even with 20% of the fluid “wasted”, eighty six loads still adds up to an awful lot of jizz to swallow. Do the math, as they say.

That’s the equivalent of 70 male orgasms.

Containing a total of around 30 billion sperm cells, give or take.

Sloshing around with some 500 chewy calories, in all.

Equivalent to 25% of a woman’s recommended daily calorific intake.

Seventy good spoonfuls of pearly white, seminal plasma.

Or, put another way, approaching a full wine bottle’s worth.

‘A bottle of you favourite white, Ma’am?’

Of course, Jane’s mind wasn’t exactly on such specific statistics.

And, eventually, her gratitude ran out.

She vomited.

A bile of translucent undigested spunk streaked with bits of food that she had the good sense to splash all over the stage floor.

In seconds, the film technicians had mopped up and produced a plastic funnel with a one-way valve that they wedged between her lips and strapped into place, held steady by her husband Jim.

Jane watched number 87, a wiry northern African, step up to the plate, beating his meat, a quizzical, amused expression on his olive skinned face.

She looked up and saw Jim staring at her with panic-stricken, encouraging eyes, willing her to conquer her nausea and complete the ordeal.

Easy for him to say, she thought. It’s not his stomach swimming with the stuff, lurching as if she was on a ship in high seas. She could feel it, taste it, smell it, sense it, and would never be rid of it. And now her palate was tainted with vomit as well, like curdled sour yoghurt.

The uncaring little man flashed his tobacco-stained teeth and leaned up on one foot to direct his erupting penis into the funnel. She couldn’t see his spurts because of the funnel in the way, but soon enough she tasted it trickling relentlessly onto her depressed tongue. She wanted to spit but knew that these bastards would do something awful to her if she did.

She controlled her gag reflex and managed to let it slide down the back of her throat.

Immediately up stepped, frustrated and impatient number 88, a massive, ebony skinned man, still wearing bright red, yellow and green ceremonial robes, which were casually pulled open at the front, revealing a thing the size of a forearm, and a swollen scrotum that looked big enough to resemble an old leather soccer ball.

Jane gulped and screwed her eyes shut, pleading silently for respite.

But she knew that none would come.

Not until the hundredth man had deposited his juice.

Chapter Eighty

Stella exhaled a plume of cigarette smoke, watching the male slave desperately trying to save his equipment.

She glanced over at the monitor displaying Jane coming to the end of her first ordeal of the day. Her mind then wandered to worrying how Brutus got on at the auction ? Oh, for the days of cell and mobile phones. The State had reserved the airwaves for its own security network and even somebody with Stella's contacts couldn't bend the rules that much. She scowled and ground out the butt of her cigarette under her heel. How she'd love to get a few of those bureaucrats under her control !

And how were preparations for this damned 'Family Fortunes' idea of Brutus Junior's going ? That boy was trouble. She knew he was obsessed with knocking her 'Friends Reunited' Show off the top of the ratings.

She took a sip of her drink, smiling at the lovely cool taste and contrasting it with the drink Jane was guzzling on screen.

And what about the lovely, handsome slave Don ? Maybe she should send for him so that he could give her a relaxing shoulder massage ?

She stroked behind Hamlet's ears and fished another cigarette out of the packet.

"Patience, my love." She said, smiling down at him, "all good things come to those who wait."

She held the new cigarette in her lips and flicked the lighter once, exhaling a plume of smoke between her teeth. She patted Hamlet's black head and rose from her chair, sidling over to the male slave who had earlier been caught masturbating on CCTV.

He had been tied spreadeagled to an 'x' cross of wooden posts. In front of him stood a pair of metal upright struts just two inches apart. His erect penis stuck out between the two metal struts, locked in place by steel jaws.

It was a guillotine !

Six feet above the height of his head, a glistening blade hung between the struts. Sunlight glinted off the serrated steel edge. It was less than two inches wide but razor sharp and attached to heavy lead weights, so it could slide silently down the well greased tracks in the struts at sufficient speed to slice effortlessly through flesh, gristle and blood.

Between the poor boy's legs, two female slaves were kneeling, giggling, teasing his genitals with feathers, keeping him erect in spite of his terrified begging.

Meanwhile, there was a leather strap around his scrotal sac from which a metal bar hung. On the bar there were several doughnut-shaped metal weights, and his balls were now being stretched down to an abnormal length.

His entire genital area had been coated in a light, clear honey, and a colony of insects was marching up and down his shaved pubic region, gorging themselves on his scrotum, buttocks, anal crack and shaft.

The girls chuckled as the insects hopped onto the feathers, along their rubber gloved fingers, onto the swollen purple head of his penis.

Finally, there was an electric probe plugged deep into his rectum. One or two of the insects were crawling along the exposed red cable.

One of the female slaves was Indian, a beautiful doe eyed woman with skin like nutmeg. She was holding an alligator clip that she occasionally pinched onto the poor man's veined shaft, before triggering a shock from his bowels to his penis, by completing the electrical circuit.

“Aaaah !” the slave groaned, drool hanging from his lower lip and chin. The erection he had briefly managed to obtain shrunk again in moments to an inoffensive maggot-like size. “Pl zzz ...”

“Come on big guy.” Stella said, ruffling his head like he was Hamlet. “You want to keep that thing, you get it up once again, nice and hard.”

In fact, the electricity levels were not that high but they were just enough – all that was necessary – to produce a negative, not a positive, stimulation. The cycle of pain had to be such that he would remember it for a long, long time to come, so to speak !

Stella would probably let him keep his equipment. This time !

She gained no pleasure from unnecessary mutilation. It would be much more of a thrill to monitor this young man closely in the weeks to come. To keep him nicely stimulated, exposed to a lot of sex, maybe even licking a few women and then watching them getting shafted by others. And to see if he ever again dared to try and touch himself, *after* this little punishment.

The two female slaves were working on him again, with their tongues and feathers, licking his chest and nipples and flicking insects from his balls. One of them lifted the weight bar momentarily, giving him a brief respite from the weights.

“Bye bye cocky,” one of them mewed, “so sad to see you go.” Giving a pouting farewell kiss to the slave’s engorging helmet.

She dropped the bar and the male grimaced, mouth gaping in an agonised wail. “Please ... n...no ... don’t cut it oooooffff....”

Stella smiled at the grinning guard who was watching the proceedings.

“You know the slave, Don ? He has a wife called Diana.”

The guard drew himself to attention and nodded.

“They were in the special section of the brothel but I think Brutus Junior has them now. Fetch Don here for me, will you.”

The guard nodded and marched out of Stella’s private garden.

Chapter Eighty One

Brutus Junior grinned and lolled back on the sofa, eating and drinking refreshments served to him by his own pregnant wife, Joelle, and poor Don's wife Diana. They were still in the large ex-gymnasium with the three unfortunate families lined up in front of them; the Harvey-Stackfords, the Kellys and the Evans. A half dozen guards stood around, all of them having zipped themselves back into their uniforms after sampling the delights of Mrs Kelly and/or her daughter Corina.

BJ clapped his hands loudly.

"Attention everybody !" he paused, surveying the room, in particular the two snivelling Kelly women who had been allowed to rejoin their ashamed menfolk.

"In Roman times, the gladiators used to be allowed some relaxation shortly before they fought in the arena at the Games. And, I think," he smirked at them suggestively, "what was good enough for Caligula and Nero, is probably good enough for me !"

He rose slowly to his feet.

"We shall have a little orgy. You ..." he said, looking straight at Neil Evans, his one-time friend. "Remind me, how long is it since you er ... relieved yourself ?"

Neil's eyes dropped to the floor. "Nearly seven weeks, Sir."

BJ chuckled.

"Well no need for you to be fussy then. Today's your lucky day ! Probably. Now, let's choose you a sex partner. How about your mum ? Or sis ? Or your dad even ? Nah. I never had you down as the incestuous type mate. So, how about one of the Kellys ?"

BJ turned his malevolent gaze on Corina and her mother, as they stood huddled together, naked, with drool dribbling down their inner thighs.

"Nah." He said. "Let's give 'em a bit of a rest. I think it's time this lot joined the party."

He glared at the cowering Harvey-Stackfords; Mr and Mrs, and their sexy 28 year old daughter Christina, plus her husband Mark.

"You ..." he said, looking straight at the 51 year old mother. "Come here."

She nervously took a few steps forward.

"Stand proud. Head up, feet apart, tits out."

BJ stared her up and down as if she was a lump of meat, which in a way she was; some lines, a bit of sag, a Caesarian birth scar, a thick, unattractive clump of untrimmed cunt bush but, overall still not too bad. Especially if you'd been seven weeks without any fun.

He beckoned for Neil to join them, until they formed a triangle, with the older woman and the younger man facing each other in front of him.

"Don't fancy yours much, mate !" he nudged Neil.

Then he whispered loudly into Mrs Harvey-Stackford's ear. "Bet you've always fantasised about a toy boy lover, eh ?"

He looked over at her husband, the pathetic, balding, crest-fallen, crying Mr. Harvey-Stackford. "After all, you can't be getting any thrills from him any more."

"Please ..." the woman murmured "... don't ..."

BJ seized her by the throat. "Don't what, bitch ?"

She gurgled, struggling.

He let her go. "You do as you're fucking told." He leered over at Mrs Kelly. "You've seen what happens to ladies who cause trouble."

Mrs Harvey-Stackford massaged her neck and throat. "Y ... y ...yes."

"Both of you get down on the floor."

He watched them obey, and glanced to check his audience was looking.

“Right. I think we’ll start with a bit of oral sex, to get acquainted. Neil mate, get your laughing gear into the old tart’s glove box.”

Taking the initiative, Neil gently but firmly pushed Mrs H-S back, until she was lying on the floor. He hunched low between her knees, knelt, and lowered his mouth to her thick pubic bush.

BJ grinned down at them, staring into her upturned, hazel coloured eyes.

“Man that’s a hairy snatch. I think we’ll have to pluck them all out before the race. How’s it taste mate ?”

Neil raised his head slightly and answered with a ‘mfff’, indistinguishable from a ‘good’ or ‘bad’.

“Right. Let’s give the old lady something to hum on. Assume the 69 position.”

Neil slowly manoeuvred himself 180 degrees, until his cock was next to the woman’s head, his own face still clamped to her middle.

BJ noticed with a chuckle that Neil was still almost soft, totally un-turned-on by what he was being made to do.

“Oh dear, lady, looks like you’ve got your work cut out. You’d better get my friend here hard in your mouth pretty quick !”

He gave her an encouraging nudge with his foot.

Neil shifted until the soft head of his penis disappeared between her lips. Slowly the two of them began a work out in the classic 69 pose.

Chapter Eighty Two

Camilla was kneeling on the floor naked and shaking. Her eyes followed Rebecca as she was inspected from every angle.

In her mouth, she was reluctantly but enthusiastically sucking a fake-penis. It was incredibly life-like, large, thick, flesh coloured with heavy blue veins, connected by a long tubular prong to a barrel. Inches away to Camilla's left and right two other fake-penises hovered, black and gnarled, one even longer the other slightly thicker. As she moved on her current companion the black penises brushed against her cheeks. Occasionally, if she lost concentration, a penis would poke her in the eye or push up under her nose.

She was being constantly criticised by Rebecca about her unskilled technique.

“Deeper.”

“Shallower.”

“Softer.”

“Harder.”

“Slower.”

“Faster.”

“Freestyle.”

Whatever she did, however much effort, however degrading, after a few seconds it was apparently wrong.

There were fake scrotums attached to all the penises. Again, perfect replicas, with soft malleable skin, two pendulous heavy balls inside hanging down, and numerous little hairs sprouting from the sacs. Her job was to use her fingers to tease the hairs and balls but not to touch the penis.

“Use your mouth, lips and tongue, only.” Rebecca ordered. “No hands on the cock shafts.”

Camilla's knees, back, neck and jaw all ached, but she slid her lips lovingly along the huge phallus, backwards and forwards, softer then harder, slower then faster, keeping up a rhythm, but one that was subtly varied. Like an oral waltz; slow, slow, quick, quick, slow. She couldn't believe what she was doing, but she did it all the same.

“Okay, gangbang practice again, please Camilla.” said Rebecca, with a polite but contemptuous smirk.

Camilla's eyes rolled and she groaned loud enough to bring a genuine smile to Rebecca's face.

She must have already done this six times during the previous hour.

Without letting go of the penis in her mouth, Camilla took hold of the two black penises in her hands (forefinger and thumbs towards the roots) and rhythmically pumped them in and out at the speed Rebecca dictated by clicking her fingers. After a few minutes the instructions changed and she had to pump both penises in opposite directions, one in one out. Then Camilla was told to reverse her grip and, within the pace of two strokes, Camilla had skilfully changed her finger position as taught. Now, she was masturbating the black penises with her hands inverted, thumb and forefingers slipping over and under the rubber glans.

Several more minutes passed and Camilla could feel all three penises getting warmer and firmer.

Her eyes stared wider than ever, watching Rebecca intensely, waiting for the usual instruction to let the penises go. But Rebecca just smiled and pouted an 'oh dear' expression.

And then they came. Literally.

The moment Rebecca had said was the serious test. The critical question.

Out of the corner of her eye, Camilla saw Rebecca push on some sort of control pad and, a couple of seconds later, the fake-penises and scrotums started convulsing.

A huge first dollop of hot fluid invaded her mouth. Two further scalding jets squirted copiously onto both sides of her face. Shocked and blinking, she continued to pump, as the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth jets shot either into her hair, under her chin or onto or over her shoulders, and a seamless river of pungent fluid invaded her tongue and gums.

Camilla could smell the sweet fragrance of orange blossom mixed with sour notes of stale sweat as her mouth filled to the brim.

“Don’t swallow !” Rebecca shouted at her. “Hold it all in your mouth. On your tongue. All of it I said.”

Two more final pulses of the warm, cloying fluid filled her mouth to overflowing. Her cheeks puffed out and she felt it clinging to her teeth, invading the roof of her mouth and back of her throat. It was all she could do not to choke.

