**Lust for Revenge**

by Brummie

From an original idea by Lex Luthor.

(Anyone who thinks the basic premise bears a passing resemblance to every Matt Helm, Derek Flint and eighteen of the Twenty odd Bond films is entirely co- incidental or because they nicked the idea from us first, so there)

Dear reader,

I feel it is incumbent on me to issue this WARNING to you before you embark on Jenny's latest adventure. I have to tell you this story contains ......I can hardly bring myself to say it.....a character with a northern accent. There I've said it. If you are of a sensitive nature or suffer from a northern phobia then I beg you, read no further. If, however, you take the risk and then start to experience unusual symptoms such as a desire to buy a large flat cap, keep a Whippet or eat a Homing Pigeon then visit your Doctor as soon as possible. Treatments and therapy are now available.

But seriously you'd think that after subjecting Jenny to a northerner she could take the rest of the depraved sexual shenanigans with ease. But she can't. This is by far the strongest story I've ever written. You should know my style by now. In this story Jenny gets hurt and Suki gets hurt. If you think this is not for you then don't read it.

Consider yourself warned.

**The Prologue.**

The Pontifract Pickle factory exploded sending sheets of flame into the night sky. Inside Jenny bolted away from the flames toward safety. The Master criminal she had tracked to the facility screamed out loudly 'No!' and turned the other way into the smoke and devastation. His life's work was going up in flames. In his desperation he staggered through the thick black smoke, hands outstretched, trying to find the glass phials by touch alone while nearly coughing his lungs out. The flames raced through the structure until they reached a collection of Butane cylinders. Within seconds they erupted and the rest of the factory was engulfed by the conflagration.

Jenny stood on a nearby hillock watching the fire until the factory's roof finally caved in sending sparks high into the black sky. Flashing blue lights and sirens were approaching fast.

She'd planted the timed charges before entering the factory to investigate and had been captured by two guards both of whom were spectacular Scandinavian looking blonde women sporting huge guns (and they carried weapons as well). By the time the factory exploded the Master Criminal and the pair had enjoyed nearly half an hour of R & R with Jenny's body. This was the reason she now stood shivering, stark bollock naked and covered head to toe with whipped cream. It squished delightfully between her thighs and butt cheeks as she walked. Eventually a fireman found her and after making sure she was uninjured found her a coat to wear although he insisted on washing off as much of the cream as possible before he'd let her put it on.

Six months later...

The hubbub in the chamber created by nearly six hundred men and women gradually subsided as Sir Alistair Fancourt rose from his red leather front bench seat and approached the Dispatch box. 'Once again' he began in his usual upper-class, slightly condescending tone. 'The member opposite has failed to grasp the simple concept of this bill'. His voice faltered on the last word so he reached down to a glass of water on the table at his side and took a sip. He then resumed his dissection of his opponent with cool distain. As the speech continued those bothering to observe him noticed a growing nervous twitch. He began shifting from one foot to the other, and pressing forward against the table. His speech became more stilted and hesitant. Eventually he stopped altogether and stared into space. After a few seconds the members of both sides of the House of Commons were stunned into open mouthed silence as Her Majesties Prime Minister of Great Britain and the Commonwealth whipped out his cock and began to masturbate furiously.

**Chapter 1.**

Agent Jenny Richards, Id Number 382436, was sitting in a small office at HQ reading a report when she received the order to go and see Commander Holt. It was the debriefing of Svetlana Rostov the KGB double of Jenny the Russians had tried to infiltrate into MI6. Her pretty face was screwed up with concentration as she read. Every now and then her tongue would protrude when she came to a particularly long word while her finger traced across the page following the sentences. Jenny was looking her usual self, long blonde hair framing a beautiful elfin face. Her eyes slightly larger than normal. A body any woman would kill for with long athletic legs, a flat tummy and enormous gravity defying bazookas. In short, the face of an angel, the body of a porn star and the IQ of a teapot.

Commander Holt, Late of Her Majesties Royal Navy, sat behind his huge oak desk as Jenny entered his office. His eyes crinkled with pleasure at the sight of his most attractive agent. Time seemed to slow as she flowed toward him, her hair floating over her shoulders, her light summer dress pinching her waist in and emphasizing her hips, her chest bouncing softly as she walked. The office safe contained one of Holts most treasured possessions. Not many people knew that his office was constantly monitored by a CCTV camera. Just such a camera had a while back captured Jenny in a cat fight with herself (Svetlana) both girls ripping off each others clothing until they were down to their underwear. The subsequent 'investigation' by Suki that had revealed the true Jenny and best of all the resulting lesbian sex session between Suki and Jenny on his office carpet.

'Take a seat Agent Richards'. She sat facing him, crossing her legs showing off her perfect nylon covered calves. He spotted a seam running up the back of her leg indicating she was wearing stockings. The image of Jenny in just shear black nylons, suspender belt, high heels and nothing else but a smile flashed into his mind. After a few pleasant seconds he mentally shook himself and began. 'I have another assignment for you'. You may have heard whispers of an incident that occurred in the House of Commons. I can tell you that the PM was drugged. His drinking water we think. The Lab boys have found a foreign substance but can't identify it. D-Orders were served on the newspapers and all TV and video footage seized so we've managed to keep it quiet.

An ultimatum was received by the Government threatening to put the drug into the drinking water of a large town if an incredible amount of money isn't transferred to a Swiss Bank account within one week. We were asked to investigate urgently so I sent in our best man, Carstaires. He was found in the gutter in Soho last night. He's in a sanitarium now, a gibbering wreck. The Doctors think he'll recover eventually but he's not been able to give us much help. 'Do they know what happened Sir' asked Jenny. 'They think he's been drugged, probably with the same substance as the PM. It appears to be some sort of aphrodisiac. The PM only took a sip and he was aroused for the best part of four hours. Carstaires has been erect since we found him eighteen hours ago. He's tied to his bed now to stop him hurting himself. Without the restraints he'd probably have masturbated himself to death by now'.

Holt continued. 'Carstaires has been mostly incoherent but we've managed to discern a couple of clues from his ramblings. He kept saying 'lust' which is hardly surprising given his state of mind and he's also given us the name of a club in Soho. A very specialized club. We've checked the membership and identified one person who's known to us. He's been approached and he's agreed to help. He was reluctant at first but for some reason suddenly changed his mind. Your mission, Agent Richards, is to infiltrate this club and see if you can find any more clues as to the origin of the drug and who's peddling it. 'Yes Sir' said Jenny with patriotic fervor. 'You will meet the contact tonight, Professor Q will take you to the rendezvous. He's probably got some gadgets that could help. 'Thank you Sir' said Jenny as she rose to leave.

Later that evening Jenny and Professor Q sat in the back of a Transit van parked by the road side in Soho. Jenny fidgeted nervously on the seat that extended down one side, the Professor sat on an identical bench on the opposite side. 'Now Jenny' started the Professor. 'I have the rest of your briefing here and a couple of pieces of equipment'. 'This is the standard agent wrist watch. Usual features. Laser beam cutter, Garroting wire, high power magnet Also this hair clip. It's a stun grenade. Anyone within twenty feet will be disorientated for about a minute if you press it like this. It has a five second delay. Jenny put on the watch then gathered her long blonde hair together and used the clip to fix it in a pony tail.

'Now the club. As the Commander told you it's a very special type of gentleman's club. 'Uh Oh' thought Jenny. 'Here it comes'. 'It's called the Whips and Chains Club'. 'I knew it' Jenny thought. 'It caters for men and women who take pleasure in bondage, domination, submission and masochism'. 'You don't say' Jenny added to herself. 'You will be allowed admittance as the sub of the contact. He was most insistent'. Jenny blanched at the professors words but a little guilty tingle also tightened her stomach. 'You know what may happen inside'. 'I've got a bloody good idea' she thought.' As a sub you will be at the mercy of the Dominants. They tend to prey on them and pass them round. Ropes and discomfort will almost certainly be involved'. 'Oh' said Jenny wide eyed her lips wet and glistening. 'In the worst cases the doms can get carried away and some subs suffer wounds that need treatment. We can't have you being incapacitated so the Firm had me develop a cream. It deadens the skin and provides some protection to blows and has some healing qualities'. 'Oh good' said Jenny. 'Give it here and I'll apply it' she said holding out her hand. 'Er...It's not quite that simple. If you put it on your hands you'll lose all feeling in your fingers and that's not good. You may need to do some delicate work like cracking a safe for instance. 'So how do I apply it then?'. The Professor looked sheepish. 'Er...You don't. Err...I...I'll have to do it' he said quietly. Jenny looked at him. She thought back to the report she had read earlier in the day. Svetlana had gone into graphic detail on how she had been molested at almost every turn when she'd tried to infiltrate MI6 HQ. All, that is, except for the time she'd seduced the Professor. He'd thought that she was Jenny. She had told her interrogators that he had been the most experienced, gentle and tender lover she'd ever had.