She almost felt happy that the artificial penises had to have been filled with artificial sperm. But now she could taste it. She gagged again and yet managed to control herself just in time. Her nauseous senses exploded; taste, smell, visual imagination. What was in her mouth ? Realisation set in.....

Her lips were still obediently sealed round the inanimate shaft. Rebecca was grinning into her face.

“Excellent. Hold it. Whatever you do, keep it there. Mmmmm ...”

Camilla knelt, motionless, stuffed to the gills. The warm, lumpy gruel was filling every nook and cranny of her mouth now.

“Now, slowly remove your mouth from the cock. Don’t waste a drop.

That’s it. A tight seal. Look upwards. Imagine there are real men stood there watching you. Good.”

It was easier now she didn’t have that thing inside her. Just the cloying mouthful of briny bitterness. She looked desperately at Rebecca who was giggling like an overgrown schoolgirl.

“And now the big test comes.”

Camilla nodded over her puffed out cheeks. *Any test, please just finish it !*

“You must gargle it for thirty seconds.”

Camilla felt a second wave of nausea assault her but she pushed it away. *Okay.*

She started to tip her head back.

“No ...” Rebecca admonished, “wait for my word. Before you start, I think you should know what you are gargling, don’t you ? If you spit it out now, you fail. You don’t even want to think about the punishment I have in mind if you do. But, if you succeed, then we’re making good progress.”

Camilla nodded. She had been hoping that the fluid was some sort of fake stuff they could manufacture, like the pretend penis and testicles, but she guessed she was going to be told this was in fact how the real, horrible male stuff actually tasted.

Rebecca smiled at her, reaching up to stroke Camilla’s bulging cheeks, sliding her finger sensuously down to her neck.

“Remember, doll. After I tell you, you must gargle it and then swallow it all. Got that ?”

Camilla nodded furiously again. She never swore but ... *for fuck’s sake, get on with it !*

She watched Rebecca reach out and fetch something. A photo frame.

Slowly, she turned it around so that the photograph faced Camilla.

It was a field. In the middle of the field was a horse. A stallion. And in the middle of the stallion was an erection. And ... next to the erection was a bucket. The horse's glistening erection was being held by a young Indian woman, and the bucket by what appeared to be her twin brother.

“Now, you can gargle it !”

Staring in horror, then screwing her eyes shut to rid herself of the terrible image, the bile rising in her throat, Camilla tilted her head back.

Chapter Eighty Three

By now, the orgy was in full swing.

Neil and Mrs Harvey-Stackford were still doing their 69 on the floor.

More enthusiastically since the threat of them both being buggered had been introduced.

Mrs Evans - Neil's 48 year old mum - was sat gyrating on Mr. Harvey-Stackford's pudgy 54 year old face, while she simultaneously sucked on Colin Kelly's 22 year old cock.

Meanwhile, Mr Kelly was fastened onto the same flogging bench that his wife had been caned and gang-fucked over earlier. Now, his own arse was being sensuously tongued by Mr Evans, Neil's dad. Unable to control his own erection, Mr Kelly's cock eye was being rhythmically tapped by the palm of Mr Evans' right hand.

On a raised circular dais, the young ladies, Tammy Evans and newly de-virginised Corina Kelly, were in a lesbian scene, tongue-kissing passionately and riding each other with the help of a bubblegum pink double-ended dildo. The dais rotated slowly giving the families a panoramic view of the girls' humiliation.

Only poor Mrs Kelly didn't have a live partner. Instead, she was lying on the floor, ankles extended in the air, thrusting a monstrously over-sized, buzzing vibrator in and out of her freshly distended and still sloppy cunt. The speed of her strokes in and out was dictated by a musician's metronome alongside her head.

Finally, Mark and Christina, a real, young married couple, were the focus of BJ's close and unpleasant attention. Firstly they had been instructed to face each other, staring lovingly into their partner's eyes. Then they were questioned and re-questioned about their previous love life. After BJ had explored their rather ordinary world, he sat back and simply said I think it would be a good idea if you showed me don't you?

Now they were embarrassingly demonstrating for him how they made love.

After a few kisses and a bit of foreplay, Mark lay Christina down on the floor gently and clambered on top of her in the straightforward missionary position, moving up and down.

"Fucking hell, mate. Call that sex !" BJ said. He squatted down, facing Mark, so that his bottom hovered over Christina's beautiful, high cheek-bones.

"Let's spice it up a bit. Okay doll, give me a rimming."

He plonked his buttocks down over her lips. After a pause, he felt her soft tongue sliding hesitantly up his back alley. Looking down into Mark's crimson face, he watched them for a full five minutes, and twice he had him pull out as he judged him too close to climax.

"Okay, you've calmed down a bit now," he teased, as Mark stood watching BJ savouring his wife's humiliating display, "time to get back in there I think."

BJ winked down at him.

"That's good. Now mate, this time, I want you to really start fucking your missus. I mean slamming her, right ? 'Cause if you don't do it, I'll get somebody else who can !"

Mark began to bounce up and down, harder and faster, bullying his dear wife. His weight against the wooden floor drove the air from Christina's lungs out of her mouth, tickling BJ's sphincter.

He chuckled and farted.

Ah well, as they say, it's only air.

BJ reached down and pulled Mark's head aside by his hair so that he could pinch Christina's nips to let her know she should carry on tongue-fucking his sphincter despite the billowing, sulphurous stench.

"Hey, Neil, come over here mate." BJ called out.

Neil looked over from his 69 position above Mrs Harvey-Stackford's now responding vagina. His chin glowed slick with wetness.

"Looks like you deserve a reward. Come and swap. You ..." he said to Mark, "out of your missus and take over licking your own mother-in-law's twat instead."

Mark hesitated, too long, perched over his own wife, his face inches from BJ's. He had a grim, insolent, almost rebellious expression.

BJ slapped him. Hard. On one cheek then a brain-scrambling backhander to the other.

"Right. On second thoughts, you can lick your in-law's shitter instead."

A guard roughly escorted a now crying Mark, clutching his crimson face, to his new place in the orgy.

Neil happily exchanged places, kneeling patiently between Christina's lovely thighs, his erection jutting at 90 degrees, awaiting instructions.

"Get in there." BJ said magnanimously, rising up off Christina's crumpled sweating visage so that she could set eyes on the young man who was mounting her.

BJ sidled over to Neil's dad, patiently still licking Mr Kelly's butt. "Hey, Mr Evans. That's enough preparation. Now I want you to bugger him. And feel free to squirt your load at will." He returned to watch Neil roughly start slamming his hips up and down, kissing Christina's sobbing face and mouth.

By the time this little orgy was finished, they would all hate him even more, that's for sure.

But, much more importantly, each of the three families would hate the other families as well !

Chapter Eighty Four

Meanwhile Brutus Senior was nearing the Compound. He had bought eight slaves for 97,500 Credits. An average price of 12,187 Credits each, which was the highest average he or Stella had ever spent in a single day. But they were spectacular; three couples and two single females. Undoubtedly the best looking and most fun Lots in the auction.

He had been tempted to ease his sexual frustration on one of the new purchases but then had remembered Camilla, the judge's wife. As soon as he'd got back and had a snack with Stella, he'd have some fun.

His mind wandered back to his instructions the afternoon before; "you – what was she called ? – yes, Rebecca, have twenty four hours. I want a domestic maid, office clerk and cock masseuse rolled into one. This time tomorrow I'll give her three tests and if she fails any single one of them, she will suffer. But you will also have failed and your chance will have gone too. Am I making myself clear ?"

In truth, he wasn't that interested in testing the maid or clerk bits yet. After all, any slave could soon learn to scrub toilets or file papers. The real test was whether they could learn more er ... primitive duties.

Best of all, he had planned a nice additional surprise for Camilla.

And Ian.

He squinted his eyes and could at last make out the Brute Corporation name above the entrance. He was home.

Hot.

Hungry.

And horny.

Chapter Eight Five

Stella, meanwhile, had just arrived in one of the many outside entertainment areas. Slowly closing a gate to the walled garden, she smiled at the pleasant scene. In front of her was a sunlit lawn, just thirty yards by thirty yards (c. 30 x 30 metres), surrounded on each side by a neat gravel path, and then borders of perfectly tended and bright coloured plants and flowers. A gentle breeze stirred the foliage in the warm sunshine. In the centre of the lawn, there was a low wooden stage. On the stage, the new pair of lesbian lovers Stella had acquired were now arranged just as she had earlier instructed. They were bent over, side by side, and for the moment were dressed in silk blouses, tight skirts, stockings and elegant heels. They were bending carefully at the waist over a piece of barbed wire strung taut between two wooden posts. By the posts, there was a pair of three-legged stools standing ready. The women were not tied or fastened. After all, they had nowhere to run.

One of the women was classically beautiful; almost boyishly handsome in fact, with short dark hair cut in a fringe, symmetrical features, and long, elegant legs. Her lean, toned calves strained as she bent over and held herself to avoid touching the barbed wire. Stella knew she was 29 years old and the dominant one in the relationship. The other female seemed unworthy of her, a typically pretty blonde bitch, a bit plump and bosomy. She was 25 years old and the 'homemaker' before the pair had run into their financial problems.

Behind them and jokingly twitching the girls skirts up and down, two corpulent and stinking male guards were stood with their yellowed pants round their ankles, bellies hanging down, puffing cigarettes and languidly stroking their erections in the bright sunshine. Smiling inwardly, Stella walked leisurely over the lawn and cupped the sobbing face of the younger blonde in her palms.

"Don't cry, dykey. The two of you need grounds for divorce. So this is it. Infidelity ! Each caught in flagrante delicto by the other. Okay, for a start, lets get you into your birthday suits."

She smiled at the two guards, hiding her own revulsion at their appearance and smell. Then she crisply slapped the blonde.

"Up onto a stool and give your new male lovers a bit of encouragement as you undress."

Stella nodded at the first guard, who ground out his cigarette, then stepped forward and took the girls hands, grinning broadly as he helped them step up onto the stools, one by one.

Slowly, tears cascading down their faces, both girls started to undress. Each unbuttoned her black silk blouse with trembling fingers.

"I said encouragement !" Barked Stella. "Smile sexily at them, flutter your eyes and sway your hips. You're whores, not visiting the doctor's."

With forced smiles, both women began wiggling their hips. They pulled the blouses off the shoulders to reveal creamy skin and black lace bras. The older lesbian had modest B cup tits but they were full and jugged high from her chest in that lucky way that seems to defy gravity, while the younger blonde had an over-sized, white cleavage spilling out of her D cup bra.

Stella and the two men watched them unzip their skirts next, pulling them down. Next they slid off their heels and fishnet stockings, so that they were standing in just their

underwear. First they unclasped their bras and pulled them along their arms, finally tugging their thongs down, standing on one foot after the other to remove them completely.

The dark haired one had a neatly trimmed triangle of pubic hair, while the blonde's plump mound was shaved completely bald. There was a large mole visible directly above her vagina.

They stood perfectly still apart from trembling skin as Stella ran her hands down their cheeks, necks, flanks, up between the v's of their legs and to their nipples and breasts, judging them like pieces of meat.

"Pass them the cream."

A guard held out an open tub of glistening, translucent lubricant.

"Smear a handful of that into each other's cunt." Stella said.

The two women tamely scooped their fingers into the pot and leaned down to apply it to the other's slits.

"Good." Stella cooed. "Now, hold each other's hand and bend over the barbed wire again. Turn your faces and stare into each other's eyes."

Once they had apprehensively obeyed her, Stella nodded to the guards.

The first man stepped forward and fingered apart the lesbian labia that had already been lovingly lubricated. He was dark haired and hirsute, and a nice match with the older, brunette female. With one smooth thrust he pierced her 'well-used but virgin-to-man' cunt. The woman groaned, looking miserably into her partner's eyes, mouth widening into a 'o'.

"Don't cry. Be brave." Mocked Stella, leaning so that her face was inches from both of theirs.

"You don't want your slut's last vision of you to be so ugly. Look !" Stella twisted the woman's jaw so that her face almost touched her girlfriend's. She smiled at their crumpled, red-eyed expressions.

Then Stella nodded at the other guard. He was double-chinned with large jowls, and shaven-headed, so a perfect match with the bald-cunted blonde. In moments, he too was comfortably wedged inside her wailing, begging body.

Stella watched the scene with a smirk as the two obese men rutted away on top of the bent-over-backs of the two adjacent women. Carefully but firmly, they stroked away in unison, making their inward strokes deep and simultaneous. The woman had to brace themselves and even push back to avoid being scratched by the barbed wire. After two minutes, the two men changed partners, their bobbling wet dicks swinging out from their bodies as they shuffled into their new places. The second time they changed they were careful to swap positions by walking in front of the two women, so that each got an eyeful of her male partner's equipment and bodies.

It didn't take long. By the standards of the rest of their lives, these 'virginity loss fucks' were indeed gentle and caring. A couple more minutes and both men came almost in chorus, in snorting, heaving bursts, one after the other. The two women wailed like sopranos, and cried as the slimy fluid invaded their bodies and minds. The men collapsed spent across their backs, forcing the straining women to hold them up.

Eventually, both guards withdrew and smiled sheepishly at Stella.

She held each woman's head by an ear, lifting their faces up.

"There we are. Not too bad was it ?" She let go of their ears and viciously slapped them both across the cheeks simultaneously.

"Answer me !"

They stared at her, eyes blubbering, saliva drooling.

“N ... no ... Mistress.” The older one forced herself to answer.

Stella sneered at her.

“Tell me, gentlemen, how did you find these two bitches as fucks ?”

The two guards exchanged glances.

“Honest, Ma’am ?”

“Yes. The truth.” Stella winked.

“Very ordinary Ma’am. They got the job done, if you know what I mean. But I had to imagine they were attractive to get myself to come.”

“Yeah,” the other said, “their cunts were both surprisingly slack, for virgins, you know technically virgins anyway, if you ask me.”