'Alright' said Jenny her voice quivering slightly. What do we do?' 'Well I have to apply the cream to your skin, the parts that are probable going to be targeted the most'. Jenny hesitated then stood up in the restricted space and turned her back to the Professor. 'Unzip me please'. The Professor reached forward with trembling fingers and slowly pulled the zip on the back of Jenny's dress down to her waist. The sides of the dress gaped open and revealed the strap of her white bra. She shrugged the dress from her shoulders, dropped it to the floor before stepping out and placing it on the bench. She waited. 'I think you'll have to remove the panties as well' said the Professor, his voice not quite as steady as before. 'That's likely to be the prime target I'm afraid'. Jenny stood rigid for a few seconds then silently hooked her thumbs into each side and lowered her panties to her ankles, giving the Professor a spectacular view as her hairless pussy peeped out between her thighs. She put them on the top of her dress and lay face down on the other bench seat. 'Thank you Jenny, I'll be as quick as I can'. The professor knelt by jenny's hips and flipped aside her hair. Then he unclipped her bra strap baring her entire back.

In the dim light he looked down at the amazing body of Jenny Richards. Her long slender back, perfect peach like buttocks and endless legs. He took a tube from his pocket, un-capped it and squeezed out a generous gooey dollop of gloop on to his palm. He wiped his hands together and reached forward placing them on Jenny's shoulders. Her body trembled as he smoothed his hands down applying the anesthetic cream. He slowly massaged up and down Jenny's back until the cream was absorbed. He re-loaded and shuffled further down her body. Jenny gasped as he seized a cheek of her bottom in each hand. Round and round he rubbed. Occasionally spreading her open so her puckered anus winked at him. He re-loaded again and re-did her bottom this time a long finger smoothed slowly up and down between each cheek. Jenny lay perfectly still to start with but the treatment was getting her aroused. Svetlana was right. The Professor knew exactly were to stroke and was driving her quietly nuts. His hands continued down and started to massage her thighs. He dipped down between them and then upward just catching her pussy each time he withdrew.

'There' said the Professor. 'Turn over please Jenny'. Taken by surprise Jenny started to turn. 'Hey...haven't you done enough?'. 'I'm sorry but you know how your other, err...assets are such an attraction'. He said nodding meaningfully to her chest. 'These people won't be gentle. It's your choice'. He waited, almost holding his breath while Jenny turned over the alternatives in her mind. Eventually she sighed and completed the turn until she lay face up. The Professor reached forward and hooked his fingers under the strap of Jenny's bra and pulled. Jenny hung on to the wispy garment for a second before allowing him to expose her twins. Even the professor was taken aback. Svetlana's copies were good but the real thing was magnificent. Even in the dim light he drank in Jenny's mammoth pink tipped breasts. In the cool air her nipples crinkled and grew as she practically felt the professor's laser beam gaze burning into them.

After a few seconds he shook himself and loaded up his palms with gloop. Placing his hands against the outside of each breast he pressed inward forcing Jenny's flesh together into a single giant double nippled tit then began massaging the cream into her bosom. Jenny's eyes shone and her lips quivered as the professors knowing touch sent wonderful sensations through her mammaries. As he molded her breasts the pleasure raised her level of arousal. Again he re-loaded and intensified his massage becoming more forceful as he manipulated her body. Jenny closed her eyes then groaned as he gripped both her large rubbery nipples between finger and thumb and twirled them round. He squeezed and pulled her areolas until she could stand it no longer. She reached up and pulled the professors face down to hers and kissed him deeply. Her other hand grabbed his wrist and pushed his hand down her body. The professor needed no further prompting. He French kissed Jenny their tongues intertwining feverishly. His right hand roughly mauled her tit pinching her nipple hard. His left hand flowed down her stomach and over her pubic bone cupping her pussy. He rubbed her lips until they spread wide. A long boney middle finger forced it's way between them and invaded her. It was soon joined by a second and they took up a rhythm thrusting in and pulling out. All semblance of gentleness lost now the professor masturbated Jenny Richards harder and deeper, his fingers whipping in and out until her body stiffened and she groaned into his mouth, orgasming. His fingers kept thrusting unmercifully, forcefully extracting the maximum pleasure from her body, keeping her at the peak of ecstasy until her locked muscles gradually subsided.

They remained holding each other for a few minutes until the professor realised the time and removed Jenny's arm from around his neck. 'Come on Agent Richards' he said, all businesslike now. 'Time for you to make the rendezvous'. Jenny slowly rose and began to dress. She could feel parts of her body beginning to deaden as the cream took effect. She and the professor climbed out of the back of the van and stood facing each other. He reached for her face and kissed her tenderly on the cheek. 'Be careful'. 'I will professor'. Jenny hugged him then turned and walked toward the club doorway.

As she neared the non-descript entrance she could see a tall figure waiting in the shadows. So dark that she couldn't make out his face. A very strange password had been arranged at his insistence. 'I'm looking for a master' said Jenny in a whisper to the figure. 'I'm very masterful myself' answered the shadow. 'I need someone to dominate me' recited Jenny. 'I'm very dominating' replied the figure slowly. Jenny gulped and said the final part 'I need to be severely disciplined'. The figure moved forward gradually coming into the light. She gasped, as once again she looked up into the dark, saturnine features of Giles Stern. Smirking he said 'I've been thinking of little else since we last met, Mrs. Richards'.

**Chapter 2.**

'Stern, you perverted bastard' exclaimed Jenny. 'You're the contact?' 'Now, now my dear. I suggest you show more respect to the only person who can get you into this club. You're going to have to realise your place if you want my co- operation'. He stared down at her and waited. Jenny wrestled with herself. She considered storming off but eventually came to the conclusion that if she refused to work with him the mission was lost. Stern watched as gradually she resigned herself to her fate. He smiled broadly. 'Got the bitch' he thought.

'What do we do then'. asked Jenny. 'I'll take you in as my sub. You do know what a sub is, don't you?' 'Yes' said Jenny. 'A submissive. I'm supposed to enjoy you dominating me, follow your orders, submit to your every desire'. 'Good, because I have many desires' he said almost salivating. 'I've dreamt of the day I'd have you in my power again'. Malevolence dripped from his voice as he said the words. 'I was shocked when I was approached to help Her Majesties Secret Service. Of course I'm as patriotic as the next man and I would have helped anyway, he lied. But imagine my surprise when they said my partner would be Agent Jenny Richards. The one person I've dreamt of meeting delivered right into my hands once more'.

'Here's the deal. Your body is mine for one hour. You obey my every command to the letter, you play the part. After that you're free to do your spying bit. No negotiation. Take it or leave it. Agreed?'. Jenny hesitated once again. The man was a disgusting degenerate and she had a good idea what he would demand of her. She could see much pain and humiliation in her very near future. 'Can you be trusted to keep your end of the bargain?'. He smiled coldly. 'Maybe. You'll just have to take that chance won't you'. She had no choice. None whatsoever. He'd got her over a barrel. Maybe literally soon. 'Agreed' she replied quietly.

A knock and password gained entrance to the club. The door gave way to a dingy hallway which led to a second door. A further knock and after they'd been studied through a swiveling security camera they were admitted to the inner sanctum. The first thing that hit Jenny was the horrible smell of rubber, latex, leather and sweat combined. Next was the decor. All flock wallpaper and subdued lighting. A receptionist dressed in black greeted Stern addressing him as Sir, the whole while totally ignoring Jenny. 'This is Angel' he said indicating Jenny. 'Are the twins in tonight?' 'Yes Sir'. 'Find them for me, tell them I've brought a new recruit'. 'Yes Sir' said the receptionist before rushing off. 'Angel?' said Jenny. 'Yes, no real names here. Most patrons prefer their anonymity'. Less than a minute later Jenny saw two women approach them. Twins was the right word. They were identical in body and in dress. Both wore the same leather mask, Basque, stockings and boots. Both were tall, about 5ft 10 with short black hair and strong muscular bodies. 'This is Angel' said Stern. 'Angel, these are Satan's Twins, Whip and Lash'. Jenny shuddered at the introduction and almost broke and ran. 'Take her, prepare her and bring her to me in the Black room.

Jenny was led to a room lined with shelving and containing four large wardrobes. The shelves held pieces of bondage paraphernalia, masks, dog collars, cuffs, leg irons, gags of all designs and sizes. In the wardrobes hung lots of different pieces of clothing. Rubber or latex underwear, Basques, teddies, suspenders, stockings. The footwear was exclusively black patent leather and usually high heeled.

Beside Jenny, Whip and Lash there were three other women already in the room. They looked round as they entered and stared openly at Jenny. 'Strip' ordered Whip. Jenny sighed and removed the trench coat she had been wearing. Trembling fingers unbuttoned her white blouse from the top down then she pulled it from her skirt and put it with the coat. The interest level in the room rose as her overflowing bra was revealed. The five watching women looked at her the hunger showing in their eyes. She un-zipped the side of her skirt and dropped it to her ankles. She stood before them in white bra, panties, suspender belt and stockings her arms crossed over her self shivering with apprehension. 'All the way' said Whip. Jenny hesitated. 'DO IT' shouted Whip 'or I'll flay your hide'. Jenny unclipped the belt and rolled the stockings down her legs. Then reached round and unclipped her bra. An audible sigh escaped the watchers as her breasts were exposed. The panties followed and she faced them again with her arms criss crossed covering herself but this time completely naked and defenseless.

Whip smiled and advanced. One of the other women whispered in her ear as she passed but she only answered 'Later maybe'. She surveyed Jenny. 'What did the woman want?' asked Jenny. 'Address me as Mistress, or you'll be punished'. Jenny thought she was going to get punished anyway but repeated the question in a more subservient tone. 'Would you tell me what the lady asked of you Mistress?'. 'She wanted to know if they could play with you'. 'Play?' gulped Jenny. 'Like games'. 'Yes, of a sort' replied Whip slowly.