“You ask me, only larger dicks will get any pleasure from them.”

“Well now you know what to expect here !” Stella said. “Nice, fat cocks. But firstly I think you should give each other a big kiss, don’t you ?”

Sobbing loudly, the girls brought their puckered lips together.

“No, no not like that you stupid girls.”

Pretending frustration, her hands on her hips, Stella clarified the instruction.

“Right then, Cuntlicker,” she seized the older, brunette by her fringe. “Kneel down and kiss your bitch girlfriend goodbye in her soaking fanny. Her cunt is reserved for the exclusive use of men now.”

Stella watched the woman she had named Cuntlicker hesitantly stand and step behind her blonde girlfriend.

Stella decided then and there that she would enjoy having the boyishly handsome Cuntlicker go down on her. Perhaps she would even keep her as a lesbian masseuse for herself and female colleagues like Doctor Thorne ? But not before the bitch had enjoyed a full and vigorous crash diet of male meat.

“Mmm ... I bet that’s oh, soooo yummy.”

Cuntlicker had knelt behind her girlfriend’s plump, bent over arse. She was nuzzling her perspiring face up into the v of her legs.

Stella walked round the far side of the wire and perched down to get a close look. “Bend forward,” she ordered, pushing on the neck of the snivelling, bent over girlfriend.

“Spread your legs wider. That’s it. Arse out. Mmm ... now we can see your cunt properly.”

Stella, the two men and Cuntlicker all peered together at the woman’s red gash, as a generous dollop of still white semen oozed from it, splitting into several stringy parts as it obeyed gravity.

“Ooooh yes, delicious. Some of my girls prefer their spunk straight from the spigot, but I always think that it’s best eaten second hand. Don’t worry, you’ll get plenty of chances to sample all the options on the menu from now on. Now, lick that strand that’s hanging down.”

Stella watched as Cuntlicker’s tentative pink tongue obediently snaked out and curled up the creamy globule into her mouth. “Mmm. Now, lick your lady friend’s cunt for the last time while I tell you what’s going to happen to you both.”

Stella teasingly ran her fingernails along the two womens’ sweating flanks.

“You will never see each other again. Or if you do, you will not speak or acknowledge each other’s presence. You,” she prodded the bent over 25 year old blonde, “will go to the breeding pens. Oh it’ll be wonderful ! You will have a great time. Cock after cock, day after day, in fact more cocks than any decent woman would know what to do with.

But there again, you could hardly be called a *decent* woman now could you? I've arranged for you to be dosed, starting tomorrow, with my new Momma tablets so that you produce a nice big litter each year for us. Twenty years or so of productive - or rather 'reproductive' - work for the benefit of the planet."

The poor dyke sobbed, shaking her head and mumbling "no, no, no". Stella smiled.

"Oh yes, yes, yes ! But, for the rest of today, I've arranged you a little treat. I've found a handful of boys you used to be at school with. Strange how well the grapevine works. And one of them ... remember young Jamie Mulligan ... well, he happens to be getting married next weekend. So he and his mates need a little rowdy entertainment for the stag afternoon. Which is starting in about ... er, one hour ! And that's where *you* come in."

Then Stella leaned in to mock-whisper in Cuntlicker's ear.

"But you, my dear, will not go to the breeding pens for a few years yet. Instead I'm going to make you a star of stage and screen. I have in mind a serious documentary studying whether a lezzie can really be trained out of her unnatural desires by constant contact with males, both human and .. er .. other types."

The distressed, dazed and defeated face stared up at her in shock.

"But it's not all bad ! First you will join me and my husband Brutus in our own home for a few weeks, learning how to look after *both* sexes. And before that, I have a juicy, little treat for you too. You're going to be a bridesmaid this evening !"

She rose and waved to the grinning guards, walking briskly across the lawn to the gate. Cuntlicker was still obediently lapping at her girlfriend's thighs.

"Let them say goodbye like that for another minute then separate them quickly; no fond farewells or sentimental kisses. I want their last memories of each other to be exactly like this."

Chapter Eighty Six

A short while later, Stella stared angrily at a guard and at the young man he was holding.

“What ? I said fetch Don ! This ... is Don ?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“What the fuck ... “ she exploded with rage.

The once-handsome young man she had sent for was now an ugly, disfigured wreck. His hair had all fallen out but for a few straw coloured strands, his skin was scaly and blotchy, covered in livid pustules that weeped yellow pus and there were red sores all over his muscled body.

“Who did this ?”

The man’s mouth opened, revealing awful, yellowed crooked teeth, and two gaps where the two front teeth should have been.

“Brututh Junior, Mithtreth.” He lisped back at her. “He made me take thome tableth and forthed Diana to rub thome thream on my fathe and body, Mithtreth.”

Stella stood there, lost for words, seething. This time her stepson had gone too far. She had chosen Don to be her next personal favourite and now her husband’s poodle of a son had destroyed her plan.

She could maybe get some antidotes from the Rhino Corporation but that would take a while and Don would probably never be as good as before.

She shrugged and gestured dismissively at the guard.

“Take him out of my sight.”

It wouldn’t do to make a fuss. Her husband wouldn’t stomach it.

No, she would have to take care of young Brutus Junior by more circuitous means !

Chapter Eighty Seven

Half an hour later, she was sitting finishing her lunch.

Brutus Senior wiped his lips on the linen napkin and smiled at his wife.

“Mmm ... that was delicious. But now I have work to do.”

She sipped her wine glass coyly and raised her eyebrows at him. She'd had one of those enigmatic, devious looks on her face throughout their lunch.

“Aren't you going to bathe first ?” she asked him.

“Do I stink that bad ?”

“Well ... yes, actually.”

He raised his left arm and sniffed under the armpit. It was true. He had not showered that morning and the journey back from the capital had been a gruelling trek in midday temperatures. He could still feel the dampness running down his spine to his unwashed haemorrhoids.

“I'll wash before cocktails, I promise.” He smiled, lighting a cigar.

Stella chuckled back at him. “Work hard, darling.”

After Brutus had left, the guards brought Jane to visit Stella.

“Ah, Jane dear.” Stella exclaimed, lighting a cigarette and taking another sip of wine. “Welcome. I've just finished my lunch. I wonder, how did you enjoy your own meal this morning ? Quite a few calories I guess !”

Jane curtsied submissively. “Thank you, Mistress.”

Stella nodded approvingly. *How long had she owned Jane ? A couple of days ? Quick progress, all things considered.*

“I didn't ask you to thank me. I asked how you enjoyed that generous helping of tasty male fluid I arranged for you. And tell me the absolute truth !”

“I ... er ...”

Jane's blue eyes darted and her lip trembled.

“Don't worry. Tell me the truth. I'm interested. Some women grow to like the taste.”

Jane shook her head, her stringy blonde hair rustling. “No Mistress. It was d ... disgusting.”

Stella tittered happily. “I'm delighted to hear it. Firstly because you obeyed me anyway and guzzled it all down. Or until you were sick anyway. But secondly, because there is *plenty* more where that lot came from and I wouldn't like to think you might enjoy it in future.”

Jane nodded, eyes downcast, all but defeated.

Stella would have liked to spend more time taunting Jane but now she had another project to focus on instead.

“Now, I've a nice surprise for you. You can have a few hours rest and then a nice shower and make-up, before this evening's treat. I'm sure you're aching to know what's in store for you, but you must wait until the next chapter or so of our little story before you find out !”

Chapter Eighty Eight

Ian, 44 years old and once one of the youngest judges in the country, knelt on the hard floor of Brutus Senior's study. His knees hurt and his arms ached but he did his best to ignore the pain. He was kneeling behind Camilla, his ex-lawyer wife, holding her bruised breasts up on display, just as he had been made to do the previous day.

They were both naked, but for the tight steel tube that gripped his penis like a vice, prohibiting even minimal swelling. He felt Camilla's lower back pushing against the metal as she tried to stay upright in her awkward, knees-splayed, vagina-on-display, squatting-on-her-haunches position.

Rebecca was patrolling around them, seemingly checking with one ear for the arrival of Brutus, while mumbling threats at him and Camilla and listening out for any murmurings by them with the other.

Eventually, there was the sound of a door and, moments later, Brutus walked into the spacious room, still dressed in sweat stained clothes, but also wearing a standard issue grey Judge's wig, puffing on a cigar.

Rebecca threw herself onto the floor in deep homage.

Brutus grinned at them all. "Mmm ... what a *fine* sight !"

Ian blushed and slowly lowered his gaze in deep shame, feeling his wife's trembling nakedness against him.

Brutus exhaled a thick cloud of grey smoke and tapped Rebecca on the head.

"Up. How have your charges got on ?"

Rebecca rose onto one knee, then stood, answering. "I hope they will please you Sir. I'm afraid 24 hours is not a long time."

Brutus scowled, clearly uninterested in excuses.

"You caned her tits well, I see."

"Yes, Sir."

Brutus casually ran a finger over Camilla's bruised, presented bosom.

"And you plucked, whipped and secured his dick."

"Yes, Sir."

Brutus stared straight into Ian's eyes, boring in, as if seeking defiance.

Ian did his best to appear meek and obedient, looking at just below his new Master's eye level, blinking often so as not to be judged insolent.

Eventually, Brutus smirked at him. "So, my little ... er ... ex-judge, tell me, what are you offering me as a plea for clemency ?"

Ian's heart grimaced but his face was impassive. "I am offering you my wife, Sir, and myself, to serve you as best we may, for as long as you wish us to, Sir."

Brutus chortled. "Very good." He looked at Rebecca approvingly.

"Time to put that plea to the test then."

Chapter Eighty Nine

Camilla gulped a mixture of air and bile rising from her gorge.

In front of her, Brutus was now laid out on the massage table. He was lying on his front, his head at one end of the table, still puffing on his cigar, with his legs splayed, feet hanging off the other end. She had watched as Rebecca reverently helped Brutus to undress and covered his buttocks demurely with a small white towel while he lay down.

Then Rebecca had carefully stroked his hirsute shoulders, back and legs to relax him, before smiling at Camilla and Ian, her pink tongue running lasciviously over her lower lip.

Camilla had smelt the ripe odour of stale sweat and cigar smoke rising from his skin. The room already swam with a heady odour similar to a tangy blend of ripe Brie and full ashtrays.

Suddenly, like a toreador sweeping a cloak aside for a charging bull, Rebecca removed the towel covering Brutus's ample, hairy, buttocks.

"You," Rebecca said, looking at Ian, "stand there."

Camilla watched her husband shuffle into position.

"Now, pull apart those arse cheeks *ever so gently* with your fingers."

Camilla, despite her horror, prayed he would do as he was told.

She watched Ian's once proud hands easing the cheeks open, until a deep, dark, hair encrusted but glistening crack appeared.

Rebecca's face curled in the most sick, sadistic grin imaginable.

The stench got worse as the seconds ticked past.

"Time for lunch." Rebecca said. "Hurry!"

Digging her fingernails into her palms to control the vomit rising from her stomach, Camilla bent her neck down. She caught her husband's disgusted look as she lowered her face but ignored him. She balked momentarily as her nose and mouth were tickled by anal hairs but forced herself to press against them and then she stuck her tongue out into the welcoming moisture.

She heard him give a soft sigh of approval, nothing more.

It was, she imagined, like tongue-kissing a sewer pipe; the stinging coppery taste allied to the overpowering clamminess of a stagnant pond.

He lay unmoved. And she realised that for him this moment was nothing special. Not even out of the ordinary. She was just one in a long line of poor, female bankrupts who would squat here and do this same revolting thing. She would never forget this.

And yet he would barely remember it.

Chapter Ninety

Elsewhere within the Compound, Studio Number 6 had begun to fill with an excited audience. They ranged from solitary older men in plastic raincoats to large groups of young lads and lasses out for a drink, a laugh and an evening's entertainment, to loving couples hoping to spice up their own sex lives, and well dressed bureaucrats, uniformed soldiers and state police taking advantage of their subsidised ticket prices.

As they entered the huge auditorium, everybody stopped in turn to stare in awe at the monstrous construction that gleamed under the fierce glow of the halogen floodlights. Of course, by the standards of a normal funfair rollercoaster it was only of modest size, rising up to twenty feet high (about 6 metres), and covering an area of about two hundred feet long by fifty feet wide.

But as they the audience took their comfortable seats round the perimeter, munching popcorn and guzzling beer, each person knew that, for the participants, it would not be a normal fun ride !

There were three rails that each designated a 'lane'. The rails were transparent tubes like the handrails of a staircase, made of perspex set at waist height on clear, almost invisible poles, so that each rail seemed to 'float' above the flooring. Inside the tubes, coloured neon bulbs glowed giving off a bright light. Lane 1 was turquoise blue, Lane 2 glowed shocking pink and Lane 3 was coloured canary yellow.

In his notes in the glossy brochures laid out on each audience member's seat, Brutus Junior had given everybody a warm welcome, and introduced them to the family members who would be competing tonight. There were helpful little biographies of all twelve of them; the Evans family in turquoise Lane 1, the Kellys in pink Lane 2 and the Harvey-Stackford family in yellow Lane 3.

And at that very moment, the six male and six female competitors were recovering as best they could after their enforced 'intra-familial orgy', preparing themselves for a race with the ultimate incentive to win !

Chapter Ninety One

Rebecca rejoiced silently, It was going *oh so* well.

Brutus was now sat in his leather chair while Camilla knelt sucking him. She wasn't allowed to use her hands but was doing her best with a combination of neck muscles and slurping mouth control. Ian, meanwhile, was curled on the floor, gently kissing and revering Brutus's sweaty, dust-stained feet.

Brutus curled a finger and summoned Rebecca over.

He kissed her, reaching up to cup her breasts through her blouse.

She kissed him back, pushing her hard nipples onto his fingers. The stink from his cheesy body was overpowering but she gave him no impression of noticing it. She had known much worse over her past seven months.

"Is there anything I can do to make it better for you, Sir ?"

Brutus smiled approvingly, pulling his lips away. "I do not make a habit of kissing a 'vide couilles'." He said.

She dared to smile back at him. "I am only here to please you, Sir."

She pulled away so that they could both admire Camilla obediently ploughing her mouth up and down Brutus's slick, rigid shaft. Not quite such a Society magazine lady now ! Her bright blue eyes were staring up at them lovingly, *exactly* as Rebecca had instructed her to do. Rebecca marvelled at how the woman's lean, aristocratic features still managed to look pompous, even while slurping over a blowjob.

"Do you want her to deep throat you, Sir ?" Rebecca asked.

Brutus raised an eyebrow. "Really ? Already ?"

She smiled proudly. "She's practised hard. Or rather, I've trained her hard."

Brutus shook his head. "Later. For now, I think I'll fuck her."

Chapter Ninety Two

Ian stood holding his wife's ankles straight above her head. She was lying on the huge mahogany desk, legs splayed up in the air, as Brutus deep fucked her with long, languid thrusts.

Rebecca winked crudely up at Ian as he held his dear wife's legs at an uncomfortable angle for another man to fuck her.

But just as Rebecca had instructed him to do, he mouthed occasional chants of encouragement from above the desk; "fuck her, Sir!", "give it to her, Sir.", etc. Somehow he managed to force the words out of his mouth as if he really meant them.

Meanwhile Camilla writhed and moaned imitating ecstasy, pulling Brutus into her with her fingers on his shoulder blades, shrieking; "oh ...yesssss ... sooo good ... I've never known anything like thissss ...".

And soon enough, Brutus increased his pace, and then thrust into her with a bellow, and impatiently unloaded his pent up orgasm inside her.

"Thank you, Sir, oh thank you." Camilla and Ian chorused together.

Ian couldn't prevent himself staring down into his wife's face. Her eyes were closed and her features were screwed into a contorted mask. He knew she was faking. Knew she must be hating every moment of this revolting act. But equally, he knew he had lost her, just as much as if she was being unfaithful by her own choice. She was no longer his.

And then he saw something that made him feel ten times worse.

A face that filled him with unspeakable dread.

Camilla opened her eyes at the same moment.

And saw the grinning black face looking down at her.

It was a face she would never forget.

Shack Tyrell had been a hoodlum all his life. The leader of a gang that had controlled the narcotics and prostitution trades in all of South London in the turn of the century economic boom. But then, five years before the Pestilence, he had been caught, arrested and sentenced to Life Imprisonment.

Sentenced by none other than Judge Ian Andersen.

And as he had been led from the dock to begin his sentence, Shack Tyrell had looked up at Ian and bellowed revenge on him and his loved ones.

Released by the new Bureaucratic Government, he had been thrilled to receive the email from Brutus the previous evening.

Revenge: delicious and cold.

Chapter Ninety Three

“Ah,” said Brutus, pushing himself off Camilla. “Welcome Shack.”

Brutus accepted the silk robe Rebecca held out for him, putting his arms through the sleeves and tying the cord round his ample waist.

“We’ve never met.” He extended his hand.

“Pleasure.” Grinned Shack, crushing Brutus’s fingers.

The online article hadn’t lied. Shack had to be almost 7 feet tall, as dark as ebony, shaven headed and bull necked, strong as an ox. It had taken Brutus very little time to research the Judge’s most high profile case.

“You know Judge Andersen, I think.”

Brutus grinned at Ian who was still standing on the desk holding his wife’s ankles apart.

“Yeah, we met once.” Shack drawled menacingly. He was wearing a pair of dirty denim jeans and a torn basketball vest under which his muscled torso rippled.

“And his wife Camilla.”

All three men looked down at Camilla’s flushed, wide-eyed face.

“No. But I’ve been wanting to shoot hoops with her for a loooooong time.”

Shack’s gaze travelled down Camilla’s body, over her tits to her wide spread thighs, with a dollop of white oozing from her gaping, glistening labia.

Brutus chuckled at the frozen, humiliated and downright petrified expression on Camilla’s aristocratic features as she gawked up at the younger man surveying her.

“You sure you ain’t gonna sell them to me ?” Shack asked.

Brutus watched Ian’s mouth hang open in shock. And fear.

He shrugged. “Well, that depends on them, I guess. I’ll sell them to you cheaply as soon as I get bored with them. Once they disobey me or piss me off in any way. How’s that ?”

Shack sighed.

“Guess that’ll have to do.”

His black face scowled at Ian. “You’re one lucky fuck, man. Lucky I didn’t know you were being auctioned. And lucky this guy won’t sell you to me yet. You thank him every fucking day he spares you from my clutches.”

Brutus patted Shack on his enormous shoulder.

“But just because I won’t *sell* them to you yet, doesn’t mean we can’t do a little .. er ... short lease business !”

Shack grinned, high fiving him. Brutus had already promised his visitor a treat for making the journey.

Suddenly Camilla wailed and her eyes erupted like geysers, tears flowing down the sides of her face.

“Please, noooo ... I beg you ... please...”

“Can’t you see she’s had enough ... Sir ...” Ian said, still standing holding his wife’s ankles like a man with an oversized pair of scissors.

Brutus calmly motioned for Ian to climb down off the desk.

Then he stepped forward and viciously slapped Ian across one cheek and then backhanded him across the other.

Ian grimaced in shock and pain, mouth hanging open.

“Are you both extraordinarily stupid ?” Brutus roared, though secretly he was enjoying himself immensely, hiding a smile.

“What did I say moments ago ? Once you disobey me or piss me off, I’ll sell you. And what do you two do ? Piss me off ! I’ve a good mind to sell you both for a few Credits right now !”

“No ...” Camilla sobbed, “I’m sorry ... anything ... forgive me ... forgive us ... please.”

Ian’s gaze dropped to the floor. “Please ... Sir ... excuse us.”

Brutus paused, then grinned condescendingly. “All right. Just this once. After all, she has just passed the first of her three tests. But you must still be punished.” He said to Ian. “Fetch that cane here.”

Brutus watched him return with a gnarled, crook-handled rattan cane.

“Now ask my good friend Shack here to beat some manners into you.”

Ian screwed his eyes shut momentarily and his Adam’s apple bobbed.

“Please ... er Sir ... would you beat some m... manners into m... me ?”

Shack exchanged a delighted glance with Brutus and his lips spread like uncoiling snakes into a wide grin.

“Man, I’d be delighted, you fucked up piece of waste matter.”

He took the cane from Ian’s grasp and manhandled him into the centre of the room.

“Now, show me a nice backboard. You bend over and clutch your fucking ankles with your hands.”

“And *stay* in position.” Brutus added, taking a seat on the sofa. “If you move or try to resist I assure you I *will* sell you to my friend here.”

Shack arranged Ian by his hips until his bottom was exactly where he wanted it. Then he pushed hard down on the small of Ian’s back until his buttocks were stretched as tight as possible. Finally, Shack raised himself up to his full, enormous height and brandished the cane, whooshing it through the air in a practice swing.

“Oh man, I’ve been saving this up for eight long years.”

He brought it crashing down across Ian’s pale, helpless backside.

Chapter Ninety Four

Camilla was bouncing frantically up and down on Shack's lap, as he lazily chased her strawberry nipples with his huge black fingers. Her bruised hooters swung up and down and from side to side, as she worked up a slick of perspiration all over her skin. She was fucking him on the floor in the middle of an expensive Ottoman rug, while Brutus watched the scene from the sofa, with Rebecca standing behind kneading his shoulders.

Ian was still obediently bent over staring at the floor, eyes moist with tears, unable to see his wife's performance but certainly able to hear her. His thrashed, swelling buttocks were bright crimson with purple welts and tracer streaks of dark red, like a painting of a violent sunset sky. Yet he was still only half way through his sentence of 24 strokes.

The others were all enjoying a well earned 'half time break'.

Camilla leaned forward excitedly, her tongue seeking out Shack's for a passionate kiss, her expression a near-convincing one of total ecstasy.

"Fuck meeee ... aaaahhhh ... yesssss."

"Tomorrow we must try out her arse." Brutus announced matter-of-factly. "I do hope you'll be able to join me again."

Shack nodded enthusiastically, driving up to meet Camilla's frantic thrusts. Her distended labia slid up and down his thick dark shaft, making slushy wet rhythmic sounds, to the beat of flesh on flesh. At first, she had wailed in pain as she eased her already-used and slick vagina onto his incredible size, her mouth set in a pained 'o'. Even now she winced occasionally as he pistoned himself up into the deeper recesses of her cavity towards her cervix. The room stank of the distinctive body odours of Caribbean male, testosterone, used-female sweat, and bareback sex.

"Sure. Why not?" Shack grunted, pulling Camilla down onto his chest, so that her tits were squashed against him and he was able to change angle to ram against her clitoris. "But why just *her* arse? My time in prison gave me a taste for slam dunking *boys* too!"

Brutus laughed. "Mmm ... we can do them side by side."

Shack beamed back at him, then hissed and bellowed in triumph and satisfaction, clearly unleashing a torrent of jism deep into Camilla.

"Oh man!" he exclaimed towards Ian, recovering his breath. "I just hosed a three pointer into your missus, judge".

Whether it was the sensation of hot fluid pulsing into her or the change in angle of the relentless pounding, suddenly Camilla's eyelids started to flutter and air whistled in short gasps through her grimacing teeth.

"Noooo ... nghhmm ..." she wailed in shame.

Shack looked up at her with a delighted sneer spreading over his face.

"This whore is coming, man. She's going crackerjacks."

Shack, Brutus and Rebecca all laughed uproariously as Camilla's cheeks flushed and she suffered a long, debilitating and unwanted climax in front of them all.

"I think she just passed her second test." Brutus announced.

Chapter Ninety Five

Joelle heaved a sigh of relief. She had feared that Brutus Junior would drag her off to watch his appalling roller coaster race. But he had surprised her by smiling, pecking her on the cheek and telling her that a hot studio full of jeering rabble was not the place for his pregnant wife. So she was walking back to their quarters alone, looking forward to a quiet evening in, to rest her heavy belly and read something relaxing. She guessed she might have to 'relax' her dreaded husband when he returned much later, but that was nothing new. Briefly her thoughts turned to her beloved Pierre, her 'real' husband, who she still had not been given news of after so many months.

One of the CCTV cameras set above the path she was walking along whirred and she looked up at it. It was strange how a piece of equipment designed to intrude and discomfort could also provide security and comfort. Being safe here was about the *only* advantage of being BJ's wife.

She pulled her robe tighter around her cleavage and tummy and walked on.

Stella watched the screen dispassionately. She had dismissed the guard who normally monitored this section of cameras, telling him to take a 15 minute break. The camera was on, displaying the scene, but she had switched the 'record' facility off so that there would be no footage of the events to follow. Stella saw Joelle look up momentarily at the lens. She noticed her pulling her robe tighter round her as the afternoon warmth turned to the cool of the early evening.

And she barely raised an eyebrow as three black uniformed men stole up behind Joelle. One covered her face with a cloth while the second caught her as she slowly crumpled to the path and the third was already scooping her up into his massive forearms to carry her limp form away, to a very secret place.

Briefly Stella pictured Don's awful, ruined face but she dismissed the thought. It wasn't about him. Slaves were easily replaced. It was her stepson BJ who had caused this.

It never, *ever* paid to mess with Stella.

Chapter Ninety Six

Stella stayed watching the screens until the coast was clear then switched the 'record' facility back on. The guard would be none the wiser but, even if he did notice anything suspicious, her staff's loyalty to her was beyond question.

She glanced at her watch. It was going to be a busy evening. But if all went to plan, a highly satisfactory one. At that very moment, her new friend 'Rhino' was returning from the port for another visit.

He had been about to set sail for North America with the six slaves he had already purchased from her. But she had got hold of him just in time. She had told him that she wanted to buy any cures his company was developing to treat the awful drugs and creams he had sold them.

And now she had one extra trade to propose.

Chapter Ninety Seven

Meanwhile, the atmosphere in Studio Number 6 was electric.

Brutus Junior had milked the applause of the excited audience. He had made a speech about himself that went on far too long but, now that he had at last finished speaking, the contestants were finally 'under starters orders'.

Going first for each family were the 'young ladies':

In Lane 3, which was identified by canary yellow fluorescent bulbs inside the translucent rails, was Christina Harvey-Stackford.

The crowd bayed as the 28 year old wife of Mark was introduced. She was a beautiful brunette, with a model's slim figure and bee sting tits.

Christina was naked; dressed in only a yellow collar round her swan-like neck and matching yellow stiletto-heel shoes. Nothing else. Well, aside from the steel handcuffs that fastened her wrists high up behind her back.

On one of the massive screens hanging above each end of the auditorium, a close up of her shaved mound was displayed to the crowd, with her pouting labia split by the plastic rail. The zoom lens made it possible to see that there was a small ridge along the smooth plastic like a tiny shark's fin.

Her flesh shone slick with perspiration in the bright studio lights.

In Lane 2, the shocking pink, fluorescent lane, was Corina Kelly.

She got a massive jeer as BJ had already advised everybody in his speech that she had only lost her virginity that afternoon, aged 22.

Not only that, but she was currently having her period.

The once-bubbly redhead didn't look so happy now. Her freckled face wore a sweating, nervous frown. Like Christina, she was dressed in just a collar and heels, in matching pink. A cameraman was panning his zoom lens down from her large, milky white tits to her unshaven ginger cunt, giving those looking up at the screens a chance to evaluate her potential.

In Lane 1, was 23 year old Tammy Evans, wearing a turquoise blue collar and heels set.

Unfortunately for her, the blonde was the shortest of the three competitors, and it was evident she had to extend her legs and arch her thighs just to make the rail fin cutting into her mound bearable. In her favour though, was her lean, mean appearance.

Whereas the other two still had the unmistakable skin of newly acquired slaves, Tammy had long since lost the sheen of civilization. Her blue eyes glinted with a determined look.