'Now how would the Master like you' she mused. 'Demure or fiery, black or white, innocent or slut' she murmured to herself. She slowly walked along the shelves until she spotted the first item she wanted. A red studded two inch leather collar. She buckled it around Jenny's throat and added a tiny padlock at the back. That wasn't coming off without help. She then selected a red lace Basque, one with only the base of the bra section. This went round Jenny cinching in her waist, emphasizing her wide hips and buttocks while leaving her breasts supported and presented but most importantly exposed. A set of red stockings and a suspender belt and black four inch heels with straps that buckled round her ankles were added. The watchers eyed her fantastic lace clad figure enviously. They were envious of Jenny for owning such a pneumatic body and doubly envious of the Master or Mistress who was to use her first. A first-time virginal sub was a rarity indeed but one this beautiful was a once in a lifetime opportunity.

Lash approached Jenny from behind. She jumped as an arm was wrapped about her holding her arms by her sides. A second arm reached round her and a latex gloved middle finger pressed between her pussy lips. 'How about a little bit of lust my dear' whispered Lash, her lips almost touching Jenny's ear. Some form of lubrication made entry easy and the finger surged into her love canal. It pumped in and out reaming her soft pink innards for a minute before it withdrew and Lash released her. Jenny almost missed the awkwardly phrased sentence as her pussy was invaded. But as she rocked back and forth under the pumping digit she thought 'Lust?...lust...a bit of lust. Didn't Carstaires mention lust. My God these Twins must be involved somehow'. Before being led out they added the final touches to her outfit. A tiny pair of red leather thong panties and some soft Velcro cuffs which were wrapped around her wrists, elbows and ankles. The clips and rings on them allowed any cuff to be joined to any other as well as the collar or any of the many different, ingenious and scary pieces of apparatus dotted throughout the club.

Lash clipped a lead to Jenny's collar. 'The Master awaits' she said ominously. A tug and Jenny was again led through the club. Many people were occupied with there own games but some stopped as Jenny passed to stare at the Angel of loveliness being led to her doom. As they walked Jenny just caught Whip saying to Lash 'We going to Esparta soon?'. Lash shushed her and they said no more. Past the Red door, the Green door, they arrived at the room with a black door. Inside Giles Stern waited for her. He had dressed himself in a loose black shirt, black trousers and boots.

Jenny was led to stand in front of him. She remembered her part of the agreement and kept her gaze down and her arms clasped behind her. He examined her closely. Exactly as he remembered her the last time she'd been in his power'. That time had ended very badly for him but now was his time for revenge.

'Kneel and worship your Master' ordered Whip. 'What?'. 'Kneel' replied Whip pressing her down. 'Now worship your Master'. Jenny looked round at her frowning. 'Worship?'. A familiar buzz of a zipper being dragged down sounded next to her ear and she turned back to see Sterns open fly right in front of her face. 'Oh, that sort of worship' she thought. 'You Bastard Stern, you're really going to make me pay aren't you'. Lash reached in to Sterns trousers and extracted his dick which resembled a small pallid slug at the moment. Jenny could see the livid red scar down one side that he'd received the last time they'd met. Lash pumped and squeezed him until he rose to a mediocre size. 'He's no Horace the Horse' thought Jenny.

'Now' Whip whispered in her ear. 'Open wide'. Jenny compressed her lips together, refusing. 'TWACK' obey or it's the crop for you'. A furious Jenny blushed deeply but grudgingly opened her mouth wide and waited for the inevitable. If only she'd gargled with some of the professors cream.

'Good Slave' taunted Whip. A hand on the back of her head pushed slowly forward and gradually Giles Sterns erect cock slid between her soft pink lips. He rested on her tongue for few seconds as Jenny closed her lips about him. She began bobbing her head but Whip stopped her. 'Slowly slave, savour the taste, the texture of your Masters manhood. Use your tongue' she commanded. Jenny swirled her tongue round and round the head of the penis in her mouth over the contours then down the shaft feeling the veins now engorged and standing out.

Stern closed his eyes and groaned. Jenny worked his dick bringing into play all the skills she'd learned, sometimes forcibly, over the past few years. Whip pushed until Jenny took up the rhythm. The now stiff angry cock began thrusting more and more urgently, deeper and deeper until she thought she might retch. Stern began to rock as he neared climax.

Jenny could feel him tightening and started to pull away but he grabbed her by the hair holding her steady until he grunted and she tasted the familiar salty goodness on her tongue. 'Blimey he must have been saving himself' she thought as he ejaculated four more good spurts into her. Stern kept thrusting until Jenny had sucked him dry then slowly withdrew. Exhausted he flopped back on to a chair to rest for a minute. Jenny glowered silently at him, the aftertaste of him still in her mouth and throat, silently vowing revenge.

Presently Stern rose and pulled Jenny to her feet. 'Time for more fun and games Angel and only fifty minutes to go. Look around. Where do you suggest we start'. Jenny gazed at the manacles hanging on the wall, she certainly didn't want that. A rack was also out, likewise a set of stocks. 'Couldn't we just talk' she asked hopefully. He laughed out loud. 'Pick one' he said severely. Jenny already knew were she'd end up from her experience of Giles Sterns leanings. A padded leather horse was central in the room. About three feet high with sturdy wooded legs. Each leg with many fixing points for the cuff clips she wore. Meekly she pointed. 'Very good choice Angel, after you'.

Jenny stopped before the device. 'God I'm going to enjoy this' Stern whispered in her ear. Over you go bitch' he ordered. 'Will we need the cuffs or will you behave?' 'I'll co-operate with your sordid little game, just you keep your end of the deal' she whispered harshly back. Moving forward Jenny draped herself over the leather padding, gripped the legs on the other side and waited, trembling with fear but tinged with just a little bit of excitement.

Stern studied her upturned peachy round buttocks. He softly stroked them for a minute remembering the shape and texture from their last encounter before hooking his thumbs into the red thong panties and slowly drawing them down her legs, removing the last bit of protection between him and her womanhood. He placed a chair behind her and sat down. 'Wider' he ordered tapping the inside of her thighs. 'Wider, more, a bit more'. Jenny's ankles were about three feet apart as Stern moved the chair forward until his knees were between hers. He surveyed the sight before him. Her buttocks were spread by the wide open stance and he stared straight at Jenny's hairless pussy. He began with his usual modus operandi. Soft strokes until he felt ready then raised his hand high and slashed it down onto her right ass cheek. He usually got a scream, sometimes an 'Ow', at least an indrawn breath but he got nothing. No reaction at all. The professors cream was a fantastic success. Jenny hardly felt a thing.

Stern flailed away at her butt for all he was worth. It gradually turned pink then red but still no reaction. By now he could usually guarantee tears but the only reaction he got was when he ran his thumb up between the lips of her pussy. He tweaked her clit and she jerked. He slashed away at her backside until his arm ached and the sweat dripped from his brow before giving up. He rose and Jenny stood up an turned to face him.

Stern stood looking down at her, mortified. He'd hoped to see the pain, the torment in her face. He'd hoped for tears, for humiliation, mostly for capitulation. All he could see was a cool smile. It was driving him mad. Then Jenny made a terrible mistake. 'That the best you can do' she taunted him smirking.

His face turned purple. He looked like he was going to explode. He looked over to the Twins who had been watching his performance and nodded. Quick as a flash they seized one of Jenny's arms each holding her. 'Over the other way' he ordered. Jenny was dragged over to the horse and pushed over it, this time face up. The cuffs would definitely be needed this time and they made sure she was stretch to the full and immobile. Stern approached. 'Your bum may be tougher than it looks but there are other vulnerable spots. 'SLAP' he spanked her pussy full on. Jenny jerked and moaned. 'SLAP, SLAP' Stern reached down and gripped her pussy lips and squeezed cruelly. Jenny moaned and wriggled in her restraints. 'SLAP, SLAP'. Her pussy was now a deep pink and getting redder. 'SLAP', SLAP'. Stern stopped spanking her pussy, gripped her clit and twisted it until she howled.

'I'll teach you to spoil my fun' he spat at her. 'You broke our agreement so the deals off'. Stern raised his voice and said, Girls, she's yours. Do what you want, no limits, just make her suffer. After that she's open house for anyone who wants her. Whip and Lash smiled as broadly as a sharks and advanced on the defenseless agent. 'Lets have a little sweet before the sour' said Lash. Whip seized Jenny's breasts and began roughly massaging them. Squeezing so her fingers sank deeply into the round pink flesh. Jamming the twin mounds together. Jenny felt almost nothing as the cream was still working. Lash meanwhile licked her own lips then lowered her head and did the same between Jenny's thighs. Jenny jerked as a wet stiff tongue impaled her naked, hairless, still throbbing womanhood, pumping, thrusting. Lips sucked voraciously seizing her erect clit drawing it ever further out. All of a sudden Jenny gasped. Her breasts had started to react. The cream was wearing off fast. She and the professor had got so carried away in the van that he hadn't given her tits enough of a covering and now she was going to pay for it. Her massive pink rubbery nipple suddenly erected within Whips mouth as she sucked and bit it. Pleased with the reaction she doubled her work rate, biting and gnawing on the peeked flesh. She switch and began tormenting Jenny's other breast. Jenny groaned and groaned as the twins forced her body to betray her. Dragging her towards climax. The Dominatrix worked as a team as they'd so often done to other unfortunate victims. Bringing Jenny to within an inch of release before relenting, letting her cool down, then starting up again. Finally after tormenting her for nearly twenty minutes they launched a final devastating assault. Lash jammed three fingers into Jenny's pussy tunnel ploughing into her depths then pistoning back and forth. Whip bit, sucked and mashed her tits for all she was worth. The drug, the stimulation, the danger, the bondage were all to much and Jenny screamed 'Ooooohhhhh GGG00000DDDD' as her body, exploding in a blinding orgasmic climax, locked in ecstasy as the sensation rippled out from her centre to cover her whole being. The Twins kept pumping, sucking, gnawing keeping her at the pinnacle until her body could cum no more.

With Jenny in a post orgasmic daze the clips were released and she was pulled upright. Lash dragged her toward the wall and the manacles hanging there. All the better to show her exactly why they had adopted their club names. The chinking of the chains penetrated her hazy mind just as the steel touched her wrist. She quickly yanked her arm free and reached up to her hair, pulled the clip free, twisted and threw it. She dived behind the medieval rack and covered her ears. Seconds later the stun grenade exploded with a loud Whoomph. Everyone in the confined space of the room screamed, clapped their hands to their ears and collapsed. Jenny leapt up and picked her way between the groaning writhing bodies toward the door. She had at last got lucky. Her throw had carried the small explosive device to land at the feet of Giles Stern. He was the only person not covering their ears, he was to busy screaming like a little girl cradling his crushed genitals. Jenny would have laughed if she hadn't been so intent on escape. She burst out of the club into the night and ran as fast as her long legs could carry her, stopping after rounding half a dozen corners and hearing no pursuit, her chest heaving with relief. After recovering for a minute she thought 'Hmmm, now, how do I get back to HQ dressed like this, in the middle of the London Red Light district and with no knickers on'.

Jenny walked in to HQ some time later wrapped in a smelly old Donkey Jacket a friendly builder had given her. At least he was friendly after she'd performed a lap dance for him and he'd copped a feel a couple of times. After she had changed Jenny was de-briefed by Holt in his office. She confided in him her suspicions of the Twins and that the drug might be called 'Lust' and could be applied through the skin as well as ingested. She could still feel the itch in her vagina from the vestiges of it. She also told him of the strange word she remembered overhearing, 'Esparta'. Holt had no idea what it meant but after some searching it turned out to be the name of a Private Clinic outside London that specialized in skin and nerve conditions. 'Just the sort of place with the right facilities for synthesizing a drug, don't you think?' Holt ask her. 'Yes Sir, can you get me in do you think?'.

**Chapter 3**

It didn't take MI6 long to conjure up a tame Doctor to refer Jenny as an emergency patient to the Esparta Clinic. The next day she was admitted, taken to a private room and told to change into her sleeping attire. The Professor had given her a special bag with clothes and a few gadgets he thought she might find useful including the 'Homing Panties' he'd perfected. The Agency had concocted a cover story of a trip to Africa resulting in an unknown skin condition that required investigation. 'The Doctor will be along shortly to ask you a few questions' she was informed. Jenny stripped down to her birthday suit and went to the bag for her nightgown only to find a thin translucent sexy negligee and matching thong panties. She sighed and put them on then covered herself with a large white toweling robe.

Not long after there was a knock at the door and a handsome young man in a white coat with a stethoscope round his neck entered. 'Mrs. Richards?' enquired the handsome Doctor as he read from the chart he was carrying. 'Yes' replied Jenny. He nodded and proceeded to ask her about her 'trip' to Africa, where she'd visited, what she'd eaten, had see been bitten by any insects or animals, what her symptoms were. She answered him sticking to the background MI6 had provided. Finally the Doctor said 'Right, now just a quick examination and I can start the testing. Please remove your robe'. 'Damn' Jenny thought she was hoping he wouldn't ask just that. Slowly she loosened the belt and dropped the robe. The Doctors eyes lit up at the sight. Starting at the bottom his eyes raked up her long slender athletic legs past her knees to her supple tanned thighs. Wide hips with at there centre a tiny wisp of gauzy material barely covering her womanhood. The negligee ended just above her hips but failed to hide almost any part of her upper body. A flat stomach topped by two enormous globular breasts, the large dark nipples prominent and obvious through the lace.

He advanced and with trembling fingers managed to take her blood pressure and pulse. He'd seen many pretty women in his time but Jenny took the prize. Finally he plugged his stethoscope in his ears and asked her to turn round. He lifted her negligee. 'Jesus H Christ' he thought. It took all his self control not to groan out load as, with the negligee raised, the whole of Jenny's reverse side was revealed to him. The legs that had been sensational from the front were just as good from the back, her back was long and slender with well defined muscles but it was the peach like perfection of her plump buttocks totally exposed by the thong panties that held him captivated. She jumped as he placed the cold metal end of his stethoscope on her back ostensibly to listen to her heart beat which was slightly fast at the moment and slowly gazed up and down her body. After a couple of life times he dropped the back of her negligee and asked her to turn again. Jenny slowly turned until she faced him. He could easily have listened to her heart through the lacey top but instead he asked her to lift it up. She lifted the front a few inches. 'Higher Please'. Another couple. 'Right up please'. Jenny sighed and lifted it above her shoulders. The Doctor placed the stethoscope between her breasts and stood as if listening. He took the opportunity to gaze at her wondrous melons. Jenny could see him drinking in her assets. Her cheeks turned pink but her nipples reacted and rose slightly. The Doctor moved round to the side and moved his stethoscope so his hand rested on her right tit. He felt the consistency below his palm. 'God, they're real as well' he thought. His hand dropped lower so the pad of his palm scrapped right across her nipple which rose to full attention. 'Excuse fingers' he said as he cupped her left breast and lifted it placing the stethoscope below it. He listened staring into space feeling her soft warm texture and weight of her flesh resting in his hand. He moved to her other side and repeated the procedure. 'OK Mrs. Richards that's it for now'. Jenny's face had gone a full pink at having to expose herself to the handsome Doctor and his soft gentle manipulation of her bosom. She dropped the negligee and quickly put the robe back on. 'Over the next few days some nurses will be dropping in to perform tests and take samples. Other than that the times yours. Good day'. 'Thank you Doctor'. He rushed out with his clip board held close to the front of his trousers trying to hide the evidence of his arousal.

Over the next couple of days she explored the clinic as best she could without arousing suspicion. She was glad to get out of her room as much as she could. A nurse had come to her and taken blood, hair and urine samples along with clippings of her finger and toe nails. The problem was at least twice a day a different doctor would appear and repeat the stethoscope procedure. One of them had been a very pretty shy young girl who explained she was a trainee. She took twice as long as the others. She was beginning to suspect some of these tests weren't strictly necessary.

On the third day on her wanderings she passed a tall black haired nurse in the corridor. Jenny didn't give her a second glance but the nurse watched her back intently as she disappeared round a corner. A second nurse appeared from an office. Whip turned to Lash and said 'We may have a problem'.

A quick check of the current patient list and Whip established that the blonde she knew as 'Angel' was in fact Mrs. Jenny Richards. 'We're going to have to eliminate this Jenny Richards. It's to much of a co-incidence that she turns up at the club and then here'. 'Agreed' said Lash. 'Luckily our club masks mean she can't recognise us. She won't suspect anything so we can at least make it interesting'. A wide mirthless grin spread across both of their hard features.

Later that day Jenny was sitting on her bed when there was a knock on her door. Two nurses entered, the second one carrying a small silver box with dials, knobs and gauges on it along with some long electric cables. Both nurses looked identical to Jenny. 'Blow me, another set of twins. They must be like buses. None for a while then along come two sets' she thought to herself showing her usual investigative skills and suspecting nothing. 'Mrs. Richards' began Nurse Whip in a fained upper-class accent. Jenny hadn't seen their faces but she had heard their voices. 'I can tell you all our tests have proved negative so far'. 'Oh good' said Jenny. 'Er...no, It's not I'm afraid. We suspect from the symptoms you've described that you have African Epidermosis but the negative tests means we can't prove that you don't have the disease. We are going to have to isolate you but don't worry it's only for about three weeks just until we're certain you're clear' Whip said setting the trap. 'No...please. Can't you check again'. Jenny could see her mission going wrong. She couldn't allow herself to be detained. 'I assure you all our checks are correct. Doing them again wouldn't give a different result'. 'Well...aren't there any other tests you could do' pleaded Jenny desperately seeking a way out of the predicament. Whip looked at Lash and started to close the trap on the unsuspecting blonde. 'Well there is the old method but it's not very scientific and isn't encouraged now that the modern tests have been developed'. 'Yes. Lets do that...please'. Jenny's voice quivered with renewed hope. 'Well if you're sure we could give it a try'. 'Oh yes I'll do anything'. 'Clang, the trap snapped shut.

'I'll explain the procedure' said Whip. There are two effects of African Epidermosis. The first is a deadening of the nerve endings so you lose feeling in some parts of your body. The second and opposite effect is that it sensitizes the skin. 'We'll test the second of these first if you agree?' 'Yes, yes please' begged Jenny. Nurse Whip smiled. 'This bimbo is begging for it'. 'Now you have to demonstrate that you have a normal resistance to pain. Please stand here and remove your robe. Jenny rose and stripped her toweling robe off and stood facing the tall black haired nurse. 'The negligee as well please'. Jenny blanched but pulled the lacy garment up and over her head. Nurse Whip looked up and down the familiar body before her. Any doubt she'd had that 'Angel' and Jenny Richards weren't the same person were instantly dispelled as she again saw the magnificent pair of tits on the blonde. 'Remember, if you show any sign of a lowered tolerance to pain we are going to have to lock you up. 'I understand' said Jenny.