It had already been explained to the competitors, studio audience and viewers at home, that the winning family would obtain its freedom.

No strings.

This was a first. BJ knew that the determination to win-at-all-costs, and the excitement that would generate, was something that would whet the appetite of even the most jaded crowd.

Especially given the decreed fate of the family that came last !

Without warning, a gun fired and the epic race began.

Immediately the three young women began to waddle in a most undignified manner along their rails. At the same time, a cacophony of screams, and shouts and hysterical laughter burst out around the auditorium.

“Move it, bitch.”

“Faster Yellow !”

“Looks like a fucking duck.”

“Mine’s in the lead”.

There were gambling booths and a mountain of Credits had been wagered on the outcome, based on the ages and details of the competing families.

The womens’ labia and buttocks slid along the greased rails quite easily for the first few yards. Then came a section where the smooth, rounded shape with just a slight ridge, changed into a vicious ^ design. Tammy Evans was leading slightly and her expression immediately changed to a pained grimace. She stumbled slightly, embedding her sensitive underside on the sharp point and howled, to hoots of derision from the crowd. The fall cost her valuable seconds and Christina in the yellow lane edged ahead of her, biting her lip, but ignoring the soreness in her recently well fucked cunt.

BJ sat in his privileged section seat and beamed. Undoubtedly Christina would be thinking of Neil, Tammy’s brother, as she determinedly took the lead. Neil had been the first lad to dump his load in her.

Mind you, Christina probably wasn’t that keen on Corina either, given that *her* brother Colin had been next slave to enjoy Christina’s undoubted charms. And then a couple of young guards had completed the mix.

Christina had clearly realised the only way for her to escape a future where such ‘fun’ was commonplace was to win this race.

A technician handed BJ a slip of paper. His smile grew wider. For the moment, they had a record online audience. At this rate, his ‘Family Fortunes’ Show would smash his stepmother’s ‘Enemies Reunited’ Show into history !

Thinking of his stepmother wiped the smirk from his face.

He watched the race in silence for a moment. There were no two ways about it. Stella was a prime bitch. She pretended she ran this company when really it was BJ and his dad, Brutus Senior, who were in charge.

He resented her involvement.

His grin returned as he imagined Stella herself as a slave, racing astride the rails in front of a baying mob. Wow, that would get the punters in. A Slave Mistress reduced to the status of slave meat.

People would pay to see that !

Maybe it was time to make it happen.

Chapter Ninety Eight

After Shack had reluctantly departed for the day, Brutus sat in the leather swivel chair at his desk and surveyed the damage.

Camilla stood with her fingers laced behind her head, feet apart. There were blotches all over her body where she had been pawed and mauled. The bruises on her large breasts had turned a sickly yellow and beige. There were livid blue hickeys on her neck where the two men had possessively kissed her. And their glistening ejaculate coated the insides of her thighs and had dribbled down her legs.

“Splendid.” He muttered.

Ian was hunched beside his wife, the flesh on his face was not physically altered beyond a couple of blotchy slap marks.

But his sunken eyes showed the glazed, devastated look of a well beaten man.

And the flesh of his buttocks bore even more discoloured scars of a well thrashed man !

“Absolutely splendid.” Brutus chimed, again.

He nodded to Rebecca to perch on the edge of the desk beside him.

She was a most interesting woman, this one. He had never come across a slave who’d taken to being a trainer quite so enthusiastically. It would be a waste to return her to the ranks just yet.

“A most enjoyable afternoon.” He said. “What do you think ? I thought Shack was actually rather a splendid chap.”

“Yes.” Rebecca replied. “Very nice. Charming, in fact.”

“What about you ?” Brutus smiled at Camilla.

She returned his gaze sullenly. “Er ... yeah ... very ... charming.”

In a second, Rebecca had risen and slapped Camilla across the cheek.

“Less of the attitude, bitch. Remember your training.”

Camilla rubbed her face. “I’m sorry. Yes, he was ... *very* nice.”

“That was quite an orgasm he gave you.”

Brutus spoke to Camilla but let his amused gaze rest on her husband.

“Yes.” She blushed crimson.

Ian bit his lower lip in humble silence.

“I had you figured for one hot slut. It’s just you’ve been married to the wrong man. From now on, we’re going to have some fun. You’re going to make up for lost time. Rebecca, here, will see to it.”

Brutus smiled at his newest trainer’s wide-eyed smirk of glee.

“Should I have sold them to Shack ?” he asked her. “I could make a massive profit.”

He watched her pause and think.

“Not yet, Sir. Have some more fun with them. I think he’ll still pay top Credit in a few weeks, or even months, time.”

“Mmm ...” Brutus nodded, “I agree. So, what ideas do you have for tomorrow ?”

Rebecca leaned in towards his ear and whispered a thought very quietly.

Brutus chuckled in delight.

“I love it.” He said. “We’ll arrange it.”

Camilla and Ian stared down at the desk, eyes lowered, dejectedly.

“In the meantime,” he continued, “as I recall, Camilla has only passed two tests. I seem to remember I promised three.”

“That’s right.” Rebecca replied.

“And what would you suggest ?”

Rebecca grinned. “Well, as it happens, I have something I prepared earlier.”

Chapter Ninety Nine

Christina Harvey-Stackford had fallen into third position. Not far behind but she was busting a gut to get level with the other two.

Her calf, thigh and stomach muscles all burned with agonising cramps.

But they weren't even half the story.

She had just slid along a stretch of rail that had been liberally smeared with a pungent gel. It was a muscle relaxant laced with chillies that applied fire to her labia and anus. She howled and wanted to hop about to disperse the searing pain but couldn't even lift one high-heeled ankle off the ground. All she was able to do was shuffle along like some decrepit old hag.

At that moment, a squidgy rotten tomato caught her just above the right eye and threw her off balance. The section of the crowd only a few feet from her jeered and she saw face after face laughing and screaming at her.

She felt an eggshell exploding across her back and then yolk splattering.

At last she reached the mid-way point of the figure of 8 course and she glimpsed the other members of her family waiting and shrieking for her to hurry up. But in seconds she realised that what passed for their encouragement was, in fact, simply their desperate fear.

Numbness had anaesthetised the worst of the pain in her cleft.

A surge of adrenaline cleared her wandering mind. It was now or never. In a short while, she would either be a free woman again.

Or ...

Ahead, the blonde bitch Tammy and the redhead cow Corina had also got a boost from seeing their own families.

Christina was *still* in last place.

Chapter One Hundred

Jane savoured the tang of mint toothpaste and mouthwash. At last, several hours after the last of one hundred men had filled her mouth and face with their semen, she had been allowed to brush and rinse out the rancid taste.

Sadie Thorne, the Corporation's Doctor, was in charge of preparations.

She was a late-middle aged woman, with a brusque manner, a round, matronly physique and a grey perm. Her waist was like a barrel and her fleshy thighs resembled tree trunks. The stench of halibut that permeated the folds of her unwashed womanhood would have made a fisherman wince.

But it was only after kneeling Jane had given her the third of three prodigious climaxes with her exhausted tongue and fingers that Sadie had magnanimously authorised the toothpaste.

The doctor examined the massive hoops inserted in Jane's nipples rings. They pulled her teats down somewhat but had done no damage yet.

Next, she towelled Jane's hair from the cold shower and fetched the drier.

"We need to pretty you up for your next adventure." She said.

Jane looked at the older woman apprehensively.

"Do ... you know ... wh .. what it is?"

"But of course."

Jane waited, hoping to be told, or at least given a clue.

The doctor turned the drier on, smiling enigmatically.

"You're going to be married."

Chapter One Hundred and One

Stella was watching the event with half an eye.

The young ladies had handed over the batons, so to speak, to their fathers who were shuffling the second leg of the race.

Mr Kelly, Corina's daddy in Lane 2, had opened a small lead over Mr Evans, father of Tammy, in Lane 1.

Poor old Mr Harvey-Stackford, oldest and flabbiest of the competitors, had taken over from Christina in last place, and he had fallen further behind. He was gasping and sweating just trying to stay upright.

Next to Stella sat the man known as Rhino.

Like her, he was watching the race with an amused glint in his grey eyes. But he was now turned sideways, one eye studying her with interest.

They were sat near the back of the auditorium, in the 'cheap seats', where they would not be noticed. Around them, people were shrieking at the competitors, laughing and pointing funny moments out to each other.

Stella looked away from the track.

"So, do we have a deal?" she asked him.

Rhino ran his thumb and index finger down his nose, thinking. His eyes were hooded, his nose fleshy and big, his hair long, greasy and tied in a ponytail. Slowly, he turned and looked her full in the eyes.

"Risky."

"Sure." She replied. "Slightly. For *both* of us. But I think you'll agree that the risk is justified by the reward I'm offering."

He stroked the stubble along his jaw.

Both of them turned again to watch the race as the entire crowd had erupted in riotous screams and raucous laughter.

The men had reached one of the sections of track where the smooth plastic rails had been ridged to create a juddering surface like a row of nnnnnnnn's. The section had not been greased but was roughened to create a surface like heavy-duty sandpaper.

Mr Kelly was doing a little dance of pain as his tender scrotum and buttocks bounced along the abrasive surface. Like his daughter, he was dressed only in a shocking pink collar and matching high heels, with steel handcuffs fastening his wrists up behind his back. He stared down with obvious distress at the red smears of glutinous menstrual blood that his own daughter Corina had left along his rail.

Mr Evans, in team turquoise, was grimacing with determination, and he had soon caught up with Mr Kelly, though probably at the cost of all feeling in his bouncing balls.

A gaggle of girls on a hen night out were sat only a short distance from the ridged section. They had each purchased water pistols from one of the booths selling 'audience participation toys'. The pistols were made of thermos material and had been filled with scalding hot sugar-water.

Both men were trying but failing to dodge a barrage of jets fired by the giggling girls. Tiny explosions of still sizzling water smacked against the mens' genitals, chests and faces, slowing them in their tracks.

The crowd roared approval, realising that the girls were trying to allow poor old Mr Harvey-Stackford to catch up and make a race of it.

One jet blasted against the tip of Mr Kelly's penis and instantaneously a blistering red mark appeared, as steam hissed. He roared and shook his head to clear it, as he struggled on. The sugar in the water made it stick to skin for a while before it was sweated off.

Rhino chuckled at the scene and then nodded at Stella.

"Okay." He took her elegant hand in his coarse palm. "Deal."

Chapter One Hundred and Two

Joelle gradually regained consciousness.

Her first thought was for her unborn child. She reached for her belly.

“Okay.” A male voice said, reading her expression of alarm. “You’re both fine.”

She gasped in relief. Slowly everything came into focus. She recoiled.

The face looking down at her was like some hideous phantom; almost hairless, covered in weeping pustules, with wrinkled, scaly skin.

“Who ... ?”

“Thhhhh ...” the cracked voice said, trying to hush her between his broken teeth.

“It’s Don. Remember me. Diana’s husband.”

She blinked. “Don ?”

He nodded slowly. Then shrugged.

“Those tablets, that cream. They did this ?” She asked.

He kept nodding his head, slowly up and down, like a metronome chiming the death march.

“No.” he said finally. “*They* didn’t. Brutus Junior did.”

She reached up and cautiously touched his face. It was hot to the touch. The skin felt leathery, like parchment paper.

“You know that I have nothing to do with whatever that bastard BJ does ? He was not my real husband.”

He tried to smile reassuringly at her. A spot ruptured as his lips curled and a dribble of pus oozed down his chin.

“Did you kidnap me ? What’s going to happen ?”

“I didn’t kidnap you.” He lisped. “It was Thtella.”

“Stella !” she gasped.

“Yeth.”

“Oh ... no. What’s going to happen now ?”

He motioned at the locked doors.

“I’m afraid I don’t know.”

Chapter One Hundred and Three

The fathers collapsed at the finishing line and handed over to the young men to complete the third leg.

In spite of the audience's best efforts, the Harvey-Stackfords remained in last place, although they were still in touch with the leaders.

Mark, Christina's husband, launched himself after Colin Kelly and Neil Evans, both of whom had fucked his wife only hours earlier.

Each of the men had been teasingly masturbated by female slaves up to the moment they set off. This had the effect of making them shuffle along the waist high rails with jutting erections waving to and fro in front of them.

To emphasise their 'team colours' each man had a coloured silk ribbon tied tightly round his erection, as well as collars and high heels.

Colin Kelly, the leader by a length, waddled along as fast as he could with a shocking pink bow flapping in front of him, clashing unfashionably with his carrot top of red hair and sickly pale skin.

He staggered for a moment and seemed to pause. In fact, he had just recognised his ex-girlfriend with her new fiancé sat in the front row. Something fluttered and he was momentarily blinded. It was a pair of white panties thrown by the girl he had once dated. He shook his head, smelling her musk and feeling the dampness, as the panties fell down his chest to the floor. She held up her right fist with the middle finger raised at him.

Out of the corner of his eye he glimpsed Neil Evans in Lane 1 drawing level. He slipped and wailed in agony as the sharp ^ of the railtrack punched him in the coccyx, slowing him down further.

Then, out of the other eye, he sensed Mark in Lane 3 catching him up too.

It was now a three horse race !

Up in the stands, there were two empty seats. Their neighbours thought it most strange that anybody would want to leave during the race !

But Stella had things to do.

While Rhino had things to prepare.

Chapter One Hundred and Four

The library had been set up almost as if for a wedding. There were comfortable, high backed chairs arranged either side of a central aisle. In front of the congregation, centre stage, there was a very sturdy wood, metal and canvas construction.

Imagine a large, rectangular table lying upside down, legs in the air.

The tabletop was set on the floor and formed the base of the structure, while the four thick table legs in each corner stuck up like solid posts.

There was a strong canvas sheet strung half way up each post, tied with reinforced sailing rope. The sheet itself was stretched tight and shaped like a four pointed star. It was basically a cut-out of a human body. The arms and legs were fixed diagonally to the four posts and there was a wider piece in the middle in the shape of a torso.

At various points up and down each post, there were fixed manacles, hooks, and long Velcro straps for tying and fastening a person.

It was evidently a 'fucking hammock' of a very special kind.

Stella had left Studio 6 where the 'rollercoaster race' was reaching its climax and taken a human-pony trap back to the library.

Incidental organ music was quietly playing as she entered the room. Brutus, Doctor Thorne, and half a dozen friends from the Corporation's Private Dining Club were milling about in the library waiting for her.

She smiled and gestured for her guests to take their seats. Trays of drinks and hors d'oeuvres were being offered to the guests by slaves. A stills photographer and three separate movie cameramen had set up their tripods and cameras and busied themselves waiting for the start.

A pair of red velvet curtains were pulled closed, temporarily hiding the fucking hammock from everybody's view.

Stella made sure everybody was comfortable in their seats.

The taped organ music struck up a familiar theme.

Eventually, Jane and Jim were ceremoniously led in from the back of the library to the front, escorted by their 'guards of honour'.

Jane's face was obscured by a veil, the thin net just allowing a glimpse of her face under her neatly arranged blonde tresses. She was wearing a pure white wedding dress, satin shoes and carrying a posy of dried, partially crumbling flowers.

It was the same posy, and the same dress, that she had worn to marry Jim, in happier times, when they were solvent before the Pestilence.

There were indentations in the white dress where her new nipple hoops pushed uncomfortably against the virginal material.

Next to her was the man 'giving her away'.

Not her father this time.

But her husband.

He was dressed in a black tuxedo suit. However, his jacket was pinned open and a square in the front of his trousers had been neatly cut out, to reveal his hairless, emasculated groin.

His penis was caged in a narrow steel tube with a frilly white bow tied decoratively around it, hanging out of the front of his suit.

He wore shiny, patent leather shoes on his feet. His brown hair was neatly brushed and his face was shaved smooth.

A cameraman zoomed in for a close up of his expression. It was strangely accepting. He looked vaguely like a dad who was giving his daughter away to some bad'un who he didn't like or approve of, but he was still acting the part of proud father on the day.

The guards spun them around to face the small, hushed and expectant audience.

Stella's eyes roved the room, checking last details, observing the cameramen.

And then a handler walked in through the side door, leading behind him a strutting Hamlet, one of Stella's four dogs. Hamlet was a magnificent, black coated Great Dane, three feet tall when walking normally, standing as tall as a man when up on his hind legs, weighing in at 220 pounds (15 ½ stones, equivalent to 100 kilograms).

His short-haired coat was shiny black, his neck, thighs and body rippled with muscle, his eyes and ears were alert. The Great Dane is known as the 'Apollo of all Canines' and, looking at Hamlet, it was difficult not to agree.

Well, Stella supposed, unless perhaps, if you happened to be Jane !

The audience clapped politely and Hamlet barked once, flashing his teeth. He had brought with him that vague, wet 'doggy scent' into the room. Stella knew he had been bathed, brushed and groomed for this occasion.

The ceremony was brief, conducted by Doctor Thorne. She asked who was giving the bitch away and a guard poked Jim sharply in the back.

"I ... am." He mumbled.

The doctor asked who was taking the bitch.

The handler encouraged Hamlet by his collar to take a step forward.

Doctor Thorne rubbed the dog behind the ears and said "You. Hamlet."

The doctor then requested the bitch to stand beside her Stud and asked if any person present knew *any* reason why the two should not be joined together.

The invited audience chuckled, scratched their heads at each other, as if desperately trying to think of any just reason at all. Stella smiled at the corny acting of her friends as a cameraman panned along their faces.

"Absolutely none." Replied Stella eventually, on everybody's behalf.

The doctor recited Hamlet's words for him. "I, Hamlet, take you Jane, as my bitch. I will not be faithful, though I don't expect you to be either, but you will love, honour and obey me as long as you're told."

Hamlet gave an excited 'arf' and everybody laughed again.

The doctor then told Jane to repeat after her.

"I, Jane ..."

The high quality boom microphone picked up a small cough of apprehension from behind Jane's veil.

"I, Jane." Her voice was strangely composed, in the circumstances. Stella looked at the veil and inclined her head in a nod of approval.

"Take you Hamlet, as my stud." the doctor continued.

"T ...take you Hamlet as my stud ..."

"I do not expect you to be faithful, and I doubt I will be either..."

"I do not expect you to be faithful, and I d ... doubt I will be either..."

"but I will love, honour and obey you as long as I'm told."

"but I will lo ... love, honour and obey you as long as I'm told."

Another ripple of applause filled the library. The cameras focused briefly on Jim's face as well as Jane's veil. Stella studied him with interest. She adored seminal moments like this.

"The bitch will now kiss the stud."

Slowly Jane bent her head and lifted the veil from her face, propping it behind her shoulders. The audience slid forwards in their seats. Jane had been nicely made up, with mascara, rouge and lipstick. Hamlet looked up, opened his mouth, a drool of slobber hanging down, and panted in her face. The guard pushed her head forward until her face touched the dog's.

"Go on, have a kiss." Said the doctor encouragingly.

A camera caught Jane's gulp and forced smile.

She puckered her lips and made a gentle 'mwah' sound.

Hamlet barked excitedly.

The still photographer's camera flashed.

"I now pronounce you, Stud and bitch." Doctor Thorne said.

Everybody clinked their glasses.

"Cheers ! To the Stud and his new bitch."

Jane looked around. Her make up had been smudged slightly by Hamlet's lick. She glanced briefly at Jim, at the cameramen and then finally at Stella. It was as if she thought it was the end of a performance and was gauging the audience's satisfaction with her performance.

Stella smiled. "Cut." She said to the cameras.

There was an awkward silence.

"Well," Stella continued, "I think it's time we prepared for the next scene; the honeymoon and the ... er ... first night !"

"Nooooooo ..." Jane wailed, staring in horror straight at her.

"You bastards." Shouted Jim, trying to break free.

Slowly the red curtains behind them opened to reveal the fucking hammock.

His guard, a karate black belt, twisted Jim's arm up behind his back and held him effortlessly. The audience tittered.

"You will pay for that comment later". Stella announced, matter-of-factly.

"You promised." Said Jane. "Please. You said that it was just a movie scene, a horrid mock wedding, and if we went along with it, that would be all. We did what you asked !!"

She threw herself down on the floor.

"You promised." She wailed.

Stella looked down at her and shrugged.

"I lied."

Chapter One Hundred and Five

Sat now at your PCs, or with your wireless laptop on your knees, or relaxing in bed with a paper printed copy, it is nigh on impossible to imagine the final few minutes of the rollercoaster race; the agonising, lung bursting, muscle burning, gasping shuffle for the finishing line.

And redemption.

Or doom.

For all of a father's pride, a son's loyalty and a daughter's love, it is the mother who is the *most* protective, *most* determined to save her family.

For all a man's courage and strength, it is the woman who can bear the greatest pain and suffering.

So the final leg was a race between the three 'mummies'.

The leading two were neck and neck; 48 year old Mrs Evans in Lane 1 jostled alongside the 40 year old Mrs Kelly in Lane 2. Then, around ten seconds behind and seemingly destined for failure, lurched 51 year old Mrs Harvey-Stackford in Lane 3, bringing up the rear.

Instead of wearing handcuffs, the three older women had their hands free. But they had to use them to hold up and present their flopping breasts to the jeering, cheering audience.

They waddled along desperately in their turquoise, pink and yellow collars and heels. Each knew only one thought;

I must win.

So they ignored the pain and shame and everything else. The screaming, jeering faces, the cameras and microphones, the screens and bright lights, the deafening noise and mind-numbing pain and exhaustion.

No shame, no game.

No pain, no gain.

They had reached the long section on the final bend where the rail was not actually plastic at all. It was made of stiff bristles, dipped and dyed in the same glowing turquoise, pink and yellow shades. The coloured quills had been set at an angle, pointing backwards towards the competitors, who were faced with an unenviable choice.

They could either waddle as fast as they could through the brutal 'hair brush' barbs sticking proud, that ravaged their defenceless labia and sphincters.

Or they could pick their way along more carefully, reducing the piercing pain, but losing valuable seconds to their competitors.

Against all odds, Mrs Harvey-Stackford paid no heed to the barbs slashing into her hanging flesh and ripping loose of the rail. Her labia now looked like a sea urchin covered in yellow broken spines.

But, much more importantly, she had almost caught up the other two, younger and more selfish, women.

Finally, on the home straight there was the 'chicane'.

At this point, the three rails merged into one wide, triple-striped rail as thick as a man's upper leg.

The competitors had to spread their feet exceptionally wide, shambling along in a most ungainly, undignified and painfully slow gait.

The metal tips in the bottom of their stiletto heels met with random plates hidden in the floor and triggered electrical shocks in the rail above, sending blue, pink and yellow sparks hissing into the air around their waists.

Mrs. Kelly was just in the lead as they entered the chicane, followed by Mrs Evans, with Mrs Harvey-Stackford close behind in third.

An electrical zap and shower of pink sparks signalled that Mrs Kelly had had the misfortune to trigger a shocking bolt up her spine.

She gasped and let out a wail that was drowned out by the maelstrom of audience noise.

Mrs Evans piled into the back of her, before setting off another shock that froze both women in their tracks. Drool flew from their slack jaws.

Somehow they surged ahead again, and moments later broke out of the chicane onto three rails and the final short stretch of the race.

Ahead of them, their families were shrieking at them, each face sobbing and begging, urging and daring to hope.

A rotten tomato smashed hard into Mrs Evan's exhausted face, sending red flesh and seeds flying everywhere.

A raw egg landed in a direct hit against Mrs Harvey-Stackford's bouncing chin, spewing shards of yolk over her canary yellow collar.

They reached the finishing line virtually in a row.

After four laps raced by four different team members, the result incredibly came down to a matter of a few inches.

It was almost a dead heat.

Almost.

And at that moment, the lights went out.

Chapter One Hundred and Six

Brutus Junior crumpled the microphone in rage.

At his very moment of triumph, when *his* program was about to set a record for pay-per-view online viewers, the Compound's power had gone. The signal had been disrupted, leaving people with blank screens all over the land.

It took only a couple of minutes to get everything up and running again, but by that time, the moment had passed.

The official feed confirmed his worst fears.

The online viewing record was still held by 'Enemies Reunited'.

He did his best to smile and take the plaudits from his colleagues, guests and guards. But inside he was seething.

A review of the tape confirmed that the Kellys had won by inches.

He watched indulgently as his old friend Neil, young Tammy, and mum and dad Evans hugged each other in a circle, screaming and laughing and rejoicing.

He stared sullenly as the guards marched away the gasping, sobbing Kellys and Harvey-Stackfords to a life of untold grief; young Christina and Corina were both hysterical, tearing at their hair and flesh in anguish.

Then BJ made his excuses and slipped away.

He walked along, muttering threats against Stella. He bet that his cunt of a mother-in-law had sabotaged the power supply.

She hated him. In fact, everybody in this fucking place hated him.

Well, except Joelle.

One of the CCTV cameras set above the path he was walking along whirred and he glared up at it. Fucking spies.

He reached down and adjusted his dick in his pants. At least he could go and get Joelle to relieve him. That'd make him feel better. A beer and a blowjob.

He never even saw the black clad figure.

Or felt the dart as it pierced his neck.

Or the pathway as it rushed up to meet him.

Chapter One Hundred and Seven

Jane was suspended on the sturdy, star-shaped sheet. It took her weight easily, with her legs and arms staked out along the four points of the piece of canvas, her body supported, and her head and hips hanging just over the edges of the central section.

She had tried vainly to resist the burly guards but her ankles and wrists were now fastened tight in manacles. She was still wearing her white dress but her veil had fallen onto the floor below her head. She was looking towards her fascinated, excited audience.

Below her lay Jim, his legs and arms stretched out on the base of the structure, manacled to the struts. He was face up and tied in the opposite direction to her, so that his feet faced the audience.

The position gave him an excellent close up view of his wife's body, especially her inner thighs just above him. He had been gagged with a pink 'o' gag to silence his desperate protestations.

The audience had been sat a polite distance away during the ceremony but now all their seats had been moved forwards, so that people could easily reach out with an extended arm and touch Jane's face if they wanted.

On a screen to one side, a recording of the short, moving ceremony as Jane and Hamlet exchanged their vows was just finishing.

"It's time." Stella said, draining the last of her champagne glass.

On her nod, Cuntlicker stepped forward.

Stella had chosen her for the role that afternoon.

Cuntlicker was the 29 year old lesbian from the garden; boyishly handsome with doe-like eyes set off by enormous lashes and a fringe of short dark hair. She was sexily dressed in just a black lace thong and quarter cup bra, from which the nipples of her perfect little tits poked out.

Naturally, Stella's threat that if Cuntlicker either failed to obey any instruction, or failed in the mission she'd been given, then she would herself take Jane's place had concentrated the beauty's mind.

She bent over and slowly, sensuously, eased Jane's white dress up her legs.

A camera placed behind her broadcast the view on the widescreen monitor. Jane was wearing white fishnet stockings, held up by a white suspender belt, and no panties; a hot, horny wife on her honeymoon, ready to receive her husband as soon as they reached their hotel bedroom.

Cuntlicker pushed until the tops of Jane's legs and eventually her dimpled buttocks were fully revealed on screen.

She poured a small amount of warm oil onto the palm of her hand and then rubbed her hands together, before beginning to massage Jane's ankles.

Jane looked up at Stella.

"Ple" She began to say, unable to finish the word, shaking her head.

Stella cupped Jane's chin gently in her hands and stared back.

"You have two choices from here." Stella said, calmly and almost sympathetically.

"The first is to give in and enjoy it. Concentrate on the good part, the physical pleasure. Cuntlicker will get you in the mood first."

Stella carefully lifted a blonde strand of Jane's hair out of her eyes.