From behind Nurse Lash seized Jenny's earlobe and twisted. 'Ouch' Jenny squeaked. 'Tut, tut, not a good start Mrs. Richards. Are you sure you aren't feeling more sensitive?'. 'No, please I was surprised'. 'Alright we'll start again'. Nurse Whip reached out, seized Jenny's left nipple and twisted it viciously. 'Owww' screeched Jenny pulling away. 'Oh dear. You shouldn't have reacted like that if you were clear. I think we may have to send for the Doctor to have you isolated'. 'No, no, please...you took me by surprise again. Please give me another chance. Oh please' she pleaded desperately. 'God, what a bimbo, this one couldn't ever spell naive, she's begging me to hurt her' thought Whip to herself.

'Well alright' she began sounding doubtful. 'If you're sure?'. 'Yes please...let me try again'. In her best dominatrix voice Whip said 'OK we'll start slowly this time. Stand straight, now clasp your hands behind you. Shoulders back. That's a good girl. Now look upwards'. Jenny frowned but followed the directions to the letter until she stood with her enormous tits thrust out completely vulnerable and un-protected. Nurse Whip smirked at Lash then slowly reached forward and took Jenny's breasts in her hands and began to stroke them gently, round and round with her finger tips, building the tension. She gradually manipulated Jenny's flesh as only a woman can. Jenny was lulled as the pleasant sensations flooded through her mammaries until...'SLAP' Nurse Whip spanked Jenny's left breast. The flesh rocked dramatically before settling back. Jenny opened her mouth to protest but caught herself just in time and only grunted. Whip watched closely for any sign that the blonde suspected anything but no, she remained standing looking up while her tit turned a darker pink. 'SLAP' the right tit received the treatment. Jenny grimaced but stood stock still resisting resolutely. 'SLAP, SLAP, SLAP, SLAP'. Both breasts rocked from side to side under the onslaught. Jenny still resisted but a tear appeared at the corner of her eye. Nurse Whip administered four more stinging blows to each reddened tit before she relented. 'Good girl' she said 'Nearly there now'.

Nurse Lash moved behind Jenny and reached round her seizing her left nipple between her thumb and finger and twirled it before increasing the pressure. Jenny's eyes narrowed and her lips compressed as she determinedly resisted crying out as the pain in her tit increased. Lash smirked as she started to lift her hand dragging Jenny's tit upward by her nipple. Higher and higher until the limit of the skins elasticity was reached. She twisted the nipple and squeezed as hard as she could. The pain must have been excruciating. Just as Jenny was about to give up and scream she released her grip and the breast sprang back settling into it's normal shape. Jenny groaned as blood rushed back into her tortured nipple. It darkened and erected as if aroused. Jenny's sucked air in. She'd been holding her breath as the pain had peeked. 'Very good dear' said Lash through a cold mirthless smile.

Lash then reached for the other nipple. Jenny breathed in deeply and steeled herself to resist again. Lash began softly twirling her nipple until it reacted and rose into a point. Suddenly her grip tightened as she pinched hard. Jenny gasped at the sudden pain but resolutely refused to crying out. Lash pulled upward again until the breast elongated into a cone then twisted. Jenny's eyes closed and she grimaced as Lash twisted and twisted harder and harder. Jenny opened her mouth to scream just as Lash released her tit which again sprang back into it's usual globular shape. Blood rush into the second tormented nipple until it matched it's twin, dark, throbbing and pointed.

'Well done dear' said Whip you've passed the first test. 'First' screeched Jenny. 'Yes, now if you'd move to the end of the bed we'll continue'. Jenny stood at the foot of her bed. 'Turn please'. She spun to face the bed. 'Now bend forward'. Jenny bent and placed her hands on the bed her abused breasts swinging gently below her. 'Hands farther apart' ordered Whip. Jenny spread her hands which lowered her shoulders until her back was horizontal. 'Now ach your back dear' said Lash pressing down on the small of Jenny's back until she presented her buttocks high. 'Legs further apart please'. Jenny split her feet about two feet apart. 'Perfect' thought Lash. 'Now Mrs. Richards. 'It's been determined that a normal person can take fifteen of these before experiencing undue pain. If you can't take fifteen we lock you away. Is that clear'. 'Yes' said Jenny apprehensively. 'Also the more you can bare above fifteen the more likely it is that you aren't infected with African Epidermosis. Do you understand?' 'Yes' replied Jenny again.

She waited. Lash moved to stand to the left of Jenny's hip then raised her right hand and brought it down in a great swinging arc. THWACK. Jenny gasped as her buttocks quivered under the assault. The first blow was far more painful than she expected. THWACK, THWACK. Jenny groaned. Her back raised. 'Arch your back dear' said Whip pressing her down again. Lash swung again and again. Jenny's ass quivered and reddened as the muscular dominatrix spanked her. The pain was agonizing. What she would have given for some of Professor Q's cream right now. 'Ten, eleven, twelve' she silently counted off the blows. Lash moved aside and Whip took over. Her fresh arm raised and delivered a slashing blow directly to the most reddened area on Jenny's rear. It took all of Jenny's resolve to stop her screaming. 'Thirteen'. THWACK. 'Fourteen'. Whip wound up for a big one and delivered the hardest spank her muscular body was capable of. THWACK.

Jenny endured eight more until she collapsed sobbing onto the bed. 'No more please, no more'. Whip and Lash looked down at her smirking. 'What a bimbo' they thought. They waited a minute then Lash seized Jenny's arm and pulled her up. 'Well done dear I think we can safely say your skin has not been sensitized. We just need to check now that no parts of your body have lost their ability to feel. She wiped away the tears on Jenny's cheeks then said 'You tell us if you can't feel it when we touch you'. Red eyed and still tearful Jenny nodded. Nurse Lash and Nurse Whip started at the top pulling back her blonde hair and gently licking her ears. Jenny wriggled at the pleasant sensations until both pairs of lips moved down to kiss softly on her cheeks. It never entered Jenny's confused mind to question why the nurses were using there lips instead of, say, their fingers. She was just grateful they weren't giving her pain anymore. Whip moved to the front and applied her lips to Jenny's, sucking softly, sensuously. Lash lifted Jenny's hair and kissed and licked her neck. Jenny closed her eyes and reveled in the feelings the two nurses were causing in her. Lash kissed down to Jenny's shoulder then down her back. Whip meanwhile slipped her tongue between Jenny's lips and kissed her more deeply. She pulled away not wanting to arouse any suspicions in the naive blonde. They could quite easily have overpowered her and had their way with her but half the fun was convincing her to co-operate and actively encourage them to torture then ravish her. Whip headed downward. Over her chin until she was kissing Jenny's throat, then further down to the top of her breasts. She began softly kissing round Jenny's left breast. Round and round softly licking getting nearer and nearer to the central peak. Finally Whip opened her mouth wide and engulfed Jenny's whole areola and nipple.

Jenny groaned as the warm wet mouth sucked her flesh. Whip sucked as much tit flesh as she could into her mouth. She teased and licked the nipple extending it even more. Teeth gently nipping. Tongue swirling round and round the peak. Jenny moaned as the mouth released her and moved across to her other breast. Lash was now at the top of Jenny's bottom which she began to kiss and stroke. Whip had switched to tormenting Jenny's right tit. The nipple was equally sucked and teased by her knowing tongue and lips.

Whip kissed her way down Jenny's stomach until she reached the top of her panties. She hooked her thumbs into each side and lowered them down until, mesmerized, Jenny stepped out of them and she tucked them into her uniform pocket. She studied the hairless slit revealed before her. Tongue extended she advanced until it slid over the pussy lips. Deeper she pushed until she was probing the love tunnel. Jenny grabbed the head of the woman reaming out her pussy and pushed her in harder. Whips mouth sucked in more of Jenny's pussy lips while her tongue teased her clit. Behind Jenny Lash spread her ass cheeks and buried her face between them. Extending her tongue she speared her anus. The two nurses worked in tandem penetrating Jenny front and back. Jenny moaned and groaned as the two sucked, licked and reamed her with increasing intensity. Whip sucked in Jenny's clit and attacked it with her tongue. Jenny's arousal grew and grew as they stimulated her body. She was reaching the heights when all of a sudden both women stopped dead and released her. Jenny stood for a few seconds not understanding why the feelings had stopped.

'Well you've passed the third test' said Whip. 'Just one to go now'. Dazed in arousal Jenny stood mute as Lash began tying a bandage round her left wrist. She then took the bandage across Jenny's back and wound it round her other wrist. Back across the front this time and round the first wrist effectively binding Jenny's arms to her sides. A second bandage followed the first but slightly higher up. Jenny was becoming more aware and tugged on her arms. 'Hey' she said wriggling 'what are you doing'. Whip quickly reached round Jenny and held her still. Then she gripped her jaw squeezing until her mouth sprang open and Lash shoved in a rolled up bandage. She wound another bandage round her head gagging her. While Whip held Jenny Lash continued with her bandaging until Jenny's entire upper body was mummified in white except for her breasts which had been left sticking out though the bindings. Jenny was lowered to the bed and her ankles tied to the bottom corners.