"The second is to fight it and concentrate on the bad part, the mental shame. It's up to you. But here's the deal. I know that Hamlet will enjoy this. He always does. I want *you*

to enjoy it too. I want you to reach a big, teeth-jangling climax for us. And I can assure you that Cuntlicker does too. If you don't reach one, well, let's just say you'll *both* regret it."

Jane simply gawped up at her.

Unsurprisingly her brain was slightly scrambled, computing information slowly. Very slowly, she nodded her head up at Stella, a big fat glistening tear sliding out of the side of one damp blue eye.

"And don't ... " Stella added, "... think you can fool any of us with a fake orgasm. We all know the real thing. If there's any doubt about whether you're faking it, our decision will be final."

A cameraman had zoomed down onto Jim's 'o' ring-gagged face filmed through Jane's legs during Stella's speech. Jim had clearly given up fighting. His head lay back on the wooden base, just staring in stupefaction up into the 'v' of Jane's splayed thighs.

Cuntlicker knelt and began to go to work on Jane's body, massaging up her legs, following with her skilled tongue, slowly, teasingly, playing snakes and ladders; up three inches, then down two, but gradually homing in on Jane's middle. Eventually her fingers and lips reached their goal.

It had been almost 24 hours since Jane's vagina had been used.

Stella guessed it may still be sore but the nerve endings should have recovered much of their functionality.

A guard passed Cuntlicker a glistening vibrator. It was lubed up and warm. Stella had even selected a nice, comfortable size.

An instrument of pleasure not correction this time.

She watched on screen as Cuntlicker applied the pink crown to Jane's gash. Damn the girl was good as well as beautiful. She simultaneously pushed on the vibrator, kissed Jane's labia and fluttered soft fingers over her skin.

On the screen, Jane's body resisted, but there was something in the physical language that suggested Cuntlicker was slowly winning.

Stella was careful not to look down at Jane's face. It wouldn't do to be caught smirking yet. But anyway, Jane's head was hanging down, facing the floor.

Like a skilled courtesan, Cuntlicker played Jane's body, slowly lowering her resistance in spite of the situation. It was just a question of the physical conquering the mental. Eventually, as Cuntlicker eased the vibrator almost out to the mouth of Jane's cunt, Stella was certain she noticed Jane's hips follow. She was trying to maintain full contact with the plastic penis.

Cuntlicker noticed too and eased the vibrator all the way out with a plopping sound, replacing it with her lips, then tongue, then easing the penis back in and putting her tongue gently to Jane's anal cleft.

Stella heard a distinct sigh from Jane's mouth.

Quiet, brief, but a definite gasp.

She held up her finger to her lips to warn everybody not to mock or even make a comment.

It was now a sex scene. A lesbian love-in. Cuntlicker was leading Jane's body a merry dance, using her fingers, mouth, even her breasts as well as the vibrator and warm oil to massage, kiss, tease and arouse her, gradually but inevitably bringing her out of her shell, so to speak.

At just the right moment, Cuntlicker's fingertip brushed against Jane's protruding clitoris, producing a much louder sound; a moan rather than a sigh.

Jane's head jerked and she looked up in shock and shame.

Stella met her gaze and smiled back reassuringly.

“It’s much better this way.” She mouthed, almost silently.

Jane was already bright red but she still blushed, and let her head drop again. She could not stop her body responding now to her lover’s every touch.

Cuntlicker shifted her angle on her knees and began to lap at Jane’s engorged clitoris.

Chapter One Hundred and Eight

Rebecca reclined in her new trainer's quarters, on a bed of cushions.

Ian was hunched between her thighs, licking at her musky cleft. In spite of his bruises, he still had sex appeal. She had always found his intellect and humour deeply attractive, especially given his grey-flecked hair, chiselled features and firm jaw. Of course, back then, she'd thought of him as 'Camilla's husband' and so that was that.

Back then !

She looked up dreamily and pulled a clump of his hair to adjust his angle. She had already climaxed twice but was not yet satisfied. She felt an insatiable need. After seven months of giving, she had a lot of taking to catch up with.

It's better to give than receive ! Hah, whoever said that crock had never spent time at the Brutus Corporation !

Camilla was kneeling, observing them.

Rebecca gasped and narrowed her eyes in lust. Being voyeured by somebody added a delicious thrill to the moment. But being watched by her lover's wife was something else entirely.

She reached out and touched Camilla's nipple, then slowly raised her hand to the back of Camilla's neck.

"Kiss me." She said, pulling her face down.

She caught a flash of Camilla's ice blue eyes as she lowered her head and puckered her lips, tentatively coupling them with Rebecca's.

"Mmm ..." Rebecca moaned, thrusting her hips up into Ian's mouth.

She extended her tongue and sought Camilla's, kissing her passionately as she felt climax washing over her.

"So good. I'm going to ... aaa ... to cuuummm ... nnnngh aaaaaaaa."

Thirty seconds later, just a little sheepishly, Rebecca pushed Camilla's face away. Ian remained dotting her inner thighs with little kisses.

"He's learning, your ex." She said, smiling at Camilla. "You should have let him do that to you, all the time you were together." She pouted, mock-sadly at her. "Now it's too late."

Several great big glistening tears rolled down Camilla's cheeks.

"W ... why ?"

Rebecca reached up to smear the tears away.

"Why ?" She paused, musing a moment.

"You know, we all used to ask that. Why ? Why me ? Why that ? And you know what ? There isn't any answer. Just think of it as some kind of story, where there are winners and losers. Some happy endings, some sad endings. And guess what ? I'm a happy ending."

Rebecca allowed her grin to break into a broad, euphoric smile. She reached out and casually dug two fingernails into one of Camilla's nipples.

"But you're a sad one."

Chapter One Hundred and Nine

A Great Dane is a gentle giant. Treated kindly and well trained, the dog can be trusted with old ladies and children alike. But it is as well to remember that it has enormous power. Big dogs have all evolved from hunting beasts to a greater or lesser extent. Their bodies are designed to run, manoeuvre, fight and conquer. Their breeding style reflects their power. An excited Great Dane is not, shall we say, to be messed with.

Hamlet's handler was grooming him using his favourite brush and long, sensuous strokes. Gradually the end of the stroke moved from ending on the spine before the tail, to sliding down the flank and ending near to the dog's genitals.

Cuntlicker withdrew from between Jane's legs and picked up a glass perfume bottle, with a spray atomiseur top. She sensuously applied scent to Jane's legs, buttocks and inner thighs. Jane hadn't noticed the switch and her body swayed gently on the canvas as Diana rubbed the scent in.

It was a musk taken directly from a canine bitch in heat mixed with a light oil base.

Almost immediately, Hamlet, gave a high pitched 'arf' and began to skitter around.

The noise jerked Jane out of her reverie. She stared up at Stella.

The handler marched Hamlet into position as Cuntlicker vacated the spot. Four guards helped lift the dog up on his hind legs and eased him down onto Jane's back. The handler had thoughtfully placed special protective leather 'gloves' on Hamlet's forepaws.

Cuntlicker knelt and used her skilled fingers briefly on Hamlet's 'doghood'.

It wasn't necessary. Hamlet had been here before. He knew what he had to do. He enjoyed it, and the grooming and bitch scent were more than enough. His long, shiny, glistening pink erection protruded from his fur.

Jane's mind may not have been quite ready. But her body was. A quick adjustment by the guards, plus Cuntlicker's hands, and Hamlet's arrow slid easily into the moist, skilfully prepared and defenceless target.

There was a sudden noise after the silent tension of the past few minutes. The audience cheered. There was no need to control themselves now. Things were irreversible.

Jane half-grunted, half-wailed.

Stella just let out a quiet breath and watched. She always loved this bit.

One of the cameramen zoomed in on the moment of penetration, while another focused on Jane's upturned, tear-stained face.

Almost immediately, Hamlet began to thrust and pump, his jaws open wide. The canvas sheet and steel bolts squeaked rhythmically.

Hands reached out and began to fondle and intimately caress Jane's body, along her shoulders and jiggling the breast hoops that stuck from underneath her torso.

Brutus held her by her blonde hair to prevent her dropping her head.

The atmosphere had completely changed; now people were no longer quietly fascinated, they were actively relishing Jane's humiliation.

There were loud words of encouragement for Hamlet.

"Come on, boy, give your bitch a good seeing to."

"Ah, don't they make a lovely couple."

Jane's eyes rolled in their sockets. Her mouth gaped open.

"She's loving it. I know that look." Commented a female guest to Stella.

Sure enough, in spite of herself, Jane seemed to be steadily, if reluctantly, responding. After ten minutes of relentless teasing, her body was on auto-pilot. Stella smiled at Cuntlicker who returned her look with relief.

“Come,” Stella said, taking over from Brutus and gripping Jane’s hair, “let yourself. Remember what I said.”

One of the guests who had moved to the side for a better view said, “I think Hamlet is ready to tie one on.”

Stella lit a cigarette and recharged her glass with champagne.

Jane’s eyes widened in shock as the dog’s huge knot swelled inside her. Hamlet was now thrusting even more manically, his ears pricked. Drool slobbered from his black chops in glistening strands.

The squeaking rhythm of the metal, the grunts and groans, and laughter and comments reached a crescendo of noise.

“Ngah ...” Jane grunted, “nngmmmm ...”

“Breed her, Hamlet. Make some pups.”

“She’s just a bitch.”

“She’s coming.” laughed another guest.

Stella leaned in to whisper in Jane’s ear. “Ask me permission.”

A gob of spit flew from Jane’s jerking mouth. She gawped at Stella.

“Pl ...” She mumbled. “Pl ... pliz m ...”

Hamlet growled a loud ‘arf’ and everybody cheered. Without a shadow of a doubt, the Great Dane was spewing his load.

Jane was unable to speak. She simply grimaced.

“Aaaaammmmmmmmm.”

And climaxed herself.

The cameras caught it from all angles.

But after the movie was selectively edited, it would show a consensual ceremony and then an ecstatic, orgasmic consummation. Stella couldn’t wait to release a few free copies of the DVD to Jane and Jim’s social circle.

Hamlet stayed resting on his partner’s back, with his knot locked inside her. Brutus patted the dog on the head gently and praised him.

More champagne was served.

Stella grinned at Jane as she descended from her high.

“Good girl. We can all tell *that* wasn’t faked.”

Jane blushed even more scarlet than she was. There was a mix of shame, and relief, and even a tiny unavoidable glimmer of sexuality in her eyes. But quickly the shame and anger came back to the fore.

Stella chortled. “Don’t say anything you might regret. I have three other dogs and they are all as horny as Hamlet. So, thank me instead.”

Amidst the shame, commonsense flowed into Jane’s blue pupils.

“Th ... thank you, Mistress.”

“I don’t think it’s only me you need to thank, is it ?” Stella asked, looking up at Hamlet.

The audience turned absolutely silent.

Jane shut her eyes momentarily, feeling the weight on her back. Slowly she turned her head as best she could.

“Thank you ... H ... Hamlet.”

Everybody smiled and chinked their glasses.

A few minutes later, Hamlet’s softened knot slid sloppily from Jane’s slack vagina. A camera was there to catch the moment as Jim’s face was revealed below, and soon after watery fluids began to dribble downwards onto his ‘o’ ring gag.

Hamlet was led away by his handler, tail wagging.

Chapter One Hundred and Ten

The moon cast a bright, shimmering glow across the dark water.

Crates were being loaded onto the ship. To the six cages that had been brought to the dockside earlier, a seventh had now been added.

Rhino watched impassively as the burly dockers swung all seven cages into the cargo hold, where they would remain for the duration of the journey.

“That’s the lot, Guv’.” The foreman said, wiping his grimy forehead with a sweat soaked glove.

Rhino handed a bearer IOU for the agreed amount of Credits. He then added a generous tip.

The foreman grinned, tapping his finger to his nose.

“For your discretion.” Rhino stated, a touch of menace in his voice.

“Goes without saying Guv’.” The man scratched his head. “That *was six* cages we loaded, wasn’t it ?”

Rhino pointed to the shipping document and then folded it into his pocket.

“Just as it says. Six.”

Chapter One Hundred and Eleven

Brutus patted the pillow next to him.

“Come to bed.”

Stella smiled, coquettishly.

“Be patient, my love.”

He groaned.

“I have things to do. This place doesn't work on its own you know !”

He pushed the sheet down to reveal his erection.

“My oh my.” She chuckled. “Do you *ever* stop ?”

She sat down on the edge of the bed and curled her fingers around his shaft.

He nestled down into the bed and closed his eyes.

“Nobody does it like you do.”

“Oh go on with you !” she looked down at him, secretly thrilled. Her husband was no picture postcard any more, but he was still her man.

“Have you seen BJ ?” he asked, suddenly, eyes still closed.

She carried on smoothly teasing his veined rod, not missing a beat.

“No. I'm sure he'll turn up at breakfast.”

He nodded, sighing, mind wandering.

Slowly Stella lowered her head and took him in her mouth. It had been a long time. She heard him let out a gentle moan of surprise.

“Shhgghhh ...” she hushed him, soft lips round his helmet, tightening her grip and moving her hand up and down.

A few minutes later, he came, in grateful, gratifying grunts.

Stella let it ooze from her mouth onto his belly.

After all, to swallow would have been taking things a bit too far !

She switched out the light and left Brutus to his slumbers.

In a room, the Evans family were eating and drinking a celebratory meal. They had each been allowed to shower and given clothes.

Their joyous, noisy chatter cut to a nervous silence as Stella entered.

She smiled at them magnanimously.

“Congratulations ! It was a great race and a well deserved victory.”

Her comment met with four expressions of huge relief.

“Th ... thank you, Mistress.” Mr Evans stammered in reply.

Gradually, the atmosphere relaxed as she joined them in a glass of wine. She listened to them recount their traumatic experiences in BJ's special dungeon. One by one they opened up.

“And what will you do now ?” she asked, finally.

The uncertainty returned.

“We can go ? We're really free ?” Neil, BJ's one-time friend, asked.

“A deal is a deal.”

The euphoria passed. A sudden realisation hit them.

“We have nowhere to go. No credits. Nothing.” Mrs Evans shrugged.

Stella patted her on the shoulder. “That can be arranged.”

“I don't think I could go back to my former life.” Neil said.

“The humiliation.” Tammy murmured. “Those DVDs of us. I just couldn't.”

“If only we could start again, somewhere else.”

Stella looked at Neil. "Have you ever been to the Americas ?"

He gawped at her. They all did, hanging on her every word.

"I have a new friend there. I could give you an introduction. He has a business over there. I'm sure he could find a role for you all."

"Really !"

"No way !"

Suddenly the atmosphere changed again, this time to great excitement.

Stella rose from the table.

"Sleep well everybody. We'll sort out the details tomorrow."

She left the room with an enormous grin on her face.

Next, it was Joelle's turn to benefit from the recent turn of events.

Stella scowled once more with annoyance at Don's appearance as he opened the locked door for her.

"How are things ?" she asked.

"Okay, Mithreth. The's awake now."

Stella nodded, walking over to where Joelle lay.

"Regardless of what we all think of BJ, this ..." she laid her hand on the woman's swollen belly, "... will be my husband's grandchild."

Joelle looked up at her nervously. "Please ... let me keep my baby."

Stella smiled kindly. "I can do better than that."

There was a commotion, and then a guard marched in with a gaunt, emaciated male prisoner.

"Pierre !" Joelle shrieked, seeing her real husband for the first time in almost a year.

He ran to her, tears running down his cheeks, uttering a torrent of French.

Not long after, Stella lay in the dark, next to Brutus.

It had been a momentous day, even by the standards of the Corporation.

She felt her eyelids growing heavy and cuddled up closer to her husband's warmth.

It felt strangely good to have righted a few wrongs.

To have been merciful.

She must be growing soft in her old age.

EPILOGUE
Six months later

Chapter One Hundred and Twelve

The sign on the oak door said it all:

‘Head Trainer’s Office – Private’

Camilla knocked cautiously.

There was no reply.

She knocked again, a little louder.

“Enter”.

Slowly she pushed the heavy door open.

The newly promoted Head Trainer was sat behind a large desk, surrounded by neat stacks of paper, files, photos and a computer screen.

On the floor there was an inordinate and quite unnecessary mess; more papers, strewn clothes, empty cardboard food cartons, all manner of rubbish and waste.

It was the same very morning.

Just to make her job a little harder.

“Ah, Camilla.”

“Good morning, Mistress.” She replied.

“Come here.”

She stood to attention by the desk.

“Raise your top.”

Winter was turning to Spring but it was still a bitterly cold day. The slaves were generally allowed light clothes, in Camilla’s case a cotton smock, mini skirt and stockings. She lifted her top high.

Rebecca reached up and fondled Camilla’s pendulous breasts, then slid her hand down over her tummy.

“Sick ?”

“Not today, Mistress.”

She was exactly half way through her term. Twenty weeks pregnant. The worst of her morning nausea seemed to be over.

“Any clearer idea who the father is yet ?” Rebecca asked gaily.

She cracked the same joke most mornings.

“No, Mistress.”

“But at least we know who it *isn’t*, don’t we ?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Ian had been sold to Shack after only a few weeks. Camilla hadn’t seen him in more than five months. She was forbidden even to mention him.

“Right, well get to work.” Rebecca said. “I have several new slaves to train today.”

Chapter One Hundred and Thirteen

The previous evening's Premiere had gone very well. Most releases were action-thrillers-with-sex, or straight sex films, and it was rare for a documentary to generate critical *and* commercial interest.

But the story of Mark's search had wowed the invited audience of state bureaucrats, new 'celebs' and, of course, the stars of the movie.

It documented the lives of Christina Harvey-Stackford and her husband Mark from the moment they lost the rollercoaster race.

Entitled 'The Search for Christina's Lovers', it follows Mark as he revisits his and her old neighbourhoods, schools, offices, locating every person on their wedding guest list who had not become a slave, and every acquaintance they had made afterwards as a couple.

Naturally, some of them are aware of the Corporation and its good work.

But many are surprised when approached by their old mate Mark.

"Hi, Mark, I hear you went bankrupt. How'd it happen?"

"I'd hate to be in your shoes, mate."

"What's life like for you nowadays? Tough, eh? Really?"

"You what? You want me to fuck Christina?"

"You've gotta be kidding. You serious?"

"What, all three of us? At once?"

"You mean you'll be with us while we do her?"

"Man, I remember your wedding day. Christina looked great."

"Sure, I'll fuck her for you. So long as she sucks me first."

"She still got that little dress she used to wear, The red one. Get her to start off in that."

"Oh yeah, that tank top too. Her titties looked good in it."

"Fuck. Her wedding dress. Yeah, she can wear that. With a lacy bra!"

"You what? You're going to lick her cunt moist first for us?"

"And lick her out after? Man, that's sick."

"She a swallower your missus? Mine ain't. If I'm going to be unfaithful then I want yours to guzzle down every drop."

"You promise they'll blur out our faces right? My wife'd go apeshit."

"I'm not a lesbian but I always fancied trying it. No-strings-attached muff diving with your dirty old Chrissie, mmm? Who'd have thought!"

"Her arse. Now you're talking. But you've never done her there right?"

"No. I'm not interested. She's an ugly slag... hah, only kidding."

"I'll do it on one condition. If I can piss in her fucking face first."

"Get down on your knees and ask nicely, Marky boy."

"My girlfriend says I can so long as she can join in too. A threesome. With you as the fourth but just a sad watcher!"

"I never liked the pair of you. Too fucking lah-di-dah for my taste. Well, your bitch can lick my arsehole, then we'll discuss a fuck."

"But I must be twice her age, young man."

"You mean you have to beg me to screw her if I say no? Hell then, no!"

"I feel sorry for you, mate. Seriously, I do. I wouldn't wish your fate on anybody. Buy you know what? I always fancied giving Christina one. More than one actually. So, I guess I'm going to have to do it."

“I know I was your boss once, Mark, and I’m not meant to exploit my staff. Things were tough for me too, but I hung in there. So I guess the old sexual harassment rules don’t apply now. I shall thoroughly enjoy fucking your little missus for you.”

“Mark ! Wake up and smell the roses. I’m fucking gay, man !”

“Mmm, my puss is moist already. I have a big strap on she can enjoy.”

Superbly filmed by skilled cameramen and lovingly edited into a 90 minute story, the audience literally lapped it up. There was an amusing voice over commentary, cracking jokes at the humiliated couple’s expense.

By the end, once proud and prim Christina has fucked and sucked and performed just about every imaginable sex act with boys, girls, older men, and even older women from her own, and her husband’s, past.

And the highly explicit movie will now be going out on general release !

Chapter One Hundred and Fourteen

Another door, another sign.

‘Gender Research – Strictly No Unauthorised Entry’

The door was heavy steel with a small window of reinforced glass at eye level. There was also a discreet Rhinoceros logo above the viewing window.

Behind the door, Neil Evans unzipped his fly and draped his thickened penis over the lip of the funnel. His bladder was swollen with grapefruit juice and morning coffee. He had also saved his overnight brew and this was his first piss of the day.

He smirked down at the person strapped down motionless on the operating table. The body was completely encased in a red rubber suit, other than circular holes at the breasts and genitals, plus slits for the ears and eyes.

The eyes looked up at him in helpless supplication.

He chuckled and let a few dribbles dampen the funnel. The stench of his acrid, dark urine tickled his nostrils and he savoured the sharp aroma.

Then he relaxed and unleashed a fierce jet aimed at the spout. It gurgled down the one-way valve. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty seconds he emptied himself, until at last he shook the final few droplets from the tip. He watched the whole lot disappear into the human toilet in the facemask.

Neil zipped himself up and smiled at Tammy, his sister. She was sat at the computer screen composing an email.

“Finished ?” he asked.

“Not quite.”

He picked his nose and flicked the residue into the funnel. The figure in the rubber suit was completely immobilised. He ran his hands over the budding breasts that stuck out through the circular holes. The nipples were still disappointingly small, obviously male, but the tits themselves were coming along nicely; an A cup but verging on a B. All from drugs to lay the foundations.

Soon they would be able to complete a proper silicone boob job and give the bitch some mega D or E cup hooters.

More interesting was the shaved pudenda. It was hardly what you’d call an attractive vagina. Just a slit and sheath where the male equipment had been. But it did the job. The new drugs they were experimenting with were successfully increasing the sensitivity in the nerve endings so that the sheath lubricated properly, without yielding any orgasmic pleasure. There was obviously no intention to attempt replicating a clitoris.

The hormones, diet and forced exercise were reshaping the body shape into a stereotypical female with wide hips, slim waist and decent boobs.

There was a clipboard on the end of the table. Neil scanned the page. Later that morning, ten desperate, horny American slaves would be given a couple of minutes each to relieve themselves in the ‘she-male’ sheath.

In the afternoon, there was a question mark against another ten slaves using the she-male’s anus for the same purpose.

Grinning, he held the page up above the facemask and showed the eye slits what the day’s likely activities would be. Then, taking a red pen, he carefully ran a line through the question mark over the afternoon’s fun.

Tammy stood up and walked to the chattering printer. She waited until it finished and then pulled a colour sheet out.

It was a digital photo.

“New one ?” Neil asked.

She nodded. “Stella sent it.”

It was a family snap of a happy trio; mother, Joelle, with her husband Pierre, and their cute baby boy.

They held it so that the damp eyes staring through the slits could see.

“Loook.” She cooed into the earflits. “Young Pierre Junior. They call him PJ. And doesn’t his mum look happy to be back with the man she loves. I hear they’re having a great sex life again now. Maybe they’ll mail us some dirty photos of them fucking.”

“They really liked receiving that one we sent them of *you* fucking.” Neil said.

“Or rather, being fucked !” She giggled.

“Have you replied to Stella ?”

Neil’s sister called him over to the screen.

“How’s this ?”

She had attached an image. It was of a smiling, geeky guy in his mid-twenties. He looked happy enough, although alongside his acne, stubble and specs it looked as if his goofy grin *may* have been slightly forced.

The photo had in fact been taken five months before.

“Dear Stella,” Tammy read aloud, “thanks for your email. Please give my love to dad. I’m still fine, as you can see from my latest photo. Don’t come looking for me. I’m still rediscovering myself. Getting in touch with my feminine side ! I’m enjoying giving something back to society. All the best, love BJ.”

Neil chuckled. “Perfect. Should be good for another month or so. You anything to add ?”

They both turned to the motionless, undoubtedly listening, figure.

“No ? I guess he hasn’t. Okay then.”

Tammy hit the send button.

Chapter One Hundred and Fifteen

Brutus let rip.

His son had to be taking the piss !

“Fucking feminine side !”

He let rip again. Louder. A huge rumble of gas.

Momentarily he glanced down between his thighs.

A helpless pair of eye whites and a widestretched mouth stared up at him.

“Pardon me for that, my friend.”

He winked and then, with that matter-of-fact, mock-apology, sat back comfortably on the seat.

Giving something back indeed !

Brutus shut his eyes and unleashed a torrent of abuse into the pan.

Oh well, if his son wanted to rediscover himself, so fucking what ?

He grimaced and fired another salvo. Pfwaw. What had he eaten ? Something spicy had really churned up his guts.

He scanned the printed email again and then crumpled the paper into a ball and dropped it between his thighs.

There was a gurgling sound.

Brutus sat there for several minutes, contemplating in virtual silence.

There was just the occasional plumbing noise.

Finally, he reached for the tissue.

Strange lad, BJ. But if he wanted to stay away, so be it. Brutus had more than enough with Stella and everything else to keep him happy.

Even if BJ never returned, well, shit happens !

Brutus started to chuckle.

Chapter One Hundred and Sixteen

“And, finally for today ladies and gentlemen, Lot Ninety Seven”.

The auctioneer glanced over his half-spectacles at the couple momentarily, then smiled back at the audience.

Stella listened as he spoke in his customary, semi-bored monotone.

“This pair may be purchased separately or together. However, I would point out that they have been specially trained by the previous owner to ... er ... provide certain services together.”

He smiled lasciviously again at the audience.

“They are technically still a married couple, although she has obviously had a few dalliances with ... er ... boyfriends, shall we call them ?

Her name is Jane. She is 28 ½ years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, now sporting – as you can see – a magnificent 32, 20, 44H set of statistics. Oh, the wonders of diet, exercise and modern science !”

Next to Stella, a few people nodded and pointed at the ridiculously curved body with a tiny waist and humongous pale breasts.

“I am assured by the seller that there is *nothing* this slave will not do, and nobody or nothing she will not do it with.

Meanwhile, *his* name is James or Jim, or whatever the hell you want it to be, age 31, 5’10”. Now with, as you can see, a rather vertically challenged penis.”

The audience laughed at the tiny acorn and shrivelled sac between the man’s legs.

“So who is going to start the bidding ? Who will give me, say, 1 Credit ?”

Another round of laughter. All of the regular bidders were quietly drifting from the room as the auction was over for them. Most of them knew Stella and her reputation. This pair would only attract the real bargain hunters and bottom fishers. The absolutely worst sort of perverts.

In the row in front of her, a wizened couple, in their late sixties, nudged each other excitedly. The man tentatively began to raise his hand.

“Come on, ladies and gentlemen, I am assured that the seller would like to ensure they go to a good home, so to speak. They are not being sold for profit. They are being sold to ensure their degradation reaches a new level. Who would like to bid to take them on ?”

Stella leaned forward and tapped the old man in front on the shoulder.

“She’s a bit of an old dog now, but still worth bidding on.”

The man beamed back at her. He had no teeth. His hand went up.

“Thank you, Sir.” The auctioneer called out. “I have 1 Credit ! Any advance on 1 Credit ?”

Up on the stage, silent tears were trickling down Jane’s haggard face. She looked the perfect picture of misery.

Stella closed her eyes imagining, and listened as the bidding continued.

It was time to move on.

*** The End ***