While Lash plugged in the silver box she had brought in earlier Whip sat on the bed beside Jenny and caressed her tits. 'Well Mrs. Richards or Angel if you prefer this is the parting of the ways for us. We will be going on with our plans while you will cease to be a problem any more. Jenny couldn't see anything as her head was completely swathed in white but she could hear the dread words. It's been fun matching wits with you so we're going to make your final exit an interesting one. Jenny wriggled about and tried to break the bonds that held her while mewing pathetically.

Lash approached holding a bunch of cables that lead from the silver box. Each cable was attached to Jenny's body with black tape. One went each side of both of her nipples and two others attached either side of her clit. 'This machine delivers a timed electrical charge each stronger than the last. It has been set low to start but in about an hour the jolt will be enough to stop your heart. Of course by then your darling tits and pussy will be well and truly cooked and you'll probably be begging for death' Whip told her malice mixed with excitement filling her voice.

'Mmmmmm' Jenny tried to scream but the gag was to much. 'That's interesting but we have an extra little trick for you' said Whip. Lash had put on a latex surgeons glove and taken out a red glass phial. She removed the cork and poured a trickle of the thick grease like contents onto her finger. She then wiped the grease onto Jenny's left nipple and spread it round and round until it was absorbed. The other tit received the same treatment. Lastly she moved down and gave Jenny's pussy a liberal covering as well. 'More?' asked Whip. 'Why not, let her really enjoy her final moments' said Lash and applied a second dose to Jenny's pussy this time working her latex fingers deep inside her love canal. Round and round, thrusting in and out making sure the grease reached all parts of Jenny's cunt. Jenny wriggled but couldn't avoid the penetrating fingers.

Once the grease was absorbed Lash switched on the box. She turned knobs until happy with the settings and she and Whip sat back to watch the results of their work. Jenny meanwhile was beginning to feel the effects of the drug that had been worked into her flesh. Her nipples began to fizz and throb, her pussy to itch and moisten. Her clit was throbbing and her pussy prickled as the drug forced her nerve endings to fire. She groaned as she became even more aroused and the drug forced her higher. The silver box bleeped and the first electric charge fizzed down the wires. The initial low charge fired across both her nipples and clit. Her body stiffened and her back arched. The sensation was wonderful. Her stimulated erogenous zones convulsed and she almost came on the spot. Every minute another charge blasted down the wires and into her flesh until the level was sufficient to send her crashing over into a full blown body wracking orgasm. 'Mmmmmmmmmmm' was the only sound she could make through the bandage gag. She was just coming down when the next electric charge hit her and started her up the climb again. Whip and Lash decided it was time to go. 'Goodbye, Jenny Richards, enjoy the rest of your life'. Whip hung a sign on the outside of the door, 'Examination in progress' as they left laughing together.

Jenny arched and climaxed again moaning piteously. The fizzing electric charges were stimulating her beyond anything she had ever felt. In twenty minutes she had orgasmed four times. The charge was becoming more of a jolt now and the next orgasm was more dragged from her body than induced. Her body locked in a rictus as the next charge blasted into her. The initial pleasure had turned to pain and even the LUST drug couldn't change that. Another orgasm was ripped from her sweat stained body, now more exquisite agony than pleasure. No struggling could free her, the bindings were to tight. The next charge hit. Not long now. Then another.

A knock came at the door. Another blast of electricity. Her breasts were blue streaked now, her nipples dark red and painfully erect, her clitoris throbbing with pain. A second knock. 'Come in damn it' Jenny silently screamed. The door opened a crack. 'Time to check your heart rate again Mrs. Richards' said a short dark man in a Doctors coat. 'Bloody hell' he exclaimed 'What's going on here?'. 'Bleep'. Another blast wracked Jenny. Her muscles locked, she reared up from the bed as her back bent under the electric charge. The Doctor raced over and dragged the electric plug from the wall socket. Jenny collapsed back, her muscles relaxing. Quickly he pulled the cables off her body and snipped through the bandages holding her.

It took Jenny an hour to recover enough to contact HQ and tell her story but by then the Twins had disappeared and taken all evidence of their work with them. Back at base it was decided that the Twins must have been using the Clinic to develop the drug and the Whips and Chains Club to test each version.

Later that day back at MI6 Head Quarters Jenny went down to the basement lair of Professor Q to return the bag he'd provided for her. He greeted her with some embarrassment after the episode in the Van but Jenny hugged him and he kissed her cheek. 'I'm glad you're safe' he said tenderly. 'Yes, it was a close thing. I still can't look a battery in the face yet'. He laughed and took the bag. 'I need some of your cream. My bums on fire here'. He looked at her hopefully. She smiled and shyly said 'You can apply it if you like'. 'Over the desk then' he said his voice quivering. He flipped up her dress and gasped. Not only was Jenny's bum naked, it hurt so much she couldn't wear any panties, it was a hot throbbing bright red with bluer bruised areas. He smeared the cream on gently and as it began to take effect massaged it in.

Finally he patted her butt and said 'OK you can cover yourself up now you brazen hussy' and crossed to his desk. Jenny smiled and flipped her dress down. He began to empty the bags contents out onto his desk top. After a moment he asked 'Jenny, where are the Homing Panties, you're certainly not wearing them?' 'I don't know Professor. I had them on at the Clinic before the Twin's took them off me'. 'Well they're not here. Hmmm, lets see if we can find them shall we'. They crossed to a large console with a circular screen not unlike an old radar monitor. The Professor switched it on. A small flashing light appeared moving slowly up the screen. 'Well, well it appears that at this moment your panties are driving north up the M1 motorway'.

**Chapter 4.**

'Are you sure you want to do this Jenny' asked Commander Holt. 'I can always send Suki'. 'I'm certain Sir. I owe these Bastards'. Alright it appears your, a'hem, panties have arrived at a small Castle north of the Borders. Castle Hamforth. It was recently purchased by a corporation. Initial investigations suggest it's occupied by a Chinese gentleman. We don't believe the Twins are the leaders of this plot. You are to go North and find out who is really behind the LUST drug'. 'Yes Sir' said Jenny as she rose to leave.

As she closed the outer door of his office Holt hit the intercom and said 'Find Agent Namura and tell her to come and see me'.

Five hours later Jenny crouched behind a bush studying Castle Hamforth. Even though not as big as some it was still solid and imposing. Like most buildings in this part of Scotland it was built with local granite. It looked run down overgrown and dilapidated from the outside as if it had been left to rot. There was some evidence of recent repair work. The new owner had obviously started to fix the place up. She hadn't seen much movement but those she had seen had all been out of the same mould. Tall, blonde and female, all wearing the same blue boiler suits. A couple had been carrying guns obviously on guard.

Getting in unnoticed would be a problem. Jenny decided she needed a diversion. A small timed explosive charge placed to the east of the castle exploded with a brilliant flash and a satisfying bang. This attracted the guards to that side as Jenny approached from the west. A jemmy forced open a ground floor window and she was in.

The inside looked in as bad a state as the outside. Cobwebs, dirt, broken windows. Much of the castle appeared unused. She crept down a corridor toward a lighted area no idea what she was looking for or what would happen.

Stealthily Jenny searched as many rooms as she could constantly dodging tall blonde guards. Everyone she saw looked surprisingly attractive if hard of expression. 'Where the hell do they get people like this. You can't just put a card in the newsagents window' she thought. 'Wanted. Assorted henchmen and co- horts for world domination. Must be Miss World contestants, No time wasters'.

Inevitably Jenny learned fortune was not on her side. Just as she poked her head round a corner Satan's Twins appeared right in front of her. Quick as a flash Whip drew a gun and trained it on her. Jenny sighed and raised her hands.

She was pushed and prodded along a corridor and out into a brightly lit high ceilinged room. 'You're definitely a bad penny Mrs. Richards. We really thought we'd cooked your goose, as well as a couple of other things' said Lash. 'But as you're here now let us introduce you to our Master. Off to the side in a darkened area Jenny could see a tall figure with his back to her. He turned and walked forward.

Jenny watched the figure reveal itself. The tall stick thin man with slanty eyes, yellow skin and jet black hair. He wore the classic Chairman Mau high collared Chinese suit. 'No, it can't be, you're dead' she screeched. 'You can't be...Fu Man...'. 'Yes'. "Fu Man...'. 'Go on'. 'Fu Man Ackenthorpe'. 'Ar so, our kid. Har's tha bin, flower' said the Chinaman in a broad Bradford accent.

(Can I mention at this point that any resemblance between Fu Man Ackenthorpe and Chow En Ginsberg is entirely co-indici...oh you know the rest).

Jenny gasped 'But I saw you blown up in the Pickle Factory you were using to manufacture the chemicals'. 'Ah don't deny ah was caught in t'blast and suffered grievous damage but ah crawled from t'wreckage and survived, mostly by shear will power alone tha knows. Unfortunately the damage was mostly t'mah goolies so you can imagine how much ah've been wishing to meet thee once agen. We have much catching up to do'. 'God'. Thought Jenny. 'Another freak who hates me'.

Jenny couldn't resist goading the chinaman. 'Traded down didn't we' she said looking round disdainfully. 'I thought you'd have a hollowed out volcano at the least. A super Villain like you. Crime not paying like it used to'. The Master Crook's eyes narrowed dangerously. 'Ave you any idea 'ow hard it is t'find a descent Volcano these days. Small uns in dodgy neighborhoods are ten a penny, the same wi do'er uppers. It's next to impossible to find a good un close t'shops and wi good schools and infrastructure.

'Any road up, let me introduce you to ma new partner' said the chinaman. Another figure approached. Jenny gaped. An almost identical man to Fu Man Ackenthorpe came forward. The only difference was the new one was only three feet tall. He looked the same, dressed the same but stopped at Jenny's waist. 'This is Mini..', 'Scule?' said Jenny. 'No, Mini...'. 'Mum?', 'No, Mini'. 'Ha-Ha?'. 'No, no, no'. Stop this foolishness. This is Mini Cooper'. Even the twins couldn't resist a smirk but the dwarf growled at the jibes.

'You will regret mocking me' the pint sized villain rasped. Well he meant to rasp menacingly but he sounded like he'd been at the helium so his high pitched voice didn't inspire fear in anyone.

'Girls, you can go and organize t'next shipment but before you do that 'String 'er up' ordered the full sized criminal. Jenny struggled against Whip and Lash but she was no match for them. Her wrists were quickly tied together and she was dragged kicking and screaming towards a triangular frame. The rope end was threaded through a hole at the apex and pulled until Jenny's arms were stretched upward. Her ankles were then cuffed to the base at opposite sides of the frame. 'Think yourself lucky the Chink didn't give you to us' Lash whispered in her ear. 'We'd have soon made you sing'.

The Twins moved away and Fu Man Ackenthorpe stood before Jenny. 'Ah wants to know how much MI6 know's about my operation' he declared. Jenny stared stonily back at him lips tightly compressed. 'Good lass. Ah was hopin' you wouldn't give in wi' out some persuasion'. He reached forward and starting at the top began to unbutton Jenny's crisp white blouse. 'Get your hands off me, you pervert' shouted Jenny. He just smiled and continued until both sides of her shirt gaped open. No amount of wriggling could stop his progress. A couple of tugs pulled the garment lose of her skirt. 'Hmmm. My, my. You are a big healthy girl aren't you. He said staring hungrily at her fully packed bra. Jenny pulled back as far as her restraints allowed as he reached for her chest and tugged down on each bra cup. Both tits popped out of their covering and bounced and shook before settling. Jenny knew what was coming next as the Chinaman gripped a breast in each hand and pulled her toward him. 'Thy's fortunate that ah'm no longer a complete man or I'd finish what we started six months back'. He gripped her breasts hard until she grimaced then said. 'Soon thee may not feel so lucky. You made a big mistake insultin' my partner like that. He's not as forgiving as me'. He turned. 'Mini, have fun, she's all yours'.

Fu Man Ackenthorpe retreated to an easy chair to watch the floor show. Mini gazed at Jenny. Sweat gleaming on his top lip the only sign of the pent up excitement that gripped him. It took him ten minutes to cut the clothes from Jenny's body until she was totally naked and at his mercy. She had struggled and writhed as he'd moved a small stool around her which he'd stood on as he sliced through her garments. After a few seconds perusal he decided to leave the sheer nylon stockings and suspender belt on her. 'Frames her pussy nicely' he thought. She watched him warily as he moved to a table a short way off. He pulled the cork from a small blue glass phial and swallowed the contents in one gulp.

Returning to her side he looped more rope around her left knee then tied it with a slip knot to the frame. By tugging the rope her knee was gradually pulled wider and wider. A second loop around the other knee and soon both her legs were stretched as wide as the frame would allow, restricting her movement even more and leaving her exposed and at his mercy.

Mini stood directly in front of her and stepped forward until her naked pussy was directly in front of his face. Jenny could feel his hot breath on her most intimate spot. She watched apprehensively as he licked his lips lasciviously then gasped out loud as he leaned in, reached round her and gripping a buttock in each hand buried his face in her crotch.

Jenny tried to wriggle and resist as Mini ate her out, shoving his tongue inside her, thrusting, sucking, biting but she was held fast by the cruel restraints. He licked and licked until she started to moisten, her breathing grew ragged as her body betrayed her, his teeth gnawed on her clit. 'Oh my God yes' she gasped her eyes closed, her head thrown back and hips thrusting forward to meet his probing tongue and sucking lips. He may have been an ugly little spud but he'd learned his technique somewhere because Jenny was quickly climbing toward climax. He tasted her arousal as he worked her flesh alternately sucking her pussy lips or clit then probing her soft pink love canal with his hard sand paper tongue. 'Yes, please, oh yes' she groaned. Just as she was ready to explode the tiny terror released her leaving her hanging in her restraints gasping. 'Bastard' she spat. He laughed and wiping her juices from his mouth moved back to the table. Un-corking a second phial he returned and waited.

'T'last snooper we caught lasted three days before losing his mind' said Fu Man Ackenthorpe. That was wi a previous batch of t'chemical. This is a new concentrated version. Mini, let Agent Richards feel t'power of Super LUST'.

Smiling Mini said 'The blue phial contained the antidote so I can safely handle this on my skin'. So saying he moved the stool back in front of Jenny and climbed up. Slowly he poured the grease like contents from the phial on to the upper slopes of her breasts before dropping the phial. He carefully began massaging the drug into her flesh making sure non was wasted or allowed to drip on to the floor. Within seconds the whole of her chest was slick and shiny. He wasn't gentle. His tiny hands pushed her tits this way and that, gripping, pulling, mauling like he was kneading bread. Her nipples came in for special attention as he twisted and pinched them till she groaned. Eventually the goo was absorbed into her flesh and he hopped down. Jenny hung in her bindings aware of a stirring in her breasts. A tingling, a warmth, growing. Her nipples were pointed, aroused, dark red with blood. Mini studied her. Watching her reaction. Before picking up a second red phial. He advanced and showed it to her. 'No ' she gasped. 'No'. 'We've only just begun my dear' said the Chinaman laughing manically'. He nodded at Mini who uncorked the new phial.

This time he poured the drug into his palm. He stood to the side of Jenny before swinging his wet, gloop filled hand round and straight into her naked vagina. Jenny screamed as the cold grease was forced between the already aroused and puffy lips of her pussy. Mini's hand vigorously massaged her cunt, his drug soaked fingers sinking deeper and deeper inside. In different circumstances Jenny might have enjoyed the attention as his short stubby fingers wriggled around inside her.

He withdrew and re-loaded with more drug this time coating his whole hand. He returned grinding his knuckles between Jenny's vulva. The pressure built as his tiny slick hand pushed harder and harder until inevitably it slipped smoothly all the way in.

Slowly he pushed and twisted his fingers clenched into a tiny fist. Jenny groaned as the dwarfs hand and wrist slid into her body. Mini pulled back again until his fist was nearly all the way out before pushing back again. As Jenny's love channel loosened and her juices flowed Mini's fist quickened until he was pistoning in and out, delivering the drug directly to the softest most vulnerable flesh on her body. The initial discomfort of the intrusion into her pussy subsided and gradually turned to pleasure. She mewed pathetically as Mini repeatedly penetrated her.

Jenny sagged, hanging by her roped wrists. As Mini moved away Fu Man Ackenthorpe approached and gripped her jaw pulling her face up to look into his. 'Ah reckon we can break thee in a day. Soon t'Super LUST will begin to arouse you. Every fibre of your being will cry out for release, every nerve ending will beg to be touched. You will beg for orgasm, beg to be fucked'. Jenny just stared at him already feeling the yearning beginning to grow. 'Mini, repeat the dose every hour on the hour. We'll see if we can break the record'. 'Yes Master' said Mini grinning happily.

**Chapter 5.**

Sweat trickled down Jenny's naked body. Every so often she shuddered. She could feel nothing of the outside world, her world now resided inside her head as the drug chipped away at her mind. Her body screamed for orgasm. Mini had visited her twice more, each time he massaged her body introducing more of the drug into her flesh.

Jenny's eyes slowly opened as he approached for yet another session. He moved the stool directly in front of her and stood on it, another uncorked red phial at the ready. He yanked her head back by the hair and prepared to pour the contents into her gaping mouth.

He never even saw the baseball bat that bounced off his cranium knocking him senseless. A knife cut through Jenny's bindings and she slumped to the floor. Suki cradled her in her arms and stroked her face. Then she uncorked a blue phial and gently dripped it between her slack lips.

The antidote was quick acting. It nullified the drug in Jenny's system but it couldn't completely remove the cravings in her mind. 'You're free now' said Suki 'but we've got to escape yet. We've got to get out and call in the troops. Come on, can you walk'. Jenny nodded and Suki helped her to her feet. 'We should try and find you some clothes'.

A very fetching blue boiler suit found in a storeroom covered Jenny's nakedness. She was more awake and aware now as the antidote reached all parts of her body. She could still have willingly used the baseball bat to ease her yearning but it was under control now. She and Suki checked the coast was clear and set off to find a way out. Along dim corridors they tried to hurry without making themselves conspicuous. Mini could be missed at anytime or someone could discover Jenny was free.

Twice they ducked out of view as guards passed not realising they were there until the large castle gates were less than a hundred yards in front of them. It looked like they were home and free when a dreaded voice rang out. 'Our hospitality not to your liking my dear' said Whip as she stepped out between them and freedom. 'Oh look, she's brought a friend' sad Lash. 'Won't you introduce us?'. Jenny and Suki had been trained to avoid monologuing. Villains couldn't resist the need to explain why they are desperate to kill you or what their super secret plans are before they dispose of you'. The two agents attacked silently splitting to take one opponent each. Jenny tried to bring all of Suki's training to bare to overcome Whip, Suki rushed at Lash. Unfortunately several hours tied upright and drugged Jenny was no match for the muscular woman. Whip easily avoided Jenny's swinging karate chops and kicks. Soon she over reached herself and Whip delivered a numbing blow to her neck and she dropped. Suki had Lash on the back foot. Her skills would have soon disposed of her had Whip not attacked from behind. As she defended against her Lash caught her with a swinging punch right to the chin. She slumped into oblivion across Jenny's already unconscious body.

**Chapter 6.**

Gradually Jenny returned to consciousness. For a moment she was disorientated but suddenly memories came flooding back. She tried to rise but found herself unable to move. Confused she tried to work out the cause. She first realised she was gagged. One of those ball types she detested so much. It wasn't just the size and shape it was the taste of the bloody things. She found she was bent over a table of sorts. Her arms wrapped under it and cuffed together so she hugged the table top to her, crushing her breasts into the hard surface. Not surprisingly her legs were parted and her ankles tied to the table legs. A broad leather band across the small of her back fixed her immobile to the table. A cool breeze across her nether regions confirmed what she'd suspected. She had been stripped completely naked.

From her position she couldn't see much but if she could have she'd have seen Suki. The slim athletic Japanese agent was in a similar fix. She stood directly behind Jenny her feet manacled to rings in the floor. Her hands were tied together and tied to a beam about three feet above and in front of her. Suki was almost as naked as Jenny. She had a slim athletic sun bronzed figure with small but perky breasts. There were differences. Suki was blindfolded so couldn't see Jenny but the main difference was the obscene double dildo strapped to her waist by leather buckles. The lower cylinder of plastic was large, fully ten inches and an obscene parody of a male phallus, large head, veins and all. The upper one was as long but half the width and smoother only slightly ribbed. A couple of tubular steal rods extended from either side of Jenny's hips backward either side of Suki's hips. Jenny was fixed in place while Suki had only the freedom to move forward and backward.

Both women's heads spun, zeroing in on the sound as Fu Man Ackenthorpe spoke. 'So nice of thee t'join us Agent Jenny Richards. Hopefully thy's fully refreshed enough t'enjoy yewer death. 'Oh God' thought Jenny 'He's going to monologue and bore us to death'. 'Thar's defied all our attempts t'give thee an interesting' demise but this time Ah think we'll succeed'. He nodded to Lash who produced another hated red glass phial, uncorked it and poured a generous amount over the two dildos strapped to Suki. 'Thee will note t'little silver box next to thee' the Yellow skinned Master criminal continued. Wires ran to electrodes taped to Suki's lower stomach and lower back and one to the base of the larger of the two dildos. 'When switched on it'll continue our work for us as we make our escape. No doubt your colleagues are becoming worried about thee and we expect 'em some time soon but not, I fear, in time to save your lives'.

The chink took up a whippy rod about three feet long and stood beside Suki. 'Mini would have been here but he's got quite a headache still he sends his regards' he rasped before swinging the rod in a vicious arch right across Suki's buttocks. The shock of the unseen blow jerked her hips forward followed by her entire weight. Both well aimed and lubricated dildos impaled the immobile bent over Jenny. She could only 'humph' into her gag as she was stretched and penetrated fore and aft. Ackenthorpe reversed the rod and struck Suki across the stomach leaving a red weald. The second blow jerked her back again and extracted the long plastic sex aids from Jenny's internals. Manically the criminal whipped Suki back then front forcing her to rock to and fro impaling Jenny repeatedly the toys going slightly deeper at each insertion. 'Humph, humph, humph' Jenny could do nothing while the chinaman forced Suki to fuck the living daylights out of her. The drug soaked dildos deposited their load into Jenny's skin until she started to feel the sexual arousal rise within.

Eventually the pounding, thrusting of Suki's hip driven dildos combined with the drug forced Jenny over the edge and her body convulsed in a power packed orgasm. On seeing this Ackenthorpe stopped thrashing Suki who hung limply in her bonds, her stomach and buttocks covered with red, angry wealds.

'Well I hope y'get t'gist of mah little contraption. Now for t'payoff' intoned the crook. 'Lash, activate the box. 'By the way you should know the larger of the dildos that has been pounding away at your delightful and very well used pussy is packed with C4 plastic explosive. T'box is programmed to deliver a charge to it in fifteen minutes. Just enough time for us to escape and for you to regret ever crossing me.

Again he nodded to Lash who flicked the switch. The electrode taped to Suki's back discharged a shock into her and yet again she felt herself propelled forward. 'Humph' groaned Jenny again as both hard plastic toys penetrated her pussy and ass. The box activated the front electrode and Suki pulled back, dragging the dildos out of Jenny. Alternating shocks followed every few seconds as the three crooks watched Suki forced back and forth her weight pushing the obscene dildos in and out of her friend. Then with one final maniacal laugh they left.

'Humph, humph, humph' Jenny's mind was in a whirl as the dual effect of the drug and the impaling dildos drove her wild. 'Humph, humph, humph'. She grimaced and climaxed again. 'Humph, humph, humph'. Could it all be over. Were Jenny and Suki going out on a high, going out with a bang, with two bangs in fact'. She couldn't think straight as the plastic toys pounded in and out of her.

Time was running out. The fifteen minutes were almost up and Jenny's pussy and ass were still being pulverized and reamed by her friend. Suddenly she remembered she was wearing the wrist watch the professor had given her. 'Humph, humph, humph'. Her hands were cuffed together below the table. If she could just bring them close enough together. She strained, trying to stretch her fingers. 'Humph, humph, humph' the dildos pounded away at her. Agonizingly slowly she reached the watch with the tip of her middle finger and by touch alone tried to activate the tiny laser beam. The task wasn't made any easier by the rocking of her body as Suki continued to fuck her senseless. Luckily she pressed the buttons in the correct order and the laser activated cutting through her manacles. With her hands free she released the leather belt crossing her back and levered herself upward just as Suki pulled back. She reached round and ripped off all the electrodes. Moments later they were free and they collapsed onto the cold stone floor, both gasping for breath.

They lay there for a few minutes recovering before Jenny said 'Well we made a fuck up of that, didn't we? literally in my case. They'll have made their get a way by now'. Suddenly the nearest door flew open and a dozen agents flooded in guns raised ready to take out anyone who offered the least resistance. A quick scan revealed no untoward danger then Commander Holt strode in. He looked down at the two naked agents who were frantically trying to cover themselves. 'Get these ladies something to wear' he ordered. Looking round he took in the ropes, silver box and the dildos still strapped around Suki's waist and said 'I look forward to your reports. They should make interesting reading. You should know we apprehended Ackenthorpe and his lieutenants. The castle has been under surveillance. We didn't know what was going on inside but we didn't want to them to escape'. Just then boiler suits were brought. 'Right you men, out, give these ladies some privacy' ordered Holt. 'I'll see you two back at HQ for your de- briefing'.

They dressed then Jenny went looking for the baseball bat Suki had brought. She smashed the little Silver box into a million pieces. She really didn't want to see that devilish box ever again.

Epilogue.

Barely a week later Jenny and Suki had just completed a martial arts workout and were taking a shower. Suki was gently washing Jenny's back, her soapy hands sensuously working to massage the aches and pains from her muscles. Professor Q's cream had worked it's magic and the ugly wealds on both lovely bodies had all but disappeared. Jenny occasionally slapped Suki's hands away as she took liberties and tried to wash a more intimate area. 'Stop it Suki' scolded Jenny. 'But you know custom' whined Suki. 'I save your life, your lovely body is mine. I saved you from the little man so I want my reward'. 'No Suki. I saved you from the exploding dildo so we're even. Now stop washing me there'.

Sulkily Suki took her hands off Jenny and completed her own shower. Both girls went back to the changing room and began to dry off. Just as Jenny was dry a stream of warm water hit her back. 'Hey' exclaimed Jenny turning to see Suki holding a water pistol. She squirted Jenny again. Jenny held up her hands trying to defend herself. Suki put down the water pistol and stood waiting expectantly.

Crossly, Jenny returned to drying herself and began dressing. She stopped. Curious sensations began seeping through her body. Her skin began to fizz, her nipples hardened, her pussy moistened. Suki waited as Jenny slowly realised what had happened. Her pulse raced, her breathing quickened, a desperate need invaded her brain. Suki sauntered over. 'Your body mine' she said. 'No break rules' as she reached to stroke Jenny's back. Jenny groaned as the Lust drug Suki had soaked her with overrode her inhibitions and turned to her. She hadn't the will power to stop Suki from lowering her to the changing room floor. 'Suki you bitch' she said before their lips met in a deep soulful kiss. Slowly the kiss deepened until their tongues were wrestling each other. Only groans of lust and orgasm filled the air for the next hour as once again Suki had her wicked way with the bountiful body of Agent Jenny Richards. She repeatedly reached new heights under the expert manipulation of Suki's educated hands, tongue and lips.

Jenny lay back exhausted, her breathing laboured her eyes heavy. Slowly she looked up and groaned 'No. Dear God, not that. Please not that Suki'. A wide grin wreathed the Japanese girls face as he buckled the obscene double dildo round her slim hips before advancing on her cowering sweat stained lover. Suki had discovered that the toys were interchangeable so now the larger of the two was on top. This time she would look right into the eyes of Jenny Richards as she rode her all the way to heaven and back.

The End

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